

Just a Business Woman

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

"Seems to me you young folks don't think of nothing but pleasure," said Mrs. Adams querulously, as she watched her daughter Lizzie put on her new hat.

"I won't be gone long," replied Lizzie.

"Well, see that St. Winton brings you back safe," grumbled the elder woman, watching her daughter enviously as she passed through the door and into the village street.

But Lizzie Adams was not thinking of St. Winton, whom her mother had selected as her beau. St. Winton was unwilling that he should be the subject of parental approbation, for the Adams family was the first in the county, and it was a collateral branch, the Winthrop Adamses, who owned the big new cotton mill which drew thousands of young people from the mountain districts to work there. Lizzie Adams, however, was of the poorer branch. Her small wage was all that sustained their family of two—and before that they had lived in the utmost penury.

Lizzie Adams was not going to the village. Instead she made her way toward the brand-new brick mansion of her cousin Herbert, who had come from college the week before to take charge of the mill upon the occasion of his father's sudden demise. They had been sweethearts in the good old days, before Winthrop Adams had risen from a country store-keeper to a country magnate, by a shrewd investment. But doubtless Herbert had long ago forgotten her. For she had not seen him for four—five years, it must be.

She was not hoping to meet Herbert; she was just taking a stroll, attired in her best hat and her one wearable gown.

Those who seek, find. Lizzie met Herbert driving a smart trap, and by his side sat a young lady, dressed in what seemed to Lizzie the height of fashion. And because there was hardly room to pass the trap stopped, and Herbert recognized her and bowed and smiled, and the trap disappeared behind her.

"You haven't quarreled with St. Winton?" asked her mother, crossly, when Lizzie returned.

"No, I didn't meet him," answered the girl. Two minutes later she was stifling her sobs upon her bed in the little room adjoining the invalid's.

If Herbert had no thoughts for her upon the street, how would he greet her in the mill when, dressed in her working clothes and covered with lint, she toiled at the machine? She could not bear to drag herself into the place next morning. The girls stood there, heavy-eyed, sullen of face, dreaming of Sunday and their brand.

"Now, then, don't stand dreaming there!" shouted Miss Jones, the forewoman, to Lizzie. "Don't you know young Mr. Adams is coming round to inspect this place this morning?"

It was toward noon when Herbert Adams came in, escorted by the foreman. Halfway down he came upon Lizzie. He must have seen her. But he did not even look at her.

At noon Lizzie crept away to spend the half hour's recess somewhere under the trees.

Suddenly a shadow fell across her path and she found herself looking up into the face of bronzed young man whose eyes were bent upon her with unmistakable interest.

"Lizzie," exclaimed the mill owner, "I saw you leaving the grounds, and followed you. How do you do? I've often thought of you since we parted—let me see, years ago, it must be."

"You seemed to forget your politeness this morning in the mill," the girl retorted, struggling to keep back her tears.

"Why," exclaimed the young man in astonishment, "really, I was so embarrassed—I thought it best—"

"Yes, you were embarrassed because I wasn't dressed like your friend yesterday," she blurted out, and could have bitten her tongue afterward.

"Miss Keith? Why she—why, Lizzie, dear, she's the agent for the cotton company—just a business woman, who is negotiating for the year's output. You didn't think—"

Suddenly he caught her in his arms. "Lizzie," he whispered, with his face very close to hers, "did you think I had forgotten? Don't you know my father sent me away to college because I cared? I want you, Lizzie, just as I always did; I want a girl of my own country and my own people, not—Miss Keith!"

Honest Printer of Long Ago.
The first and only edition of Cavallieri's "Six Geometrical Discussions" published in Bologna, 1647, was liberally illustrated with woodcuts of explanatory diagrams. At least the diagrams were explanatory to the initiated. Evidently they failed to make the matter in hand clear to the printer for he locked one of the cuts in the form upside down and so it went to the press. One may easily imagine the consternation of Prof. Cavallieri, the father of calculus, when he discovered the mistake. Probably to appease him, the apologetic publisher caused extra proofs of the woodcut to be pulled and pasted in each copy of the book over the inverted diagram. The honest printer, for his part, didn't seek to hide his original fault, but left one end unfastened so that today lifting the flap reveals the mistake beneath.

RANDOM SHOTS

We have just learned the home address of Harold Bell Wright, but have not the slightest intention of ever using it.

Inebriated gent in a Chicago movie house was discovered, after the "Good Night" sign had been flashed on the screen, still sitting in the back row, holding in his arms an enormous bouquet of roses. "I'm waiting to take Mary Pickford home," he explained to the ushers.

"Women are funny," admits one of them. "We'll be equally frank and say that there are times when men strike us about the same way."

TODAY'S BEST STORY.

(Honestly, we've read better ones.)
The leading lady of an incoming theatrical company met the leading man of an outgoing troupe at the railroad station.
"Did you have a good house here?" she asked eagerly.
"No, pretty small," he admitted.
"Too bad—but perhaps you got a lot of applause."
"Well," he hesitated, "there was a dog that managed somehow to get into the place and once I thought I noticed him wag his tail."

Speaking of chilly audiences, Alliance has the world cheated. It's true that now and then the vaudeville is fairly punk, but a quartet composed of Jennie Lind, Mme. Sembrich, John McCormack and Caruso wouldn't get more than a ripple of applause here.

