

# The ORIOLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, 1921 by the Dell Syndicate, Inc.

A little after six o'clock a clanging and commotion in the train-shed outside, attending the arrival of a "through express," stirred him from his torpor. He walked heavily across the room to the same ticket-window he had blocked before, but there was no queue attached to it now. He rested his elbow on the apron and his chin upon his hand, and for some moments the clerk waited until he should state his wishes. This was a new clerk, who had just relieved the other.

"Well! Well!" he said at last.

"I'll take it now," Noble responded, gently.

"What'll you take now?"

"That ticket!"

"What ticket?"

"The same one I wanted before," Noble sighed.

The clerk gave him a piercing look, glanced out of the window and saw that there were no other clients, then went to a desk at the farther end of his compartment, and took up some clerical work he had in hand.

Noble leaned upon the apron of the window, waiting; and if he thought anything, he thought the man was serving him.

The high, resonant room became clamorous with voices and with the mingling echoes of footsteps on the tiled floor, as passengers from the express hurried to the street, or more gaily straggled through, shouting to friends who came to greet them; and among these moving groups there walked a youthful fine lady noticeably envying to the fullest eye. She was preceded by a brisk porter who carried two traveling bags of a rich sort, as well as a sack of implements for the game of golf; and she was warm in dark furs, against which the vasty clump of violets she wore showed dewy gleamings of blue.

At sight of Noble Dill, more than pensive at the ticket-window, she hesitated, then stopped and observed him. Here was a coincidence, in a mild way, for, as it happened, she was herself the most observed person in all that place. She was veiled in two veils, but she had been seen in the train without these, and some of her fellow-travelers, though strangers to her, were walking near her in a hypocritical way, hoping still not to lose sight of her, even veiled. And although the shroudings permitted the most meager information of her features, what they did reveal was harmfully piquant; moreover, there was a sweetness to the figure, a disturbing grace; and nothing disguises such an air of wearing that many violets as a daily perquisite and matter of course.

It was Julia's fortune (though her father had other ideas concerning the matter) to be the possessor of a personality distinctly pleasing to the masculine eye, and of this the fair Julia was probably aware. In any event she was quite conscious of the stir which her passage through the throng created.

So the coincidence came about that this observed lady stopped and ob-



"Noble!" She said.

served Noble, who in return observed her not at all, being but semiconscious.

"Noble!" she said.

He stared at her. His elbow sagged away from the window; the whole person of Noble Dill seemed near collapse. He shook, and had no voice.

"I just this minute got off the train," Julia said. "Are you going away somewhere?"

"No," he whispered; then obtained command of a huskiness somewhat

greater in volume. "I'm just standing here."

"I told the porter to get me a taxi-cab," she said. "If you're going home for dinner I'll drop you at your house."

"I'm— I'm— His articulation encountered unsurmountable difficulties, but Julia had been with him through many such trials of fortune. She said briskly. "I'm awfully hungry and I want to get home. Come on—if you like."

He walked waveringly at her side through the station, and followed her into the dim interior of the cab, which became fragrant of violets—an emanation at once ineffable and poisonous.

"I'm so glad I happened to run across you," she said, as they began to vibrate tremulously in unison with the fierce little engine that drove them. "I want to hear all the news. Nobody knows I'm home. I didn't write or telegraph to a soul; and I'll be a complete surprise to father and everybody—I don't know how pleasant a one! You didn't seem so frightfully glad to see me, Noble!"

"Am I?" he whispered. "I mean—I mean—I mean— Didn't I?"

"No!" she laughed. "You looked—you looked shocked! It couldn't have been because I looked ill or anything, because I'm not; and if I were, you couldn't have told it, through two veils. Possibly I'd better take your expression as a compliment." She paused, then asked hesitatingly, "Shall I?"

This was the style the Atwaters held Julia responsible for; but they were mistaken: she was unable to control it. She at once went cheerily on: "Perhaps not, as you don't answer. I shouldn't be so bold! Do you suppose anybody'll be glad to see me?"

"I— I—" He seemed to hope that words would come, all in their own good time.

"Noble!" she cried. "Don't be so glum!" And she touched his arm with her muff, a fluffy contact causing within him a short convulsion, naturally invisible. "Noble, aren't you going to tell me what's all the news?"

"There's—some," he managed to inform her. "Some—some news."

"What is it?"

"It's— it's—"

"Never mind," she said soothingly. "Get your breath; I can wait. I hope nothing's wrong in your family, Noble."

"No—oh, no."

"It isn't just my turning up unexpectedly that's upset you so, of course," she dared to say. "Naturally, I know better than to think such a thing as that."

