

Comment--and Discomment

"And may every day be a perfect day—
To the end of a perfect year."

That's the strain that an editor, with soul perfectly attuned to the music of the spheres, would start in with at the close of Christmas day—but only preachers can keep it up indefinitely. We feel like writing a couple of columns of noble sentiments, but our mind is completely filled with the thought of a gorgeous Christmas dinner, with the accent on the first syllable, and our subscribers will simply have to wait until our font of inspiration is less clogged up with turkey and other comestibles.

We are reminded, in this connection, of a story that will bear repeating. Two Irishmen, who had worked hard all their lives, decided to have one fling at high life, and so they saved up their money for a year or more. Finally, with a fund of three or four hundred dollars, they came to the big city, hired a room in a grand hotel that set them back about \$15 a day and started in to enjoy themselves. They decided, first of all, to have a big banquet. And so they went down to the main dining room, turned their hats over to the check stand robbers and seated themselves within two feet of the orchestra.

Neither of them had ever ordered from a bill of fare, and they ran up against a maze of dishes they had never heard of, but all of them sounded appetizing. One of them waved his hand grandly at the waiter to write about Christmas. And so we'll tell about the circumstances, and said: "You may bring us the whole of it." And the waiter, for a wonder, understood.

The first course was soup. And there were five kinds of it. Our heroes waded through all of them, smacking their lips, and finishing with honors. Then came the second course—and with it several armloads of dishes. The waiter stacked them on the table and on nearby tables. It was a knockout. One of the Irishmen, looking sadly at all the food, shook his head slowly and remarked: "It's a chance of a lifetime—but we're full of soup."

We're too full of Christmas din-

when we first heard the story of the Irishmen. How many Alliance people remember the great electric railway system that was to run from Omaha to Denver? It hasn't been so many years since towns were fighting for a location along its route—and the Burlington and Union Pacific officials were fretting about the freight and passenger traffic they were due to lose. Our home county voted bonds to help the road get a start, and so did lots of other counties. And there wasn't any reason on earth but lack of confidence and capital that kept that interurban from going through.

We first heard that Irish story during the days when Mr. Baker, a handsome gentleman with a persuasive tongue, was campaigning in the different precincts in an endeavor to carry them for the bonds. The writer was little more than a kid, but as son of the editor he had an opportunity to know about everything that was going on, and Baker called at the house every now and then to get dope on the influential farmers and the proper keynotes to strike in his speeches. Dad was mighty strong for the railroad. We remember that the plan was to have it go right past our door, and we used to think how grand it would be to hop on a car and ride down town (we lived nearly twenty blocks out), while mother was afraid that the noise the trains would make, coming and going all hours of the night, would be mean to contend with.

At any rate, there was a meeting called at the Milliken school house one night, and Baker came to talk it over. Dad was addressing another meeting in the other end of the county, and the judge (meaning Judge Stark) was going to hear him company. Baker asked us to accompany him, and we were tickled to death. We felt quite important riding those three miles with a coming railway magnate, and did our best to bear up under the strain. It was quite a meeting. There were about fifty farmers out, and Baker made a grand speech, and got all sorts of applause, but there was one hearer who wasn't at all impressed. He was a big, rawboned old Irishman, about six feet four, who carried a tremendous blackthorn shillalah. He owned a lot of land in Aurora precinct and was openly opposed to the railroad, which wouldn't run through that township. He objected to voting bonds because of that fact, and all through the meeting he clobbered the speaker, insulting him in that genial Irish way that made Baker hopping mad, but at which he didn't dare

take offense. The meeting would have ended peaceably enough, had not Baker told that Irish story.

