

Royal Theatre

"Home of Good Pictures"

FRIDAY

THOMAS MEIGHEN in
"THE CITY OF SILENT MEN"
2-Reel Comedy

SATURDAY

WHEELER OAKMAN in
"THE HALF BREED"
EIGHTH CHAPTER OF
"BUFFALO BILL"

SUNDAY & MONDAY

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in
"SONNY"
2-Reel Comedy

TUESDAY

KATHERINE McDONALD in
"STRANGER THAN FICTION"
Comedy

WEDNESDAY

JEWEL GARMEN in
"NOBODY"
Comedy

THURSDAY & FRIDAY

MARIAM COOPER in
"THE OATH"
2-Reel Comedy

COMING

JACKIE COOGAN in
"OLIVER TWIST"
FEB. 12 & 13.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The High School Seniors will stage the comedy "Am I Intruding?" February 7th. Everybody come. Admission will be 50c and 25c. Remember this date at the K. C. hall, Feb. 7.

Miss Alice Trihy, of Gretna, is the new seventh grade teacher. Miss Fitzsimmons having resigned to attend Wayne normal.

Mr. Edward Schmitt, of the High School faculty, resigned to accept a position in the Creighton Academy. Several applicants are being considered for the position.

Eighth Grade.

Francis Davidson enrolled in the eighth grade Wednesday morning.

The eighth grade devoted their opening period Tuesday morning to the life and writings of Victor Hugo.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our many friends who assisted at the time of the death of our beloved husband, son and brother, also for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Martin Langan, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Langan
and family.

Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have been appointed by the County Sheriff as Special Deputy to enforce the Automobile License Law.

You are hereby notified that you must procure your license before February 15th, as the state department has issued an order that after that date no notice will be given and the law must be enforced to the letter.

WM. HERSHISER,
Deputy.

35-2

THERE'S JUST ONE WAY

to get ALL the news about

your home town and the
folks who live there—

SUBSCRIBE FOR YOUR

HOME TOWN PAPER

NEBRASKA.

(Gearing Mid-West.)

When the Almighty got ready to build the universe, He used the best materials in making Nebraska, and then used the left-over stuff for the rest of the world. That's why Nebraska has the richest soil, the finest climate and the best water. While the people of other states are compelled to delve in the bowels of the earth to make a bare living, Nebraskans work in the sunshine and extract more wealth from the fertile soil than is dug up from beneath in other commonwealths. Nebraska's golden butter crop exceeds in value the total gold output of the republic, including Alaska, and her hens produce every year eggs worth more than the total output of Pennsylvania's steel rail mills. The milk extracted from Nebraska's dairy cows in a single year would be sufficient to float the navies of the world, and a hen as big as all Nebraska hens combined could, with one sweep of her right foot lift Topeka, Kansas, off the map and scatter it thinly over St. Joseph, Mo. Nebraska is just big enough to suit her folks, but not bigheaded enough to claim more than she can substantiate. That is why Nebraska is always doing, while other states are always talking about what they are going to do. Because they are Nebraskans, the good people of this state produce more wheat and corn and alfalfa per acre and per capita than any other state, and incidentally produce more sugar than is consumed by the state fortunate enough to touch Nebraska's borders. Nebraska is the pivotal state—right in the center of this glorious republic and all the other states revolve around her and shine in her reflected glory. Without her excess products one-half the people of the republic would starve and a majority of the others would go to bed hungry. In her packing house is packed more beef, pork and mutton than is packed in forty-four states combined, and more than half of it is produced on her own fertile soil. Her annual output of alfalfa, if baled would make the piers for a bridge across the Atlantic ocean, and all her products of a single year would fill enough freight cars to make a freight train more than 11,000 miles long. Hogs? She has only the four-footed kind, and were their separate grunts combined into one big grunt, the mountains would be leveled in dust and every window glass in the world shattered into atoms. Their sides of bacon would build a rampart behind which the armies of the world could fight and withstand any assault, and their hams make a fit complement for Nebraska eggs to furnish a daily breakfast for all the world throughout all the year. A combination of all Nebraska steers would mean an animal whose tail would banish mosquitos from Alaska and whose stomach would demand all the verdure of the equatorial region, while fertilization would be provided for all the waste places in bordering states. Nebraska is plenty big. Nebraska folks who live in the extreme southeast corner of the state are 300 miles nearer Chicago than they are to their fellow Nebraskans who live in Sioux county in the extreme northwest corner. Nebraskans have much to boast about, but they are too busy to indulge in boasting. Nor would they if time permitted for if they told half the truth about their state they would be classed along with Ananias and Saphira. Now and then they pause to catch breath, and seize the opportunity to modestly remark that Nebraska has the largest creamery in the world, the largest butter market in the world, the largest primary cattle and sheep market in the world, and the prettiest women born since Adam's rib contributed to the possible population of the globe. Some of these days it may be possible for some Nebraskan to take a day off and tell about Nebraska's real glories, but right now just a few ordinary things will have to suffice.

