

Mrs. L. H. Highland, who has been ill for the past week, is still confined to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vogel returned Wednesday, May 18th from a visit with relatives at Sidney.

Have Good Luck! With Your Bread

EVERYTIME. Use a Guaranteed Flour. We have two brands of flour in stock that has brought such general good results that we feel free to

GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION.

**Red Moon
Flour**

\$2.25 the 48 lb. Sack

Money Back if it Does not Satisfy.

**Victor
Flour**

VICTOR CHICK FEED

when fed Victor Chick Feed, is fast and sure. Your profits when fed Victory Chick Feed, is fast and sure. Your profits are affected in the same way.

\$3.25 per 100 lbs.

24. lb sack 85c

Farmers' Union

R. J. TRABERT, Manager

Firestone Prices Smashed

30 x 3 Plain Casing	\$11.45
30 x 3 1/2 Non-Skid Casing	\$14.55
32 x 3 1/2 Non-Skid Casing	\$22.15
30 x 3 1/2 Non-Skid Cord	\$25.45
32 x 3 1/2 Non-Skid Cord	\$37.80

TUBES

30 x 3 Grey Tube	\$2.25
30 x 3 1/2 Grey Tube	\$2.65
32 x 3 1/2 Grey Tube	\$3.00

(All Other Sizes in Proportion)

These Prices Include War Tax

Coursey & Miller
FORD GARAGE

Beulah and Her Chicken Overcoats

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Miss Beulah Jones was cutting up a cake with a piece of silk thread to prove its lightness, as there came a knock at the door. She passed through the sitting room with many a hurried reach for scattered garments and fragments of cloth, in a hopeless effort at tidying up.

"I do hope it isn't the minister, or anybody but some neighbor," fluttered the neat and circumspect little lady.

"It's only me, Beulah," spoke the bluff voice of giantlike John Moore, her distant cousin. "About once a year I get around here. Why don't you ever come and see us, Beulah?"

"You know I never go anywhere—now," she said, briefly.

"Well," spoke John, plumping down into an easy chair. "I've heard some wonderful things about those pet chickens of yours, and I've come to find out about them. Well! Well! Well!"

His ruddy face began to pucker comically, and he let out a great guffaw.

"What are you laughing at, John Moore?" demanded Miss Beulah, with severity.

Her cousin could not reply for some time. Waddling around in the chicken yard a full score of Plymouth Rock chickens were parading proudly, attired in close-fitting overcoats.

"It's a great idea," said John, "but it's the funniest thing I ever saw."

"I don't see anything very funny about it," resented Miss Jones. "Some of the poor things froze up last winter. They shan't this."

John Moore grinned the harder as he strode to the window and again looked out. John Moore fancied he saw something spectacular in it all.

"I've got an idea, Beulah," he said. "I'm looking for a novelty, and that's what brought me here. I want to buy those chickens."

Miss Beulah regarded her cousin sharply and then suspiciously.

"They're not for sale," she declared at once.

"Then I want to borrow them—rent them, we'll call it. We are working up a procession," John went on to explain: "torchlights, music and all that. We're going to have a hayrack, showing prosperity—heaps of apples, corn, goddess of liberty and the like. I want to scatter those winter-clothed pets of yours over the load. It will be a great catch."

It proved a greater catch than the ingenious committeeman had expected. It was two days later when Miss Jones saw a wagon draw up to the yard. Her pets, well fed and lively, were being returned safe and sound to their coops, as her cousin had promised.

The weekly paper had just arrived. Miss Jones had flushed in a startled way as she read "the news." It appeared that the overcoated chicks had been the novelty of the procession. The district had a great many chicken farms. The home display had won over this interest, they had voted for Allen Parsons, and that candidate was elected.

Allen Parsons! How that name awoke painful memories in the heart of the recluse! She had drawn open a drawer in the old-fashioned secretary and had taken thence a sheet of paper, closely written over, and a photograph. The latter was a phototype of the portrait of the successful candidate in the paper. There was a knock at the door. Miss Jones opened it to face—the successful candidate.

"I had to call to thank you for the great support your pets gave me," spoke the stalwart, fine-looking visitor. "Why, Miss Jones—Beulah!"

At sight of the man she had loved, still loved in secret, her estranged fiancé, Miss Jones paled, tottered, and Allen had to help her to a chair in the sitting room. As he started to leave her his face fell upon the photograph and the letter. His eyes dilated as he traced a line or two in the latter.

"Beulah," he said, his lips set kindly but determined, "has this letter anything to do with your rejection of my suit two years ago?"

"It has everything to do with it," faltered poor Beulah. "Can you look at it and wonder why? You wrote it."

"Yes, I wrote it, but as a model for a friend who wished to propose to a young lady in another town. How did it come into your possession?"

"Miss Simmons brought it to me—she said she found it."

"Stole it, more likely," asserted Allen. "My old landlady and a mischief-maker! Oh, Beulah! And has this foolish misunderstanding kept us so cruelly apart all of this time?"

John Moore, coming into the house to see his cousin, halted, stared, stood rooted to the spot, and then retreated softly with a great chuckle of satisfaction.

For Beulah was resting cozily in the strong, protecting arms of Allen Parsons. All had been explained—and the feathery campaigners had done it!

Just So.

"I don't mince language."
"Maybe it wouldn't hurt to mince it a little."
"Hub?"
"You may have to eat your words."

Queer.

