

HEMINGFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Felback announce the arrival of a baby girl, born February 25.

Gus Peterson has moved his family out in the country to his farm.

Chas. Suddith has moved his family into town to the Gust Peterson residence.

Charles Sailing spent the week end with his wife and children.

Mrs. Michaels who has been visiting at Denver, was an incoming passenger on No. 43 Saturday.

Adrian Clark spent the week end with home folks.

Floy Bunce spent Saturday and Sunday at the Myron Bunce home.

A farewell party was given for Mr. and Mrs. Jim Irvin at their home Friday evening.

Lyle Wyncoop has returned home after spending a few days at Sidney and various other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Lackey of Marsland spent Sunday at Alliance.

Miss Acker spent the week end with home folks in Alliance.

J. D. Baum who is traveling for the C. C. Whitnack Co., was transacting business in town the last of the week.

Juline and Maxine Goodrich had a light siege of the chicken pox last week.

Misses Anna Heath and Susie Davidson were callers at the H. E. Ford home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carrell departed Saturday night for Hagler, Nebraska, to visit their daughter.

J. D. Winters spent a few days at Crawford the first of the week.

Verda Hucks who has been visiting in Denver the last two weeks, returned to her home Saturday.

Eugene Andrew spent Saturday night at the home of Ernest Plohn.

Ora Marvel was a passenger to Crawford Sunday, returning home Monday morning.

Due to the fact that the roads are bad, so that the farmers are unable to haul their potatoes to town seems to raise the price of seed potatoes.

Rev. E. C. Hendrickson was in Alliance Sunday between trains.

Minnie Lewis spent the week end with home folks in Alliance.

A. L. Stevenson received word of the serious illness of his father at Therman, Iowa. He departed immediately, his son Ralph accompanying him.

Gladys Stevenson is spending a few days in Crawford.

Mark Stevenson was a passenger to Crawford Wednesday. Foster May went Thursday to accompany him home.

Mrs. Wynkoop and daughter Helen and son Lyle and Mrs. Brown, were shopping in Alliance Wednesday.

John Tschacker has moved out to the John Malin farm.

Will Annans moved to the Shadder farm the first of the week.

Carl Myers has moved to the Hoppe farm.

Mr. Andrew spent a few days at his farm the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wells entertained a few of their young friends at their home Friday evening.

Tom Katan of North Platte, is spending a few days in town.

Joe Carter has moved his family to the O. W. Andrew farm.

The high school students were special guests at the M. E. church Friday evening.

Mr. Bergman is spending a few days with his wife.

Mrs. Fosket is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Muirhead entertained a number of their friends at a six o'clock dinner last Friday.

Veva Miller spent the week end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Fudness were surprised Thursday evening, when a few of their friends and neighbors gathered to spend the evening with them. The time was spent in a social way and a dainty lunch of sandwiches, cake pickles and coffee was served. Everyone present reported a good time.

Louise Spuddich who has been visiting relatives in Illinois for the past two months, returned Tuesday morning.

Walter Jones of Alliance spent Tuesday with home folks.

Rev. Mr. Enslow visited the grade and high school rooms Friday.

The Legion boys were guests at the M. E. church Thursday evening.

Mrs. Lotspiech was a business caller in town Thursday. She expects to

have her millinery department up over the Lockwood store this spring.

Mrs. Ben Price was a passenger to Alliance Friday, returning Sunday.

Arthur Carrell returned home from Denver Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carter announced the arrival of a baby girl Saturday, February 26, named Mar, Dolores.

Bill Black of Chadron spent the week end here with his wife.

Mrs. Estes of Rapid City, South Dakota, arrived Thursday morning for a visit with her sister, Mrs. George Wilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones spent Wednesday at Clayton Hardy's.

Francis Logan had the misfortune to have his collar bone cracked last Wednesday while at play at school.

