

## Royal Theatre

"HOME OF GOOD PICTURES"

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

SUPER SPECIAL  
RALPH LEWIS and ELLA HALL

—in—  
"WESTBOUND LIMITED"

The mighty photodrama of flesh and steel. It roars, it pounds, it crashes, it thunders. A forest fire. Two trains racing towards each other. A terrific duel to the death in the engine cab. A crashing climax that will leave you spell bound.

2-Reel Comedy

SUNDAY & MONDAY

ANITA STEWART in  
"THE LOVE PIKER"

Anita Stewart more radiantly beautiful, more deliciously appealing than ever in this splendid role of a society heiress. A play that scales the heights of a stirring emotions and sweeps on to a climax of breathless intensity. Plenty of rich comedy.

2-Reel Baby Peggy Comedy.

"PEG OF THE MOVIES"

News Reel

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

HAROLD LLOYD in  
"SAFETY LAST"

Oil up your rusty glands! Massage your smile muscles! Loosen up your clothes! Here comes the boomshell of mirth! Warning! Patrons who wear tight clothes will do so at their own risk during the run of this picture. The management will not be responsible for ripped seams or loss of buttons.

Comedy and Fables.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY

JACK HOLT and EVA NOVAK in  
"MAKING A MAN"

2-Reel Comedy

Coming  
"Three Wise Fools." "Spoilers."

"Six Days." "Kick In."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Sunday Morning Service, 10:30 a. m., Sunday School, 11:30 a. m., Young People's Service 6:30 p. m., Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.

Midweek Services: Tuesday, 7:30 a. m.; Young People's Prayer Service Wednesday 7:30 p. m., Regular Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Morning Choir Saturday, 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. A. Hutchins, Pastor.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH CATHOLIC

Sunday Services: First Mass 8 a. m., Second Mass 9 a. m., High Mass at 10:30 a. m. Vespers 7:30 p. m. Daily Mass 8 a. m.

Catechetical Instruction for First Communicants 3 p. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Confession, Saturday from 3 p. m. to 6 p. m. and from 7 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Children's Confession, First Thursday every month at 1:30 p. m. Very Rev. M. F. Cassidy, Pastor.

AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1923.

An experience such as that of Monday the 3rd is worth recording, even I cannot tell it with the thrill the occasion really had.

In the first place, I had planned by all means to attend the opening session of Congress, but the papers said, and opinion among men at the office building was that they would merely convene and adjourn, in honor of the many members who had died since the last session. So we decided that I should wait until perhaps Tuesday to go. About ten o'clock Bob phoned that I'd better come—so I did—but by the time I got ready and traveled our eleven miles to the Capitol, the mob was so dense that one couldn't get even a peek into the gallery. Mr. Malone immediately hunted up Bob for me, told him my trouble, and he went to the official doorkeeper and asked him if he'd let me into the Executive Section of the Gallery. He said "No," but Bob said, "Mrs. Longworth's there," whereupon he said, "Get her and come along." So I sat in the back row of the President's Section, and though there were no members of his family nor of any of the Cabinet there, I felt very much honored. I spent sometime looking at Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She is a very fine looking woman. She was beautifully gowned, but impressed me as little concerned with her appearance. She was the only woman in all that crowd who had removed her hat. She was greatly interested in proceedings. I read that she is an ardent student of statescraft.

But of course, the great thing was below—the 415 men moving about for all the world like a bunch of college men back at school in September. Slapping each other on the back, hailing passersby, visiting, introducing new ones. It was far from offering any appearance of stiffness or awe. And the men are much younger, on the whole, than I had expected to see. Especially was I impressed by the amount of hair visible from above. There is much less in the Senate! On the whole, they look like a friendly, businesslike, earnestly interested bunch of men. Not one presented any appearance of possessing horns or hoofs. I'm sure reports of any such must be exaggerated. Of course, the voting was very exciting, at least to me. Everyone knew how the first ballot would be, with the seventeen so-called "progressive Republicans" voting for their Mr. Cooper, and so making the Republican and Democratic nominees for Speaker. Mr. Gillet and Mr. Garrett, practically even. But when it continued almost identically the same for four ballots, it ceased to be exciting. It made one wonder why a few men from one or two states should hold up the business of a nation in such a way. Mr. Cooper was moving around below (they all were.) Frequently the clerk pounded for order, saying that he could not hear the responses to roll call. I am sure that no 415 women in the world could make any more noise than those men. He is such a fine looking old gentleman one could not help believing that he was a martyr to the cause he without

doubt believes right.

Several things were especially interesting to me. One of course was the woman member, Mrs. Nolan of California. She was elected to succeed her husband, who died last spring. She was there with her daughter, a ten or twelve year old girl, both with beautiful auburn hair. I had to think that it is a lonesome job to be a Congresswoman, but of course none of the new men were visiting a great deal either. Another woman on the floor was Mrs. Huck of Illinois, who was a member last session, but was defeated for reelection. There were very few whom I recognized, only our own Nebraska members, Mr. Mondell and Mr. Jeffries, but fortunately the talkative old gentleman who sat next to me knew everyone and was glad to tell of them. Otherwise I would have learned and enjoyed much less.

