

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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Such being her state of heart, imagine her excitement when Mr. Milyuns called by appointment and related word for word the following conversation which he had participated in that very morning with Miss Madge Van Teller of East Ninth street:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, are you doing all that advertising for Bobby Randolph?"

"Yes, Madge; I certainly am, and if it doesn't bear fruit pretty soon I'll have to give up tobacco."

"Are you advertising for his own good? I mean is it important to him—not to you—for you to find him? Would he be really and truly glad to be found even against his will?"

"Er—yes—er—it is—er—he would—er—if he isn't sixteen kinds of a fool. I think I caught them all, my dear, but if I left any out, please repeat."

"Yes," admitted the lady question-mark; "your legal mind answered them all. Now tell me just your human self—if you were in Bobby's place, would you want to be found by you for the purpose that you want to find him for?"

"Mr. Milyuns did not pretend for one second that he did not understand the preposterously worded query.

"You bet I would!" he answered promptly and emphatically. "Now tell me what you've got up your sleeve. Please, Madge; that's a dear girl! If you only knew how I'm worried seven times a day—"

"I'm trying to tell you," broke in Miss Van Teller, "but you talk so much I can't get in anywhere. Last night, a taxi brought me home from—er—from a drive, and the cabman was Bobby, looking simply stunning in one of those awfully high-collared, khaki, waist-effect woolly coats, chauffeur's cap, tan puttees, boots, and all—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Milyuns; "I know now just how he looked. What was the license-number of the car, and so which company did it belong?"

A long pause.

"Why, I didn't notice."

"Thanks awfully, my dear."

"Sound of hanging up the receiver."

"So there you are," said Mr. Milyuns to the very much excited Pamela.

"We've got this far and, by a fluke entirely unconnected with the twenty-two deaths I have been pensioning in advance of their lifelong service, Robert is driving one of the sixty-three thousand taxicabs that infest the streets of New York."

"Poor dear!" said Pamela, tears rising to her adorable eyes. Then she dismissed Mr. Milyuns, who would gladly have lingered. "I have to go out now. I'm so sorry, but thank you very, very much."

"Can't I drop you wherever you're going?" asked the very human mind of the leading legal authority on corporation hedge-rows and byways.

"Oh, no," said Pamela, translucent as love itself; "I shall go in taxis."

How many vulgar vehicles for hire were blessed by the transient presence of Miss Thornton during the next seven hours is a matter of gross mathematics and consequently beneath the ken of an intelligence that can chat about about nice things like Pamela and Robert Randolph for pure pleasure and subsequently sell the remarks for cold cash. Five minutes to spot a lively cab, five minutes to ticket the driver and pile him on the discard, two more to find her purse, three more to look innocent; then start all over again. Divide seven times sixty minutes by all that, and you've got her number.

Let us leave the statistical fiend and pass on to seven o'clock of the near-Christmas evening when Miss Thornton was momentarily out of a cab and strolling down the slope of the hump in West Fifty-seventh street. A mushy snow-rain had just begun to fall, giving anyone with the price a splendid excuse for taking a cab anywhere for anywhere. Before the portal of the Great Northern Lights squatted four taxis in a line. In the driver's seat of the rear-most of these, and consequently the last on the rank, a lank human being was buried in an enormous turned-up collar roofed by a chauffeur's cap set at an angle of slumber.

Pamela, the very moment her eyes fell on the recumbent figure, felt that short quick leap of the blood in her veins which is ordinarily termed a "hunch." She longed to step forward and raise the veiling headgear, but she dared not, for not only was the hotel-starter on the job but also the window-shades of the Poppy club next door were still elevated by special request, owing to the slippery state of the sidewalk in conjunction with the homeward-bound stream of dress-models.

As a consequence, she was necessarily content with opening the car door for herself and stepping in. The starter politely begged her to pass to the taxi at the head of the rank and just as politely she informed him that her feet were wet enough as it was. In the meantime, even her light weight on the running-board had started the driver into wakefulness and, without going through any motions, he had heard the unforgettable tones of her voice.

The carrier shrugged his shoulders, parked at an address in Fifty-ninth street and "buddy" roared to "turn her over for him." The driver laid trembling hands on the wheel and cautiously drove himself to a sitting position without disturbing the shielding angle of his cap. Far from his troubled mind were thoughts of snow, the slush and skidding. He threw in his clutch, started her with a jerk, rounded the cab in front successfully, skidded mightily thereafter, straightened her out, skidded again, and crashed, with a great splintering of spokes.



