

ROOF GARDEN

Wednesday and Saturday Dancing
Best Music--Best Floor. Lowry & Henry

Random Shots

A lot of stories have been told concerning women who cast their ballots, but this one is the best: An Alliance man, who wanted his wife to be able to vote the right ticket intelligently clipped a sample ballot from the newspaper and spent half an hour coaching her before they went to the polls. On the way home, just as they were climbing the steps to the front porch, she said to him: "Fred was that last blank line on the ballot the right place to sign my name?"

And there was a man in the Third ward (we think it was the Third ward, but it may have been Dorsey) who signed his name to every blank line on the ballot.

Remember the good old days when the men said women didn't know enough to vote?

How long, by the way, has it been

HAPPY HOMES MADE HAPPIER



A Christmas Present for Her

You are doing everything in your power to make life worth living.

Here's a suggestion: Buy a Laundry Queen Electric Washer.

It washes, rinses and blues your clothes without wear or tear.

Let us show you a Laundry Queen.

Costs less than 2 cents an hour.

THRELKELD Furniture Company

Did you saw a "help wanted" advertisement that contained this phrase: "No boozers or cigarette fiends wanted?"

If the prohibition enforcement agents are in earnest about putting a stop to home breweries, they will prohibit the sale of grape juice. Won't that be a blow to William Jennings Bryan, who discovered the drink?

Other day, when Equity was entertained an out-of-town guest at dinner, he bewailed the snow on the ground. "I'd like to take you out to the golf links," he said, but we can't play golf in the snow. Why not?" asked the friend. "Well," Equity explained, "we might do it if we had some black golf balls." The guest remarked that if that was all that was troubling him, the problem was solved. I've some green ones in my grip," he said. Equity was interested. I'm a little new at the game," he admitted, "but hanged if I ever saw green golf balls." "These are used in playing Liberian golf said the guest.

Liberian golf can be played in any kind of weather.

One of the most tragic moments in our life came yesterday. A car waited outside the door; one of the occupants had enough eating tobacco for two; and we got our golf bag within ten feet of the front door when the man at the machine yelled: "out of copy."

Just for that, we're glad that he lost his hat at the movies the other night, and had to search for it on his hands and knees while his girl looked on and smiled.

This is said to have happened the last time the city's fire truck made a run. The driver was losing no time in getting to the scene of the fire, and on turning a corner, came perilously close to a pedestrian. "You just barely missed that man," said the fire chief, reprovingly. "Can't help it," grunted the driver. "I haven't got time to go back and try it over."

We've reached the conclusion that printers quit smoking oftener than any other class of workers—and advertise it more. Trouble is, they are like the others, and don't stay quit.

A girl who encourages a young man to quit smoking must mean business.

You know, we could smoke ourselves to death (if our chips would only hold out) and nobody would fret about the effect on our health.

Once, when we were younger, and had less sense, we were offered a house and lot if we'd quit, but the benevolent tobacco-hater refused to throw in a lot of mahogany furniture and we turned him down.

If the offer were repeated now, we would take it up in a minute.

Or in less time than that.

It would have to be a signed and sealed and witnessed agreement, however. We're more suspicious of gift

orses than we were in the days when we believed in Santa Claus.

Heard at the movies: "Sometimes she looks real pretty, but I don't like the way she does her hair." Guess the name of the movie queen to whom they were referring.

The night Father Flanagan and his boys were performing, Blondie turned around to remark: "I'll bet a dime he's Irish."

Blondie hadn't had even a good look at the father—

But nobody took him up.

And when another speaker was all wound up and going good, we heard a low voice say: "That's a nice song—but why don't he have it published?"

Aren't the young men getting most frightfully irreverent these days?

Honors Heaped Upon Him.

We have discovered the man who can lay claim to the title of the Next-to-the-Most-Modest-Man in the whole wide world. His name is George De-Bord, and he is a band and orchestra leader in Akron, O. He writes a long letter to the Billboard and concludes it thusly:

"I am not writing this so as to get my name in your journal; it is just to let you know what I think of it. I have fame enough in my own home town. I am secretary of my local union. I am a state officer of the A. F. M. for Louisiana. I am a public speaker at civic functions as well as political. I am a past president of the central labor body. I have been a delegate to various conventions in most all of the big cities, representing my local, and I have also been in jail for raising hell when I was a boy. As I said before, I am NOT looking for fame."

George is like the man who doesn't like to brag about himself—but

Jesse Miller and the boss of the Palm Room were invited out to dinner the other night. Jesse admits that it's all right to get some real food now and then.

If the Boss ever sees this, our chances for a second piece of pie are gone forever.

Oh, well, pie is one of the things we shouldn't eat. It helps keep our weight up.

Some day we're going to invite Mack to take lunch with us. A man of his build is bound to get hungry once in a while.

Today's Best Story

"Pardon me," broke in Central, "but I happened to hear and understand your girl turned you down."

"Yes," admitted the youth who had just heard the bad news.

"If you'll excuse, I think I can give you a number where you will have better luck."

Oh, well, there's some consolation in the fact that it got chilly along toward the end of the afternoon, and the fellows who did get to play golf had to wear their overcoats while putting with the putter or smashing with the smashie.

Emerson was right. There are compensations.

Likewise, General Coxe was eminently correct. The general was the first white man to say: "Work is hell."

Although, to tell the truth, we've always wondered just how the general found it out.

Apples \$1.75 box to \$2.75 basket, fall and winter. Farmer's Union.

