

ARMORY DANCE

Music that puts pep in your step
Wednesdays and Saturdays
"Jerry" and "Spooks", Mgrs.

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

Continuing our interesting discussion, started in the last issue of this great moral compendium of knowledge, relative to the ease with which the average citizen overlooks violations of the Volstead law, it is comforting to realize that this tendency is not confined to western Nebraska. It's the same all over these United States. The best evidence of this is seen in the way the newspapers, which reflect public opinion fairly accurately, deal with these violations.

There is nothing surprising, of course, in the fact that the New York Morning Telegraph should print the experience of a fashionable booze smuggler. New York has never fully forgiven the rest of the country for fastening prohibition upon it against its wishes. The New York newspapers still speak of the "great mistake" of prohibition, and many of them forecast its downfall as often as once a month.

But the Literary Digest is on a different plane. When the Digest reprints this kind of a yarn, with humorous comments, it is time for the stern white-ribboners to sit up and take notice. This is the way that magazine treats of an incident that

five years ago wouldn't have been deemed worthy of notice:

"A general opponent of the Volstead law from Virginia found himself in Montreal recently with a powerful banker to take back with him to his desert home a supply of the forbidden fluid still being purveyed in the land of the Canucks. Being among those citizens who abhor the violation of their country's laws, especially if there is danger of being caught at it, the circumspect Virginian made discreet inquiry of the proprietor of a Montreal liquor-store whose wares had made a hit with the thirsty American as to what chances might be of his being able to cross the border with two or three quarts of the best in the Canadian's stock. The latter, after due consideration, replied: 'You may expect a raid in a Pullman-train about once every ten days. When the law enforcers in the States want to give a party wouldn't it be natural for them to take up a collection of bottles of the bonded goods? It's human, my friend—only human.'

"In telling the story when he reached New York the Virginia man suggested that while this liquor-dealer appeared to be perfectly frank and honest, it was just barely possible that he was mistaken and that his state-

ment of the case may have been unfair to the revenue men. However, the dealer's conversation found favor with the Virginian, and when the latter boarded the train for the United States there were artfully concealed in his baggage two quarts of fine Scotch whisky, one bottle of good brandy, and two pints of absinth. Now, whether the liquor man had been mistaken in what he told the gentleman from the land of drouth, or whether this was one of the times the law enforcers were out of accumulated joy-producer for another party nobody knows. But, in any event, what happened to the booze-bearers on that train was heart-breaking, the harrowing details being set out in the New York Morning Telegraph as follows:

"We were just getting out of Malone, N. Y., when the revenue agents boarded the train. They started in at the rear of my Pullman and went right down the aisle with as much precision as the conductor taking up tickets. They had a big gunny sack, into which they placed all the confiscated bottles. All they said by way of warning or reproach was: 'You ought to know better than try to get away with this stuff.'

"There was no resistance and no threat of arrest. One of the passengers had evidenced such symptoms of weariness that his was the first berth made up. Fatal mistake. If you are a booze-smuggler, don't ever ask the porter to make up your berth. Wait till he asks you if you are in lower 6 or upper 10. The traveler who had his bed first prepared for an uneasy sleep was instantly the center of the search. In his pajamas he was dragged forth from his berth, blinking like a fellow who had forgotten how to play blind man's bluff, while the revenue men threw out his pillows, sheets, blankets, and even the mattress.

"Then came the bottles—more than a dozen—which were quickly transferred to the official bag. This detail of the work occupied at least five minutes of valuable time, and in the interval the rest of us were thinking and scheming. One man from Philadelphia, who was opposite me, was quickest to act. He had two quart bottles, the necks of which were slightly bulging above the glass body. He produced from his pocket a twine string, tied his two bottles securely around the necks, opened the window and suspended his treasures on the outside of the Pullman, then closed the window tightly.

"There was one woman in the middle of the car who was surrounded by hand-baggage. From a hat-box she calmly took two bottles of champagne. One of them she placed in a wrap that was beside her next the aisle, and the other she deliberately covered with the folds of her traveling gown, so that it resembled the curve of her leg.

"When the revenue men came along they readily found one bottle, but they were too polite to disturb the woman passenger, who seemed to be transfixed with awe. She saved half of her store. When they got to me, they seemed to be in a very good humor, and I said: 'Oh, what's the use; my only regret is that I have only three quarts to give to my country.' They took the three bottles and one of the men replied, 'You have done nobly.'

"When they had left us all the men adjourned to the smoking compartment, where we held an indignation meeting. The last passenger who joined us was the man who had tied his hopes to a twine string. He had the necks of the bottles as proof of his resourcefulness, but that was all. His two quarts of Scotch had been bestowed upon that side of the Pullman when we were rounding a curve in the Adirondacks, much the same, but without the ceremony, that a maiden vessel goes down the ways at a shipyard—the sponsor who does the christening keeps the ribbons or the twine.

"We reviled ourselves for not having a celebration in the diner before we crossed the Canadian line. What a treat it would have been! And what a pack of fools we were. The conversation became louder and louder, though no one was really angry.

"And then a strange thing happened. It was worthy of the climax in a great comedy founded on the Volstead act. The curtain of the smoking-compartment was suddenly thrust aside and we saw the pallid features of the woman who had saved one bottle of champagne. I thought she was a ghost, as she stood there. And then raising the bottle aloft, until it looked like a torch on the Statue of Liberty, she said: 'Boys, if this will help any, go to it.'

**SAYS ONLY THE ELECT
WILL LIVE FOREVER**

Hemingford, December 4.—To the Editor of the Herald: Your article in last Tuesday's paper is somewhat in error. Attending the lecture at Reddish hall last Sunday eve and giving the speaker my closest attention in

his remarks, I failed to hear him make the statement that all that were alive in 1925 would never die; but I so understood his remarks that millions that were alive at that particular time would go on to perfection and never die. I can quite agree with him that in God's plan he will have living men and women in his kingdom here on the earth and they will live and reign with him a thousand years. But before

this condition sets in we must have had the two world wars, the great battle of Armageddon yet to be fought in Asia Minor, that great city yet to be builded of God, the holy city "Jerusalem," at the restoration of the Hebrew nation when fourteen nations will rule the earth with a rod of iron, wherein all shall speak one pure language. Now can the mind accept the idea that all this will happen in

some five years' time? True, God moves in a mysterious manner. Yours truly,
CHARLES FOLDNESS.

Maybe the man who want to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel only want to show that there's still some use for a barrel in this country.—Kalamazoo (Wash.) News.

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