She Longed to Step Forward and Raise the Veiling Headgear.

broadside front on the curb directly before the delighted windows of the Poppy club.

Nothing would have happened to Miss Thornton had she been sitting back in a ladylike manner, but at the moment of the cab's collision with the imperturbable curb, she was otherwise occupied; in short, the glass being a bit frosted, she was standing up and trying to peek through the speaking slot. As a consequence, when the door flew open with the shock, she also flew and volplaned to a landing on hands and knees in the very middle of the very wide sidewalk.

With a cry of, "Oh, miss!" the driver sprang toward her, but when still on hands and knees, she looked up and gasped, "Oh, Randy—Mr. Randolph!" he turned and fled down the hill.

"Hi! You Slim Hervey!" yelled the starter. "Come back here and sign up for the junk!"

In the meantime, which wasn't much more than the twinkling of an eye, three perennial near-youths dashed down the steps of the Poppy club to the assistance of the loveliest trouble that had ever sent out an S. O. S. signal in the face of ready help to the falling. Individually and collectively they raised the curly-haired vision to its feet.

"It was Mr. Randolph," gasped the maiden, an evident distress, "and I've been looking for him for weeks."

"Not Bobby!" exclaimed Mr. Nearton.

"Not Hervey!" ejaculated Mr. Verries.

"Not Randy!" interjected Mr. Berry. Pamela nodded three times, but her eyes failed to show wonder. Nowadays everybody she ran into seemed to know everybody she knew by his first name.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Nearton, intent on getting there first with a remark—any remark; "does he owe you money, too?"

The effect was electrical. Miss Thornton assumed a freezing dignity. She fixed Mr. Nearton with steady eyes.

"How much does Mr. Randolph owe you?" she asked.

"Only twenty," babbled Mr. Nearton.

"Well, here it is," said Pamela, drawing a yellowback from her chattering and thrusting it into Mr. Nearton's nerveless hand. "I happen to owe Mr. Randolph a great deal more than that." Wherewith she turned and made for the corner and the nearest telephone booth.

Pamela was short of breath when she reached the telephone, but she managed to get Mr. Milyuns' residence on the wire and learned that he was detained at the office. She called up that safe den of the wo'd-be undisturbed and connected with a new and strange drawl.

"You've got the wrong number, lady. This Mr. Milyuns went home early to celebrate his silver wedding."

"Will you put me through to Mr. Borden Milyuns," asked Pamela, in a sugar-sweet voice, "or do you really want to start looking for another job?"

"How do I know you know him—Miss Hurry, did you say? The office-boy ain't here, so I can't ask him. Leave me your number, and I'll have him call you."

"Know him?" gulped Pamela, in a rage. "Why, I've k-kissed him!"

"Kissed Mr. Milyuns?" responded the voice, taking sudden notice. "Well, dearie, why didn't you say so? I thought you was one of them high-brow dames. If it's a matter of kissing—boss over the wire, why just you go to it. I won't listen—oh, no!"

And a moment later, Pamela, in a stream-line body:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, this is Pamela and I've found him! . . . Yes; Randy—Mr. Randolph. . . No; he got away! . . . Yes. He's going under the name of Slim Hervey and he was driving the Village Cab company's No. 1898, and

BURYING "GEORGE"

Last week the Minneapolis chamber of commerce attended a funeral en masse. Strange to say, it was an occasion of general rejoicing, for the corpse was "George." It seems the individual members had delegated their whole responsibility to George—and George had failed. The chamber of commerce was rapidly going to the denunciation bow-wows, so a few live ones decided to kill the strangely delinquent brother and force each member to take up his share of the burdens of the organization.

It is a very easy matter to apply this little incident to Alliance. For the past year, everybody has complained of the city government, with and without reason. The whole system was said to be wrong, and nothing would do but a change of form. It was urged that a city manager would do everything the old style system failed to do, even to lowering the taxes and magically converting the septic tank into a perfume factory.

Certain respected and influential citizens backed this change with considerable zeal and we are to try out the city manager plan.

Now comes the analogy with the Minneapolis chamber of commerce. A legal requirement of the city manager form of government is a council composed of five men. Every day or so it is rumored that some of the strong supporters of the change will run for councilman, and later the rumor is denied. "Let George Do It,"—or words to that effect.