The minute it was finished, the old man rose to his feet, and, brandishing that war club, yelled: "Dom ye, do ye say that the Irish are full of soup—you stinkin' little spalpeen?" and he brought that big stick over his head and down toward Baker's scalp. The meeting broke up right then. One husky farmer back of the old Irishman caught his arm and deflected the blow—else we would have had our first opportunity to witness a murder. There was a regular uproar, and in the midst of it, Baker made his way outside while everybody else was milling around. He didn't worry much about his companion of the trip, nor did we fret particularly about him. We were out before him, and calmly sat in the buggy and watched him make his escape. It was as good as a movie.

Baker backed outside the building, holding a pistol in a trembling right hand, and backed all the way over to the buggy, a distance of perhaps two hundred feet. No team was ever unshipped in faster time, and we know that particular lively team never made three miles any nearer to nothing but. It was a wild ride, and Baker never let go his pistol all the way. It's always been a wonder for wonder how he happened to carry a gun. Ours was a peaceable community—the writer had never been that close to a pistol before in his whole life. We figured it out later that someone might have warned him that the old man was dangerous when he was roused, and so he went prepared.

That precinct, as we recall it, didn't carry for the bonds. But most of the others did. Those bonds were never issued, because the whole scheme blew up before so very long. Some day, though, other folks may take it up and carry it through. It's not so impracticable as a lot of other schemes that find backers by the hundred, and when this western country of ours gets half-way developed, it can use all the railroads that there are—and then some. It's doubtful whether any county will ever again vote bonds for any privately owned public utility.

We have this advantage over some people—and that is that we have seen in real life the incarnation of the "wrath of God." For years after this eventful night, we dreamed of that old Irishman brandishing that blackthorn club over us and awoke in a cold sweat every time. Some-

how or other, we doubt whether Baker was ever afterward the debonaire young promoter that he was in the blithesome days before the Milliken schoolhouse affair. Eight or ten years afterward we met him in a Lincoln hash house, and he didn't laugh half as much as we did over the picture he made backing up to that buggy. It rather spoiled the meeting. Come to think of it, we weren't so very much amused, at the time.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Presbyterian Sunday school presented a Christmas program last Wednesday evening at 7:30 at the church, the participants being the primary department and the senior girls. The program was prepared under the direction of Miss Vera Spencer and Miss Myrtle Watts and was very well received. Santa Claus arrived just at the close of the program bringing a treat and delight to all. The pastor and wife were presented with a pair of "heavy" white silk stockings of the right size for Baby Gordon Kearns. They were "heavy" because of what they contained. One was from the ladies' auxiliary society and contained two \$10 gold pieces and a silver dollar. The other bore greetings from the Christian Endeavor society and a neat little box with seven \$5 gold pieces weighed down the top of the stocking. "Take it all in all the pastor would say, that's just the sort of rabbit skin to wrap the baby's footles in."

The pastor's youthful assistant also received a bank and bank book with a savings account of \$8, the gift of Mrs. P. J. Sturgeon, and Misses Lulu and Ruth. Considering stockings and all the young man is

pretty well heeled for one of his age. But even better than the generous gifts is the generous spirit of the givers, and a survey of "the why" we should receive such gifts at your hands brings a new appreciation of the blessed privilege of ministering in His name and a realization that it is because of Him and this ministry in your midst and not of ourselves that we are enshrined in the love of men and women and little children, and these are the things that are worth while. We thank you for these gifts.

Two soldiers had left their company in a bit of a hurry during a heavy bombardment at the front. Panted one of them, "What's that bee buzzin' around my ear for?" "It ain't a bee," gasped the other. "Run, Joe, run, it's a machine-gun bullet followin' you."—American Legion Weekly.

Pat was disgusted with life. While roaming around looking for a job, he stopped to watch some bricklayers.

"I hope I die," he moaned. Just then a loose brick fell and struck him on the head.

"Please, God," he exclaimed, "can't you take a joke."—American Legion Weekly.

The baby had swallowed a silver coin and the mother ran in consultation to her husband.

"Oh, Ed, what shall we do?" she sobbed.

Mr. Darkins took a handful of change out of his pocket and examined it judiciously.

