

The ORIOLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"Now I tell you what let's play," the versatile Patty proposed, after exhausting the pleasures of "Geography," "Ghosts," and other tests of intellect. "Let's play 'Truth.' We'll each take a paper and a pencil, and then each of us asks the other one some question, and we haf to write down the answer and sign your name and fold it up so nobody can see it except that one, and we haf to keep it a secret and never tell as long as we live."

"All right," said Henry Rooter. "I'll be the one to ask you a question, Patty."

"No," Herbert said promptly. "I ought to be the one to ask Patty."

"Why ought you?" Henry demanded.

"Why ought you?"

"Listen!" Patty cried. "I know the way we'll do. I'll ask each of you a question—we haf to whisper it—and each one of you'll ask me one, and then we'll write it. That'll be simply grand!" she clapped her hands; then checked herself. "Oh, I guess we can't, either. We haven't got any paper and pencils unless—"

Here she seemed to recall her hostess. "Oh, Florrie, dear! Run in the house and get us some paper and pencils."

Florence gave no sign other than to increase the loudness of her voice as she sang, "Perly sick-kin-ning!"

"We got plenty," said Herbert, as he and Henry produced pencils and their professional notebooks, and supplied their fair friend and themselves with material for "Truth." "Come on, Patty, whisper me whatever you want to."

"No; I ought to have her whisper me first," Henry Rooter objected. "I'll write the answer to any question; I don't care what it's about."

"Well, it's got to be the truth, you know," Patty warned them. "We all haf to write down just exactly the truth on our word of honor and sign our name. Promise?"

"All right," said Patty. "Now I'll whisper Henry a question first, and then you can whisper yours to me first, Herbert."

This seemed to fill all needs happily, and the whispering and writing began, and continued with a coyness little to the taste of the plausibly singing Florence. She altered all previous opinions of her friend Patty, and when the latter finally closed the session on the steps and announced that she must go home, the hostess declined to accompany her into the house to help her find where she had left her hat and wrap.

"I haven't the least idea where I took 'em off," Patty declared in the airiest manner. "If you won't come with me, Florrie, spouse you just call in the front door and tell your mother to get 'em for me."

"Oh, they're somewhere in there," said Florence coldly, not ceasing to swing her foot and not turning her head. "You can find 'em by yourself. I presume, or if you can't I'll have our maid throw 'em out in the yard, or some'm tomorrow."

"Well, thank you!" Miss Fairchild rejoined, as she entered the house.

The two boys stood waiting, having in mind to go with Patty as far as her own gate. "That's a pretty way to speak to company!" Herbert addressed his cousin with heavily marked severity. "Next time you do anything like that I'll march straight in the house and inform your mother of the fact."

Florence still swung her foot and looked dreamily away. She sang, to the air of "Rock of Ages":

"Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—they make me sick—that's what they do!"

However, they were only too well prepared with their annihilating response.

"Oh, say not so! Florence, say not so! Florence, say not so!"

They even sent this same odious refrain back to her from the street, as they departed with their lovely companion; and, so tenuous is feminine loyalty, sometimes, under these stresses, Miss Fairchild mingled her sweet, fantailizing young soprano with their changing and creaking falsetto.

"Say not so, Florence! Oh, say not so! Say not so!"

PART TWO

They went satirically down the street, their chumminess with one another boundedly increased by their common derision of the outsider on the porch; and even at a distance they still contrived to make themselves intolerable; looking back over their shoulders, at intervals, with say-not-so expressions on their faces. Even when these faces were far enough away to be but yellowish oval planes, their say-not-so expressions were still biting-ly eloquent.

Now a northern breeze chilled the air, as the hateful three became indistinguishable in the haze of autumn dusk. Florence stopped swinging her foot, left the railing, and went morosely into the house. And here it was her fortune to make two discoveries vital to her present career; the first arising out of a conversation between her father and mother in the library, where a gossipy fire of soft coal encouraged this proper Sunday afternoon entertainment for man and wife.

"Sit down and rest awhile," said her mother. "I'm afraid you play too hard when Patty and the boys are here. Do sit down quietly and rest yourself a little while." And as Florence obeyed, Mrs. Atwater turned to her husband, resuming, "Well that's what I said. I told Aunt Carrie I thought the same way about it that you did. Of course, nobody ever knows what Julia's going to do next, and nobody needs to be surprised at anything she does do. Ever since she came home from school about four-fifths of all the young men in town have been wild about her—and so's every old bachelor, for the matter of that!"

"Yes," Mr. Atwater added. "Every old widower, too."

His wife warmly accepted the amendment. "And every old widower, too," she said nodding. "Rather! And of course Julia's done exactly as she pleased about everything, and naturally she's going to do as she pleases about this."

"Well, of course, it is her own affair, Mollie," Mr. Atwater said, mildly. "She couldn't be expected to consult the whole Atwater family connection before—"

"Oh, no," she agreed. "I don't say she could. Still, it is rather upsetting, coming so suddenly like this, when not one of the family have ever seen him—never even heard his very name before."

