

THE HELPING HAND

By GEORGE E. COBB

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Time, abstraction, accepting things as they came had roughened what had once been sentiment and romance in Abner Wheeler. The bringing up of a family had made the practical ways of life serious, and little by little he had drifted away from kiss and caress, although never unkindly. He was always pleasant with his patient, toiling helpmeet, but never dreaming that she might still cherish those trifling amenities of affection that keep a man's heart warm.

Their children had married and had gone away, the home became lonely and, Abner engrossed with business cares and Jane, his wife, with her household duties, it was natural that each should treat the evening hours as a period of rest. Those hours were dull ones to Jane. She did not complain, however, because Abner read and dozed, or sat lost in business thoughts. He took her silence as a natural sequence to the absence of the children and drifted into making home a mere incident in everyday life. Still, it warmed his heart whenever he thought of the devoted attention Jane paid to his preferences and his comfort.

Every morning Jane looked to arranging his necktie snug and neatly set in place, a feat Abner could never accomplish. She would smile up in his face and talk casual nothings while performing this duty, and received a good-bye kiss as a reward. Jane had suffered a sprained wrist at one time and made this the apology for not always getting the tie "just right." One morning Abner noticed that she winced slightly in adjusting it.

"See here, little woman, you're not straining that hurt arm of yours in taking my own lazy duty off my shoulders, are you?"

"Oh! no—just a little touch of rheumatism, Abner," replied Jane. "It's this spell of damp weather, I think. Everybody is complaining."

Abner accepted the off-hand explanation casually and getting out on the street and finding he had left some papers in the house, returned to the front door. Glancing past its glass top he made out Jane rubbing one arm from the bare elbow down. There was an expression of pain on her face, and as she arose to put on her dusting apron Abner noticed that she could not reach behind to adjust the strings, but had to tie it in front and then pull it around into place. Abner proceeded to his office with bowed head and thoughtful face.

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, "I wonder if I have been neglecting that dear woman all these years?" Somehow he was uneasy all that day. Every time he thought of those busy, faithful hands that had so ministered to his comfort, the pitiful and pathetic appealed to him. That was a day given over to retrospect, to tender memories, signalized as a period for casting up accounts and realizing just where he stood.

"Why, Abner, where is your regular necktie?" spoke Mrs. Wheeler in unfeigned surprise as, preparing to attend to his usual neckwear adornment, she found her husband drawing into place one of those ties which have a set knot and fasten with a pin.

"Oh! Ran across this sort yesterday," responded Abner with affected carelessness. "Convenient. You can set it in place readily and, besides, it saves you a lot of trouble."

"Saves me—" uttered Jane in a half troubled, half wistful tone. "Why, it has got to be my last pleasant thought as you leave the house to see that you are trim and snug—" she was almost at the point of tears.

"Well, well—smooth out any stray wrinkles my bungling finger may have left," interrupted Abner. "Then—here, let me tie your apron for you. That's it—really an artistic bow for a clumsy fellow like me. Now then, a kiss—no, the cheek won't do. I say, Jane, I'm going to have two weeks' vacation this evening we'll plan how we'll spend it, eh? Good-bye, dear."

He was as brisk and volatile as a young man and as he swung from the house Jane sank into a chair, overcome. She was too bright a being not to comprehend that instead of being callous to her falling strength, Abner had observed, and the new necktie and the adjusted apron strings were the result. She sat like one dumbed, and then cried as if her heart would break. The thoughtfulness, the tenderness, the love suggested by the two little incidents thrilled her soul, bringing to the surface all the latent suppressed emotion of years.

And that two weeks' vacation! Straight back to the town where both had been born Abner Wheeler took his wife. Amid the scenes where they had played, boy and girl, where they loved and married. He led her through sunny, flowery paths, and in the same garden where they had pledged their troth he renewed the pledge.

"When you go back home, dear," said Abner, "you will find a hired helper who will spare those tired, toiling hands."

"But what shall I do—I can't be idle!" she remonstrated.

"You will take a good rest," replied Abner. "It will be your blessed mission to smooth out all the wrinkles of worry and care."

E. G.'s Column

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

Last Saturday, a gentleman came up the street looking for his automobile, and locating it in front of Thiele's proceeded to climb in, and knowing that his nephew and himself were in a hurry to go home thought that he should wait there for him, so accordingly climbed in and waited.

Well, his nephew coming down the street, finding the car in front of the 10c store, and knowing that himself and his uncle were in a hurry to go home, thought that he should climb in, and wait there, so did exactly what his uncle had just done down the street, in another Studebaker just like the one he was in.

Well, now there they were, and there they stayed, each waiting for the other for half an hour, and all the time getting more nervous, and only about three cars between them along the curb, and finally the nephew not being able to stand it longer, got out and started out to hunt for the uncle, and finding him only a few yards away began to question where he had been so long, and then each saw about the same time what the other had been doing, and indulged in a good laugh, and getting in the right car started at once for home.

Not long since, an Alliance lady had occasion to go to the grocery just before closing time, to get some groceries, as she had just discovered that she was to have company for supper, asked her neighbor to take her to town in a hurry in her car, which her neighbor obligingly did, as they were extra close friends.

