



# I Am Going TO---

## THE CHRISTMAS STORE for MEN

### For Men's Christmas Gifts

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<b>FINE SILK SCARFS</b> Black White Gray and many other nice colors 50c to \$2.00	<b>TRAVELING BAGS</b> and <b>SUIT CASES</b> Nothing more ac- ceptable 50c to \$16.50	<b>MEN'S COMFY SLIPPERS</b> Several different kinds \$1.00 and up	<b>SMOKING JACKETS</b> in nice colors that don't have to be brushed to look nice \$6.50	<b>COLLAR BAGS</b> Make an appropri- ate gift 75c to \$1.50
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# E. G. LAING

"Modern Clothes for Men"

## PEACE IN SIGHT IN WORLD WAR-- TERMS OFFERED BY GERMANS

Kaiser's Government Notifies All Neutral Countries Tuesday Morn-  
ing that He Is Ready for Peace Negotiations—Lasting  
Peace May Be Final Result

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the Alliance Herald issued news bulletins received from the International News Service stating that the German government had that morning notified all neutral countries, including the United States, Holland, Spain, Norway and Sweden, that she will enter into peace negotiations. This was the first news of the sort received in Alliance or western Nebraska and was twenty-four hours ahead of the Omaha, Lincoln and Denver daily newspapers in bringing the news to the people of Alliance and western Nebraska. This service costs real money but the Alliance Herald has arrangements with the great International News Service to supply the big news of the world immediately on receiving it. This is but one of the many reasons why the Alliance Herald is THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF WESTERN NEBRASKA.

**Look for Lasting Peace**  
The Austrian government at Vienna, the Turkish government at Constantinople and the Bulgarian government at Sofia also united with Germany in stating that they were ready for peace. The propositions which Germany and her allies will bring forward are, according to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, appropriate for the establishment of a lasting peace.

The following announcement was given out by the Semi-official Overseas News Agency:

"The chancellor Tuesday morning received one after another the representatives of the United States of America and Spain and Switzerland, that is, of the states protecting German interests in hostile foreign countries. The chancellor transmitted to them a note and asked them

to bring it to the knowledge of the hostile governments. The note was read today in the reichstag by the chancellor.

"In the note the four allied (central) powers propose to enter forthwith on peace negotiations. The propositions which they bring to their firm belief, appropriate for the establishment of a lasting peace.

"The governments of Vienna, Constantinople and Sofia transmitted identical notes and also communicated with the Holy See and all neutral powers."

**No Lull in Fighting Yet**  
A news dispatch from Amsterdam says it is announced officially in Berlin that Emperor William has informed his commanding generals of Germany's peace offer and has informed them it is still uncertain whether this offer will be accepted. Until that uncertainty is ended, the message says, they are to fight on.

**Wilson Free to Urge Peace**  
Germany's proposal for peace is regarded in Washington as having broken the chains which for months have restrained the United States, as well as other neutrals, from making offers of mediation. Now that the one set of belligerents has signified its willingness to discuss peace terms—a condition often reiterated as necessary to any action by President Wilson—there are indications that when the United States, acting as the intermediary, transmits the German proposals, it may accompany its action by some steps to throw the influence of the United States into the balance for at least a consideration, however preliminary, of the terms on which a lasting peace might be brought to the world. Some ranking officials of the American government believe a league of na-

tions, such as President Wilson has suggested, must be the outcome. **Guessing on Possible Terms**  
Recent dispatches to the German embassy, indicate a belief that the general terms might be in substance as follows:  
A restoration of the status quo existing before the war. This includes the evacuation of Belgium and the restoration of the occupied portions of northern France, with the exception of Alsace and Lorraine. No authorized expression was obtainable from the embassy as to whether conditions would be attached to the restoration of Belgium and French territory, but it was understood that the German idea was to make provision for the future neutrality of Belgium and probably propose demilitarization, particularly of the city of Antwerp. It was also understood that no conditions amounting to economic control of the mineral lands of northern France would likely be asked.  
All Germany's lost colonies she expects to be returned. Her possessions in the Pacific, however, are not a subject of great concern and the Berlin government is understood to be ready to relinquish the claim to Kiauchau.  
The security of Turkey in possession of Constantinople would probably be insisted upon by the central powers, as well as the restoration of Albania.  
The establishment of independent kingdoms in Lithuania and Poland would be one of the factors in the German proposal, altho that part of Poland possessed by Germany at the outbreak of the war would not be included.

**Balkan Situation Delicate**  
What adjustment would be made to cover the Trentina region between Austria and Italy, or any provision affecting Egypt, the Suez canal, Mesopotamia or the gateways of control to the Indian empire are not made clear. The Balkan situation is considered so delicate, it would have to be untangled in peace conference.

