

E. G.'s Column

Modern Clothes For Men
308 Box Butte Ave.
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

Stop your kickin' 'bout the times;
Get a hustle on you;
Skirmish 'round and grab the dimes,
If the dollars shun you.
Croakin' never bought a dress;
Growlin' isn't in it;
Fix your peepers on success,
Then go in to win it.
Times is gettin' good again—
Try to help them all you kin.

It doesn't make a sentiment any truer to say it in verse, but sometimes a verse will stick in the mind when plain prose won't stay. Business is getting better right along—and anyone who stops to think of it will admit it's true. The only trouble is that the very fellows who are the most interested in good business forget themselves now and then and talk pessimism, just out of force of habit. Once a man gets a little down in the mouth, he is likely to stay that way. It doesn't take so much to make a man feel blue, but it takes a considerable amount of cheer to get him back to normal after he's been down in the dumps for a while.

Business is improving, right along. We have been doing our best to make it so. Our big reductions on all sorts of men's furnishings are still in effect, and we're moving goods as rapidly as during the first days of our big sale. A number of things are responsible for this, but chiefly it is due to the fact that there's always a market for good merchandise at prices that are right. Our prices are right, and that is the one big reason that we haven't had any big howl about customers passing us up. We've done our best, all along to make reductions as fast as possible, and our sales books are the best proof that we have succeeded.

About the best news that has reached Alliance in the last three months is the news that the railroad men are being put back to work. We've always numbered a big bunch of these fellows among our best friends, and we've always taken care to keep stocked up on the things that they require. Right now, we have a number of special values that ought to appeal, not only to railroaders, but every man who buys special clothes in which to work. As far as that goes, even the busy business man needs a work shirt, a pair of trousers and an easy pair of shoes in which to work around the house. It's harder than ever to mow the lawn or water the garden if you have to use your business clothes to do it in.

And we've got 'em, in a big assortment. There are work socks at two pairs for a quarter. It's a low price for quality good. These socks are made strong where strength is needed, in the heel and toe, and yet they are not so heavy as to be uncomfortable in hot weather. They are good appearing, too, and will do fairly well with your low shoes or when you want to dress up. We have work shirts at low prices, too. There are some at 69 cents—a mighty good value. Blue chambray shirts can be bought here for 98 cents—a good quality.

Our work shoes at \$2.25 are an especially good buy. They are the comfortable kind, made of pliable leather—muleskin, and will give a lot of wear. They're comparatively easy to look at, and you will get appearance in addition to wearing qualities and foot comfort.

Last, but not least, we have a big assortment of work pants at \$2.48, and they are worth the money. There's a lot of wear in them. All told, a workman can get comfortable, serviceable clothing here—we've got the cool underwear, too—and a complete outfit won't flatten his pocketbook to any marked degree. The man who works around the house will find it to his advantage to have a complete outfit, too, and when he climbs into his good clothes after the evening's work is over, he'll know it's worth all it cost—and a whole lot more.

We still have a number of those good suits at \$24.75, one of the best buys you can make. They're all new styles—best of material and marked to sell. The best suits in the house are only \$34.45, and there are others at considerably lower prices if you're looking for them. Our aim is to fit

the pocketbook as well as the man, and we flatter ourselves we can do both, although it's hardly ever possible to size up the one by looking at the other.

Yours as always,

E. G.

Modern Clothes For Men.

A Woman's Privilege

By LILY WANDEL

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"What you need is a permanent wave," exclaimed Meiba, viewing her friend's long but somewhat stringy looking hair.

Ilsa put down her hairbrush and turned a thoroughly frightened face to the light. "Never! Don't even suggest such a thing to me. Didn't I go with Mrs. King when she got hers, and didn't I see with my own eyes what the poor thing endured for five horrible hours? No, no! I'll begin to brush energetically."

"But think of the bliss afterward!" tempted Meiba.

"But, Meiba—why go through such torture? Mrs. King said she really thought the top of her head was coming off, as though they had built a fire on her scalp! Not for me. I'm not that ridiculous and vain!"

Meiba raised her eyebrows disapprovingly. "I suppose you are getting dressed to get out with Larry tonight as usual."

"Yes, why do you ask?" dabbing her face with cold cream and then carefully massaging it in.

"Oh, nothing," answered Meiba lightly, getting up from her chair and walking aimlessly about the room. She stopped before a picture of Ilsa taken some ten years ago. "You were going with Larry Philmore when this was taken, weren't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," snapped Ilsa, visibly annoyed.

"It's a wonder you two wouldn't get married. My goodness, Ilsa, you are thirty or more!"

Ilsa began to rub off the cold cream vigorously so that her face was a bright red.

Meiba snatched back and dropped in her chair next to the dressing table. "Ilsa, are you letting that Larry



"But Think of the Bliss Afterwards!"

Philmore string you along? Don't be foolish, child, get him to propose; don't waste your best years on a man who may drop you!"