Soon the groceries were purchased, and bringing them out to the car proceeded to put them in the tonneau, and went over to the milk station for a little cream, and returning says to her friend, "well, I see that you have moved the car," whereupon her friend said, "No, I have been here all the time." "No," says the lady, "your car was up in front of Holsten's just a few moments ago." "No, I have been in the car all the time," but rather than argue the matter with her friend, she gave up the argument and they drove home, and upon arriving home found that she had no groceries.

It sure didn't take them long to discover what the trouble was. "Well," says the lady, "I put them in the car with the yellow wheels."

A man looked in our window a few weeks ago while it was snowing, and called me out and asked me how much the overcoat in the window was, designating a nice looking brown kersey overcoat. I started telling him how it was made and he said, "I merely asked you how much it is," and I said, "well, I do not usually tell the price of an article until I tell you how it is made, but since you ask first I will tell you first. It is \$35.00." And at once the balloon went up, and he says, "Why, I can get one right here in town for \$28.50 just exactly like that one." "What kind of a lining has it?" I asked him. "Oh, I don't know about the lining," he said. "Well, this one is chamois lined," I said. And I asked him what kind of sleeve linings the other one had and he didn't know. I told him mine were also of "chamois skin," and that mine was made by a reputable house who were manufacturers of all wool goods only, and the customer did not know who were the makers of the other coat, and so after quite a lot of explanations we were able to get together on the price, but I almost lost him by telling him what the price was before showing him the merits of the overcoat, even at our new "LOW LEVEL PRICES."

Therefore this is the point that we wish to make: "Do not be deceived by appearances." The two Studebakers looked just alike on the outside, to a casual observer, and even to the man who owned one of them.

And I have a car with yellow wheels, and would be glad to have anyone looking for a good place to put their groceries, hunt this car of mine, and place them there.

So we will say that one should not judge prices through the window, when one cannot see all of the good points, for one may be "Chamois Lined."

So therefore if you think that our goods are a little high do not feel that we will be ashamed to be "Among those present" when you compare anything that we sell with any one else's goods regardless of where you find it.

So summing it all up "Do not mistake your automobile for some one else's."

"Do not put your groceries in some

one else's car just because it happens to have yellow wheels," and

"Do not compare even our 'New Low Level' prices with others till you have compared the good points of both." For we would feel proud to be able to say that we have always bought only "Strictly Firsts," and have sold our "Strictly Firsts" for as low a price as consistency would allow, based upon quick turnover, as we know a 2 per cent profit turned twelve times a year is 24 per cent, and worth striving for.

Yours Very Truly,

E. G. Laing

"Modern Clothes For Men."

SURE SIGN

She (tenderly): "When did you first know you loved me?"
"He: "When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and unattractive."—Brown Bull.

HE GOT HIS

"Polygamy is severely punished," remarked Jiggers.
"Don't I know it?" gloomily replied Jiggers. "I married my wife's whole family?"

THE TIME LIMIT

"Miss Toots, will you marry me? I would gladly die for you," offered the wealthy, but aged suitor.
"How soon?" queried that practical twentieth century maid.

The French are talking of abolishing their kissing custom. They might as well, in the interests of conservatism if for no other reason. Why should men waste kisses on each other?—Winona (Minn.) Republican-Herald.

Someone has said that there is too much "sex" in the movies. There is too much "sex" in all walks of life, and still we don't know what to do with it — or "them."—Lake City (Minn.) Graphic-Republican.

A lot of merchants are stopping their advertising because business is bad. They should also stop their life insurance because their health is bad.—Baudette (Minn.) Region.

A woman employee of a Chicago packing plant has "linked together enough frankfurters to reach from Maine to California"—a sort of "Linkin' Highway."—Providence Journal.

An Illinois man recently lost a fine Holstein heifer and offered as a reward for its return one good drink of whisky. The next day twelve heifers were brought in.—Colorado paper.

TIMELY TOPICS

Speaking of economy, why not economy of speech?

The thermometer is giving us nothing to worry about.

These are the perfect days for checker champion contests.

Divorce reform in England is curiously enough to make it easier to get one.

It is a farsighted man who doesn't wait too long before consulting the oculist.

After all, there's nothing sounds much better at this season than "rising temperature."

German seismologists predict great earthquakes. Just bound to keep rocking the boat?

The twelve-year-old prodigy who disdains baseball will never become class president.

Remedies for hicoughs are not so much in demand now as they were in the days of yore.

Every nation is willing to be polite and let some other nation start the naval disarmament.

The modern woman searching for a good complexion might try soap and water for a change.

Some of the price reductions seem to have taken the elevator and others are using the stair.

The judge anxious to stop all divorces evidently never tried to live with a nagging wife.

England is compelled to handle all kinds of foreign and domestic problems at one and the same time.

There is no chance of using oil to calm troubled waters so long as it is underground awaiting exploitation.

The best way to improve human conduct is not to put the law to people so much, but get them to work more.

Persons who join the 1921 Coxey's army should leave their automobiles at home. They clutter up the roads so.

