

OBJECT TO SOCIAL DECLINE

Real Point of Importance When It Comes to Question of "Reduced Circumstances."

Nobody minds shortcomings so very much in themselves. If everybody came down in the scale of living it would not be so bad. The thing that is trying is to have too many of the other people of one's group have a great deal more than one has oneself.

People do not very much mind reduced circumstances if the reduction is not extreme, but they do mind coming down in the social scale. They like what they are used to, and they like to maintain the relation to other people that they are used to maintain.

Now, the concern about other people and what they have and how they live can be diminished if there is strength of mind enough to control it.

People, old or young, who have a sufficiently strong idea of life of their own, an idea detached from commodities, a spiritualized idea, can get along and keep their quality and live their life and grow in grace on something near to a mere provision of necessities.

If life is going to be spiritualized so that people will care very much

less about material things, it will really make much less difference to them whether they are rich or poor, and that will help the young people to get married and raise families. They will do it if they have nothing worse to fear than a pinch and a struggle, but they may not do it if they see in it social decline.

The Value of Reading.

"Read! Lincoln would have walked miles for what you have at your door." So runs a line of free advice, displayed for the benefit of the public in a western town in the United States concerning a public library. The truth of the statement about Lincoln is beyond question. When one thinks of the availability of libraries to most Americans of the present day, it would seem that there should be growing up an abundance of timber for the presidency. But more may be required of a President today than ever before.

Past and Present.

"When I first started in life," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had to borrow money to pay my railroad fare."

"Well," replied the cynical friend, "history repeats itself. If you succeed in boosting rates as far as you like you'll have everybody else doing the same thing."

The Blair-Logan Feud

By WILLIAM FALL

(By 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's in the blood, I tell you, Floyd Darrell. Get rid of it, fly from it, avoid it as you would a pestilence, or it will destroy you! I bid you go, and at once—anywhere, away from here, where you will meet your fate if you remain."

It was a solemn, eventful moment in the life of young Darrell, returned after many years to the wild, barren district where he had been born. Nearby were the cindered ruins of an old-time mansion; all about the little dip in the landscape reared the grim, rugged Tennessee mountains.

A grand old man with whitened hair, once a powerful giant, and still having a mighty frame and firmness and decision apparent in every lineament of his bronzed, scarred face, had addressed him—Ogden Blair, mountaineer, judge and political leader, the sole survivor of the great Blair-Logan feud that had entered many a bloody page in the record of Dawson county.

"Come here," he said, and he forcibly dragged his visitor by the arm to the open doorway, and pointed an impressive finger at its rude interior. "You see that table, set for six? Always so, and the four vacant chairs we join, my niece, Eugenia, and I, at each meal, remind us of the stalwart, noble sons who fought and died sustaining the Blair family honor. I am the last of my line. A month ago Hank Logan and his raiders burned down the house. Later he sent word that if I did not move he would end the vendetta with me. Move!" cried the old man till his voice echoed ringingly to the nearest towering hill.

"Why, my sons would arise from their graves to curse me, if I gave up the fight of fifty years in which never a Blair turned his back to a foe. Here I live and die. But you—lad, I knew and loved your father. He was a 'gunman,' and his father before him. It was born in them. Now, why have you come back, to be tempted with the same wild fever of strife that went singing through the veins of the Darrells for well nigh a century?"

"Why?" cried young Darrell, and indeed his glowing eye told of intrepid daring and courage. "For the sake of Eugenia, whom I love, and next, to share the perils of the man who was my father's best friend—yourself."

"You must not stay!" remonstrated the old man in a troubled tone. "Eugenia, too, must go," added Blair, as a girl with a wild rose face and a form like a rare mountain sylph came around the corner of the house, and blushed and then smiled as she went up to her loyal lover.

"I shall seek Hank Logan in the morning," pronounced Darrell firmly. "If I can buy my happiness and your safety from him with money, he is welcome to the paltry dollars. If not—then it must be the best and swiftest man," and the hand of the speaker stole mechanically to the belt containing the familiar weapon of the district.

The girl listened with downcast eyes, but silent. She simply lifted her lips to meet those of her lover as he turned away, and stood waving her handkerchief at him until distance and tears blurred the landscape and a sight of the man she might never see in life again.

A solitary figure toiled up the steep side of a wild mountain, passed the tree, and crossed the dividing line of the bad lands. It was Floyd Darrell.

Twice during that morning a bullet sped dangerously close to the head of the persistent adventurer. Darrell kept on his way until afternoon, when he saw coming down a narrow gorge path some horsemen. Swinging himself down a network of vines to a ledge, he crouched there.

The horsemen dashed by. About to attempt to regain the cliff surface, Darrell started as he heard a moan beyond a light screen of greenery. Upon a narrow shelf of stone lay a little child. Just in time, Darrell reached the little girl.

Two hours later a body of horsemen came dashing towards him. He held the child aloft as a signal of distress, a living flag of truce.

The moment the leader of the band neared him, Darrell knew that it was Hank Logan. With a glad cry he seized the child.

"And who are you?" he asked. "I am Floyd Darrell," came the quiet reply.

