

Dodge Brothers Motor Car

The Dodge has many features that are unusual in a car of so moderate a price, and represents a combination of efficiency, refinement and equipment that is of more than ordinary interest to the intending purchaser. There has been no effort to produce a car that would sell at a low price, but there has been a genuine interest in building a car in which the material, the design and the manufacturing practice would represent the highest quality at a moderate cost to the purchaser.

The 30-35 horsepower motor, the electric lighting and starting system, the Eissmann waterproof magneto, the full-floating rear axle with complete equipment of Timken bearings, the self-lubricating springs, the one-man top and Jiffy curtains, stand out as unusual items, and as the specifications are considered, item by item, it is hard to conceive how the material or design could be improved. There is no choking at low speed in high gear, and there is an unusual freedom from gear-shifting.

The Price of the Touring Car is \$850 Delivered

Lowry & Henry
Alliance, Nebraska

LOCAL NEWS



The Saturday matinee at the Empress theatre will be discontinued on account of the length of the feature pictures which are booked at this theatre for Saturdays.

Hank Keiser has recently added some new cues to his billiard parlor equipment, and the tables have been re-covered. Hank now has one of the finest parlors in town. In addition he has added a complete line of cigars and tobaccos.

The Alliance orchestra furnished the music at the Empress theatre Tuesday night, the occasion being the showing of the feature picture, "Scandal". Both the picture and the music were excellent.

Cranberries, 3 quarts for 25 cents. Cash Grocery. 49-11-6522

Miss Virginia Broome went to Ellsworth Monday for a few days' visit with the Chas. C. Jameson family.

Frank Cleveland was here from Hot Springs Monday visiting with friends and looking after business matters.

Another car of fine Valley Cabbage at 75c per 100. Cash Grocery. 49-11-6522

August Hornburg left Monday night for Staplehurst, Nebr., where he will make his home with his parents.

John W. Thomas, editor of The Herald, returned this morning from a business trip to eastern points.

Another car of fine Valley Cabbage at 75c per 100. Cash Grocery. 49-11-6522

Edgar Martin, county treasurer was called to Paige, Nebr., Wednesday noon by a telegram stating that his oldest sister, Mrs. Stevens, was expected to live.

W. T. Schlupp went to Scottsbluff Wednesday noon on a short business trip.

Another car of fine Valley Cabbage at 75c per 100. Cash Grocery. 49-11-6522

W. C. Schenk, Burlington engineer, went to McCook Sunday, where he will handle a passenger run. He will handle trains on the Denver line. His transfer was caused by trains number one and ten between Denver and Chicago being discontinued.

Mrs. Addie Jones, who had been here for the past several days visiting with her daughter, Miss Agnes Jones, returned to her home at Ellsworth Tuesday.

A. G. Prey and W. D. Prey, of Denver, were callers at The Herald office this week. They are Denver commission men, and were on their way home from their ranch near Mullen.

O. D. Hobbs and brother-in-law, W. P. Meyers, left Tuesday night for Kansas, where they will visit for two weeks before they go to New Jersey, where they have accepted positions with the government.

Miss Frieda Sellers, of Bingham, has been visiting with Mrs. O. D. Hobbs.

Norman McCorkle, of the Burlington headquarters clerical force, will leave tonight for Minneapolis, Chicago and other points east for a vacation trip of two weeks.

Attorney Smith P. Tuttle left this noon for Scottsbluff on business. He expects to return Friday.

W. C. McKelvy, associated press telegrapher, was a caller at The Herald office this week on his way to Lewistown, Montana.

The Alliance volunteer fire department has adopted colors—white and red.

The fire department has engaged the Opera House for its Twelfth Annual Ball, to be held there on New Year's Eve. The ball will be an elaborate affair and admittance will be by ticket.

Alexander Scott, of Chicago, representing Walter Scott & Company, of Plainfield, N. J., manufacturers of printing machinery, was a caller at The Herald office this week.

H. W. Hull is building a new bungalow at 806 Toluca avenue. The home will be completely modern and is being constructed by Contractor Geo. Miller.

Cranberries, 3 quarts for 25 cents. Cash Grocery. 49-11-6522

Bruce McDowell and J. C. McCorkle made a hunting trip Tuesday with the hope of bringing in a goose or two, but were unsuccessful, having to be contented with a brace of fat wild ducks.

Ben Johnson and Mr. Lewis of Hemingford were visitors here Wednesday.

The county commissioners are in session this week. The meeting started Tuesday and will probably continue the balance of the week. They are attending to routine matters and looking over roads.

W. C. Moants was host at a delicious wild duck supper at which some of the members of The Herald force were guests Wednesday evening, at the Silver Grill cafe.

