

City Directory

Municipal Officers

Mayor—W. O. Barnes.
 Clerk—Jay D. Emerick.
 Treasurer—Percy Cogswell.
 Police Judge—Gregory Zurn.
 City Attorney—E. H. Boyd.
 Street and Water Commissioner—J. H. Carlson.
 City Engineer—Reuben Knight.
 Chief of Police—St. Laing.
 Chief of Fire Department—P. E. Romig.
 City Physician—H. A. Copsey.
 City Seavenger—C. W. Jeffers.

Councilmen

President of Council—John Snyder.
 First Ward—J. H. Vaughan, Geo. A. Mollring.
 Second Ward—John Snyder, K. J. Stern.

Board of Health

Mayor, Chief of Police and City Physician.

City Light, Water and Sewerage Department

Office—City Hall.
 Commissioner—J. H. Carlson.
 Manager—W. O. Barnes.

Police Department

Headquarters—City Hall.
 Police Judge—G. W. Zurn.
 Chief of Police—St. Laing.
 Night Marshal—C. W. Jeffers.

Fire Department

Headquarters and Club Rooms—City Hall, Alliance Volunteer Fire Department.
 Chief—P. E. Romig.
 Assistant Chief—Lewis Laravea.
 Secretary—Geo. Snyder.
 Hose Co. No. 1—City Hall.
 Foreman—L. E. Pilkington.
 Assistant Foreman—D. J. Moran.
 Hose Co. No. 2—City Hall.
 Foreman—Cal Cox.
 Assistant Foreman—J. H. Klau.

Hook and Ladder No. 1—City Hall

Foreman—F. W. Bachman.

County

Court House—519 Box Butte Ave.
 Clerk—Monte Hargraves.
 Treasurer—Edgar M. Martin.
 County Judge—L. A. Berry.
 Attorney—Eugene Burton.
 Sheriff—C. M. Cox.
 Coroner—C. E. Slagle.
 Superintendent of Schools—Della M. Reed.
 Assessor—E. P. Sweeney.
 Surveyor—F. E. Hamblin.

District Court

Judge—W. H. Westover, Rushville.
 Clerk—Monte Hargraves.

UNITED STATES

United States Board of Pension Examiners
 President—Dr. H. H. Bellwood.
 Secretary—Dr. C. E. Slagle.
 Treasurer—Dr. C. H. Churchill.

United States Land Office

Nos. 6-8 McCorkle Bldg.
 Register—W. W. Wood.
 Receiver—H. J. Ellis.

Asylums, Hospitals and Homes

St. Joseph's Hospital—Emerson avenue and 11th street.

SOCIETIES

Miscellaneous

Alliance Women's Christian Temperance Union—Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at homes of members. Pres., Mrs. I. E. Tash; Vice Pres., Mrs. J. W. Thomas; Sec., Mrs. Alice Bignell; Treas., Mrs. W. B. Young; Cor. Sec., Mrs. Bernhardt.

American Nobles

Alliance Harbour No. 254—Meets first and third Fridays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. N. S. A. Shephard; Sec. Treas., G. E. Ledy.

Ancient Order of United Workmen

Alliance Lodge No. 202—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. M. W. R. E. Driscoll; Recorder, F. W. Irish; Treas., Geo. Darling.

Degree of Honor, Latky Lodge No. 152

Meets first and third Thursdays of each month at the I. O. O. F. Hall. C. H. Mrs. W. W. Johnson; Rec. Sec., Mrs. A. T. Lunn.

Benevolent Protective Order of Elks

Alliance Lodge No. 961—Club rooms Reddish Bldg. E. R. H. E. Ganta; E. L. K., W. H. Butler; Sec., Percy Cogswell.

Fraternal Order of Eagles

Alliance Aerie No. 136—Club rooms Mallery Bldg., open day and night. Meets every Thursday. W. P. L. A. Spruce; Sec., C. E. Calder; Treas., Carl Spacht.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Alliance Lodge No. 148—Meets ev-

ery Tuesday in I. O. O. F. Hall. N. G., L. Lowry; V. G., Gregory Zurn; Sec. A. J. Macey.

Alliance Rebekah Lodge No. 104—Meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. N. G., Mrs. John Snyder; V. G., Mrs. Ed. Martin; Sec., Mrs. Moses Wright; Treas., Mrs. C. M. Cox.

Knights of Columbus

Alliance Council No. 975—Meets every Sunday night in club room of Holy Rosary church. G. K., D. E. Lynch; D. G. K., W. H. McCoy; Sec., C. W. Hyland.

