

ORDINANCE No. 311

AN ORDINANCE Creating and Defining the Boundaries of Sewer District Number Thirty-Nine of the City of Alliance, Nebraska.
BE IT ORDAINED by the Mayor and Council of the City of Alliance, Nebraska:
 Section 1. That Sewer District Number 39 is hereby created in the City of Alliance, Nebraska.
 Section 2. That Sewer District Number 39 shall include all of the real estate in Blocks H and E, Nebraska Addition to the City of Alliance, Nebraska, together with the intervening alleys.
 Section 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in full force from and after its passage, approval and publication according to law.
 Passed and approved this 28th day of April, 1921.
 R. M. HAMPTON, Mayor.
 Attest: GRACE H. KENNEDY, City Clerk.

Why do they refer to the "year's foremost astronomer" instead of calling him the star?
 The wearing of monocles by its police is enough to queer any republic, German or otherwise.
 Maybe those "longer trousers for men" are to be longer at the top so we may save on vests.

IMPERIAL

:- TONIGHT :-

**Louise
Lovely**

—in—

**"The Little
Gray Mouse"**

—o—

SIXTH EPISODE
"SON OF TARZAN"

:- SATURDAY :-

**"Black
Beauty"**

CONTINUOUS SHOW—
3:00 P. M. to 11:00 P. M.
Shows—3, 5, 7, 9 P. M.

USUAL COMEDIES

SUNDAY, MAY 1st
Olive Thomas

—in—

**"The
Flapper"**

USUAL COMEDY

MONDAY, MAY 2d
**Senior
Class Play**

—Photoplay—

**"All
Dolled Up"**

Eleventh Episode

"King of the Circus"
One Show Only—7:30 P. M.

THE COWPUNCHER

mount gasoline.
 I soon stood at the door. My knock attracted a little chap of two and a half or three years; his stout hands shoved the screen back, and I found myself ushered into his company. There evidently was no one else about, so I visited, and we talked on those things which are of importance in the world of three-year-olds.
 "Muvver's don to the wiver," he confided. "She tum back pretty soon."
 "And father?" I asked. "Where is he?"
 Into the dark eyes came a deeper look; they suddenly shone with the spirituality of a life only three years removed from the infinite. By what instruction, I afterward wondered, by what almost divine charm had she been able to instill into his young mind the honor and the glory and the pride of it? For there was pride, and something more than pride—adoration, perhaps—in his words as he straightened up and said in perfect English: "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."
 I looked in his little sunburnt face, in his dark, proud eyes, and presently a strange mist enveloped the room. How many little faces, how many pairs of eyes! It was just fading away when a step sounded on the walk, and I arose as she reached the door.
 "The Man of the House has made me at home," I managed to say. "I am shipwrecked on the hill for a little gasoline."
 "There is plenty out in the field, where the tractor is," she replied. "You will find it without difficulty. Or if you care to wait here, Charlie may be along presently."
 Her voice had sweet, modulated tones, with just that touch of pathos which only the Angel of Suffering knows how to add. And her face was fair, and gentle, and a little sad, and very sweet.
 "He has told me," I said. There seemed no reason why I should not say it. She had entered into the sis-



"My Father Was a Soldier—He Was Killed at Courcellette."

terhood—that universal sisterhood of suffering which the world has known in these long, lonely years.
 And it was between us, for we were all in the family. There was no occasion to scrape acquaintance by slow, conventional thrust and parry.
 "Yes," she said, sitting down and motioning me to a chair. "I was bitter at first. I was dreadfully bitter at first. But gradually I got a different view of it. Gradually I came to feel and know that all we can feel and know here is on the surface—on the outside, as you might say, and we can't know the purpose until we are inside. It is as though life were a riddle, and the key is hidden, and the door behind which the key is hidden is called Death. And I don't believe it's all for nothing; I won't believe it's all for nothing."
 "Then there is the suffering," she continued, after a pause. I don't know why there should be suffering, but I know if there were no suffering there would be no kindness. It is not until you are hit—hard hit—that you begin to think of other people. Until then all is selfishness. But we women—we women of the war—we have nothing left to be selfish for. But we have the whole world to be unselfish for. It's all different, and it can never go back. We won't let it go back. We've paid too much to let it go back."
 It was hard to find a reply. "I think I knew your husband a little," I ventured. "He was a—man."
 "He was all that," she said. She arose and stood for a moment in an attitude of hesitation; her fingers went to her lips as though enjoining caution. Then with quick decision she went into an inner room, from which she returned in a moment with a letter.
 "If you knew him you may care to read this," she said. "It's very personal, and yet, some way, everything is impersonal now, in a sense. There has been such a common cause, and such a wave of common suffering, that it seems to flood out over the individual and embrace us all! . . . So this is really, in a sense, your letter as well as mine."
 I took it and read:
 I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underneath it, running through it in some way I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper than pain that it must be joy.
 You have already been advised that David Elden was among those who fell at

Courcellette. It is true that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can deprive you from that unshakable fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever manhood is valued at its worth.
 A new Order has been born into the world; the Order of Suffering. Not that it is new, for it has been with us since the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual, a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept it enter into the new Order, and wear its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it.
 But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice which will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and I am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night—as it is every night.
 We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location, I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground.
 I knelt beside him and turned my torch on his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed, the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood on it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile.
 "Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come."
 "I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."
 He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half unraveled. "Oh, it's you, Edith," he said, when he had taken me in. "Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming."
 I questioned him again about his wound and began feeling his hair. "It's not there," he said. "Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance."
 I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis, and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten on it.
 "I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave. We'll see it out together."
 "That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time.
 "I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said, at length. "I shall know presently."
 "You are not afraid?" I whispered.
 "No. Only sort of—curious. And—reverent. I guess it's reverent. You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?"
 "In one word—sacrifice. It's that loathes his life shall find it," I quoted.
 He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them spattered on his face.
 Presently he chuckled. It was an airy sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle.
 "That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the harness broke or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie? I could only say, 'Yes,' and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails."
 He became suddenly sober. "And when Brownie was killed," he went on, "I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the—compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while."
 His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words.
 "I'm going—out," he said. "Kiss me, Reenie."
 And then I kissed him—for you.
 Suddenly he sat up. "The mountains!" he exclaimed, and his voice was a thrill with the pride of his old hills. "See the moonlight—on the mountains!"
 Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back, and he did not speak any more.
 And what can I add? Dear, it is not defeat. It is promise. It is hope.
 Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency, not in bitterness, not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice?
 I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope.
 EDITH DUNCAN.

A girl has just submitted to having both legs broken to cure them of "bowing" and probably about the time she gets over the operation she will find that the styles have changed and long skirts are in again.
 A wife always questions her husband's veracity when he talks about "hard times."
 An experienced hobo is a lucky man right now; he knows how to live on nothing a year.

Paris is talking of a proposed municipal ordinance that all men in street cars and omnibuses must rise and offer their seats to elderly women and mothers with children. Just talking about it, notice.
 The crusaders against baby talk are a great distance from their own childhood.
 The senate has decided that scrapping the navy won't end the world's scrapping.

A musical manager declares that actors will have to take less because it costs so much to move baggage. It cannot be believed that the baggage devoted to costumes is what causes the terrible expense.
 The new style of ear tips will resolve the doubt as to whether women still have ears.
 Money may be the root of all evil, but few are unhappy when the spade turns it up.

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THE END.