

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE**

By SAIDEE E. BALCOM.

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"You are temperamental," profoundly announced Prof. Erastus Vandellier to Ronald Dempster.

"What does that mean?" inquired the latter, and he winked at his friend, Don Parker, who had induced him to expend a dollar to get the erudite bump expert to cast his horoscope, so to speak.

"You are prone to jump at conclusions."

"You've hit it right, professor," acknowledged Ronald buoyantly. "And why not? Have I missed it? Got married on an impulse, and what a treasure I've won! Changed my business over night and drifted straight into the current of success."

"You are also quick-tempered," continued Professor Vandellier.

"But sunshiny, and come up smiling the next minute."

"And you are disposed to be jealous."

At this Ronald fairly hooted. "What's that? Say it again, Don, do you hear? Me, jealous? Why, man, I could only be so of my wife, who loves me to distraction and is as near an angel as a superior human being can be."

The imputation dwelt with sanguine Ronald Dempster after that. He expressed himself volubly on the matter as he and his friend left the sanetum of the bump reader. Ronald told his wife of the circumstance and together they laughed over it.

"The idea!" resented Edith, and wanted to visit the professor and give him a piece of her mind. "Why, Ronald," she cried, "you are just perfect!" It was two days after that when a friend, meeting Ronald on the street, passed the time of day with him and made the remark:

"I saw Mrs. Dempster out for an airing over at the park," he observed. "How well she looks. And that handsome man with her! Some visiting relative, I suppose?"

"Wife—handsome man—relative?" repeated Ronald. "Are you sure it was my wife?"

"Didn't see her face, but couldn't mistake that chic blue hat she wears, and the coat to match, and the fur collar."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Ronald, a good deal stirred up and then, steadying himself, "I suppose more than one woman in the world wears that same outfit. As to relatives, handsome or homely, we have none nearer than Chicago."

"That so? My mistake. So long." Ronald was restless and uneasy all that afternoon. He arrived at home half an hour earlier than usual, to be greeted with delight from Edith on account of that welcome circumstance. "Been out today, Edith?" was his first question.

"Dear me, no, with my sore throat. Although it's a little better this evening. Besides, this is the maid's day off, you know."

Ronald was satisfied and relieved. But as he left the house that day to a week the fierce fire of a terrible fear drove him forth with a torturing idea. In the upper hall he had picked up a half-written sheet of paper. It bore in pencil some lines unmistakably in Edith's perfect handwriting. It read:

"Because I really believe you love me as you say you do I will meet you in Forest park, south end, at two o'clock Thursday afternoon."

Heavens! Horrors! A demon of frantic bloodthirstiness seemed tugging at the wildly beating heart of Ronald Dempster. His own wife's handwriting! The same park where his friend had seen Mrs. Dempster! How he withheld himself from returning to the house and giving expression to his agony before her he could not analyze. He passed a wretched forenoon. Long before two o'clock he was at Forest park—at the south end. From a clump of bushes affording a clear view of the various paths he peered and fumed and fretted.

"At last!" he bolted forth, and his eyes glared and he clenched his hands and his face grew red and furious.

A man, and a handsome one, occupied a bench not thirty feet away from the spot where Ronald stood. Beside him was seated—oh! who could it be but Edith?

Ronald had been smoking furiously to calm his perturbed nerves. He puffed wildly as he stole up to the couple on the bench. Within two feet of the pair, he removed the cigar from between his lips. Squarely, crushingly, he jabbed it against the hand of the handsome man.

With a wild howl of rage and pain, the latter sprang to his feet. He immediately discovered his assailant and he started to make a wild rush, tortured with the agony of the burn. Just then his companion turned. Ronald fell back with a gasp.

"Martha—the maid!" he uttered in a hollow tone. "Oh, my!"

"It's Mr. Dempster—my employer!" explained Martha, tugging at the arm of her companion.

"That hat—that coat!" voiced Ronald.

"I didn't steal them. And this is my young man—Robert Penfield, sir. Mrs. Dempster gave me the things and she helped me to write to Robert, too. I don't spell very good and—"

"Get some salve for your hand, I accidentally burned my good man," placated Ronald, extending a twenty dollar bill. "No change. And when you two get ready to marry, call on me for your wedding expenses."

**HEMINGFORD**

Mrs. A. P. Haynes is on the sick list.

Inez Jones is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Black spent the week end at Chadron.

Mrs. Henry Roth has been on the sick list.

Mr. Burr of Alliance was in town Thursday.

Letha Baldwin was a caller in town Thursday.

Mrs. Hughes was an Alliance caller Saturday.

Mr. Ringer was an Alliance caller Thursday.

Blanche Oliver was an Alliance caller Saturday.

Evelyn Swanson closed a successful term of school.

Irma Wright spent Wednesday night with Lola Whelan.

Blenne Rohrbaugh spent Saturday night with Bertha Carter.

Mrs. Jay Hall and children were Alliance visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Ries and children were on the sick list last week.

Misses Mae and Francis Styles were Alliance shoppers Saturday.

Agatha Kuhn is confined to her home with the chicken pox.

Mrs. Slayton spent the week end with her mother, near Crawford.

Ora Marvel and Mrs. H. E. Ford were callers in Alliance Thursday.

Mr. Bergerman spent a few days in Sterling the middle and last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moravek and Roy and Jessie Moravek were Alliance callers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Manion and Mrs. Joel Sheldon were Alliance callers last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kiester were callers at the Will Roland home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson of Scottsbluff were callers in town the middle of the week.