Masonic

Alliance Lodge No. 153, A. F. A. M.—Regular meetings Thursday before full moon of each month at Masonic Hall. W. M., J. H. H. Hewitt; Sec., L. H. Mosher.

Alloyan Chapter No. 185, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. W. M., Mrs. L. A. Berry; Sec., Mrs. Anna Davis.

Bunah Commandry No. 26, Knights Templar—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. E. C., Henry Renneau; Rec., F. W. Irish.

Sheba Chapter No. 54, R. A. M.—Meets first and third Mondays of each month at Masonic Hall. H. P., E. C. McCluer; Sec., L. H. Mosher.

Modern Brotherhood of America

Pioneer Lodge No. 758—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at M. B. A. Hall. Pres., I. R. Wilcox; Sec., F. J. Brennan; Treas., H. E. Boone.

Modern Woodmen of America

Box Butte Camp No. 733—Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at K. C. Hall. V. C., George Davis; Clk., F. W. Irish.

Royal Highlanders

Alliance Castle No. 43—Meets first and third Fridays of each month in K. C. Hall. I. P., Mrs. Jennie Reed; Sec. Treas., A. D. Rodgers.

Royal Neighbors of America

Crescent Camp No. 1380—Meets first and third Saturday afternoons of each month in M. B. A. Hall. O., Mrs. E. R. Morrison; Receiver, Mrs. C. O. Davenport; Recorder, Mrs. L. H. Highland.

Woodmen of the World

Maple Camp No. 165—Meets second and last Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. C. C., A. D. Rodgers; Sec., M. E. Grebe.

Brotherhood of American Yeomen

Alliance Homestead No. 1832—Meets first Friday of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Foreman, Philip Nohe, Sr.; Cor., Mrs. Cora Lewis; M. C., Carl Witham; L. W., Lora Wadum; L. R., Lulu Witham.

TRADES AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

Brickmason's International Union Alliance Union No. 4—Meets first and third Mondays of each month at home of the president. Pres., T. F. Akerman; Fin. Sec., Mr. Brost.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers

Alliance Division No. 622—Meets second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month in M. B. A. Hall. C. E., C. B. Gibson; Sec. Treas., H. Renneau.

Grand International

Auxiliary, B. L. E. Alpha Division No. 299—Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in M. B. A. Hall. Pres., Mrs. C. O. Davenport; Sec., Mrs. Guy Miller.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers

Alliance Lodge No. 623—Meets every Sunday at the M. B. A. Hall. Pres., J. A. Phelan; Sec., Joseph Bogan.

Ladies' Auxiliary, B. L. F.

Box Butte Lodge No. 132—Meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in M. B. A. Hall. Pres., Mrs. R. C. Witham; Sec., Mrs. J. Bogan.

Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen

Hard Struggle Lodge No. 642—Meets first and third Monday afternoons of each month at the M. B. A. Hall. Pres., R. E. McKenzie; Sec., A. J. Ward; Treas., Monte Hargraves.

International Association of Machinists

Point of Rocks Lodge No. 602—Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at the K. C. Hall. Pres., Geo. D. McGill; Sec., Theo. Wadell.

Order of Railway Conductors

Box Butte Division No. 427—Meets each Tuesday afternoon at the I. O. O. F. Hall. C. C., James Gaddis; Sec. Treas., John S. Ward.

PUSSY AND THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY



FROM the moment the kitten knew anything he was aware he was a beauty. His father and mother were lovely, long haired Angoras. Although so good looking, he was a very spoiled and ill mannered kitten. His mother had foolishly said in his hearing that with his looks he could do as he liked.

One day, when the kitten was about three months old, a telegram came to the house where he lived. It said, "Send little Angora to Miss Nellie Dale, Fifth Avenue, New York."

The butler came in with a box, put the unsuspecting kitten in and nailed down the lid.

What followed is too confusing to tell. There was much rattling over rough streets, much jelling over tracks, much shrieking of engines, much bumping against boxes. At last it was over. The box was carried into a warm, softly lighted room. A child's voice was heard exclaiming: "For me! Why, I wonder what it can be!" A tiny mew soon told her, and in a few minutes the kitten was out of its prison and tightly snuggled in the arms of a little girl. A saucer of milk was soon lapped up, and pussy's life in his new home began.

Nellie named her new pet Blizzard because he was white and soft like drifted snow. Blizzard thought this name all right, but did not for an instant mean to an-



A SMOTHERED MEW SOUNDED FROM THE INSIDE.

swer to it. He had never learned to mind or do anything else but be a trouble. He stole everything he could get. He broke an expensive vase because he would play tag with himself on the parlor mantel. He climbed up the handsome new curtains at the hall windows with the result that they soon looked like streamers. He cried all the time people were eating, wanting meat and other things not good for kittens.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and the servants were busy preparing for the big dinner tomorrow.