"Meiba! How can you?" Tears shot into Ilsa's eyes and she fumbled helplessly for a handkerchief.

"Oh, I know it; no one needs to tell me," came the muffled reply.

With a quick rush of understanding Meiba flung her arm around Ilsa's shoulder and pressed her cheek against the other's. "My dear, my dear," she whispered softly, and then straightened up, full of purpose and action. "Make him propose! Make yourself so charming, so pretty that he will be afraid of losing you!"

"Why, Meiba, you talk as though I go around like a frump! Don't I spend really more than I can afford on clothes and cosmetics?" She made an including gesture toward the bulging wardrobe and the double line of bottles and jars on her dressing table. "My complexion is good, you'll admit, and I have kept that tendency to a double chin away, haven't I?"

"Yes," admitted Meiba slowly. "That's true, and you do dress very smartly; your hats are poshies, but—"

"But what?" demanded Ilsa, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Your hair—"

"I knew it! Your old permanent wave again! No, and a hundred times, no! I won't be tortured for

Larry Philmore or the king of England!"

"My goodness! Don't fly in such a temper right away. Your hats would look better, believe me. Last time I saw you out with Larry it was pouring rain, and your hair—"

"Oh, be still. If you knew how set I am of all this, she went over her hand over the top of the dressing table "this continual battle to keep pretty and young! I'm sick of it. Meiba, just drop it." Her passion crept in her voice, "ready to quit! Throw it all to the wind—Larry and all!"

"Ilsa Steele! Are you silly? Now don't do anything rash. You and Larry are so suited to each other—"

"Yes, I will, too! I don't care a rap about looks or dress or anything! I'm just sick and tired of all this fussing! I had a letter last week from Aunt Abigail in Seven Potts, she's terribly busy with jelly-making and she hinted wanting help. And, Meiba, I'm going; yes, I am, too. Going out there and live in a gingham house-dress and make jelly and feed the chickens. And see those bottles and jars? Not a one goes along, not one. Not even a curling iron, nor a hair net. Not a georgette dress with all the million snaps and beads! I don't care if I look forty, either, or fifty! And if Larry wants a younger girl why—" but her voice shook a little, "let him go to it!"

Meiba rose in great consternation. "For goodness sake, be sensible. You won't do anything of the kind." And as Ilsa obstinately shook her head, "you'll regret it, I know you will. Why not try the permanent wave, you can't tell—"

Ilsa gave her friend a little energetic shake. "Don't you dare say permanent wave to me again!"

"There's no harm in making one's self as pretty as one can. Don't very sedate people help nature along with—for an instance—false teeth?"

But Ilsa was dragging out a suitcase. "I'm going tonight!"

Two weeks of jelly-making and pickling had passed at Aunt Abigail's prim garden abode with bright flowers. When the day's preserving was over, Ilsa, still in her house-dress, would take a pad and pencil and go out under the trees and scribble a letter to Meiba.

"It's beautiful here," she wrote "only I'm so tired from standing in the hot kitchen all day long. Somehow or other I keep glancing at the kitchen door every now and then as if I were expecting somebody. Now, if this were a story, some bright morning, when I stood over the stove with a face as red as a turkey, the door would open and in would step Larry! He would be quite overcome with joy and delight of seeing me in a stained house-dress and my powderless nose would bring tears of happiness to his eyes! He would clasp me in his arms, jelly spoon and all and propose on the very spot! And then he would spring the astounding fact that he owned the next farm, a peach! Bought it five years ago and was afraid I wouldn't like to be a farmer's wife or something like that. Unfortunately this is not a story. No one comes to the kitchen door but an occasional tramp! Aunt Abigail makes very pointed remarks about old maids, and today she told me my hair looked a sight, no wonder I didn't get a husband! Nevertheless, she likes me and wants me to make my home with her and I really think I will."

In the morning came Meiba's usual chatty letter. "And by the way, I saw your Larry last night on the Roof Garden. He certainly is a fine-looking chap and the lady who was with him was really quite stunning and she had such pretty hair, curling out from under her hat."

"Aunt Abigail! Ilsa came in the kitchen with pale cheeks. "I just had a letter—it's very urgent—I've got to catch the noon train—I may come back again, I'm not quite sure."

Two days later Ilsa with trembling fingers lifted the telephone receiver to her ear and gave the operator Larry's number. In reply to her invitation he promised to be there in an hour.

Ilsa met him in the hall. Larry Philmore came in his usual brisk, matter-of-fact way, but he stopped and stared at Ilsa, then he drew her slowly toward him and kissed her very tenderly. "I really did not know how much I missed you, until now," he said softly. She led him gently to the libraryavenport.

"Ilsa," he confessed after a while "I took Molly Davis out a few times when you were away. I thought she was so smart looking—I admired the way her hair looked, but dear, now that I see you I know what a fool I was! Why, your hair—Ilsa, queer I never noticed before. It waves so beautifully and shines—it's exquisite! Ilsa, I can't kiss you again—couldn't we surprise our friends, dear? There's the Little Church Around the Corner."