W. B. Barnett of the Golden Rule store is confined to his home today with an attack of illness.

Ed Henry returned Wednesday morning from Denver with a new Cadillac eight auto for Roy A. Metcalfe, a prominent Hay Springs ranchman, who drove over with the car.

James Whalen and wife, of Hemingford, who have been visiting at Monmouth, Illinois, for four weeks, stopped over in Alliance today on their way home from their visit. They had not been back to see old home places for twenty-eight years and found many changes.

C. E. North returned this morning from a trip to the San Francisco exposition. He enjoyed a fine trip and has many interesting things to tell home folks.

PENITENTIARY CROPS

New Record Established by Prisoners at Lancaster This Year—Will Ship Surplus

The crops at the state penitentiary this year are the largest ever raised in the history of the institution, according to Warden Fenton. As an evidence of the greatness of the produce out at Lancaster, the head of the institution has just shipped a carload of potatoes and a carload of cabbage to the state industrial school at Geneva.

And still, the warden says, there is more produce on hand at the prison than the institution can use itself. Four thousand bushels of spuds were raised on the prison ground and a bountiful crop of onions, carrots and beets. One of the best crops of wheat and oats has just been threshed. The wheat averaged thirty-three bushels to the acre.

Corn was the king of the field products, close to seventy bushels coming from every acre.

While much of the success in the gardens was due to good weather, the warden attributes much of the success to the work and special attention of the prisoners who worked the gardens. Heretofore, according to the warden, not enough produce has been raised at Lancaster to feed the prisoners, it having been necessary to ship in carloads of goods.

A number of the prize cooks at the prison are at work now preparing sauer kraut to run during the winter. About fifty barrels of this will be made.

If there is ever a time when silence is golden, it is when a man is mad. Don't go security for the man who lets his gate swing on one hinge.

LIGHTS FOR ALLEYS

Electric Light Department to Install Lights in Dark Alleys in Downtown Section

On application of the Commercial Club, the mayor instructed the superintendent of the electric light department at the council meeting Tuesday evening to install electric lights in the alleys in the downtown district.

The report of the city treasurer showed \$10,117.92 worth of outstanding unpaid registered city warrants. The council voted that the electric light department buy \$6,000 worth of these warrants and that the water department buy \$1,000 worth from funds now in their hands, saving five per cent interest.

C. L. Drake stated that if given the grade stakes on the alley back of the Drake hotel and the Elks building, he would bring the alley to grade. His request was ordered granted. He also asked that a street crossing be installed from the Drake hotel across Box Butte avenue to the Ellis building, occupied by the Alliance Times and the Nebraska Telephone Company. The crossing was ordered installed.

The city council will sit as a board of equalization at the next regular meeting, Tuesday, December 14.

The proposition of allowing owners or tenants of buildings with more than one electric meter to have the total current consumed made out on one statement, allowing the rate for higher consumption, was brought up. Superintendent Hughes stated that two consumers had had this privilege for several years. The council voted that these consumers be required to put all lights on one meter or pay the regular rate for each.

Dr. Hershman, city physician, reported that the health of the city was good, that there were a few cases of whooping cough, but no other contagious diseases.

The request of the fire department for two new water nozzles, one play pipe and two pairs of rubber boots was granted.

Leonard Pilkington, assistant chief of the fire department, reported that all street hydrants west of Box Butte avenue had been tested and all found in good condition with the exception of the hydrant at 800 West Second street, which was out of commission; at Second and Cheyenne, which was faulty; at Sixth and Box Butte, where the grading interfered; and at Sixth and Big Horn, where the hydrant did not work satisfactorily. The hydrants were ordered attended to.

The report of the city clerk showed that expenditures had been made from the different city funds during May, June, July August and September as follows:

Street and alley fund	\$6,977.41
Fire and water	392.95
Salaries	1,869.51
Sewer maintenance	790.86
Stationery and printing	486.43
Street and city hall lighting	1,443.56

The report of the police magistrate showed collections during October from fines of \$26, from judge's fees, \$14.50, from marshal fees of \$10.50, a total of \$51.

The report of the electric light department showed gross earnings of \$2622.27 with operating expenses of \$1297.34 and construction expense of \$77.88, leaving net earnings of \$1073.38. There are now 695 consumers.

The report of the water department showed receipts from September 15 to October 15 of \$321.05 with 687 consumers.

The report of the city treasurer showed receipts in the general fund of \$1282.97, with disbursements of \$1748.08, leaving a balance on hand of \$774, with registered warrants unpaid of \$10,117.92. Receipts in the water fund were \$1848.98, with disbursements of \$607.59, leaving a balance on hand of \$1769.56. Receipts in the light fund were \$2249.87 and disbursements were \$1576.38, leaving a balance on hand of \$7416.52. There is a balance in the cemetery fund of \$220.89.