All the relatives were invited, and Dinah, the cook, knew that the only way to have her dinner on time was to get things ready for it the day before.

She had just got the big turkey out and picked it clean of pinfeathers. She put it in the pantry while she graded bread with which to stuff it.

Company came in, and Dinah did not get her turkey filled as she had hoped. She went to bed, setting her alarm for 5 o'clock, expecting to stuff the turkey before breakfast. When bedtime came no Blizzard was to be found.

The household was awakened at 5 in the morning by a scream from Dinah, which brought the family to the kitchen all armed and expecting to see a burglar. They found Dinah in a faint on the floor of the pantry, and beside her was the big turkey. On looking closer and hearing Dinah faintly whisper, "The cat," all eyes turned to look for the cat. No one could locate him until a smothered mew sounded from the inside of the turkey. Nellie peeked in and saw Blizzard's head sticking out where the stuffing is usually poked in. He was hauled out. His white coat was sticky and dirty, and his stomach stuck out like a wolf's in the fairy tale after he had dined off the ten little pigs.

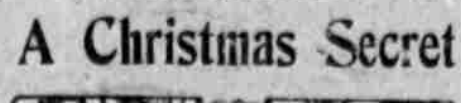
Dinah locked Blizzard in the laundry until he should thoroughly repent. Another turkey had to be prepared, and Blizzard was forgotten until the day after Christmas. When Nellie went to take him out of his prison Dinah went with her.

"Will you ever do such a naughty thing again, Blizzard?" she asked him. Blizzard looked right at her and said "Mew."

"See," said Ellen, "he says he never will. Dinah."

Dinah answered, "I guess that mew means he will never do such a thing again this Christmas."

How Little Jack Guessed A Christmas Secret



IT was the afternoon before Christmas, and the air was full of big, feathery snowflakes. Jack and Mary stood at the window watching them, and Baby Jane sat on the floor.

"See how pretty they are!" cried Jack, clapping his hands. "They're just like

fairies going to a Christmas party!"

Mary clapped her hands, too, and Baby Jane thumped her rattle on the floor and crowed. But Mrs. Brown looked out of the window rather anxiously.

The store was a mile away, and the snow seemed to come thicker and faster every minute.

"How do you s'pose Santa Claus can get here in such a storm?" asked Jack, at which Mary's face clouded.

Perhaps this thought was troubling Mrs. Brown. She didn't answer for more than a minute, not until Jack spoke again.

"Pooh 'n' nonsense!" he said. "This isn't much of a snow. I could go in it myself well's not."

"Could you, dear?" asked his mother quickly. "I'm afraid it's a chance if papa gets home before tomorrow, the wood road will be so blocked, and I want some things from the store to-night. Do you suppose you can go with your sled, Jackie?"

"Why, yes!" cried Jack, delighted enough, and in a very few minutes he was ready to start.

"Give this note to Mr. Simpkins," said his mother, "and then you won't have anything to remember. And be careful, dear, and hurry home as fast as you can."

Mr. Simpkins' eyes twinkled when he read that note.

"I can't attend to you right away," he said to Jack, "and I wish you'd just



JACK STRUGGLED ON.

run over to the house with a line to Mrs. Simpkins for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Ted.

Mr. Simpkins had the bundles tucked away in the sled box and covered with thick brown paper, but the snow couldn't get through, when Jack came back.

"Hard night for Santa Claus to get around," he said, pinching the boy's red cheek. "Do you suppose you'll see him at your house?"

"I hope he'll come," answered Jack politely, "but I don't guess I'll see him, sir."

"I saw him once," Mr. Simpkins said soberly, "when he was a little boy, about your size. He looked a great deal like you too."


When he got home mother had a plate of hot oatmeal pudding with sugar and real cream waiting for him, and she whisked the bundles out of the sled box and into the pantry in a hurry.

All this time the snow kept falling, falling, and the wind blew until the little house fairly shook. If it had been set on a hill there is no saying what might have happened. Jack felt a good deal troubled. He told his mother what Mr. Simpkins had said about Santa Claus when she was tucking him into bed for the night.

"I'm 'traid he can't get here," said he, "and then Mary will be so disappointed."

But his mother laughed, stooping down for the good night kiss. "Don't worry, dear," she said. "Santa Claus won't mind this little storm."

And, sure enough, when morning came the three little stockings hanging beside the chimney were stuffed as full as they could hold.



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