"Well, that part of it isn't especially strange, Mollie—when he was born and brought up in a town three hundred miles from here. I don't see just how we could have heard his name—unless he visited here, or got into the papers in some way."

Mrs. Atwater seemed unwilling to yield a mysterious point. She rocked decorously in her chair, shook her head, and after setting her lips rigidly, opened them to insist that she could never change her mind; Julia had acted very abruptly. "Why couldn't she have let her poor father know, at least a few days before she did?"

Mr. Atwater sighed. "Why, she explains in her letter that she only knew it, herself, an hour before she wrote."

"Her poor father!" his wife repeated commiseratingly.

"Why, Mollie, I don't see that father's especially to be pitied."

"Don't you?" said Mrs. Atwater. "That old man, to have to live in that big house all alone, except a few negro servants?"

"Why, no! About half the houses in the neighborhood, up and down the street, are fully occupied by close relatives of his; I doubt if he'll be really as lonely as he'd like to be. And he's often said he'd give a great deal if Julia had been a plain, unpopular girl. I'm strongly of the opinion, myself, that he'll be pleased about this. Of course it may upset him a little, just at first."

"Yes; I think it will!" Mrs. Atwater shook her head forebodingly. "And he isn't the only one it's going to upset."

"No, he isn't," her husband admitted, seriously. "That's always been the trouble with Julia; she never could bear to seem disappointing; and so, of course, I suppose every one of 'em had a special idea that he was really about the top of the list with her."

"Every last one of 'em was positive of it," said Mrs. Atwater. "That was Julia's way with 'em!"

"Yes, Julia's always been much too kind-hearted for other people's good!" Thus Mr. Atwater summed up—and he was this Julia's brother. Additionally, since he was the older, he had known her since her birth.

"If you ask me," said his wife, "I'll really be surprised if it all goes through without a suicide."

"Oh, not quite suicide, perhaps," Mr. Atwater protested. "I'm glad it's a dry state, though!"

She failed to fathom his simple meaning. "Why?"

"Well, some of 'em might feel that desperate at least," he explained. "Prohibition's a safeguard for the disappointed in love."

This phrase and a previous one stirred Florence, who had been sitting quietly, according to request, and "resting"; but not resting her curiosity. "Who's disappointed in love, papa?" she inquired with an explosive eagerness which slightly startled her preoccupied parents. "What is all this about Aunt Julia, and Grandpa going to live alone, and people committing suicide and prohibition and every thing? What is all this, mama?"

"Nothing, Florence."

"Nothing! That's what you always say about the very most interesting things that happen in the whole family! What is all this, papa?"

"It's nothing that would be interesting to little girls, Florence. Merely some family matters."

"My goodness!" Florence exclaimed. "I'm not a 'little girl' any more, papa! You're always forgetting my age! And if it's a family matter I belong to the family, I guess, about as much as anybody else, don't I? Grandpa himself isn't any more one of the family than I am. I don't care how old he is!"

This was undeniable, and her father laughed. "It's really nothing you'd care about one way or the other," he said.

"Well, I'd care about it if it's a secret," Florence insisted. "If it's a secret I'd want to know it whatever it's about."

"Oh, it isn't a secret, particularly, I suppose. At least, it's not to be made public for a time; it's only to be known in the family."

"Well, didn't I just prove I'm as much one of the family as—"

"Never mind," her father said soothingly. "I don't suppose there's any harm in your knowing it—if you won't go telling everybody. Your aunt Julia has just written us that she's engaged."

Best Snake Story of Present Season Comes From Chadron

The Chadron Journal, with professional pride pined by stories of the whale-mermaid from Hay Springs and mountains of rattlesnakes in Box Butte county, comes to the front with the boss snake story of the present season:

"Aside from the snake stories emanating from Alliance as to a young mountain of rattlers being dispatched by one man in a few shots, this is really rattlesnake season. Dry weather is bringing them out in search of water; it is said, although close to Chadron they have not been noticed to any great extent."

"From Buffalo Gap comes the report of thirteen being killed in one field last week and in Hot Springs a 7-year-old rattler was killed by Doctor Molzahn near a home where he was making a professional visit. Last week on the road west of Chadron, Percy Proudfit noticed a large snake in front of his car so he steered so as to run over it. It struck at his front tire, embedding its fangs so deeply that it could not loosen its hold until wrapped around the wheel so tightly as to stop the car. Mr. Proudfit could move his car neither forward or backward, so alighted to find the trouble. He found the rattler knotted in a large mass, having to cut the snake in eighteen pieces in order to proceed. In substantiation of this, Mr. Proudfit has shown several Chadron citizens just whether the accident occurred."