And when he released her from his ardent embrace, "Dear, what makes you so attractive today, your pretty hair? Are you doing it a new way, what makes it ripple so?"

"I think," lied Ilsa softly, "it was the country air."

O. H. Barnes and family of Chadron, have been visiting with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barnes, the past week. They returned home yesterday.

The county commissioners have been meeting this week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

Mrs. Charles Larkie who has been sick in Bayard, returned home Wednesday night.

Dick Strong, who has been employed by the Buick garage, has gone to his homestead in Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Foerstemann leave tomorrow for Colorado Springs, where they will visit the former's parents. They expect to be gone for several weeks and will visit other friends in Colorado before returning.

George Darling returned Tuesday from a buying trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Ira A. Gripp of Afton, Ia., arrived this morning for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Ira E. Tash.

The \$5,000 X-ray machine was installed in St. Joseph's hospital yesterday and is now ready for use. Dr. M. J. Dinkin will have charge of it.

The real Yellow Peril isn't a race, but a streak.—Boston Post.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Helbringer returned yesterday from a trip to California.

Self-determination and self-control seem to be two entirely different propositions.

The college graduates might retaliate by asking Tom Edison a set of questions.

Peace is now more than two and a half years old, and there is very little of it for its age.—New York World.

About the only time a fat man gets any applause is when he is chasing a straw hat.

Henry Ford has produced 5,000,000 fivers, not including his peace expedition.—Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

Running a tractor is getting to be almost as dangerous as being a pedestrian.

MR. HAPPY PARTY INVITATION TO A CHICKEN DINNER

MY APPETITE AND FOOTSTEPS QUICKEN EVERY TIME I THINK OF CHICKEN!

MR. Happy Party has been invited to a chicken dinner. "Hap" knows that this poultry was purchased at this shop. Do you suppose that "Hap" is going to attend this feast? Well, we rather guess yes!

Fancy Hens, dressed, 25c

Try our Home Made Delmonico Breakfast Pork Sausage.....30c

All Kinds of Cold Meats.

Watch for Mr. Happy Party.

THE MODEL MARKET 116 WEST 4TH ST. PHONE 30

McKEE Lenses fulfill the law without reducing your headlight! You don't have to dim your headlights to make them lawful. That's dangerous. You need only fit them with McKee Lenses to meet every requirement of Nebraska's Headlight Law and get an undiminished driving-light at the same time. They're legally approved. They direct the light right down on the road, where you want it, below the level set by law. SPECIAL NOTE: McKee Lenses are made of solid, pressed crystal glass with no paint to crackle or wear off. No color effects to absorb the light rays. Stop in at the McKee dealers for a set of lawful lenses. PRICES: 7 1/2" to 8 1/2" inclusive, per pair \$2.50 5" to 7" inclusive, per pair \$2.00 9 1/4" to 10 1/2" inclusive, per pair \$3.50 8 1/4" to 9 1/4" 3.00 10 3/4" to 11 1/2" 4.00 DISTRIBUTORS: Hinkle-Joyce Hardware Co., Lincoln, Neb. Korschmeier Company, Lincoln, Neb. Powell Supply Co., Omaha, Neb. Schultz Auto Supply Co., Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, Neb. Sioux City, Iowa. DEALERS IN ALLIANCE, NEB.: COURSEY & MILLER. If your dealer hasn't McKee Lenses send us the price, the size needed, and the model of your car. We will promptly ship you a set. Manufactured by McKEE GLASS COMPANY, Jeannette, Penna.

Baer-Alter Co. July Footwear Sale Continues Values in Women's High Quality Strap Pumps and Oxfords That Impel Your Attention and Agree With Your Idea of Right Prices READ THESE DESCRIPTIONS AND PRICES—Then Come Buy!

Ladies' Fawn Suede—Strap slippers, Louis heels, latest styles, now, pair.....	\$6.85	Ladies' Brown Kid—1-strap, covered Louis heel pumps, John Kelly make; now, per pair.....	\$7.85
Ladies' Tan Calf—2-strap Cuban heel pump, welt soles, now, pair.....	\$5.85	Ladies' Black Kid—2-strap, Cuban heel pump, welt soles, now.....	\$5.85
Ladies' Brown Calf—2-strap slippers, buckle trimming, the very best in footwear, now, pair.....	\$6.85	Ladies' White Kid—1-strap, Baby Louis covered heel, turn soles; now.....	\$6.85
Ladies' Sport Oxfords—Fine white fabric, with black or gray calf trimming, the very latest, now, pair.....	\$5.85	Ladies' Fawn Buck—Tan calf trimming, Cuban heel, Kelly make, now, pair.....	\$6.95

20% off on all Children's Low Shoes, including the Famous Buster Brown line.

Ladies' 1-strap house slippers, per pair.....\$2.45
Ladies' Genuine Martha Washington slippers, per pair.....\$3.85

Baer-Alter Co. Alliance National Bank Building ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA