

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

For the second or third time in all history, the country newspapers and their big city brothers are in accord. They are "viewing with alarm" again, and the cause of all their fretfulness is the blithe bootlegger and the humble distiller of homemade hooch. The Herald gets some forty-odd newspapers for its exchange table, and very few of them, indeed, have not had something to say on the widespread contempt for the booze hounds.

Of course, these newspapers take up the subject from different points of view. Some of the editors are inclined to think that the popular desire to sop up illicit booze is nothing more than a childish desire to do something that is prohibited, just as the small boy smokes cornsilk cigarettes behind the barn or drags on his father's pipe in the dim and dusty recesses of the attic.

The sober and sedative State Journal lays the whole blame at the door of the smart sets. It's fashionable and "smart," says The Journal, to nullify the eighteenth amendment. There are several young married sets in Lincoln where liquor is used more than it was in the wet regime, according to the gossip that flows out from their merry makings. Gus Hyers

hears about these things, and is inclined to be philosophical about them. "A man will buy whisky now," he says, "who never cared to have it around his house when it was cheap and plentiful. It is a sort of craze. When we had state prohibition and Missouri was still wet the booze runners made money smuggling whisky in at about six dollars a quart. Now they get \$25 a quart for ordinary stuff. Liquor that an expert will drink brings from thirty to forty dollars a quart. That is just because people are foolish enough to buy whenever they get a chance without regard to the price. As soon as people get over the idea that they are doing something smart when they outwit the prohibition agents, all of this society drinking will stop. It is costly and dangerous. I happen to know that most of the people who drink the stuff don't like it. They will be tickled to death when it is no longer fashionable to beat Gus Hyers."

The same view, with minor variations, is apparently held by the Norfolk Press, which avails itself of the opportunity to take a poke at the governor and Attorney General Davis, and conducts an argument along the lines of "class distinction," thereby getting in more solid with the embattled farmers in that part of the

state. The Press says:

Governor McKelvie is being applauded by a few women and a favoring press because he is removing from some petty office a man who failed to comply with the prohibition law and Attorney General Davis breaks into the lime-light because he interfered with a poker game out in a western town where a few cheap Greek section hands dared to try to imitate the entertainment of their "social betters." In Norfolk the goody-goods put on a pious look on reading the news of the arrest of a bunch of fellows engaged in the manufacture of "hooch." The prohibition law is a joke in Norfolk and in every other Nebraska town that we know and everybody knows it. There is no attempt made to enforce it. Men paid to enforce it are the worst violators. They shut both eyes when need be for not seeing and wink when only winking is required. A Bechman farm boy put some raisins and water to soak and he was "soaked" with a heavy fine. The "club" with an "exclusive" membership revealed in imported brands and the law-enforcement officers were among the revellers. A few outlawed sports were arrested and the professional bibblers who represent the law laugh at the "hooch boobs." A newspaper solemnly gives warning that the booze hound is on the avenue and they carry it along that some avenue in jugs and the middlemen take in the profits while the "producer" pays the costs. Women who bear names that sometimes appear on the society page are carried home unable to tell who is who and those who are extra cautious go to Omaha or to Chicago. Poker and booze are apt to get you in trouble if you belong to the "submerged tenth" but if you carry professional and political insurance—well, then, you may, if you are sober enough to sit back, read the friendly tips and be careful. The most of us will withhold our applause until we see Governor McKelvie and Attorney General Davis and the other law-enforcement folks do away with "class distinctions" in their reform drives.

Another point of view is taken by the editor of the Ord Journal, who shakes a solemn head and declares: "Prohibition is a failure." All of which is tommyrot. The Nebraska City Press thinks there has been a degeneration of public morals in the United States for the past three or four years, and pleads for a revival of the old-fashioned brand of respect for constituted authority. There is a whole lot more along this line, such as this: "It is almost impossible to punish a certain class of criminals in this country because the evidence needed is not available—for the reason that the man who buys liquor or a smuggler seems to think he is in 'honor' bound to protect the other law-breaker. And this tendency is having a bad effect on the rising generation which sees its elders complimented privately for their shrewdness in evading and disobeying the laws of the land."

It is a fact that the public is inclined to look with tolerance upon violations of the Volstead law, and this may have something to do with the laxity on the part of law-enforcement agents, if there is a laxity. It seems to be true that state and federal agents don't care much whether there is home brew made, or whether home brew parties are given, so long as there is no attempt made to bootleg or sell the stuff. At least this is the case in Lincoln and the big cities.

It is likewise true that a whole lot of people, both men and women, are imbibing in home brew who five years ago would have scorned a lowly glass of beer or turned up their noses at the highball. The saloons had got such a punk reputation that a man would sneak in through the back door if at all. But public sentiment has changed. The fact that bootleggers charged twenty-five to forty dollars a quart may have made it seem more desirable.

But prohibition isn't a failure. Some day there'll grow up a race of people who do not know the taste of booze and who have not acquired the appetite, and the bootleggers will find out that it's pretty hard to sell the stuff at high prices to those who have never had much of it to drink. They can't sell it at low prices, because of the stiff fines if they are caught. And so, in thirty years or so, the length of a generation, the booze problem should cease to be a problem, unless through some hook or crook the pendulum of public sentiment should swing backward and the prohibitory law repealed. If that ever happens, the country will be wetter than ever.

ILLUMINATING COMPARISON

She entered the department store and complained about a lamp she had purchased, demanding that it be taken back.

"What's the matter with it, madam?"

"It has all the faults of my husband with none of his virtues."

"Please explain yourself."

"Well, it has a good deal of brass about it, it is not remarkably brilliant, requires a great deal of attention, is unsteady on its legs, is always out at bedtime and is bound to smoke."

"Never put off till tomorrow what can be done today." It might cost you about a dollar more.

CAN RAISE HOGS IN THE SANDHILLS

Hay Springs Rancher Produces Porkers Which Top South Omaha Market

"Farmers around Hay Springs have convincingly proven that the Sand Hills country can produce just as good hogs as the corn belt farmers," remarked E. C. Bender, a farmer from that point who passed through Omaha this morning, says the Journal-Stockman.

"During the season we ship our consignments can invariably be found near the top for the day. There was one week when Herman Peters, the pioneer hog man from our country, topped the market with a string of several loads for three successive days, and neighbors of his sold their stock well near the top the rest of the week.

"When shipping was at its height we were sending a train load of live stock and farm products to market every day. We raise potatoes, grain and cattle, as well as hogs.

"Herman Peters, a banker at Hay Springs, is responsible for the introduction of the hog in the Sand Hill country. He still maintains a partnership with several young progressive farmers and comes in for his share of the market toppers. Our hogs are always a high quality and

carry an excellent finish. The alfalfa and corn grown by our farmers is not surpassed in any other section of Nebraska and our country is absolutely clean of all diseases which have often wiped out hog crops in other sections of the state."

According to reports more than one sixth of the total receipts at the Omaha market during one of the heavy runs in October, came from Hay Springs.

And report further has it that some three weeks ago there was shipped from that section in ten days \$94,600 worth of livestock and grain.

J. C. McCorkle of Alliance, who tried out raising corn on a large scale this year, has started in the hog raising business as well. The Herald is carrying an advertisement for stock hogs, and he expects to purchase quite a bunch of them, to feed the big corn crop instead of selling it at low market rates. He is satisfied, as are a number of other Box Butte county landowners, that the soil here will raise almost any crop, and that its

produce can be raised to fatten livestock. It's less expensive to raise feed than to buy it.

CLAIRVOYANT STUMPED

Manager (introducing music hall turn): "Ladies and Gentlemen, Khagoola will now proceed to give his astounding clairvoyant, memory, and second sight act and will answer any question that any member of the audience may put to him."

Voice from the Gallery: "Tell us where there is a house to let."—Punch

CIRCUMSTATIAL EVIDENCE

Willie and Jack were two youngsters pugilistically inclined.

"Aw" said Willie, "you're afraid to fight; that's all it is."

"Naw, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight, my ma will find out and lick me."

"How will she find out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor going to your house."

Special Anniversary Sale of Candies December 8

On the above date I will have been in business in Alliance three years. In celebration I will make special prices for that day only on

JOHNSTON'S, SWEETS', GORDON'S, BRECHT'S and other box candies and chocolates. Also Capen Schaezel's Chinese Baskets and hand painted boxes.

Home Made Candies—Such as Taffy, Peanut Brittle, Coconut, Caramels, Nougat Creams, Butterscotch Chips, etc.

Orders taken now for Christmas at special prices.

Alliance Candy Store

Phone 27

S. P. JACKSON, Proprietor

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

Buy different things this year. Oriental articles make beautiful and pleasing gifts. Nice Maderia Oriental Mats. Excellent Line of Silk Hose.

Silk Kimonas, Silk Underwear, Bungalow Aprons.

The Oriental Store Mrs. H. G. Dentler.

IMPERIAL THEATRE Tuesday, Dec. 14

To Theatre Devotees and Music Lovers

The Management extends thanks to its patrons in this city and vicinity for encouraging co-operation and generous support of attractions de-Luxe, which has enabled us to bring here the very best the stage affords; and now we take personal pleasure in announcing, that, under a liberal guarantee, arrangements have been perfected to present

The Master Composition of Those Beloved Composers, Gilbert and Sullivan



The Brightest of All Comic Operas Whose Tuneful, Haunting Melodies Will Never Grow Old

An All-Star Cast of recognized American Operatic Celebrities—A Wonderful Chorus—Beautiful Scenic Vesture—Gorgeous Oriental Costumes—Remarkable Lighting Effects and with an Orchestra of Symphony Players.

Personnel of this Excellent Cast:

- KARL STALL, "The Mikado," with Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Love's Letters" and various seasons with Savage's "Sari," "May Time" and "Princess Pat."
- RALPH BRAINARD, "Nanki-Poo"—A tenor of recognized ability. He is well and favorably known from coast to coast.
- ED ANDREWS, "Ko-Ko," THE GRAND OLD MAN OF OPERA, LATE STAR OF THE FAMOUS ANDREW'S OPERA COMPANY AND LAST SEASON IN "ROBIN HOOD."
- BRUCE WEBSTER, "Pooch-Bah," American born but for the last twenty years a resident of England, leading basso with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He was with Adelina Patti in concert.
- MISS PATRICIA BAKER, "Yum Yum," late prima donna with "The Girl Behind the Counter," star with the Aborn Opera Company and nine months abroad singing to the soldier boys of Divisions 1, 2, 3 and 4.
- MISS ANN McCASHIN, "Pitti Sing," is a well known star of operatic skits, a headliner in vaudeville and was an entertainer in the "Red Circle" tents at the various camps during the war.
- MISS MARY LAMBERT, "Peep-Bo," a graduate from the vaudeville and concert stage and a vocalist of rare ability.
- MISS MEDORA GAROFALO, "Katisha," a comedienne of recognized worth and a Dunbar star for years.



FINALE, ACT I, "THE MIKADO"

Seats Now—Holsten's Drug Store.

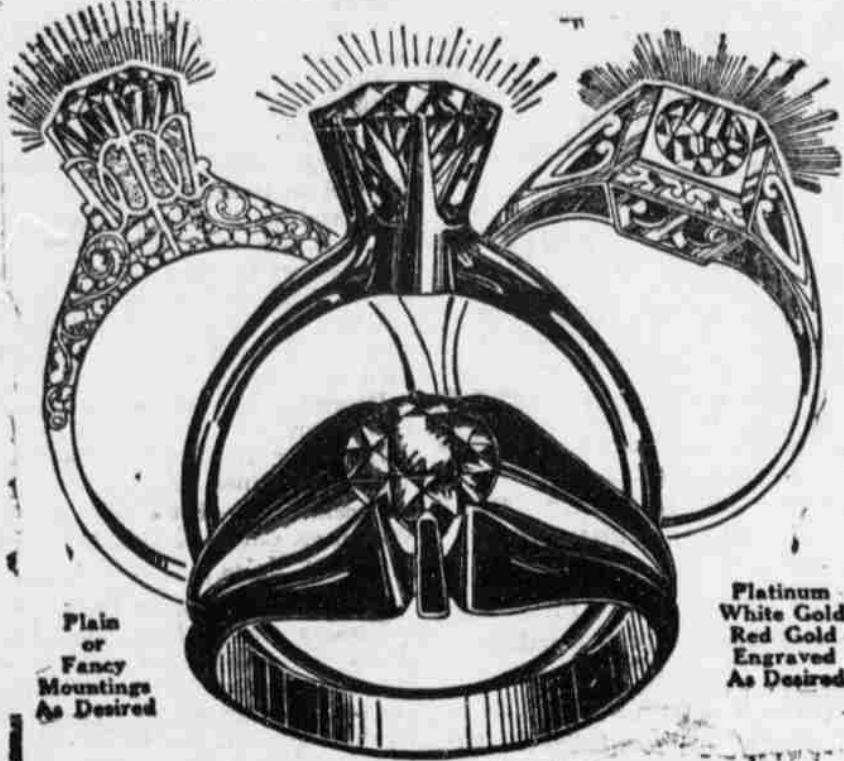
\$2.00; Balcony, \$1.50.

Prices: Lower Floor,

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