SAYS SHE HAD HER SHARE OF TROUBLE

For Five Years Des Moines Woman Got No Relief From Her Misery—Feels Fine Now

"I'm so well pleased with Tanlac that I wish everyone knew its value like I do," said Mrs. T. P. Ballard, of 1520 Locust Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

"I have certainly had my share of suffering, for I had been in bad health for nearly five years, troubled in one way or another just about all the time. My appetite had almost entirely left me and I could eat barely enough to keep me alive. My stomach was disordered and my heart would palpitate fearfully and I would get so short of breath that I felt like I would choke to death. I suffered dreadfully from headaches, and if I stopped over I became so dizzy that I almost fell down. My nerves seemed to be all unstrung and frequently I became so excited that I dropped everything I had in my hands.

"But Tanlac has restored me to as good health as I enjoyed years ago. I feel perfectly well in every respect and nothing at all ever troubles me now. My appetite has returned and what I eat digests properly. My heart action is normal and my breathing is free and easy. The headaches and dizzy spells are all gone and my nerves are steady. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Tanlac, and every time I tell anyone about it I feel that I am doing them a favor."

Tanlac is sold in Alliance by F. E. Holsten; in Hemingford by the Hemingford Mercantile Co., and in Holland by the Mallery Grocery Co.

ROUGE ET NOIR

Dinah, a dusky belle, had purchased a new hat. She asked her friend Mandy what she thought of it.

Mandy: "I think it's a lovely conception but it doesn't suit you!"

Dinah: "What's the reason it don't suit me?"

Mandy: "Well, if you want my honest opinion, I think it makes you look too French!"—Tit-Bits.

See "Living Pictures" at the Presbyterian church Thursday evening. It'll be entertaining and instructive. 27

No doubt the talented young reporter who wrote it this way: "The wedding bells were tolling," wondered why they all laughed.

The choir of the Presbyterian church will present a program of music, singing, living pictures, etc., at the church Thursday evening March 3. 27

If the rest of us did not do any more worrying than the government over a deficiency, debt paying would be almost a lost art.

Are you coming? It will be worth your time to see "Living Pictures" at the Presbyterian church Thursday evening. 27

There is always a right way to settle disputes, but the man who is opposing you is not always willing to accept it.

See Little Marjorie, the toe dancer, at the Fern Garden Wednesday night. 27

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—of the—

FIRST STATE BANK

of Alliance, Charter No. 1229, in the State of Nebraska at the close of business February 16, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$642,485.46
Overdrafts	6,187.91
Bonds, securities, judgments, claims, etc., including all government bonds	14,651.24
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	10,195.00
Due from National and State banks	\$ 77,892.91
Checks and items of exchange	4,203.82
Currency	9,243.00
Gold coin	2,815.00
Silver, nickels and cents	3,085.36
Total	\$770,759.70
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 35,000.00
Surplus fund	30,000.00
Undivided profits	791.54
Individual deposits subject to check	\$287,034.87
Time certificates of deposits	321,795.99
Certified checks—Savings	61,701.73
Cashier's checks outstanding	6,936.44
Due to National and State banks	21,300.00
Depositor's guaranty fund	6,199.13
Total	\$770,759.70

STATE OF NEBRASKA,)
County of Box Butte) ss.
I, Beatrice O'Bryan, assistant cashier of the above named bank do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Bureau of Banking.
ATTEST: BEATRICE O'BRYAN.
H. A. COPSEY, Director.
CHAS. BRITTON, Director.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of February, 1921.
HARRY E. GANTZ, Notary Public.
(My commission expires May 9, 1922)

DONE IN CHALK

By EVELYN LEE

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Golden, glorious summer days, they haunted the fervid imagination of Ava Thurston and she wondered if ever again the flowers would seem so lovely, the birds sing as sweetly, the skies look so bright. Would their promise of a renewal ever come true? Oh, surely so! for had not Norris Browning said it, and was he not the soul of honor, and did he not love her?