"Oh, Julia!" he said. "Oh, Julia!"

"What is it, Noble?"

"Noth—ing," he murmured, disjoining the word with a gulp.

"How odd you happened to be there at the station," she said; "just when my train came in! You're sure you weren't going away anywhere?"

"No; oh, no."

She was thoughtful, then laughed confidentially. "You're the only person in town that knows I'm home, Noble."

"I'm glad," he said, humbly.

"She laughed again. "I came all of a sudden—on an impulse. It's a little idiotic. I'll tell you about it, Noble. You see, ten or twelve days ago I wrote the family a more or less indiscreet letter. That is, I told them something I wanted them to be discreet about, and, of course, when I got to thinking it over, I knew they wouldn't. You see, I wrote them something I wanted them to keep a secret, but the more I thought about it, the more I saw I'd better hurry back. Yesterday it got into my head that I'd better hop on the next train for home."

She paused, then added, "So I did! About ten or twelve days is long as anybody has a right to expect the Atwater family connection to keep the deadlies kind of a secret, isn't it?" And as he did not respond, she explained, modestly, "Of course, it wasn't a very deadly secret; it was really about something of only the least importance."

"This was so frightful an understatement that the jar of it restored Noble's voice to a startling loudness. "Only the least importance!" he shouted. "With a man named Crum!"

"What!" she cried.

"Crum!" Noble insisted. "That's exactly what it said his name was!"

"What said his name was?" asked Julia, excitedly.

"The North End Daily Oriole."

"What in heaven's name is that?"

"It's the children's paper, Herbert's and Florence's, your own niece and nephew, Julia! You don't mean you deny it, do you, Julia?"

She was in great confusion. "Do I deny what?"

"That his name is Crum!" Noble said passionately. "That his name is Crum and that he's a widower and he's been divorced and's got nobody knows how many children!"

Julia sought to collect herself. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "If you mean that I happened to meet a very charming man while I was away, and that his name happened to be Crum, I don't know why I should go to the trouble of denying it. But if Mr. Crum has had the experiences you say he has, it is certainly news to me! I think someone told me he was only twenty-two years old. He looked rather younger."

"You think some one told you?" Noble groaned. "Oh, Julia, Julia! And here it is, all down in black and white, in my pocket!"

(To Be Continued)

One of the most annoying world-problems is human nature.

The hard-boiled egg isn't as bad as he seems. All of them are white under the shell.

## Bayard Man Who Kidnaped Child Is Sought in Alliance

A real honest-to-goodness kidnaping was staged in Bayard Wednesday afternoon when Asa Walls seized his five-year-old son, Virgil, who has been living with his mother at the Hotel Bayard the past six months, and effected his escape in a racing car in the direction of Alliance, says the Bayard Transcript.

The details of the affair are substantially as follows: About 3:30 that afternoon two men drove past the hotel in a red racing car, slowed down at the corner where the little fellow was playing, when one of the men jumped out, picked up the little boy and, returning to the car with him, speeded out of town. Someone who saw the kidnaping ran into the hotel and gave the alarm. At that time the kidnapers were unknown and volunteers went in pursuit of the little racing car. Fred Heil drove his car out on the Scottsbluff road accompanied by Mrs. Walls and others, while L. O. Palmer, who is employed at the hotel, started out with a party in a car from the Armagost Auto company in the direction of Alliance. The latter party overtook the kidnapers with the child about twenty-five miles northwest of Bayard. They recognized the father, Asa Walls, and a man who had registered at the hotel as Fred Marshall. As the mother was not with them, they could not bring the boy back, but they returned with the information and Mrs. Walls left on the night train for Alliance, hoping to locate them and secure the child.

The two men had been in Bayard for several days, it is said, one of them stopping at the Hotel Bayard one night, while the father stopped at a rooming house nearby. The red car is said to have been hidden in the weeds back of the Lutheran church while the men were here.

Mrs. Walls has sued for a divorce in Judge Hobart's court and the case is to be heard November 8. Authorities at Alliance and other places were wired to hold the men and take the child away from them.