On Wednesday I went down to hear the President give his message. Such mobs! The stairways were roped off and only those with tickets allowed to go up. Then to get into the gallery after getting upstairs was a proposition. Crowded clear to the door people standing and many turned away with tickets. They say there was an immense crowd without, hearing by means of the wireless as well as those within.

Again it was an intensely interesting scene, similar to that of Monday. But soon all seats below were filled, even the extra ones brought in. We above were very much surprised to see women occupying seats below where they were not entitled to enter, while many Representatives stood, and Senators sat crowded together uncomfortably. They ordered the floor cleared of all but members but none moved. It was wonderful what nerve will do in this world!

Mrs. Coolidge came into the Executive Section promptly at 12:30, and was honored by everyone's rising and applauding. She is a fine looking woman, very gracious and friendly in her manner. In the Section with her were several ladies, wives of Cabinet members.

The President entered, escorted by a committee from the Senate and House, and of course, was given an ovation of some length. It is not necessary to comment on his speech. It was given in a very firm, convincing manner. The listeners were all very attentive and appreciative, all recommendations receiving applause, varied in amount and position. At the close there was prolonged applause from everyone. Undoubtedly, the President's frankness and sincerity won admiration even in points where the listeners did not agree with him. He gives the impression of absolutely no grandstand play, but a clear statement of his convictions, regardless of the political effect upon his hearers.

GLADYCE W. SIMMONS.

LOST—ON CHRISTMAS MORNING,  
an ear ring. Leave at this office.  
30-1f

PUBLIC LIBRARY HOURS.

The Public Library will be open each day except Sunday and Monday, from 2:00 until 6:00 p. m.  
MARY McLAUGHLIN, Librarian.

## George's Miscalculations

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

LORNA THAYER stared at the note she found on the table. It was from George, and it told her that he had left her forever.

"We both made a mistake," her husband had written. "I quarreled with my father in order to marry you, and gave up everything for your sake. You have not made me happy. Now you can go back to your shop."

That cut her to the heart. When the little shopgirl married the son of the rich old financier she idealized him. It was quite true that old Thayer had disinherited his son on account of his marriage, had told him never to darken his doors again. It was an intolerable affront that his son should have married a girl out of a shop.

So George had got a job and an apartment, and they had struggled along together for about a year. But Lorna soon discovered the yellow streak in her husband. For a while she refused to recognize it. Then she had to. She knew he was unfaithful to her. She knew that he was morally worthless. So her love died.

Still, she would have stayed by him as long as he needed her. Old Thayer had told George, "I have no son." He would never receive him in his home again on account of his marriage. Lorna owed George some recompense; she had ruined his life. Yes, she would have stuck to him.

Now George had left her. Lorna knew very well that he had gone off with another woman. And suddenly she felt glad, suddenly she knew that she had received a stroke of good luck, not of bad.

Only there was something George didn't know about. Lorna had been too proud to tell him of that. For the sake of the child that was to be she must act. . . . She sat a long while in meditation.

Meanwhile, a hundred miles away, George Thayer sat in a hotel room with a rather common-looking young woman of unmistakable type.

"Don't you worry about the money, Be'la," he was saying. "The old man will take me back with open arms now that I'm rid of that woman. So long as I don't marry you after she's got her divorce, you understand. He wouldn't stand for my marrying out of my station."

"Your station!" sneered the woman. "Well, we won't quarrel over that," said George good-humoredly. "The old man isn't a prig. He understands life. He'll be just tickled to death when he finds out I've shaken Lorna. I'm going to see him tomorrow and tell him I've got rid of her for good."

"Do you mean that, George?" asked the woman.

"You just bet I mean it. It's back to the shop for hers. She broke my life, dragged me down, ruined me, and I'm through with her for keeps. Only, you understand, kid, I can't marry you. The old man won't make any inquiries so long as he understands I'm free. Maybe he'll give Lorna a few hundred to divorce me."

"You'll write your father you're coming?"

"I'll send him a wire."

The wire was in Thayer, senior's hand and the old man was seated in the library of his home, awaiting George. The stern face was carved like granite. It was a year since he had seen his son. Often during that year he had been tempted to write to him to ask him to come back and bring his wife with him. Pride had prevailed. The shock of the telegram had been a great one. Now he was waiting.

The doorbell rang. Thayer had told the butler that he himself would answer it. He opened it. George stood outside.

"Father, you got my wire? Father, I'm free. I've sent that woman back to the shop where she belongs. I did a foolish thing in letting myself become infatuated with her. She was a designing person, father, and I guess all she wanted was a share in your money."

"Well, I've got rid of her for good and all, and she won't trouble me again. And I've come back to live with you, and ask that by-gones may be by-gones."