COMMERCIAL CLUB GUESTS

Men Who Are Interested in Potash Works Near Alliance Were the Guests of Commercial Club

W. H. Osterberg and Dr. H. Reinhold of Omaha and John H. Show and Carl Modisett of Alliance were the guests of the board of directors of the Alliance Commercial Club at a dinner at the Alliance Cafe Monday evening. The gentlemen are actively interested in the Potash Products Company, which has erected a refinery at Hoffland, seventeen miles east of Alliance on the Burlington.

Mr. Osterberg is a prominent Omaha capitalist who is interested in a number of banks in the state. Dr. Reinhold is president of the Reinhold Metallurgical Company, mine operators and manufacturing chemists of Lithium preparations with mines at Keystone, S. D., and main office at Omaha.

Mr. Show and Mr. Modisett handle the affairs of the company at the refinery at Hoffland. They reside at Alliance and are well acquainted here.

While the proposition at Hoffland is still more or less in the experimental stage, it gives promise of a good future. A trip to the plant at Hoffland is an interesting one.

Pupils to Give Comic Operetta

On Friday evening, November 19, at the Phelan opera house, the pupils of the Emerson school will present "Prince Charming", a comic operetta, which is sure to please all who attend. The admission will be 25 cents and reserved seats will be secured at Holsten's drug store during the day of date of the play, and there will be no extra charge for this convenience. The young folks anticipate a large work. This entertainment should prove to be well worth the small price of admission, so let everyone boost for the success of the affair.

THE RED CHIMNEY

By KEITH KENYON.

In the full flush of summertime foliage you could not see it from Burton's camp, but when the September winds began to send the leaves dancing it stood out plainly, one red chimney far up the valley of Little Creek.

The house of the red chimney had been untenanted for many years, he had been told at the local country store.

It was the only other house in the valley besides his own rough lodge, and he had not resented sharing the solitude until the morning when smoke rose leisurely into the air from the red chimney.

Burton watched it with unbelieving eyes. He waited until afternoon and then whistled his horse up from the lower meadow where it grazed and saddled it grimly. If any tramps or loiterers had taken up their abode there he made up his mind tooust them with short shift.

It was a gallop of three miles around the bend of the river road. As he drew near, he caught a flutter of white from a clothesline in the yard. So the occupant was evidently feminine, which deprived him of some of the joy of retaliation. Still he looked decidedly stern and aggressive as he mounted the wide stone steps and knocked on the front door.

There was no answer, and after the second knock the very prettiest face he had ever looked upon appeared at the window beside him.

"I'm awfully sorry, but we haven't found the key to the front door yet. Won't you come around the side way?"

He strode through the grass doubtfully. On the side porch, in an old split-bottom rocker, he found another tenant, a little older than the first, but very nearly as distractingly pretty, and this one was paring potatoes.

"How do you do?" she said cheerfully. "Are you one of our neighbors?"

"I rather think I am your only neighbor in the valley," answered Burton gravely. "I have lived here three years in the summertime. Burton is my name."

"Ours is Colby. I am Beatrice Colby. This is my sister Nan."

Nan smiled at him and handed out another chair. Before he knew it, Burton was thawing and telling them all about the valley and of his coming to it when his own health had broken down back in New York. He had obtained tenting rights first from the trustee of the land. Probably they had rented from the same person.

"No," Nan told him quite frankly, "we just drove over and stayed here."

Squatter rights evidently, thought Burton, and he made up his mind to speak to old Newton about it. Yet the days passed and he permitted the interlopers to remain undisturbed. It was rather pleasant to see smoke coming from the red chimney. Every other day he rode over to be sure his neighbors were getting along well.

Nan, he found out, was the housekeeper. Beatrice was the provider for the family. They confided to him that she collected antiques for a New York dealer, and that they jaunted around to all kinds of out-of-the-way places.

It was at the end of the fourth week that Burton, looking at himself in the glass hung on his tent pole, told himself that he was in love. He looked over at the red chimney and accused it in his mind. Then he looked again and saw something that made him hold his breath. Up from the red chimney came masses of sulphurous smoke that stained the deep blue of the morning sky.

When he dropped from his saddle later, the white froth clung to his horse's flanks and breast, but he ran on up to the old house and found the two girls fighting a chimney fire. Nan had taken a ladder and leaned it against the house and tried to reach the chimney with salt bags, but had missed her footing.

"It's only a sprain," she called to him from the grass. "Go and help Beatrice. Mr. Newton came over, too."

"I don't care if the whole thing goes up in smoke," he said huskily, kneeling beside her. "Are you badly hurt. Tell me the truth, Nan."

"I'm all right, truly, truly." She tried to draw away from him, but Burton possessed her hands.