He had revealed to her his soul's innermost secrets the last day they had wandered in the woods. He loved her, but he would not ask her to bind herself to any promise. He was simply a poor, struggling artist, he frankly told her. His chance meeting with her, the rare natural beauties of her environment had given him the inspiration of a great picture. He was going back to his city garret studio to toil for her and for fame!

Springtime had merged into summer, and now the landscape was serene, but for over two months Ava had received no word from the man she loved. Formerly every letter had breathed hope and faith in the success of his great life effort. Then there had come utter silence. The girl grew anxious, abstracted, fear filled. Was she never to see him again? Had failure, a new object of affection influenced him to forget her?

"Why do you not hear from Mr. Browning any more?" her brother, Walter, a lad of sixteen, solicitously inquired. "You know, Ava, he was surely to come to see us again."

But Ava only shook her head sadly and went away with tears in her eyes. Walter had fastened his faith irrevocably upon Browning, who had discerned prospective artistic genius in the lad. He had taken pains to direct and instruct Walter and the day he left had made him a present of a set of crayons. It had been a pleasant reminder to Ava to watch her ambitious brother with pencil and pad evenings making some quite pretentious sketches of familiar home surroundings. Two pictures that he made, one of Browning from memory, and one of Ava posing for him, indicated what the former had said of him, that he possessed a natural gift for portraiture.

But Walter had been ambitious and had cherished his aspirations secretly, even from Ava. At the rear of the house was an old unused barn.

This space had become the studio of the young artist, for here he could undertake large efforts with his crayons. He had finished one or two canvases and it was his delight to view them. One rainy morning Walter crept up into the barn attic. He was surprised to find there lying upon a heap of old horse blankets a stranger. His pillow was a bundle done up in a piece of oilcloth, his attire half suggestive of the tramp. At all events he appeared to Walter as a picturesque subject for portrayal. He was fast asleep and Walter set at work at a vacant space on the side wall to reproduce him in chalk.

Walter completed the portrait entirely to his satisfaction and left the loft. He forgot all about the intruding stranger until later in the afternoon, when he saw his father talking with a man who had driven up in an automobile with two others. All of them he recognized as town officers.

"The man got away with over fifty thousand dollars in cash and securities from the bank," the sheriff was saying as Walter came up. "He was seen later by a farmer carrying a package done up in oilcloth. We have details of his dress," and the speaker described the subject of Walter's morning portrait. "Keep a keen lookout," proceeded the official. "A reward of five thousand dollars is offered and we will divide it with anyone giving us a clue to the identity of the man."

"Suppose—suppose," burst out Walter eagerly, "you could see a picture of the man, would that mean anything to you?"

"Would it be anything to us?" repeated the sheriff excitedly. "Why! that would be all we need."

"And if I can show you such a picture, do I get half the reward?"

"If it leads to the arrest of the man, yes."

"Come with me," directed Walter, and as he revealed his last artistic effort he explained the circumstances of its construction.

"The rest is easy," proclaimed the sheriff jubilantly, and sped away with his men to overtake the fugitive within twenty-four hours.

It was a proud moment for Walter Thurston when his father was given a check for half of the reward.

"Father," he said, "will you let me have some of the money to go to the city and study art? I want to see Mr. Browning, too. It is the only work I like to do," and there was no gainsaying the ambitious little fellow.

Ava bade him a fluttering good-by. "Write me everything," she whispered to him, and only so far expressed openly her mingled hope and dread.

But it was all hope, the news that came a week later. Norris Browning had been ill at a hospital, so ill that amid his fever and delirium he could not be told that his famous picture had been purchased for a large sum by a wealthy art connoisseur.

"Our dear friend is better now," wrote Walter. "He talks of no one but you. And very soon you will see both of us."