"Calm yourself, Maria," he advised. "It was that counterfeit quarter I've been trying so long to get rid of."—American Legion Weekly.

Commands for troops in action and in drill need not fall into disuse with the end of the war. Most of them may still be used with telling effect in civil life. As, for instance:

Traffic cop to line of motorists: "In place, halt!"
Busy business man to waiter: "Double time, march!"
Young woman to her returning soldier: "Present arms!"
Shopper to saleswoman: "Charge!"
Swimming instructor to his pupil: "Fall in!"

Irate mother to daughter, who has applied rouge: "As you were!"
Hotel clerk to bellhop: "Front!"
Modiste to customer in hobble skirt: "Half step, march!"
Impatient father to young men staying late with his daughters: "Company, dismissed!"
Tailor to customer he is fitting: "About face!"

Discerning mother to her little son after his bath: "Inspection arms!"
Economic landlord to his peddler furnace-steeker: "Cease firing!"—Exchange.

In an Atlantic port one evening the skipper of a disreputable tramp steamer coasted his ship in and dropped anchor in the fairway, blocking the passage of a United States cruiser. An officer on the cruiser hailed the tramp through a megaphone, "Hey! You dirty pig! Get your sty out of the fairway. This is the U. S. S. Eagle. Who are you?" "This," came the sunny reply, "is the Star of Bethlehem and I've set for the night."—American Legion Weekly.

Several people have bumped up against disgrace while trying to dodge poverty.

The motto of some men is, "Give me liberty or give me debt!"



IT'S EASY TO SAVE

The First Deposit Comes the Hardest

After that it will be easy for you to continue piling up your savings in our Christmas clubs. The longer you keep at it, the less trouble you will find it, and the bigger the amount will be. You understand the theory of the Christmas club, don't you? It is simply a device for making saving simple and attractive. It pays good interest and each week helps to fasten a habit on you that is the best one you can cultivate. Take the first step today—the sooner you begin the greater will be the benefits. Drop into the First State Bank in the morning and make a start. Next year you'll have money for a trip back home, for Christmas presents, for any use you may desire—and it will have been saved so gradually that you haven't noticed it. Look over the various plans presented below, select one that will fit your pocketbook and make your start without further delay.

Christmas Saving Clubs Started December 20

There are two classes of Savings Clubs which we have organized to help you form the habit of thrift. Both continue for fifty weeks. In one you commence with a given amount and each week increase the deposit by an amount equal to that with which you commenced the account. Thus, in the 2c Club: First week, deposit 2c; second week, 4c; third week, 6c; etc. The other club includes those members who deposit a certain sum weekly for fifty weeks, with no increase in the amount deposited. The various clubs and the amounts follow:

50 Weeks With Deposits in Multiples		50 Weeks With Straight Deposits	
1c Club amounts to	\$12.75	25c Club amounts to	\$12.50
2c Club amounts to	\$25.50	50c Club amounts to	\$25.00
5c Club amounts to	\$63.75	\$1.00 Club amounts to	\$50.00
10c Club amounts to	\$127.75	\$5.00 Club amounts to	\$250.00

X-Club includes those making any amount regularly, the same each week. Interest at 5% Will Be Paid on Your Money

ONLY BANK IN ALLIANCE THAT GUARANTEES ITS DEPOSITORS PROTECTION

The First State Bank

Agents for the Hoosier and Kitchen-Maid Cabinets



These are two of the best known and advertised lines on the market today. They contain all of the modern labor-saving contrivances of this greatest kitchen aid. They conserve not only labor but time—time that you can use to such good advantage elsewhere about the home.

There's More Sunshine in Life with a Kitchen Cabinet to Help Work

Isn't it a fact that Kitchen drudgery "gets on your nerves" quite often? Haven't you envied the seeming ease with which men accomplish their daily tasks? Why then, do you not follow the example of these successful business men and surround yourself with time and labor saving methods.

We invite you to call and we will explain their many advantages to you.

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