**Wheat Took Wild Plunge**  
Wheat values on the stock exchanges both of Chicago and New York City plunged wildly downward twice Tuesday—first on account of Germany's reported overtures for peace, and secondly, owing to traders' assumption of a likelihood that the character of the terms reported

to have been offered for discussion would bring about an acceptance. Extreme breaks in prices reached 11 1/2 cents a bushel and were accompanied by transactions amounting to millions of bushels.

Closing quotations of the day were at nearly the bottom level touched, with the market as a whole 4 7/8 to 10 3/4 cents under the previous day's finish. Hesitancy in the wheat market after the first break in prices was the result of opinions expressed by leading traders that a refusal on the part of Great Britain and her allies to treat on the basis of the supposed German offer would doubtless bring about a sharp rebound in wheat prices, whereas any serious peace discussion might cause a materially lower range of values.

Clean cotton rags wanted at The Herald office. We pay three cents per pound. Woolen rags not wanted.

**EXPECT MANY TO HEAR FREE LECTURE TUESDAY**  
Indications are that there will be a large audience out to hear Orwyn W. E. Cook, vice president of the University of Mexico, and for some time pastor of the Methodist church in Mexico City, deliver his lecture, "What's the Matter with Mexico?" at the Christian church on the evening of Tuesday, December 19. This lecture is absolutely free, having been paid for by Ralph R. Unlacke of the Alliance School of Music, with the financial aid and assistance of the following local persons: Dr. J. W. Mahaffy, Dr. F. M. Knight, the Alliance Woman's Club, the Alliance School of Music, R. M. Hampton, W. R. Harper, W. R. Pate, the Alliance Herald, and the Semi-Weekly Times.

By attending this lecture, it is stated, one can get a very good idea of conditions in Mexico at first hand. Mr. Cook is a personal friend of Prof. Unlacke, the friendship dating back eight years ago, when Mr. Cook first expressed his desire to go to Mexico.

Professor Clark A. Fulmer, chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan university, will speak at the Methodist church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. He has a message and deserves a large attendance.

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**The Sun Danced Merrily Upon Its Shiny Surface as She Read.**  
paper made me feel like a St. George whenever I looked at them. The workmen were doing something to the letter box when they found the letter I am sending you. You know what an antediluvian affair the box was. One of the panels was loose and the letter in some amazing way had slipped behind it. It looks a bit yellow, and no wonder, considering the time it must have been there. Anne will persist the address is in her father's handwriting, but I told her it is nonsense. I don't believe you ever met the old chap."  
Miss Emmeline read no further. With trembling hands she picked up the second letter. Two little spots flared suddenly in her cheeks as she stared at the envelope. Yes, it was the handwriting of the man she loved that stared back at her. She had not cried for years, but now she felt the sharp sting of tears behind her eyelids. The brass clang of bells turned suddenly into the droning of bees. She was walking in a garden, a spring garden, golden with daffodils and sunshine and youth, with a man young and dark, as she was young and fair; a little

## The Lost Letter

By

LOUISE HEILGERS

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**T**HE bells were ringing, for it was Christmas day. Outside upon the frozen path a robin hopped, the sky was clear, cold and blue. The tall chrysanthemums

which fringed the lawn stood stiffly at attention like sentinels. A pale December sun lay like a ghost upon the grass.  
But Miss Emmeline Barton, staring idly out of the window, had no eye for the beauty of it all. Because it was Christmas day, she was dressed in lavender silk and her mother's rings sparkled coldly upon her fingers. The orthodox holly and mistletoe were scattered in vases and behind picture frames about the room. Miss Emmeline herself had but recently returned from early morning service in the little church, tucked cozily away in the churchyard.

But of the Christmas peace and beauty there was no trace in Miss Emmeline's heart. Instead, she noticed, with annoyance, as she stared out of the window, that some of the shrubs wanted cutting and that one of the gardeners had left a pair of shears on the ground.

How insistently the call of the bells came. "Be happy! Be happy! Be happy!" they seemed to say as a friendly wind carried their message far and wide. With an impatient movement Miss Emmeline turned from the window. As she did so her glance fell on the morning mail, lying, as was customary, awaiting her attention in a neat pile on her desk.

A disdainful smile curved her lips as her long thin fingers turned over the envelope. Then suddenly her face changed. It was as if a summer wind had blown a little pink into its cold cheeks—for a moment only. The old frosty look came back into her face as she ripped open the envelope. Two letters fell from it into her lap. One sealed, the other a folded piece of note paper. Miss Emmeline picked up the open letter without glancing at the sealed one. In her heart she said coldly: "From his wife, I suppose."