"Time is money, you know."
"Yes, but what puzzles me is why fellows with plenty of time on their hands so often ask you for a loan—"

American Legion to Decorate Graves of Soldiers in France

Funds raised by the American Legion to decorate the graves of all American soldiers buried in Europe have reached \$20,000 and are expected to exceed \$40,000 before May 30, according to Legion headquarters. The Legion has pledged that not one of the American graves will be neglected.

In response to an appeal for ten cents from every Legion member, eleven departments have exceeded the amount asked for the decoration fund. Florida was the first state to fill its quota. New Hampshire has tripled its allotted sum, while Connecticut and Louisiana have almost doubled their stipulated amounts. Other departments which are leading in subscriptions are Arizona, the Canal Zone, Cuba, Kansas, Kentucky, South Dakota and Wyoming. Ohio has contributed its full quota of \$2,564.90, the largest amount received from any one state.

Consolidation of all American activities in Paris with the American Legion to decorate the graves of soldiers buried in Europe, on Memorial day,

has been effected, according to a letter received at national headquarters from Francis E. Drake, commander of the Legion's department in France.

Herald Want Ads—1¢ a word.

HEMINGFORD

MRS. GEORGE LOER

Miss Lydia Bolick was born in Burlington, Ia., August 24, 1838 where she lived until her marriage to George Loer on December 16, 1868. From Burlington she moved with her husband to Chariton, Ia., where they resided until about the year 1887, when they made their way to western Nebraska, living about six years in Hildreth.

In 1893 they homestead seven miles southwest of Hemingford, near the place that was afterward known as Nonpareil, where they lived for about twenty-eight years, experiencing some of the real hard times known only to those who had a part in the settling up of western Nebraska, which was then considered the frontier. Through all the days of struggling and hardships she was a faithful helpmate, patient and uncomplaining.

There were five children born to this couple, two of whom are living, Mrs. Nellie Gillem of Hemingford and Mrs. F. E. Pierce of Bingham. She has

also a sister in Russell, Ia., who was too ill to be present; four grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Her friends are numerous and all of them cherish her sacred memory and will miss her.

She united with the Methodist church in her early girlhood and has enjoyed the consolation of a noble christian life in which she was exceedingly consistent and constant. She had no fears in the end and was resigned to the will of the Heavenly Father. She was a remarkably good woman, a worthy christian of great faith in God and the truth of the Bible, a very patient and kind wife and mother, a friend to all, a foe to none, and died at God's children die, triumphant in the faith, leaving for her heavenly home on the ninth day of May, 1921, to join her companion in the homeland in the sky.

The funeral service was conducted from the Methodist church on Wednesday, May 11, 1921, with the pastor, Rev. A. J. May, in charge. The music was beautifully rendered by Mrs. G. M. Jenkins, Mrs. Captain, Paul Reeves and Phil Michael with Mrs. C. Graham at the piano. The hymns were: "Some Sweet Day," "It is Well With My Soul," and "He Will Meet Me at the Parting." At the grave just before the committal service the quartet sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

We got you, Steve!!



WE have always yearned to run a newspaper "column"—just sit back and publish other people's contributions. And here "Steve" comes across with a contributed advertisement, and saves us some work. He keeps his name and address a secret—but good work, Steve, say we. "You satisfy."

THREE YEARS ago.

I TRIED a cigarette.

THAT I'D seen advertised,

AND I didn't like it.

NOT A tall, not a tall.

YESTERDAY I ran short.

AND HAD to sponge.

AND ALL I could get.

WAS A Chesterfield.

NOW I didn't fancy.

A CHESTERFIELD.

FOR, SAYS I.

WASN'T THAT the kind.

I TRIED and passed up.

THREE YEARS ago?

BUT ANYHOW I took one.

AND NOW I know.

MY BIG mistake.

FOR ALL the while,

I SMOKED it.

I FOUND myself.

SAYING, "BY golly.

THEY DO satisfy."

"STEVE"

STEVE took no chance at all. "Satisfy" is in the Chesterfield blend—sure thing. No use looking anywhere else for "satisfy" either, because the satisfy-blend is a secret—it can't be copied.

They Satisfy Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

YOU certainly want to save money, and you would like to have better bakings. Then use Calumet. It's the biggest thing you can do to improve the quality of your bakings—and lower baking costs. Calumet is made in the largest, most sanitary Baking Powder Factories in the World. No Baking Powder is made under better conditions—none can be better in quality. It contains only such ingredients as have been officially endorsed by the U. S. Pure Food Authorities. An absolute guarantee that it is pure.

RAISES THE QUALITY—LOWERS THE COST
OF ALL BAKINGS



It received highest Awards, World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago—Paris Exposition, Paris, France—positive proof of its superior merit.

It is used by more housewives, domestic scientists and chefs than any other brand. That would not be the case, if it were possible to secure a higher quality leavener.

It is sold at a moderate price. All you have to do is to compare costs to determine how much you can save by buying Calumet.

One pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz. instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

Calumet Cream Cake Recipe

—3 cups pastry flour, 3 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cups granulated sugar, yolks of 3 eggs, 1/2 cup cold water, Whites of 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon orange extract. Then mix in the regular way.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford Sedan is the favorite family car, seats five comfortably. While an enclosed car with permanent top, it has large windows, and may in a minute be changed to a most delightful open car with always a top protecting against the sun. In inclement weather it is a closed car, dust-proof, water-proof, cold-proof. Finely upholstered. Equipped with electric starting and lighting system and demountable rims with 3 1/2-inch tires all around. A real family car. Anybody can safely drive it. It has all the conveniences of an electric car with the economy which goes with Ford cars, low cost of purchase price, small cost of operation and maintenance. Won't you come in and look at it?

COURSEY & MILLER
Alliance, Nebraska