

# Celebrate Armistice Day

You'll want to See This Masterful Production on November 11

A METRO PICTURES CORPORATION SUPER-FILM

## "THE GREAT REDEMER"

A Wonderful Cast Including HOUSE PETERS and Marjorie Daw

The American Legion Committee has witnessed the screening of this story and pronounce it: "A MASTER MOVIE"

GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE AMERICAN LEGION

ADMISSION: The price of a ticket is 50c and War Tax. Bring ALL the family; we feel sure you'll say: "IT'S WORTH THE MONEY"

### RANDOM SHOTS

A baby was born to a Nebraska City family not long ago and the Proud Mother has confided to a neighbor that it was a planned baby. In which, opines Hyde Sweet, perhaps it differs from several million other babies that have come into the world.

Three times in our life someone has made away with our hat, and in only one case was the hat that was left for us as good as our own. The last time it was newer and somewhat brighter. We were immensely pleased for ten minutes after we reached home, when the phone rang. Our old hat had our initials in it.

We immediately removed them, of course, but opportunity seldom knocks twice at the same door.

The Scottsbluff Star-Herald mentions the fact that in that town, at least, there is none of that "village cut-up stuff," none of those "bucolic" or "boorish" comments there.

Scottsbluff is a real city, all right. Ever "entertained" there? Plenty of hospitality—sure—but carry a lunch in your pocket, or the price of a meal—unless you like ham sandwiches washed down with water.

They have Hemingford beat, at that. Nobody objects if you smoke, provided you furnish your own cigars.

Just the minute we heard that the deputy sheriff and other minions of the law were driving through the lonely sandhills with a dray load of confiscated booze, we hurriedly called our private branch of the Klan, but they got lost on the road and the dray reached town safely.

The report got out that it wasn't moonshine, but a part of the stock stolen from an interstate freight shipment a few years ago, when there was still good liquor in the land. For a moment it seemed that the meeting might break up in haste and disorder, but the moment the name of the manufacturer was known, all hope died.

Some of these days, there'll be another lucky accident, and one or two more of these undesirable citizens will find that the officers have the goods on them. It's a long time to wait, but it's more or less pleasant when the "watchful waiting" ends. Nobody is lucky enough to "get by" forever, and one by one they'll get theirs.

### A FABLE FOR THE FAIR

Old King Ninus of Babylon was a good picker, and when he picked himself a queen from over in Ascalon, the hill country, he selected a Lulu. The courtiers nudged one another, and agreed that she was a swell dish. And peace reigned in Babylon.

But soon her majesty grew weary of the flat and barren plains of Babylon. Her memory rose up to smite her, and she was athirst for hills and greenery. She lifted up her voice and wept. And when she wept, she was

a mess. Yea, verily! And peace was gone in Babylon.

So old Ninus, good husband, wouldst build a hill, and he didst. The horses grunted, the gears stripped, and the union leaders made speeches, but the hill riz up in the desert, and was an hundred cubits this way, more the other way, and twice that in height. Trees were transplanted, fountains played, the birds warbled. And thus came about the "Hanging Garden of Babylon," one of the ancient wonders.

Was the queen pleased? Yea, greatly, and clapped her hands and climbed all day. And again the second day. But her delight dwindled, and her approval slumped to contempt, and the hill, said she, was a mere fake. And soon she took up her tooth brush and left the country forever, and returned to the hills. And thus was the king rewarded.

Of course, this sort of a tale must carry a moral. The fellow who wrote it used it as an argument to his salesmen to be contented, and not keep howling for better conditions, new lines, better terms and concessions at every turn of the road. But you, dear reader, can use it in denying your wife something she wants.

The best story of this kind that was ever told concerned some ancient queen, who wanted the finest raiment ever designed. She got it. She then wanted the grandest equipage, the tallest footmen, the whitest horses. And she got them. We always give our queens all they want, if it's humanly possible. Then she asked that it parade before her, and when it passed she burst into tears. The king was worried. He asked her if she had ever seen a finer chariot, more handsome footmen and more beautiful horses. "No," she sobbed, "it isn't that. It's all that I could have wished. I'm weeping because I may not sit in the great amphitheatre and see myself ride by."

At eight o'clock he had a drink;  
At nine o'clock the world was pink  
At ten o'clock the blow did fall—  
The whisky was wood alcohol.