The \$50,000 personal injury damage suit of J. Charles Miller against the Burlington railroad was transferred Saturday afternoon to the United States court from the Lancaster county court. In his petition the plaintiff alleges that through the negligence of the defendant he fell through a hole in the floor at the passenger station at Alliance October 8, 1919. Mr. Miller says that in the fall he sustained three fractured ribs and a sprained hand, arm and shoulder and that his hurts are of a permanent character. The plaintiff avers that at the time of the accident he was a passenger on the defendant's road en route from Scottsbluff to Crawford and that beyond the fact that he was lame he was in excellent physical condition and able to earn a good income. J. Charles Miller served as county commissioner many years ago.—State Journal.

The following men enlisted last week at the local navy recruiting office: Robert Hodgkin, 515 Cheyenne; Foster McDonald, Cripple Creek, Col.; Claud Norman, Chadron; Frank Lyons Souix City, Iowa; Francis Scholey, Rush, Col.

Miss Janet Grassman left Thursday night for Lincoln, where she will spend a few days.

JOHN KEENAN MEETS SUDDEN DEATH IN FALL

John J. Keenan, an old time freighter out of Lusk to the oil fields, met sudden death Tuesday afternoon while on his way to Lusk with a heavy load of casing from the field, according to the Lusk, (Wyo.) Standard.

Mr. Keenan for sometime past had been using an eight horse hitch on the road and it was while driving this string of horses that he met with this fatal accident.

In falling his body dropped squarely in front of the front wheel on the right hand side of the wagon, and there rested and acted as a brake against the wheel, the wagon not passing over the body, but merely ran against him and crushed the ribs on the right side completely.

He was wearing a new sheep skin coat of strong texture and the impact of the load was so great that the goods were badly ripped.

This accident occurred about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a mile north of the Harnegal ranch. Word of the accident did not reach Coroner Kuntz until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the body lying under the wheel all this time. When found Mr. Keenan had one line tied around his wrist, which, his friends say, he was not in the habit of doing.

During the time the body lay in the road several cars passed the outfit, but on the opposite side of the wagon from which the body was lying, and whit their side curtains on it was impossible for the occupants to see him.

The body was brought to the Austin Elquest, Slack undertaking parlors Tuesday night where it was prepared for burial by Coroner Kuntz.

Mr. Keenan was about 55 years of age, and is well known around Lusk. He resided in Lance Creek, from which point he has been freighting since the oil fields were opened. He was born in Springfield, Ohio.

The Keenan boys who took part in riding contests at various exhibitions, are sons of the deceased.

It has not been decided just where he will be buried, but most likely interment will be made in the Lusk cemetery.

A letter to The Herald from a son, Grant Keenan, says that his father left Alliance in July, 1920, and since that time has been freighting for the

Western States Oil company. He leaves a daughter, living in Casper, Wyo.; a son at Lance Creek and a second son, who is now in Ranger, Tex. All have been located and the remains were taken to Kearney, Neb., for burial, where funeral arrangements were delayed until the arrival of his son, Harry, from Texas.

Dr. Annie G. Jeffrey, chiropractor, completed arrangements on Saturday last whereby she turns her Alliance office over to Dr. Smith. The style of the new firm will be Jeffrey & Smith, chiropractors. Dr. Jeffrey left Saturday for her home at Casper Wyo. Dr. Smith comes well recommended and will endeavor to conduct the office with the some high degree

of efficiency and service, as has been heretofore maintained by Dr. Jeffrey. Dr. Smith will be pleased to meet anyone desiring information regarding chiropractor health service. 102

Mrs. Agnes Chapman left for Lincoln, where she will visit with her daughter for a few days. She will then go to California, where she expects to stay until late in the spring.

J. C. Cooper, construction man for the Mutual Oil company is doing some extensive repair work on the company's buildings in Alliance, Hemmingford and Antioch.

Apples \$1.75 box to \$2.75 basket, all and winter. Farmer's Union.

Imperial Theatre

Wednesday, November 17—Matinee Only

WILL ROGERS, in

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE"

CHRISTY COMEDY

ADMISSION—15 and 30 Cents

Thursday, November 18—Matinee Only

MARY PICKFORD, in

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

First Episode of

"PIRATES GOLD"

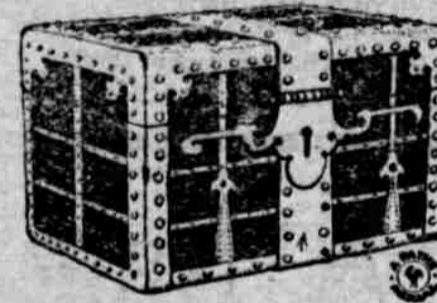
A Rollicking Romance of Adventure on and and sea.

Last Episode of the—
"MOONRIDERS"

NOTE—Both serials will be shown at the night show in addition to the Chase-Lister Theatrical Company.

Matinee 15 and 30c.

GEORGE B. SEITZ
IN
PIRATE GOLD



Are You Dry

There's Only One Substitute
Come to The

DANCE

AT THE ARMORY

Wednesday, Nov. 17

Music By

Andy's Fearless Six

New Music

New Entertainers

RENEWED WOOD FLOOR.

FORGET YOUR DAILY WORRIES—

PUT ON YOUR FESTIVE DUDS

Call up Your Best Girl and Be There at 9 P. M.

SAME OLD PRICE.

ARE YOU COMIN'—SURE

FOUR HUNDRED OF THE BEST MONUMENTS

in the Alliance cemetery were built by the Paine-Fishburn Granite Company.

Let us price one to you. Write us at Grand Island, Neb., or see Al Wiker, Alliance, Neb.