City and county police officers received telephone instructions to be on the outlook for Mr. Walls and his son, but insisted that instructions be sent by telegraph in order to protect them if an arrest were made and it should turn out they had no right to hold the couple. After keeping up a watch until midnight Friday, it was decided that the automobile containing the kidnaped boy and his father had headed elsewhere. The mother left for Gordon Friday to continue the search.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Be it resolved by the Alliance Volunteer Fire Department, in regular session this 26th day of October, 1921, that

WHEREAS, death must come to all, and in this instance it is deeply regrettable because our deceased brother had not been permitted to live out the span of life allotted to some of us, and

WHEREAS, our brother, Adolph Ernst, a valuable and highly respected member of this department, was called to answer the death summons on October 22, 1921, therefore be it

RESOLVED that the members of the Alliance Volunteer Fire Department united in humbly submitting to the will of Almighty God, yet while we deplore the death of this brother, we realize that this department was benefitted by his existence, and we offer to his bereaved family our tenderest sympathies in their sad affliction, and we place before them our sincere condolence, and be it further

RESOLVED that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this department, that a copy be sent to the relatives of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the local newspapers.

LLOYD C. THOMAS, WM. MAUNIER, C. W. GRIFFIS, Committee.

The table needs a new utensil for the fellow who miscalculates and is left to butter a last single row on the ear of corn.

Prospects for a bumper crop cheer everybody except some farmers who contend that the bigger the crop the greater the loss.

The new Russia might well take for her national motto, "Rough and Red-y."

### ALLIANCE TEAM WINS VICTORY FRIDAY

(Continued from Page 1.)

makes 3 off tackle, and Garvin adds 1 through line. Dailey makes 1. Dailey fails to gain. Joder drops back to the 35 yard line and kicks a perfect goal. Score: Alliance 16, Scottsbluff 7. Cross kicks off 40 yards to Cox who returns 20. Cox makes 10. Pickett makes 10. Pickett fails to gain. Roland makes 8, and Harrison 5. Pickett makes 1 around end. Half up with ball on Alliance 20 yards line.

Third Quarter

Cross kicks off 25 yards to Roland who returns 10. Cox makes 3. Cox fails to gain. Roland fails to gain. Chrisman kicks 30 to Joder who returns 12. Garvin makes 15 around end. Dailey fails to gain. Dailey makes 15 on a shift. Garvin fails to gain. Dailey loses 2. Pass Garvin to Dailey intercepted by Cox who returns 20. Pass, Pickett to Chrisman net 5 yards. Wyatt makes 3 through line and Cox makes 2. Pickett fails to gain. Pass Pickett to Chrisman for 20 yards. Chrisman makes 3 around left end from punt formation. Pass Chrisman to Pickett intercepted by Dailey who eludes four tacklers and runs 65 yards to a touchdown. Garvin kicks goal. Score Alliance, 23, Scottsbluff 7.

Cross kicks off 30 to Roland who makes no return. Wyatt makes 1. Cox makes 2. Alliance outside, 5 yards penalty. Roland makes 3. Pickett makes 1.

Fourth Quarter.

Roland goes 20 off tackle. Alliance

penalized 5 yards for offside. Alliance penalized 15 yards for holding, putting ball on Alliance's six inch line. Pickett fails to gain. Roland goes over for touchdown. Chrisman kicks goal. Score: Alliance 23, Scottsbluff 14. Chrisman kicks off 20 to Fowler who returns 5. Dailey makes 8. Dailey makes 2. Garvin loses 2 on a criss cross. Dailey kicks 45 yards to Pickett who returns 4. Roland makes 2 through line. Wyatt makes 2 off tackle. Cox makes 3 through line. Wyatt makes 1. Pass Pickett to Cox incomplete. Alliance ball on downs. Brown makes 3 around right end. Cross makes 2 off tackle. Dailey makes 8 through line. Garvin makes 5 around left end. Game ends with ball in Alliance's possession on Scottsbluff 28 yard line.

The line up is as follows:

Alliance—	Scottsbluff—
Beal	re
Purdy	re
Nolan	re
Brown	re
Herman	re
Fowler	re
Brennan	re
Joder	re
Garvin	re
Dailey (C)	re
Cross	re
	Cox
	Harrison
	(C) Wisner
	Overstreet
	Brown
	Donnan
	Chrisman
	Pickett
	love
	Wyatt
	Roland

Score by quarters:

Alliance	6	10	7	0-23
Scottsbluff	0	7	7	0-14

Yards from scrimmage: Alliance 371, Scottsbluff, 181. Touchdowns: Garvin 1, Dailey 2, Love 1, Roland 1. Field goals: Joder 1. Passes: Alliance 1 incomplete. Scottsbluff, 2 of 5 for 27 yards. Punts: Alliance 2, average 45 yards; Scottsbluff 4, average 33 yards. Goals from touchdown: Garvin 2, Chrisman 2.

### FOWLING

The Farmer's Union held a social meeting at the Moravek school house Saturday evening. The ladies served refreshments and all report a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Norval Hurlburt and Mrs. Langford took supper at the Saton home Thursday evening.

James Kennedy and sons are busy hauling potatoes to Hemingford.