George's jaw dropped. His father stood there, so very uncomprehending, so silent.

"Is it all right, father?" he asked, less confidently.

"I have no son," said Thayer in an awful voice. "I have a daughter—in my house. No son. Never darken my doors again. You will be apprised of the divorce proceedings when they are instituted."

The door closed.

His Wonderful Pills.

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he explained, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where man's liver is."

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is."

"Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the lecturer; "if it was in his big toe or his left ear my pills would reach it and shake it for him."

\$10,000,000 Bridge in India.

Government engineers in India have recommended the erection of a cantilever type bridge to cost about \$10,000,000 to connect the business section of Calcutta with the city's chief railway station.

One Day Only, Jan. 5, 1924



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### SUPERVISORS' PROCEEDINGS.

Whiting Bridge, Boyd and Holt Counties, Nebraska, Nov. 30, 1923.

Wm. McQuistian, Geo. Chittenden, Guy Barnes, Martin Johnson, Boyd County Commissioners, together with L. C. McKim, John Sullivan, C. B. Nellis, C. E. Havens, Holt County Commissioners met at the Whiting Bridge at the call of A. C. Tilley, Division Engineer, who spoke upon advisability of further protection of the Whiting Bridge.

Mr. McQuistian nominated L. C. McKim to act as Chairman of the joint meeting and he was duly elected.

Mr. McQuistian moved that Boyd and Holt Counties construct a tree nosing for protection of Whiting Bridge Fill approximately 150 feet long. Seconded by Geo. Chittenden.

Carried.

Mr. McQuistian moved that ditches be constructed to eliminate island below bridge. Seconded by Guy Barnes.

Carried.

The two counties, Boyd and Holt take above action and hope the State Legislature will pass a Deficiency Appropriation at some future date and reimburse them for this expense.

No more business coming before joint Board Mr. McQuistian moves to adjourn. Seconded by Martin Johnson.

Carried.

W. J. ARMSTRONG,  
Project Engineer,  
Secretary.

O'Neill, Neb., Dec. 10, 1923, 10 a. m.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. All members present. Board called to order by Chairman. This being date set for a hearing on the proposed County Road from Atkinson to Amelia. The matter was taken up at this time.

Remonstrance Against the Atkinson-Amelia Road.

Come now the undersigned resident taxpayers of Holt County, Nebraska, and remonstrate against the establishment by the County Board of Supervisors of Holt County, Nebraska, of a County road, to be described as follows:

Commencing at the Southeast Corner of the corporate limits of the City of Atkinson, Nebraska, thence running east on the boundary line between Sheridan Township and Atkinson Township a distance of one mile to the Northeast Corner of Section 4, Township 29, North, Range 14 West of the 6th Principal Meridian in Holt County, Nebraska, and thence running due South a distance of Six miles to the correction line and at the Southeast Corner of Section 33, in Township 29, North, of Range 14, West of the 6th Principal Meridian, thence East to the Northeast Corner of Section 4, in Township 28, North of Range 14 West of the 6th Principal Meridian, thence South one mile, thence East one mile, thence South a distance of 13 miles to the Southwest Corner of Section 11, in Township 26, North of Range 14, West of the 6th Principal Meridian, thence East along the South boundary line of Section 11 to the town of Amelia.

W. J. Hammond.  
W. T. Willging.  
Edward Gatz.  
S. L. Berry.  
P. J. O'Donnell.  
Jas. F. O'Donnell.  
J. A. Pinkerman.  
C. H. Cooper.  
H. J. Reardon.  
C. E. Stout.  
F. J. Dishner.  
Ed. L. O'Donnell.  
Geo. Shoemaker.

Delegation from localities along the route appeared before the board suggesting other changes in road.

On motion the board decided to go as a Committee of the whole and view the proposed road and suggested changes and the present hearing be adjourned until December 26, 1923.

Delegation from Inman Township. On motion the board decided to send the County Tractor and grader to throw up the two miles of road asked for.

The following bond was approved: T. R. Davis, bond, Soldiers Relief. The following claims were audited and on motion allowed in the General fund: Northwestern Bell Tel. Co. .... \$ 76.45 Home of Good Shepherd ..... 8.10 At 12 o'clock Noon, on motion board adjourned until December 26, 1923, at 10 o'clock a. m.  
L. C. McKIM, Chairman.  
E. F. PORTER, Clerk.

## Real News Paramount

In the country newspaper, sensations, scandals—the recording of human misery—is almost taboo. At least it certainly is secondary to the printing of real news about people and things.

For the province of the country paper—your HomeTown Paper—is to give community interests first place, printing the more or less sensational personal items only when necessary to keep faith with subscribers who pay for ALL the news.

Therefore, your Home Town Paper can give you, in full measure and overflowing, 100 per cent pure news about the people in whom you are interested—your relatives and friends of the Old Home Town.

## "The Frontier"

Only \$2.00 Per Year