"I've loved you ever since I saw you at the window, Nan. You know it, too. Don't laugh at me."

"Shall I cry?" she asked whimsically. "You can't, you know. You've just hated us for spoiling your valley."

"It's our valley now," he said, when Beatrice and Mr. Newton came around the corner of the house bearing mops and pails.

"Well, it's out," said the old man. "How do you like your two landlords, Mr. Burton?"

Burton looked nonplused.

"You know this whole valley is the old Colby estate. I'm mighty glad two of them cared enough about it to come home."

And he regarded them as invaders. He turned to Nan appealingly. "Shall I ever be forgiven?"

She laughed and held out her hand. "Do you think we would have put up with you so long, Jack, if we hadn't intended taking you into the family?"

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IN THE DARK

ANONYMOUS.

It was a blazing day—glorious summer, but it seemed to be robbing Ethel of everything—of hope, of energy and of the life of her child—just as last summer had robbed her of Jack.

Nothing had been heard of him. No news had come to her, and bad luck had dogged her all the time. She had had to move lodgings again and again; every time a little poorer, every time taking rooms a little cheaper; and the only work she seemed to have even a chance of getting was in the office of a private detective agency.

She had applied there on an impulse and had been told that work was sometimes given to outsiders, and that if she cared to call every morning at nine o'clock there might some day be a chance for her.

So she had called—day after day, week after week, and no chance had ever come; and day after day her money dwindled, and she went from bad to worse until now Dickie was ill and she had reached her last penny.

She would make one more effort—she would try once again before she gave up. She hurried through the streets to the office that had become so familiar to her now. She pushed open the swing doors.

"Is there anything for me this morning?" she asked.

On the answer depended the life of her little child.

A clerk, busy over some letters, looked up and began to shake his head. At that moment someone came out from an inner office. He was talking to another man.

"A woman?" he said. "It's a woman we want for this job. Who's that yonder?"

"She's a Mrs. Mayce," the other answered, "but she's never had any work from us yet."

"Send her in to me. I'll see what she is made of." He stepped back, and Ethel turned with a beating heart. Work at last!

The man who had spoken, whom she knew as the manager, looked at her sharply.

"You're Mrs. Mayce?" he said. "Well, sit down. We've a little thing here that you may be able to undertake for us. Anyhow, you can try. Here are the facts: A client of ours, Geoffrey Horner, a merchant in the city, has lost a diamond ring valued at \$125. He left it lying on his desk, and while it was there it was stolen. The only person who had access to his room was a young man, son of a friend of his, whose name he will not give and whom he refuses to believe guilty. The young man leaves the house nightly at about six o'clock. We want you to get his name and address and any information you can about him. Here is his description, furnished by our detective. You will have to follow him, of course. You can get your day's expenses from the cashier; here's a memo for \$5, for which you will account to us later—and, of course, any reliable information you bring we'll pay for."

She went out treading on air. Five dollars in her pocket meant food and medicine for her little Dickie.

At five o'clock she put on a black skirt and blouse, which had been too shabby to pawn, and over an old black hat she put a thick veil.

Ten minutes later she was on her way to Geoffrey Horner's house.

Just as she rounded the corner the door of the house opened and someone came down the steps. She followed him breathlessly, waiting an instant as he stood at the bottom of the steps to take out his latchkey and then followed boldly.

In a moment she was standing level with him upon the top step, and eagerly she looked at his face.

It was thin and white; it looked drawn and sad—good heavens! He turned, and the key dropped from his fingers and rang sharply, springing from step to step to the pavement beneath them.

He uttered one word brokenly:

"Ethel!"

She put out her hand wildly and then reeled into his arms.

It was Jack—Jack returned from the sea—alive—and a thief!

In his room they faced each other.

"Jack, they say you are a thief. I've been set to watch you. I followed you tonight and that is why I am here—to watch you."

He looked startled for an instant. Then he gave a laugh.

"Darling, the thief confessed and returned it tonight just before I came away. It was one of his servants."

He took her in his arms, and looked down into her face.

"I've had a ghastly time," he said, "and you, too. Darling, you look thin and ill. I tried to find you when I got back—but—it was months after the wreck. We had drifted for weeks—we were half mad and half dead when we were picked up, and then I was helpless."

"It was weeks after that before I came to my senses and remembered."

"I went straight to my father's old friend, Geoffrey Horner, and he has been helping me. First I tried to find you and failed. Then my mother's old housekeeper—she was a fraud. She got all the goods by false pretences and had humbugged my poor old mother, and the lawyer thinks we shan't get much of it; but I shan't care for that, now that I have got you. Ethel! Ethel! Is it really you? It is like a dream!"—Cassell's Saturday Journal.