Kilpatrick's shipped some more cattle Friday. Mr. Banks accompanied the shipment. They shipped several cars last week also.

Mrs. Henderson was a caller at the Hall home Thursday morning.

Mrs. Anna Hall and sister, Mrs. Nola Eaton spent Thursday at the Jake Henderson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lenzen of Mitchell, formerly of this vicinity, are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Mrs. Nels Peterson is enjoying a visit with her parents and brothers and sisters of Oregon, who arrived one day last week. The came overland in their car.

John Caha spent a couple of days last week at the Joe Kennedy home.

Mrs. Chas. Hall is expected home in a couple of weeks.

Nola Eaton was a caller at the

Mann home Wednesday morning. Lon Wood and family were Alliance callers Thursday.

Jake Henderson and wife and children and mother motored to Alliance one day last week. Mrs. Henderson, jr., having some dental work done.

Theodore Johnson and son motored to Alliance Wednesday afternoon, returning Friday evening.

N. E. Hurlburt and wife and Mrs. Langford were Hemingford callers Saturday.

James Eaton and wife spent Wednesday night at the Albert Hall home. Pete Farrell and Mr. McCarty are busy putting up hay on the Klemke place. Marshall Sheldon helped them a few days last week.

Mrs. Hutchinson motored to Alliance Friday evening to spend the week-end with home folks.

John Brus was absent from school Thursday and Friday.

Raymond Kapper and Mr. Featherkile rode down to the Elsea ranch one day last week after some of Mr. Kapper's cattle, that were on pasture there.

"Scotty" Henderson of Sioux county shipped eighteen carloads of cattle Sunday. Mr. Henderson and son, Jake, accompanied the shipment.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Mann were Alliance callers Thursday.

James Eaton was a caller at the Laursen home one evening last week. Miss Zoetta Nichols and brother were absent from school Wednesday.

### May Identify Man Who Killed Himself in Alliance Recently

County Attorney Basye Friday morning received from F. L. Williams, city editor of the State Journal at Lincoln, a photograph of Leslie Redenbaugh of that city, whose wife is seeking him. Mrs. Redenbaugh saw the picture of the young man who recently committed suicide at a rooming house in this city, and thought it resembled her husband. Redenbaugh was last seen in Lincoln last May, when he said he was going to Lincoln to work. Mr. Basye said the photograph he received did not resemble the suicide.

Another Lincoln woman who saw the suicide's picture believes it is a distant relative, and has written to discover whether his whereabouts are known. She has not yet received a reply.

### Red Cross Drive From Armistice Day to Thanksgiving

The executive board of the Box Butte county and South Sheridan county Red Cross are making arrangements for the annual roll call, which this year comes from November 11 to 25. The plans for the membership canvass are not complete, but efforts are being made to secure an officer from the Chicago division headquarters to be in charge of the campaign, according to one member of the board.

### City Manager's Corner

(By N. A. KEMMISH)

The first wintry storm finds us in pretty good shape. The threatened railway strike of November 3rd left us with a month's supply of coal on hand, so that our only worry along this line is the coal catching on fire in the pile.

Our streets and crossings as a whole are in good shape. We have a little more work of cleaning out the septic tank and then all will be in good shape at the farm. In our water system we have a few hydrants which we would like to repair and we want to flush out our mains shortly all over the city. There is always a certain amount of rust and black sediment collects in the water mains especially where there is not much water being used.

In time of war, the problem is to silence the big guns. In time of peace the problem is to silence the small-bore fellows.

It isn't difficult to believe in infant-ammation if there are about six in your neighborhood that howl all night.

### B-B

## Your Shoe Doctor

Our Prescriptions

Look through the closets— You'll find old shoes that you have worn and think are useless. Bring them to us and we will repair and sew them up so that you'll be surprised.

Don't hesitate, no matter how badly worn they appear to you—we'll let you know what can be done with 'em. Leave it to us.

**B&B Electric Shoe Shop**  
Boelter & Brazda, Props.  
Under Alliance Nat'l Bank

# Army Store SPECIALS

Folks Pay Us a Visit and Save Money on Your Fall Needs

Just received a large shipment of leather Puttees, made of the best of leather, worth \$9.00.

**Special Price \$4.85**

All-Wool Army Blankets, worth \$6 and \$8, will close them out, at—

**\$2.95**

All Leather Vests with sleeves, sold at \$10.00, while they last, at—

**\$5.85**

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

# Army & Navy Store

LOOK FOR THE BIG LETTER SIGN  
Open Evenings until 8 p. m. 119 Box Butte Avenue, Alliance