

IMPERIAL THEATRE

Sat. April 24

MITCHELL LEWIS

In the greatest of all North-western Stories

"The Code of the Yukon"

SNUB POLLARD

in "Red Hot Hottentots"

MUTT & JEFF

in "The Sour Violin"

Mat. & Night, 7:30 & 9 p. m.

Admission 15c-30c

Sun. April 25

BRYANT WASHBURN

in the Celebrated Stage Play

"It Pays to Advertise"

P. S.—Every person attending "It Pays to Advertise" is entitled to 'sten million dollars' worth of stock in Mr. Washburn's '13' soap—unlucky for dirt. Big dividends in laughs!

The tale of a ne'er-do-well who shook the dust from industry. Come!

3rd Episode

"LIGHTNING BRYCE

"Perilous Trails"

Full of thrills and action

Mat. 3 p. m. Night 7:30 & 9

Admission 15c-30c

Mon. April 26

VIVIAN MARTIN

in

"Louisiana"

"Louisiana" is different

The "city feller" turns out good in this story, while the country boy is the villain. You'll enjoy seeing the tables turned. Come.

Keystone Comedy—"Moonshine"

Mat. & Night—Adm. 15c-30c

RAILROAD NOTES

Mrs. J. Pattalochi and little daughter are planning to make an extended visit to Los Angeles and Sea Bright, Cal.

Charles Rennau was down from Fort Robinson visiting home folks for a few days this week.

Hostler O. H. Person has gone to Denver to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Waigren will leave in the near future for a visit to Afton and Villisca, Ia.

Mrs. H. Fink is making a short visit to Denver this week.

Mrs. S. H. Fink has gone to Newcastle, Wyo., to spend a few days.

The machinists' dance Tuesday night was well attended and everyone seemed to have a good time.

Drop Pit Foreman R. E. Driscoll and family returned Sunday from a two weeks' visit to points in Arizona.

Machinist W. A. McKune returned Tuesday from Kansas City where he had been called on account of the illness of his wife's mother. It will be necessary for Mrs. McKune to stay some time longer assisting in her care.

R. L. Edwards has gone to Denver to spend a few days.

Engineer Charlie Willis was assigned to the Ellsworth turn around Wednesday.

Superintendent of Motive Power T. Roope spent a couple of days in Alliance the fore part of the week.

Master Mechanic Davenport of the Sterling division spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Alliance on company business.

Road Foreman George Redfern returned Wednesday from Chicago where he has spent the past two weeks on company business.

Harry Osumi has gone to Chicago and Peoria, Ill., for a two months' stay, getting affairs in shape to engage in the jewelry business in Denver when he returns.

Emmett Driscoll has decided to go on a ranch this summer, and has gone to Sheridan, Wyo., to work.

General Car Foreman J. B. Skinner of the Sterling division spent Tuesday in Alliance.

General Foreman Martin of Sterling was in Alliance a couple of days the fore part of the week.

Business is getting back to normal time was lost on snow and then after the siege of the last few days.

F. E. Paradise, assistant superintendent of motive power, spent Wednesday in Alliance.

R. F. Jenkins, boilermaker, has resigned his position at Alliance the first of the week and left for Denver, where he accepted a position as boilermaker at Alamosa, Col.

Engine 3141 has been laid up for repairs. The trouble seems to be a crack in the firebox, as well as general repairs needed. It will be back in service within a few days.

TOYS AND JOYS

By ANNA L. FINN.

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The senior member of the firm of Hill & Company hastily donned hat and coat, preparatory to leaving on an extended business trip. As usual, he had allowed himself only the minimum time in which to catch the train, and had very few minutes to spare. He was about to leave the office when he hurriedly remarked: "Oh, by the way, Miss Emerson, I just happened to think tomorrow is my young nephew's birthday, and I've quite forgotten to send him a remembrance. I wish you would select an appropriate gift and have it charged to my account and send it to him, inclosing my card."

Without offering any suggestions, and without waiting for even a casual question, Mr. Hill departed, leaving his secretary, Edith Emerson, quite bewildered, idly fingering a slip of paper on which was written only the address of her employer's nephew, in a nearby city.

As secretary to Mr. Hill, Edith's duties were indeed varied. His latest request, however, was the most unusual he had ever made, but she realized, strange as it was, she would have to go through with it.

"An appropriate gift for my young nephew," she repeated: "very explicit instructions—if that isn't just like a man!"