Hank Logan lifted his gun. Across its stock were four necks.

"The count's done!" he said, and gave the deadly chronicle of doom for the Blairs a fling into the nearest gully. "You've won. Tell Ogden Blair I'll do the moving, and the feud is squared. Me and my men will be over in Kentuck before another week—all because you risked your life for my little girl."

Ocean 100,000,000 Years Old. If all the mountains and smaller elevations on the earth were removed and the material were used to fill in the hollows, the globe would be as smooth as a billiard ball and completely surrounded by an ocean 8,700 feet deep.

The hydrographic office of the Navy says that the ocean is about 100,000,000 years old. In other words, that length of time has passed since the vapors suspended about the terrestrial sphere became condensed to water and were gathered to form the "Seven Seas."

In The MOVIES

"The One Man Trail," with Buck Jones, is the attraction at the Imperial tonight. In this film, Buck not only does some daredevil riding, but some fast romantic work, and his love-making is said to be quite a treat in itself.

The story revolves around the elopement of Buck's sister in the play. Buck follows to bring her back, falls in love on the way, and meets with some thrilling and humorous incidents and accidents. Buck and his horse Blondy give some fine entertainment in many scenes. The cowboys also give an exhibition of some "treat 'em rough" stuff in a farewell send-off to Buck.

Charley Ray, for the first time in his screen career, takes the role of a Beau Brummel instead of a rube, in the photoplay, "Nineteen and Phyllis." He is seen as a town dandy, Andrew Jackson Cavanaugh, whose greatest aim in life is to dazzle with his gorgeous attire the eyes of the fair young miss whom he some day hopes to win.

Andrew's greatest rival for the affections of the young lady appears at a dance garbed in the first dress suit ever seen in town, the lad's dismay knows no bounds. However, a mail order house quickly places him in the same sartorial standing with his rival, but for a time his romantic progress appears to be seriously threatened when a fight with a burglar ruffles Andrew's immaculate garb.

"Sheltered Daughters," with Justice Johnstone in the lead, is the feature for Sunday. The heroine takes the part of Jennie Dark, a girl who adores Joan of Arc—and pretends to herself that she is a descendant of the same French family from which the famous Maid of Orleans sprang. However, she is merely the humble little daughter of a New York plain clothes policeman. The hero is a young newspaper cub.

Sunday's bill is also featured by four vaudeville acts, including Mabel Leslie and Bob Martin in "Little Miss Melody," in which Miss Leslie presents a wide variety of songs and her partner at the piano joins her in a novel way; "The Lady of the Falls," by the Belldays, a versatile comedy creation; Henry Hartman, whose comedy violin bits are a regular riot, and Machedow Brothers, Europe's greatest gymnasts, who exhibit enormous strength and wonderful skill on horizontal bars.

Monday's feature will be "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," a dramatization of the novel of the same name by the famous Spanish author, V. Blasco Ibanez. This is one of the feature plays of the year for the Imperial.

About the only good feature of the extra hour of daylight is that some husbands won't be able to stay out quite so late at night as formerly.

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Did you ever try to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth, and "Nothing But the Truth" for twenty-four hours? The joys (?) of such a course are fully described in the High School play, Thursday night at the Imperial. 6-7

If you had a chance to double your income by telling "Nothing But the Truth" for twenty-four hours, could you do it? See the High School play and let Bob Bennett's experiences decide for you.

Xmas Specials BUFFETS

Oak—in Golden Oak or Jacobean finish—Mahogany and Walnut.



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- Pork Chops, lb. ....18c
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Pure Pork Sausage, lb. ....20c
Whole Pork Shoulder, lb. ....12c
Whole Pork Hams, lb. ....14c
Half or Whole Hogs, lb. ....9c
Home Made Lard, lb. 12 1/2 c; 2 lbs. for .....25c
50 lbs, at .....11c

VEAL CUTS

- Veal Steak, lb. ....25c
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Veal Roast, lb. ....18c
Veal Stew, lb. ....15c

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This being Xmas week, we have a gift for every child up to 12 years of age that patronizes this shop this week, up to and including Friday. So parents remember, and get the little folks in for their work that they may receive their gifts.

To the patron of this shop that guesses the nearest or correct number of customrs actually worked on in this shop Xmas week ending Saturday night, at 10 o'clock closing time, December 24, will receive

One Month's Barber Service Free!

Winners name will be published in the Alliance papers and posted in the shop.

The Service Barber Shop is progressive, is always ready to adopt any Service that will be of benefit to its patrons. That is Good Business. We have adopted a new feature that will appeal to the trade from a sanitary standpoint, that of individual towel service for each customer. While this will be an extra expense, we feel that it will pay for itself in extra business, and the satisfaction of knowing that our patrons are protected from infectious diseases or conditions, that a business of this kind is subject to.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

At this time we also wish to extend to our friends and customers Greetings, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous Happy New Year.

Christmas Service Gifts

If you have not checked your gift list with our stock of values and service merchandise, you have not considered the real economy due you during these times.

Rhein Hardware Company Prompt and Courteous Service