"Dear Aunt Emmeline," her nephew wrote, in his big sprawling handwriting, "I expect you will be awfully wild at my writing to you after your having told me you never wished to hear from me again, but I am merely sending along the enclosed. And I thought, with the explanation about it, you might forgive a Christmas wish or two slipping in as well."

"Here is the explanation. You know Anne and I are living now in your old home. It is such a beautiful old house, by the way—Anne simply dotes on the spindle-legged furniture in the drawing room, but I had to have some repairs done. The roof leaked, incidentally, and the dragons on the hall



The Sun Danced Merrily Upon Its Shiny Surface as She Read.

missed. I want this telegram sent at once. Also please tell Mrs. Yates that I am expecting my nephew and his wife at any moment, and that I wish rooms to be prepared for them immediately."  
When the man had left the room again Miss Emmeline walked across to the long French window, and, smiling happily, threw it open. She was anxious now to hear the bells. All the bitterness of many years had melted from her heart, as snow melts in the sun. She could meet Walter's wife now without hate, nay with eagerness, Walter's wife, who might have been her own child. She drew a deep breath as the bitter-sweet scent of the chrysanthemums came into the room on a rush of cold air. It was a good world after all.

The Christmas peace stole into Miss Emmeline's heart as she looked upon the whiteness of the hills. The bells still rang loudly, for it was Christmas day and the Christ child walked about a happy winter world.

pressing and bubbling at the end of the garden.

It was just here he had taken her into his arms and kissed her swiftly and Miss Emmeline's soul had drowned in the kiss, as the shadows of the budding trees overhead drowned in the water of the stream. He had spoken no word. There had been no time. Interruption by others had followed immediately on the kiss, but as they separated he said to her: "Tonight."

And the night had come, dressing the April sky in pale stars, and Miss Emmeline in satin and pearls. But the man himself never came. She had never seen or heard from him again. Indirectly she learned from village gossip that he had been called to town, but from him there had come no message out of the void.

The days crept into months and lengthened into years, money came to Miss Emmeline, and a spacious house and friends in plenty. It was only love that had passed her by. The eager, happy girl turned into the cold, hard woman. One day, she learned from an announcement in the papers that he had married—years afterwards from the same source, that he was dead. And only a few months before her nephew, the one human being in the world upon whom she had heaped what affection she had left in her to give, had married the daughter of the man who had won her heart one spring day and thrown it away as carelessly as he might have flung away a faded flower from his coat.

But had he? Was it possible that, after all, they had been separated not by his indifference, but by some awful



The Christmas Peace Stole Into Miss Emmeline's Heart.

mistake? Had fate intervened, policemanlike, and diverted the traffic of their lives into separate turnings? Had he—Miss Emmeline's breath caught in her throat with a queer little spasm—really loved her, after all? A mist loomed up before her as the envelope fell away from the sheet. Then the mist cleared and the sun danced merrily upon its shiny surface as she read:

"My Dearest: I have no right to call you this yet, but I am hoping that you will give me the right by return mail, for I am in town, Emmeline, suddenly called there by most pressing and urgent business. I had no time to write and explain before I left yesterday. I am afraid you must have thought my absence in the evening strange, but if you love me, dear, you will forgive me. Love, you will find, is mostly that—forgiveness. But do you love me, Emmeline? That is the question I want above all others to have answered. Had I leisure I would write you words that, like faith, could remove mountains of opposition and compel love, but this business presses so hardy on me at the moment that it is with difficulty I have snatched the time to write even these few words."

"But, whether or not you love me, believe me that I am ever your devoted lover."

"Ralph."

The letter slipped from Miss Emmeline's hand with a little rustling sound as of protest as it met the stiff silk of her gown. Emmeline, white-haired, sedately garbed, as she was, was in the arms of her lover. What matter if the man who wrote these magic words were dead, and that it was Christmas instead of spring? At last she need be ashamed of her love no longer. She could bring it forth, a thing of joy, into the sunshine of her thoughts. He had returned her love. He had wanted her. She had been the desire of his youth.

Miss Emmeline rose proudly from her chair. She trailed her skirt across the room with the air of a queen. When the butler answered her ring, she spoke imperiously:

"Earnes, I want this telegram sent at once. Also please tell Mrs. Yates that I am expecting my nephew and his wife at any moment, and that I wish rooms to be prepared for them immediately."

When the man had left the room again Miss Emmeline walked across to the long French window, and, smiling happily, threw it open. She was anxious now to hear the bells. All the bitterness of many years had melted from her heart, as snow melts in the sun. She could meet Walter's wife now without hate, nay with eagerness, Walter's wife, who might have been her own child. She drew a deep breath as the bitter-sweet scent of the chrysanthemums came into the room on a rush of cold air. It was a good world after all.

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