The "Let George Do It" attitude is, in a large measure, responsible for the faults of the present city government, and unless there is a change of heart the new, or city manager form, will fall heir to all the ills of "Letting George Do It."

he smashed it on the curb just in front of that horrid Poppy club, and when he saw me, he ran. . . Oh, you will get him, won't you? Please hurry. And now, if you'll hang up, I have a few words to say to that new telephone girl of yours. . . Oh, no! you needn't tell her; I can feel her sagging on the wire. . . Oh, will you? Oh, thank you! It isn't as if she didn't deserve it."

(Continued in Next Issue)

Try one of those Oil Manicures at McVicker's Beauty Parlor. 22

REGULAR JOB

"And what might your work have been during the late war?" asked an old lady visiting the Atlantic fleet as it lay at anchor in the Hudson.

"Ma'am," replied the gob wearily, "I worked on a submarine, and every time they wanted to dive I'd run forward and tip 'er up."—American Legion Weekly.

MUCH AFFECTED

"Come, now! Don't look so miserable!" said a Tullinville photographer. "Just pretend in your own mind that you are going to get married tomorrow."

"Dad-burn the dad-burn luck," returned the Arkansas sifter. "That's precisely what I am going to!"—Kansas City Star.

RING REPARTEE

"Ah shuah does pity you," said a colored puglist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn wif boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe yo' was," retorted the other; "an' ah reckon you're goin' to die de same way."—Boston Transcript.

AND THEN THE ROW STARTED

"Do you think that young man good enough to marry our daughter?" asked the mother.

"I guess so," replied the father. "You know your folks used to say I wasn't good enough for you."

"I know. But my folks were right about it."—Detroit Free Press.

AN EXPERIENCED PRINTER

"Our new company is capitalized at \$50,000,000."

"Great, let me see your prospectus."

"Oh, we haven't got out a prospectus yet. The con-founded printer wants his pay in advance."—Mobile Register.

TAKING NO CHANCES

Browne—"What caused you to withdraw all of your money in the Fleet-foot bank?"

Town—"Every time I entered to make a deposit I found the cashier with his hat on."—Judge.

EFFICIENCY ON THE FARM

Cow: "Can you beat it? There's so much system around here now that they file me in the barn under the letter C."

Hen: "Yes, I have my troubles with efficiency, too. They've put a rubber stamp in my nest so I can date my eggs two weeks ahead."

TRUE CELEBRITY

A short while after Irvin S. Cobb had visited the trenches back in 1918, two soldiers were discussing the event.

"He's a mighty well-known man," said one. "They've even named a cigar after him."

"Yes," agreed the other, "and there's a good old pipe called after him, too."

FATAL TRUST

"Hear poor old Jones is dead. How did it happen?"

"Too much belief in man's honor. He read ninety-eight cigarette manufacturers' ads, each claiming that their product was the best in the market, and smoked himself to death before he found out which told the truth."

Come in at your earliest convenience to see our offering of Ladies' New Spring Apparel. The Fashion Shop. 22

For results—a wan ad in the Herald

TIMELY TOPICS

The new fad of telling character by the hair is not very effective in bald head row.

Gentlemen who are never elected President are saved the worry of making cabinets.

Hungary wants a king. Some people, curiously, cannot get enough of a bad thing.

A woman's idea of getting what she wants is, "If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again."

Prevailing feminine fashions show that the old effort to make extremes meet is still on.

It gives an American girl almost as much trouble to get rid of a duke as it does to get one.

What seems to worry the profiteers most is how to keep their wolf at somebody else's door.

Every time the fuel situation gets acute the weather man shows a disposition to be helpful.

Ponzi must spend five years in prison, but there will be a new crop in 1925.—Arkansas Gazette.

There is considerable underground whisky traffic and many of its victims are being put under ground.

This fall's cider crop may help the back-to-the-farm movement next spring.

One way to instruct some women how to vote is to tell them how their husbands voted.

It is wiser to keep the coal in the parlor than to give the cellar key to the furnace man.

Orange lips as worn by French women will never become popular with the women of the Emerald isle.

The only textbook change school children will really approve is to shorten the number of pages.

Fond mothers are now dreaming of the days when their daughters as well as their sons may be president.

Wood alcohol continues to press closely behind speeding motor cars for first place in the casualty league.

That suggested "school for wives" brings the counterproposal that there be also a kindergarten for husbands.

For getting results with thrills, smoking over a powder barrel seems to have nothing on guarding a cache of "hooh."

The authorities have not yet perfected facilities for making the payment of taxes as punctual as the payment of rent.

There are a lot of women who complain about the cost of footwear who wouldn't like to see the high heels lower.

Down in Mexico they have arrested the governor of Tabasco for getting hot while pickled and shooting up the town.

Knickerbockers are reported as coming back into style for men, and some men we know won't have a leg to stand on.

The general reductions in men's clothing prices should have a tendency to keep many from going entirely back to nature.

A movement is on foot to abolish jazz music. Nothing is so well adapted to bring about the general harmony so much desired.

Boxing gloves may do as a part of the modern school equipment, but we fear they will never quite supplant teacher's ruler and pointer.

The right of women to occupy the pulpit has been recognized in Switzerland. It won't strike anybody as a Swiss movement for shorter sermons.

FASHIONS
BY WALTER WELLMAN

MY WIFE THINKS SHE IS A BIT TOO GARING IN THE MATTER OF DRESS.

MAYBE SO.

I'm not as young as you may think; I'm quite an antiquated gink, and I recall that long ago the ladies blew their husbands' dough on dresses half a yard too long—to wear 'em shorter would be wrong. When women took a little hike, the fat and slim ones looked alike; they used to hide the form divine, the witching curve and graceful line. At dances women used to show the chin and half an inch below, but that was where they drew the line, and all us fellows thought it fine. Then things began to change a bit; some showed their shoes—just think of it! And all the narrow minded ones got out their gossip shooting guns and called them hussies—even worse—and said such dressing was a curse. Now, look at half the girls you meet; they're half undressed when on the street, and no one gasps at pretty knees, because the fashion so decrees. It's getting so that chorus girls have little else to shed but curls if they are on the job to beat the hussies floating on the street. If they'd go back, say, fifty years, and dress up solid to the ears, the novelty of such a show would cause a lot of folks to go; at least 'twould be a big surprise, and how 'twould ease our tired eyes.

GOSH!

With this issue, The Imperial News, which is printed in The Herald office, is enlarged in size and circulation. From now on double the number of copies will be printed, and they will be distributed in both the east and west sections of the city.

Wanted to buy both your fat and stock hogs. O'Bannon and Neuswanger. Phone 71. 18tf

There were eight from Alliance who attended the revival meetings at Bayard Tuesday evening, which are being conducted by L. L. Combers of Bakersfield, Cal. Those in attendance were Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Epler, Mesdames Jennie Reed, A. J. Cole, H. O. Condit, H. Johnson, Clara Tipple, W. A. McKune.

Mrs. H. C. Reynolds of Sterling, Colo., has been visiting her son, A. R. Reynolds of this city. She expects to return home Sunday.

DR. BOWMAN—office in First National Bank Building. 8tf

H. Hirst of the Fourth Street market, went to Lincoln on a business trip last Tuesday. He expects to return tomorrow.

Laird Druery who has an infection of the foot caused from stepping on a nail three weeks ago, is doing nicely.

Joe and Jacob Jeffers of south Alliance have both been quite ill but are improving nicely at present.

Some people send off hundreds of miles to buy articles at mail-order houses, and then they are mad because local stores do not carry missing parts when the thing breaks down.—Holly Chieftain.

There is much discussion as to whether prevailing styles are immodest; but there seems to be unanimous masculine agreement that they are expensive.

Saturday Specials

35c Cough Syrup 36c
2 for -----

\$1.25 Toilet Water \$1.26
2 for -----

35c Can Cocoa 36c
2 for -----

\$1.25 One-pound box of Guth's Chocolates \$1.26
2 for -----

78c Cans Grape Jam 79c
2 for -----

Holsten's

New Rooms from Old Spaces

BEAVER BOARD

Why waste valuable attic space that might easily be converted into livable rooms? A few panels of Beaver Board, hammer, saw, and nails, and the work is done—a quick, clean, permanent job that will quickly pay for itself in added rent.

Besides Beaver Board for better walls and ceilings we carry a complete line of building materials, and can supply you with anything in lumber. There's no better time to talk over your building or remodeling plans than now. Come in and get acquainted.

Dierk's Lumber & Coal Co.

FRED HARGARTEN, Manager.

Air Cooled Spark Plugs ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES

Has a heavy ventilated copper electrode tipped with silver—Two of the best conductors known to science.

Carries a heavy ribbon spark. Does not feather off as it does on a small steel electrode.

Produces a Hot Spark and a strong explosion which keeps plugs and cylinders free from soot and carbon, and more miles to the gallon of gas.

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