The Youngest Soldier Killed.
Representative Isaac Siegal, of New York, recently made claim in the house of representatives that Albert Cohen, whose parents now live in Memphis, Tenn., was the youngest soldier to be killed in action in France. He was killed in action on October 5, 1918, while serving with the 26th infantry. At the time of his enlistment he was thirteen years and six months old.

NEW DANCE HAS MADE HIT

Gothamites Take to Importation From London, Though It Seems Rather a Childish Pastime.

There's a new dance stunt in town. It's the balloon dance and it's from dear old London, don't you know. It's a bit of all right, too.

A few nights ago it was introduced at the Rendezvous—one of Broadway's most exclusive supper clubs. And it made a tremendous hit, says the New York World.

A toy balloon is tied to the ankle of each dancer of the fair sex and the idea is to get through a close-fitting foxglove or a tiddle with the balloon still intact. That is the girl's idea.

The idea of the men dancers is to break as many balloons as possible without stepping out of the dance. On a crowded floor the balloons have about as much chance as a snowball in—well, a warmer place than New York. However, a prize is offered to the woman who can emerge from the maze of the dance with her balloon still flying.

One young lady at the Rendezvous actually won the prize. But the popping of the colored spheres reminded one of the popping of champagne corks.

Anyway, it's a great boon for the balloon manufacturers. For the dance floors of the average toddle sanctuary are so small that the only way to keep off one's partner's balloon is to step on her feet—and that is not very popular with the fair sex.

RETURNING TO SWORD PLAY

New York Children in Their Games, Seem to Have Abandoned "Modern Warfare."

Playwrights and theatrical producers predict the return of the costume play and the swashbuckler melodrama. But the youngsters of New York seem to have realized this prophecy in their games.

Wooden swords, umbrella rib daggers and crossbows have supplanted dummy rifles and barrel stave artillery pieces that were popularized by the World war.

Sword play, with hickory rapiers and fragile crate-cover cutlasses seem to have asserted a romantic appeal over infantry charges and vocal "bing! bangs!" The vacant lot is no longer no man's land, but a rock-strewn heath or a tin can infested moor, where Frankie and Johnny would "do each other in mortal combat, as Spaniard and Dutchman in the lowlands."

There is more realism in the sword than in the pistol, with which one must say "Bang! Bang!" Rock piles have become castles after the fashion of the Arthurian legends and lance-armed knights guard drawbridges of planks or old doors over imitation moats.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

One of Great City's Tragedies.