It's got to the point where, when a man applauds an act, people nearby look at him accusingly, in the belief that he's in the employ of the house.

THE LATEST KID STORY

After having been repeatedly warned never to speak a profane word, the five-year-old son came to his mother to report the wickedness of one of his playmates.
"Oh, mother," he ejaculated, "Tommy said an awful word. He said—he said the name of the man who runs Hell."

A brace of high school girls, with their sweeties, sat in the gallery at the movie the other night. Wonder how they felt when the lights went on at the close of the second show, disclosing the presence of one of the pros.

THAT DARNED MAKEUP
(Cozad Local.)

"In our issue of week before last, we mentioned that N. M. York, our county attorney, was a Cozad visitor and just below it stated that nature sometimes made mistakes in that she sometimes put all the bone in the head and none in the back. These were two separate items, but through error of not putting a dash rule between them, will cause some people to think that the Local was trying to give Mr. York a dig."

After Bruce Wilcox of Bridgeport learns that all Alliance agrees with The Herald when it charged the Morrill county men with bad faith, he may proceed to call the entire town down for being misinformed. That old pirate has more nerve than a government mule, and he's about as thick.

Remember the stories about the Hellish Hun plots that used to be so frequent during the war? Well, another one of them has just been uncovered in Denver, where a German has accused his wife of attempting to take his life by feeding him thousand-legged worms mixed with carrots. Either the carrots or the worms would have been bad enough, but the combination—Ach, Gott!

'S a funny thing how a mere pho-

toph can attract so much attention. And yet, come to think of it, it was the pose which drew attention to "September Morn."

You never can tell where you'll find wit. A Nebraska City woman found a piece of rubber in some sausage she purchased, and hurried down to bawl out the butcher. "Madam," he told her, "it's simply another indication of the way the automobile is supplanting the horse."

LIES FOR TODAY.

"Today's Weather."
"I was too young to remember that."
"We'd love to hear you sing."
"Two can live as cheap as one."
"Prohibition."

The nation's bill for silk stockings last year was in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. Not only that, but it was worth it. They add ten billion to the looks.

Grand Island has a new wrinkle for Christmas. The dummy cops on the street intersections are to be dolled up in imitation of Christmas trees, with little electric lights and everything. Now, if they would only make the drinking fountains into punch bowls, it would be a regular Christmas.

An Alliance business man boasts that he does the lion's share of the work in his store. We do the lion's share of the work in this shop, for that matter. Lion's don't work.

THE TOWN GOSSIP.

(Nebraska City Press.)
THE WISE MAIDEN
SCENTETH TROUBLE
AFAR OFF and avoideth
TROUBLE BY staying away
BUT THE foolish virgin
MERELY SAYS "Don't"
VERILY, VERILY.

PA'S SON-IN-LAW.

Gem from the Congressional Record (Nicholas Longworth speaking):
"The gentleman (Mr. Garner) has but one object in view. He is an adept at muddying the waters in order to admit, as he always does, to drive a wedge which shall separate the cohesive majority on this side of the House." (Applause.)

We saw a democratic editorial the other day and it warmed the very

cockles of our heart to see the phrase, "The Old Guard," spelled with capital letters, just that way. How long it seems since that fateful second of November when joy departed from the democrats.

Which reminds us that there was once a Cox-Roosevelt club.

Cox was a lucky guy, but no one will ever be able to convince him of it.

We can match any Ivory piece you wish to give for Xmas. Brennan's. 6

A three-act comedy for the business man, "Nothing But the Truth," Thursday night, Imperial. 6-7

Buy your Xmas Candies at Brennan's. 6

Keep December 22 open. That's the "Truth" for twenty-four hours. 6-7

Herald Want Ads are read.

As cooler weather approaches the great American business man hope to become acquainted with his family again.

The English language has about 600,000 words, but paragraphs continue to coin new ones about the weather.

A French corporal and one private took 100 German soldiers as prisoners, but maybe they were not very anxious to fight.

Though the world has never before been so warlike, never before has the world been so thoroughly convinced of the folly of war.

A restaurant keeper accused of cruelty toward a lobster insists it isn't an animal. Still, it may be.

Many of the newspapers are printing editorials on the shark, and not one has a kind word to say.

It isn't the quality of the stuff that makes it a luxury, but whether you have the money to pay for it.

We serve a special Xmas dinner. If you don't eat at home, try us. Brennan's. 6

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Sugar Cured Bacon, lb. 28c

Hog Fat, per lb. 8c

Fresh Side Pork, per lb. 15c

Hamburger, per lb. 15c

Rib Boiling Beef, per lb. 10c

Rib Roast, per lb. 15c

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10 lbs. \$1.75	10 lbs. \$1.80
20 lbs. \$3.30	20 lbs. \$3.30
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1 lb. 30c	1 lb. 15c
2 lbs. 50c	2 lbs. 25c
Toaster Marshmallows	5 lbs. 55c
1 lb. 40c	10 lbs. \$1.00
2 lbs. 70c	Chocolates
5 lbs. \$1.50	1 lb. 30c
Peanut Candy and Brittle	2 lbs. 55c
1 lb. 20c	5 lbs. \$1.30
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