Ray and Robert Robinson were callers at the Bruce Kohrman home Monday evening.

Mrs. Amos Wanek closed a successful term of school at district No. 35 last Tuesday.

Archie Marvel of Hastings was transacting business in town the latter part of the week.

O. W. Cox who has been visiting his mother in Indiana, returned home Thursday morning.

Gladys Robey and the little son of H. L. Hansen are nursing a light case of the chicken pox.

Vesta May entertained a number of her young friends at a birthday party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Madison who have been at Lodge Pole for the past month returned home Monday.

Mrs. Alex Boheski of Alliance who has been visiting at the Josie Sumer's home returned Tuesday.

Miss Mary Morris who has been teaching at the Advent school, closed a successful term Tuesday.

Loer Osborne who has been attending school in Denver the past winter, returned home Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Frank Logan departed for on Sunday for Wyoming, called there by the serious illness of Mrs. Joe Wanek.

The Epworth League will serve luncheon at the Wiltsey store Saturday from 11 a. m. until late in the evening.

The M. E. aid met at the Erskine

home Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Erskine and Mrs. G. A. Wilt were hostesses.

The Boy Scouts hiked out to Sand Canyon Friday afternoon where they cooked their supper and then hiked back to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kiester and son LaVerne and Mr. and Mrs. Harve Kiester and daughter were Alliance shoppers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schneider and little son and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wright and daughter Irma were Alliance callers Saturday.

Mrs. Jenkins and little daughter and K. L. Pierce, departed for Lincoln last Friday night. Mrs. Jenkins expects to go on to Rochester.

Gertrude Engel who has been working at the cafe in Chadron has resigned her position and returned to her home near Dunlap.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Muirhead departed for Omaha Sunday night, being called there by the sudden death of Mr. Muirhead's brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Garrison and Louise Spudlich, Leslie Hardy and Ray Testrat motored to Alliance Saturday night to attend the dance.

The Christian Endeavor had a party at the Myrta Hopkins home Tuesday evening. There were about forty present and all reported a good time.

Mr. Winter departed for Rochester Monday, where he will take treatments for his eyes. Miss granddaughter, Miss Marie Tschacher accompanied him.

J. D. Barnes was in Alliance the last of the week. His wife who has been in Lincoln for the past few months returned with him the first of the week and from here they went to Crawford.

The greater part of the high school got the benefit of the early morning air and sunshine by rising at four-thirty last Friday morning and hiking out to the Graham grove, two miles from town, where they cooked their breakfast, returning in time for school.

Mrs. Andrew, who has been keeping boarders and roomers for the past two years, has retired, as Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and Eugene and Helen expect to leave in a few weeks overland for various eastern points and expect to go as far east as Ohio and Pennsylvania where they expect to spend the summer month. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and son Eugene expect to return in the fall and Miss Helen will go away to school.

Funeral services of John Henry Cahnham were held Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church, interment being in the local cemetery. Mr. Cahnham died Thursday at eleven o'clock of heart failure while working in the field. His death came as a shock to the entire community, as he had been in his usual health. He leaves to mourn his death a wife, three sons, five daughters, two of whom are married and two at home on a brother, mother and many friends and other relatives. The entire community extends their deepest sympathy.

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No. 2 Extra Good Corn, 2 cans.....	24c	Small Cans Best Pink Salmon, 2 for.....	29c
No. 2 Extra Peas, 2 cans.....	24c	No. 2 1/2 Extra Standard Apricots.....	25c
Large Tomatoes, 25c value, 2 cans.....	29c	No. 2 1/2 Extra Standard Pineapple.....	33c
Large Can Hominy, 2 cans.....	30c	No. 2 Fancy Pineapple, Best Kind.....	29c
35c Value Best Catsup, per bottle.....	29c	Extra Good Canned fruits all Priced very low	
Large Rolled Oats, per package.....	29c	<b>SEE OUR SOAP PRICES</b>	
45c Large Box Crackers, 3 for.....	\$1.00	P. & G. Laundry Soap, 3 bars.....	21c
Large Loaves Denver Best Bread, 2 for.....	25c	White Russian Laundry Soap, 5 bars.....	25c
VERY BEST WHIPPING CREAM, Pint.....	30c	Extra Fine Uncolored Japan Tea, per pound.....	39c
Walter Baker Cocoa, half pound can.....	27c	HIGHEST GRADE FLOUR, BEST PATENT, per sack.....	\$2.30
All 20c Packages Crackers and Cookies.....	16c	Fancy Winesap Apples, BUY NOW, per box.....	\$3.15
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**The tale of a dog— with a moral**



THERE'S AN old gag. THEY USED to pull. SO OLD that nowadays. PEOPLE THINK it's new. ABOUT THE man who had. TO SHOOT his dog. AND A friend asks. "WAS THE dog mad?" AND THE first guy. SAYS, "WELL, he wasn't. SO DANG well pleased." AND A chap told me. THAT THIS described. SOME SMOKES he'd tried. THEY DIDN'T exactly. MAKE HIM mad. BUT HE wasn't. SO VERY well pleased. OF COURSE that was.

MY CUE to slip him. A REAL cigarette. AND AFTER he'd taken. A GOOD pull or two. INTO HIS constitution. HE GRINNED and said. "THE ONLY way these. WILL EVER make you mad. IS THE way. YOUR FRIENDS eat 'em up. I ONLY hope you've got. A COUPLE of packs. FOR THEY sure. DO SATISFY."

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