An old-time tragedy of the Central Markets, Paris, has been recalled by the death at an advanced age of a once rich woman, who for many years made a poor living there overturning garbage cans and selling anything of value she might be able to find therein. Her name was unknown, and for nearly half a century she was merely called "Princess." Fifty years ago it was fashionable for persons of high society in Paris to pass a riotous night in the cafes and stalls of the market. On one occasion a fashionable woman one of a gay party, was robbed of money and jewels, presumably by her escort. Left penniless, she refused, for reasons easily surmised, to communicate with her husband or her family in central France. Instead she sought employment and gradually fell into extreme poverty. She got her nick name owing to her invariable habit, when asked about her former life, of replying: "Ask no questions; I am a princess from a far country."

Smiling Porches.

More houses are being built with inclosed porches than ever before; you may walk down long streets of dear little homes whose porches smile at you through tiny panes of glass. You pass medium-sized places with grounds, comfortable houses set back from the road, and large mansions—in every one somewhere you catch the glimpse of an enclosed porch-room. Old-fashioned houses follow suit, and back of the rounded Colonial pillars are fitted small-paned glass partitions that inclose the porch as efficaciously as though it had been built that way in the beginning. In the summer these are lifted out, leaving the porch as before.—The Designer.

Canada Pushing Honey Industry.

It is expected that Ontario's honey crop next season will be marketed largely on the co-operative system, as a result of the activities of the committee appointed recently by the Ontario Bee Keepers' association, and with the assistance of the Ontario government. The honey will be graded and have a registered brand for the protection of consumers. Each package will have a distinguishing number, by which it can be traced back to the producer.

Snails in London Restaurants.

English officers who served in France during the war acquired in many cases a taste for frogs' legs and snails, hitherto unknown to London menus. When they returned home they demanded the same tidbits in London and now both frogs' legs and snails are conveyed daily from France to London by airplane. Some of the London restaurants are doing an enormous business in serving these two articles of food.

Only Fat Girls in His Office.

"I have found one employer whose 'bug' in hiring folks for his office is worse than the idea against bobbed heads and short skirts," lamented a young woman who was weary with hunting work.

"And what's that?"

"He won't hire any one—male or female—unless he has a fat, healthy, well-fed, well-cared-for look. I was talking to the girl who lets applicants in to see the boss. She was real sweet and kind and she told me I might as well not go in. I asked her why, and she confided to me that I was too pale, too delicate looking. This girl thinks it is just because he is known as an old tightwad and is selfish, and he doesn't want it said of him that even his office people look pinched and pale and ill-treated."—New York Sun.

A Day Dream.

"That was a smooth stock salesman in here just now."

"He was, indeed," said Mr. Dubwalte. "He hadn't been talking five minutes before I saw myself stepping briskly into a bank to deposit a few hundred thousand dollars, then strolling around to my tailor to order a winter outfit of a dozen suits and making an engagement with a friend of mine in the motor business to look at the fall styles in limousines."

"What happened next?"

"Oh, I woke up, glancing hastily about to see if I was still sitting in the little office and wished him 'good morning.'"—Birmingham Age Herald.

SHIPS THAT FATTEN SAILORS

Modern "Tankers" Are Now Blamed for Added Weight Taken On by the Seamen.

Shipping experts continue to argue regarding the advantages of oil fuel over coal. At present the question is occupying the attention of medical men.

The adverse effect of oil fuel upon such surfaces as steel, canvas, rope and other shipping accessories are widely known; ships' doctors are now divided on the question as to whether it is harmful or beneficial in its effect upon sailors, a writer in London Tit-Bits states.

Sailors on oil-fueled vessels are fatter and plumper than those who work on coal-fueled ships. Some naval surgeons declare that the fattening effect is produced by the slight fumes exuded by the dormant oil fuel; others ridicule the suggestion, and maintain that the former are fat simply because they have less work to do.

"Coaling ship" is one of the fittest exercises in the world for reducing superfluous flesh. It is hard work that has to be maintained at high speed all day. Ships vie with each other in getting their coal aboard in record time.

and even after the operation is finished the sailors still have a few more ounces of avoirdupois to work off in cleaning up the mess below decks. Usually three days are occupied in cleaning a vessel after a bout of "coal ship." On the other hand, oil-fuel ships perform the task in about three hours.