AT THE MOVIES

How would you like to fall in love with a man, whom you believe to be a Spaniard when you are an American girl—and then learn that your lover is an American, too? This is the situation that confronts Lillian Walker, famous lady of the smiles and dimples, as leading woman in J. Warren Kerrigan's Robert Brunton production, "A White Man's Chance," which will be shown at the Imperial tonight. The story here is in Mexico in disguise and under an alias. Only in the big climax and denouement of the picture does the girl learn that the man who has won her is an American like herself, instead of a romantic grandee.

"The Branding Iron, which is the Wednesday attraction, is the story of a young girl, Joan Carver, who is branded by an infuriated husband, who believes her to be unfaithful. The screams of Joan, as the iron seared her left arm, brought Prosper Gael to the ranch-house, gun in hand. Unhesitatingly he leveled his rifle and ended the torture of Joan's by removing the cause. With her husband shot, acting upon the suggestion of Prosper, Joan left the ranch in a weakened condition, and fainted before she arrived at the home of Prosper. She awoke, to find herself in a warm, comfortable, luxurious room, furnished in oriental fashion.

Maek Sennett's new super-comedy, "Married Life," is scheduled for Thursday. It's a five-reel wonder, full of laughs and thrills. While this is a howling travesty on that time-honored institution, Mr. Sennett has carefully refrained from holding this ancient and honorable estate up to ridicule. He just travesties the silly misunderstandings, the unreasonable jealousies and petty quarrels of married folks, so that if the beholder really wants to, he or she can find a real moral in the play, that is if he (or she) can stop laughing long enough to give the subject a thought.

Plan to come to the Presbyterian church Thursday evening, "Living Pictures," supported by musical numbers. 27

A Story of the West Different From Any You Have Ever Read

The Cow Puncher

Read It in This Paper

WORDS FAIL

First French Gentleman (in a cafe): "What! You let an American tourist kiss your wife and not say a word?"
Second Ditto: "What do you want me to say? I can't speak English."
American Legion Weekly.

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Co. 103-tf

That federal report discussing "low tobacco prices" will come as a great surprise to most users of the weed.

After all, it is unlikely that the price of gas or car rides will ever be entirely satisfactory to the people of the United States.

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When the world swears off building dreadnaughts what shall be done to the nation that sneaks in a submarine now and then?

The Community Bookkeeper


Did you ever appreciate that this bank keeps books for hundreds of the people of this community?

You deposit your money and it is credited to your account. You pay your bills by check and they are charged to your account. At the end of the month you have a complete record of your receipts and expenditures and a statement of your balance.

This is one of the ways in which this bank renders you an important service. It saves you time; it saves you inconvenience.

A Strong Bank is an indispensable asset to every community. Consult our officers in regard to your banking needs.

The First National Bank



He'll Put You On the Map

A few miles from a large and thriving city is a little town that can't even be reached by the steam railroads. Yet on a single day last summer enthusiastic buyers from almost every state in the Union sought it out and paid it a visit. What's more, on that single day they spent, in that little hamlet, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

What's the answer? Pure-breds. That town is famous as a pure-bred center—to cattle men it's one of the most important spots on the map,

Pure-breds can do as much for your community. They offer the easiest, quickest and most profitable program for building up a community—a program which has pulled whole counties out of the rut, put towns on the map and brought financial independence to thousands of farmers. It is becoming clearer every day that the future of cattle raising as a profitable industry depends upon an economical operation possible only with pure blood. The beef growers who survive in the face of high feed costs, high freight rates, scarce labor and tight credit will be the pure-bred farmers. And the communities that are ready to supply the breeding stock are sure of a lasting prosperity. *Yours can be one.*

In this final advertisement of a series made possible by THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN we wish to express our appreciation of its cooperation by again urging you to send in, today, \$1.00 for 52 big issues, every one of which you will enjoy and profit by. Send your order today.

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C. M. McCARTHY, Secretary, York, Nebraska

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I'm glad to see you pushing our organization with good advertising. And here's my dollar for a subscription for one year, fifty-two issues. The two go well together.

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