For several minutes she sat in deep thought and then suddenly she remembered the picture on Mr. Hill's desk. Entering the private office of her employer she picked up an oval frame containing the picture of a chubby-faced boy, presumably ten or twelve years of age. Yes, she was quite certain this was the nephew of whom Mr. Hill had spoken quite frequently.

Noontime found Edith Emerson in the toy department of one of the large emporiums, fairly reeling in the various models of miniature airplanes, of which her knowledge was rather limited. After enlisting the services of the very affable salesman, however, she succeeded in selecting one, and had it sent to the address she had been given, inclosing Mr. Hill's card, as instructed.

It was indeed a relief to realize that the irksome task had been accomplished and Edith now plunged into her work with renewed vigor.

Affairs at the office proceeded as usual during the absence of Mr. Hill, and it was not long before he returned. Apparently he had completely forgotten his nephew, as well as the birthday gift, because no mention was made of it. Edith, too, had quite forgotten the incident by this time, until one day about two months later, when it was recalled to her mind quite vividly.

It was in the midst of a busy forenoon, and she was unexpectedly called into the private office of her employer, to be confronted by a very pleasing looking young man with a pair of smiling brown eyes. Mr. Hill, usually very serious looking, was now wreathed in smiles and Edith could not quite account for it.

"This is my nephew, Theodore Hill, Miss Emerson," her employer began by way of introduction. "You will remember we sent him a birthday gift some time ago, and he now wishes to express his appreciation." Edith looked with amazement from one to the other, and then her gaze rested on the photograph on Mr. Hill's desk. She could not quite get the connection, and then gradually it all dawned upon her—she realized just what had happened—she had mistaken the young man who now stood before her for the little boy whose picture she had so much admired. Explanations were beyond her; she was embarrassed to the point of mortification, and Mr. Hill, appreciating the circumstances, at once came to her rescue.

"It was all my fault, Miss Emerson," he said as he placed a fatherly hand on her shoulder: "you see, I can't quite realize that Ted has grown to be a man—I still think of him as the little boy of yore, and my reference to him simply misled you. As to

the photograph," he continued, "it was taken some fifteen years ago, but I still cherish it for its fond recollections of bygone days."

By this time Edith was more at ease, and was able to appreciate the humor of it, as well as Ted, who stood silently by, apparently immensely amused. From the admiring glances he was casting at Edith, however, it was apparent that he was very much smitten with the little secretary. And Edith, although she would not admit it even to herself, could not help but think how charming Ted Hill really was.

It was strange, but nevertheless true, how many subsequent visits Ted found it necessary to make to his uncle's office, and particularly what an important part Edith played in them. Even the staid Mr. Hill began to notice the frequency of his nephew's calls, and he soon realized that it was something other than his esteem for his uncle which prompted them.

In a fast moving train, a happy bride pair are starting life's journey together. "Oh, look at the airplane, dear," Ted remarks as he looks out of the train window. "How strange you should have noticed it," Edith replies. But after all, it was not very strange when Ted considers if it were not for the toy airplane he might never have won his dear little bride.

"Safety First," a three-act comedy by home talent players, April 23. Senior class play.

—Al Wiker, of Alliance, sells monuments for the Paine-Fishburn Granite Co. See him for best prices.

Senior Class Play "Safety First"

A Three-Act Comedy a play with a great moral: "Always Tell Your Wife The Truth."

FRIDAY, APRIL 23
At Imperial Theatre

7.30 P. M.

Admission 50c. Balcony 75c.

Make Your Money SAFE



All Banks are not necessarily Safe Banks. When selecting a place to deposit your earnings the consideration of prime importance is SAFETY.

When you receive your pay check your first thought should be of your bank—the SAFEST place for it. The First National Bank, during long years in business in Alliance, has established an enviable reputation for Reliability and Service.

First National Bank

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA



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PERHAPS the railroad men and a good many of our fellow townsmen, think we lose sight of the fact that they wear work clothes a big part of the time.

But we don't; we may not talk so much about them, but that's because buying them isn't so important a matter with you.

It's clothes for "dress up" that you're particular about; they involve more of an investment and they're the ones you rely on when you want to look right.

That's why we have Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes for you—they're stylish; worth the money.

But you'll find the same good values in the things we have here for work wear. Shirts, overalls, gloves, caps, shoes—anything you need, at surprisingly low prices.

Our satisfaction guarantee goes with work clothes as well as the rest of our goods; money's worth or money back.

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This Mud Can't Last Forever.

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