Doctors are asking themselves: "Is the fat a healthy fat, or an injurious parasitic growth?" If a hammock is splashed with oil fuel, all the scrubbing and boiling in the world will not prevent a hole from appearing in it; and if it eats through double-ply canvas, what will oil fuel accomplish in the case of human beings?

"Tanker" hands are noticing that after two or three voyages they begin to put on flesh.

FAMED FOR ITS MARASCHINO

Dalmatian Town of Sebenico Really Has Little Right to Other Claims to Honors.

Sebenico vainly boasts of being the Roman colony Siscum, where Claudius quartered his veterans, and so styles itself in public inscriptions and Latin documents. But Siscum stood further south, near Salona, at a spot still marked by Roman remains.

It is to be feared that Sebenico had a sadly ignoble origin, says the Manchester Guardian. The name is said to be derived from a word that means the fort from whence bandits watched the sea for ships which they attacked and plundered. The little Dalmatian pirates' lair remained quite unknown until selected in the early Middle Ages by Croatian kings for their favorite residence. Apart from possession of a picturesque land-locked harbor, the only cathedral in the world built entirely of stone and metal, and the ancestral house of the Orsini, Sebenico has few claims to distinction. However, by some people Sebenico will always be held in high honor for being the place where they make maraschino, an insidious liquor distilled from small black cherries.

The Wrong Saint.

Childhood's propensity for getting names mixed was well illustrated a Sunday morning or two ago when little Richard, on the way to Sunday school with his mother and sister, met another little boy afflicted with St. Vitus' dance.

Richard was deeply impressed by the incident and asked his mother what was the matter with the little boy.

"Poor child," the sympathetic mother replied. "He has St. Vitus' dance."

Back at home, Richard rushed in to tell his father of the incidents of the morning and closed with the remark:

"And—and—and we saw a poor little boy who jerked all over. He had the Ritcomb Riley."

"HELLO" BARRED IN BOSTON

According to Superintendent of Schools Burke the Word is Both Undignified and Slovenly.

Do not say "Hello" when you pick up the telephone.

Avoid "Nope" and "Yep" in your conversation when you mean "No" or "Yes."

If Boston is going to sustain its reputation as the Athens of America, it must quit the use of these barbarisms according to Jeremiah E. Burke, new superintendent of Boston schools.

It is more in accordance with Boston culture to say something like "This is Mr. Smith talking; with whom am I conversing?"

"There are many words," Superintendent Burke says, "which may be used in place of that moth-eaten, undignified and impolite word 'Hello.' Its use is condemned in Boston schools, particularly in classes in salesmanship where knowledge of dignified and grammatical English is essential.

"There is no excuse for the use of 'Nope' and 'Yep' in conversation. I believe that if Boston school children will check themselves in their use, parents at home will gradually dispense with their use.

"My advice to the children in Boston schools is:

"Don't be slovenly in the use of English. Slovenliness is the result of habit, and once tolerated, it is likely to cling to all of us until mature life."—Boston American.

ETIQUETTE THAT SEEMS ODD

Table Manners at the Time of Chaucer Were of a Decidedly Primitive Character.

Table manners at the time of Chaucer were described in a lecture by Kenneth Hare, author and poet, on "A Holiday in London in the Days of Chaucer." Etiquette in those days (the latter half of the Fourteenth century) demanded that meat should be held between two fingers and a thumb of the left hand, and no more, if one was to be received in polite society. After soup, pike roasted in claret and flavored with strange and varied spices was eaten. Then followed partridge roasted with saffron, cloves and ginger, and jam tarts and jelly.

It was the custom to change the cloth with the courses, and one read of one feast in which each new cloth was scented with a perfume appropriate to the dish. In Chaucer's day the bath in construction was not unlike a miniature pulpit, and a bouquet of sweet scented herbs was hung over it for the stream to draw out their refreshing qualities.

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