Ask any grocer for the free cake of **Jan Rose Soap.** 87p

City Manager's Corner (By N. A. KEMMISH)

Our water main extension on Yellowstone avenue, Missouri, Mississippi avenues and into Belmont Addition is completed. We laid 1430 feet of six inch and 2540 feet of four inch or a total of 3,970 feet. We also installed six fire hydrants and the material cost \$4,110.86, and the labor, superintending and engineering \$1,589.96 or a total of \$5,700.82 which is an average of \$1.44 per foot for all pipe laid. This was to have been paid out of the \$10,000 bonds voted in April. These bonds as you know were not sold so we paid for the extension out of the money we had accumulated in the Water department to retire bonds with.

We received a letter from the Sprague and Nisely Construction company contractors for paving districts 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 notifying us that the year's guarantee on the paving is nearly up and that they have \$488.96 still due them on their contracts for these districts. We have made some inspections of the curbing and paving in these districts and if any one knows of a place where the paving or curbing is not up to the contract now is the time to let us know about it, so that we can have the contractors repair it.

PATHOS UP-TO-DATE.

There is nothing more pathetic in life than the spectacle of a sturdy Boy Scout begging his mother not to smoke.—The Periscope.

Reformers are men who need everybody's help to behave themselves.

A Heaping Teaspoonful of **Penstar Liver Saline**

in a glass of water before breakfast will relieve all liver and kidney trouble.

Also a full line of all Penstar home remedies.

F. J. Brennan

Institutions Claiming Tax Exemptions Asked to Give Definite Figures

A questionnaire has been sent by Tax Commissioner Osborn to all institutions claiming tax exemption to learn whether they are operated for gain. If so, they will be cited before the board to show cause why they should not be taxed.

In the questionnaire to hospitals the receipts of each institution is desired; whether sufficient to maintain its institution; how many charity patients are accommodated; if a patient's ability to pay is inquired into before granting service; if effort is made to compel relatives to pay for charity patients, and amount of compensation paid to officers.

The Y. M. C. A., lodges and kindred organizations are asked to list all property from which income is derived, and business colleges and other schools run for personal profit are asked to make a statement of their business.

LEADERSHIP WON

On the Basis of Quality

Quite logically leadership can only be won on merit.

Leadership is something that cannot be forced or hocuspocussed into life. It must be earned, and earned every inch of the way. It is perfectly natural that the **Model Cleaners and Tailors** should be rewarded with the place of leadership we hold in the cleaning and tailoring business of Alliance and vicinity. It was won by a faithful adherence to the principle that workmanship and service is the biggest single factor in doing a big successful cleaning and tailoring business.

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508 Box Butte Next to Lowry & Henry Garage

MEAT IS WAY DOWN—THESE ARE EVERY DAY PRICES.
OPEN ON SUNDAY MORNINGS.

VEAL CUTS.	
Veal Steak, lb.	25c
Veal Chops, lb.	25c
Veal Roast, lb.	18c
Veal Stew, lb.	15c
PORK CUTS.	
Pork Chops, sliced, lb.	22c
Fresh Ham, sliced, lb.	22c
Whole Fresh Hams, lb.	20c
Brookfield Sausage, lb.	28c
Home Pure Pork Sausage, lb.	18c
Pure Lard, lb.	16c
Dry Salt Pork, fancy, lb.	20c
Fresh Meaty Spare Ribs, lb.	15c
SAUSAGES.	
Boiled Ham, lb.	35c
Minced Ham, lb.	25c
Wieners, lb.	20c
Frankfurters, lb.	20c
Bologna, lb.	20c
Dried Beef, lb.	60c
BEEF CUTS	
Round Steak, lb.	20c
Sirloin Steak, lb.	20c
Porter House Steak, lb.	20c
Good Tender Steak, lb.	18c
Your Choice of Roasts, lb.	15c
Plate Rib Boil, lb.	10c
Brisket Boil, lb.	8c
Hamburger, fresh, lb.	12½c
Fresh Liver, lb.	10c
Fresh Brains, lb.	12½c
CURED MEATS.	
Fancy Bacon, by Slab, lb.	23c
Fancy Hams, whole, lb.	28c
Morris Supreme Smoked Hams, whole, lb.	33c
Morris Supreme Bacon, by slab, lb.	33c
Small Cured Hams, 6 to 8 lb., per lb.	15c
Cheese, lb.	28c

I BUY YOUR LIVE STOCK AND CHICKENS.

F. E. MELVIN

CHIROPRACTIC



Χεῖρ = "hand"
(kir)

πράσσω = "to do"
(prassō) "to accomplish"

USES ONLY THE HANDS To Restore YOUR Health

To those acquainted with the word 'Chiropractic' let the above explain itself. We, as Chiropractors, use only our hands to **REMOVE THE CAUSE** of all ailments of the human body—for the last twenty-five years have found this method the most practical. That means that drugs, laxatives, baths, diets, exercises, etc. are unnecessary. Practically 95% of human ills are caused by nerve impingement (pressure on the nerve) at the spinal foramina (openings). By our method we discover this trouble instantly—and can give you relief at once.

THE SAFE WAY

DRS. JEFFREY & SMITH

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