But to turn to a serious subject. There is one man in Alliance who will never more trifle with those "put and take" tops. The gang framed up on him, and for two terrible days he imagined there was a warrant out for him and that he would have to face Judge Tash on a charge of gambling.

As everybody knows, there is but one fine for gambling these days—the maximum. If the case comes up in county court that's one hundred dollars—and costs.

### THE CAT!

Two women were meeting for the first time in several months.

"Why," gushed the first, who had in the past been on not too cordial terms with the other, "I never thought you would recognize me—it's been so long since we met."

"My dear," replied the other, "I had no difficulty whatever. I remember the hat distinctly."

Virginia had a little quart  
Of cider, hard as steel,  
And everywhere she went, 'twas sport  
To watch Virginia reel.

Darn those Hallowe'en kids. Now we'll have to wash the windows again. If they hadn't visited us, we'd have got through another winter.

Two or three Alliance merchants still have placards in their windows advertising that tickets for the free Ford car will be passed out therein.

### THE PASSING SHOW

"This is the best salad I ever tasted. Won't you give me the recipe for the dressing?"

"Who was the blankety-blank-blank who gave me away? I'll bet it was that guy whose best friend I've been for years."

Celerity, explains the Boy Scout, is what one lets go of a bumble bee with.

Drs. Jeffrey & Smith have moved their office to the Norton block, over Harper's Dept. Store, Room No. 2. 97-98

Will meet all competition on apples, honey, flour, meal and feed. W. E. Cutts. 97-98

### LONG LIVED CLOCK.

The life of a clock is much longer than that of any other machinery. The city of Rouen has a great clock, built in the year 1389 and still keeping good time. Except for cleaning and a few necessary repairs it has never stopped during a period of more than five centuries. It strikes the hours and chimes the quarters.

### HE COULDN'T STAND THAT

"Remember Job—he was the most patient man ever lived."  
"Yes, but don't forget one thing."  
"What is that?"  
"He never had to ride ten miles on a flat tire with a quarrelsome wife."

### Pierce & Jenkins of Hemingford Are in Market for Spuds

We are prepared to buy and receive potatoes at Berea, two cellars, and will contract for the grower's entire output of Triumphs. We also buy single wagon lots. We will bid on them, either field run or sorted, but prefer them sorted.

Prefer seed Triumphs and Cobblers only to the 15th; after that we may be prepared to handle other varieties. We pay the highest price the market justifies, and will contract for December, January or February delivery at higher prices.

Harry H. Pierce will be in charge of the warehouses and will be at Berea from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day. Take sample of potatoes if you desire a bid on them.  
PIERCE & JENKINS.  
98—Advertisement.

Will meet all competition on apples, honey, flour, meal and feed. W. E. Cutts. 97-98

### REFINED ANXIETIES.

"You say firearms have been barred from Crimston Gulch."

"Yes," replied Cactus Joe. "They make us nervous."  
"The boys didn't use to be afraid of a few bullets."

"They're not afraid of bullets; but every time a gun was fired everybody went into a panic, thinkin' mebbe one of his tires had exploded."

Saloon passenger is a phrase of the transatlantic world that has now taken on an even greater accuracy.

The only thing that we can think of road right-of-way is an American that's as worthless as a Russian rail-corkscrew.

## Announcement

As this will be our last week in the Grocery business, we wish to thank the people of Alliance and surrounding territory for the very liberal patronage they have given us. We shall always remember the pleasant dealings we have had together. In behalf of the new proprietors, Virgil Lehr and W. O. Packard, who expect to carry on the business in the same way, we solicit your co-operation and feel sure you will be pleased with their services. Thanking you again for past favors, we are, respectfully,

H. HIRST, Proprietor.

## Fourth Street Market

## Ladies' Suits

# \$25.00



Can you wear a size 16, 18 or 38? Here is a Real Bargain for you. Suits, values \$45 to \$75, while they last, at

# \$25.00

## Horace Bogue Store

## A Bank Account Is Your Best Protection

As you go on through life you will find no stauncher friend than your bank account. It's tried and true—and never fails you. Should adversity be thrust upon you, should the doctor come to your home, should a business opportunity arise—you can always fall back on your bank account.

A dollar will start an account—why wait? Many of your neighbors deposit with us weekly, why not YOU?

We Pay 5% Interest on Time Deposits

## First National Bank

Alliance, Nebraska



A Seven-Jewel Twenty-year Gold Filled Case

WRIST WATCH for \$5.00

See them in our window.

## Holsten's