Some silk shirts should be put away in the Smithsonian institution as a memorial of the era they distinguished.

Holdup men throughout the country are so far ahead of the police now that it is no longer a race, but a runaway.

So far as the naked eye can see the high speed of air machines hasn't made any difference in mail deliveries.

SOCIETY

WRIGHT-KROHN.

Arthur S. Wright and Miss Marie Krohn, both of Alliance, were married at the Baptist parsonage in this city at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday, Rev. B. J. Minort officiating. Miss Helen Rehder and F. W. Krohn acted as bridesmaid and best man. After the ceremony an elaborate dinner was served at the bride's country home at 3 p. m. The centerpiece of the table was a large, beautifully decorated wedding cake and at either end of the table was a large bouquet of cut flowers, carnations and daffodils. The guests were: Misses Dora and Irene Rehder, Fred W. Rehder and son, Walter, of Scottsbluff; Mrs. Mose Wright and son, Ellis; Mr. and Mrs. John Rehder and son, Walter; William Rehder; Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rehder and son, Arthur; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bennett and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Broad, Mrs. Herman Rehder and family; H. A. Fricke and daughter, Louise; Bill Krohn, Helen Rehder and Mr. Brown of Scottsbluff.

About two hundred people were in attendance at the joint meeting of the Scottish Rite Woman's club and the Scottish Rite Masons, held at the Masonic Temple Wednesday evening. The club elected the following officers during the evening: President, Mrs. W. A. Bennett; first vice president, Mrs. A. H. Robbins; second vice president, Mrs. H. Thiele; secretary, Mrs. B. S. Scotten; treasurer, Reuben Knight. The following Scottish Rite officers were installed: Venerable Master, W. R. Harper; senior warden, Tom Gee; junior warden, A. H. Robbins.

The Escanilla Campfire girls pleasantly surprised their guardian, Mrs. Cross, at her home Tuesday evening. Those in attendance were: Lilla Graham, Phyllis Thompson, Valetta Hacker, Waineta Laing, Mildred Drake, Mildred Pate, Marion Harris, Vivian Corbett, Edna Hiles, Esther Vanderlas, Marguerite Vanderlas, Leota Whisman, Dorothy Fuller, Eugenia Laing, Dorothy Hirst. The girls presented Mrs. Cross with a beautiful silver ladle. Dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. A. B. Sturgeon and Mrs. C. J. Schaefer entertained Thursday evening at a St. Patrick's day party at the home of the former, twenty guests were present. Monte Carlo which was the amusement for the evening, Mrs. H. A. Copey making the high score and R. L. Johnstone the low for the evening.

The members of the business woman's organization will take a hike Sunday March 20. All those who care to go will meet at the court house steps at 7 a. m. The girls agree to call the hike off if there is a Nebraska blizzard in progress.

John Baumgartner and Miss Jessie Allen were married at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. B. J. Minort Wednesday afternoon. Miss Allen was a member of one of Mr. Minort's former churches.

Regular meeting of the Scottish

Rite will be held Wednesday evening, March 23. A special invitation has been issued to all members to be present, as a large attendance is desired.

Frank Allen Jones of Berea and Miss Ada M. Hashman, daughter of County Commissioner C. L. Hashman, were issued a license to wed on Wednesday by County Judge Tash.

All ladies having work completed for the Wednesday bazaar of the Christian church please bring to church Sunday and leave with Mrs. Epler and Mrs. Hirst.

Mrs. A. J. Kearns will entertain the Presbyterian choir at her home, 807 Big Horn, this evening. St. Patrick's day will be the theme for the entertainment.

James C. Anderson of Hay Springs and Miss Ada M. Orr of Lakeside were issued a marriage license Wednesday.

The Aktati Campfire Girls will hold a St. Patrick's day party this evening at the home of Nell Gavin.

The Fortnightly Kensington was entertained by Miss Edna Benedict last Monday evening.

STRIKE

"Man," quoth Rastus, "if Ah just raise mah fist once at you and let it drop, youse gwine whah watermelons, chicken and po'k chops blooms all de time."

"Dat's de fust time Ah was evah threatened by pleasure," said Sam. "Let her drop."

Saturday Prices

—PORK—	
SHOULDER ROAST, per pound	20c
HAM ROAST, per pound	25c
SIDE PORK, per pound	17c
PURE HOME RENDERED LARD, per pound	18c
—BEEF—	
POT ROAST, per pound	16c
BOILING MEAT, per pound	10c
ROLLED RIB ROAST, per pound	22½c
Fresh Dressed Hens	Full Line Luncheon Meats
Sweet Mixed Pickles	Sweet Pickles
Home Made Mince Meat	Kraut
Kraft Swiss Cheese	Kraft Cream Cheese
	Brick Cheese
—GROCERIES—	
Head Lettuce	Cauliflower
Fresh Tomatoes	Leaf Lettuce
Radishes	Green Peppers
Celery	Green Onions
Also a full line of Garden Seeds and Onion Sets. We are handling milk and cream from Guy Rust's Sunny Side Dairy. Cream that will whip.	
Milk, 2 quarts for	25¢
Cream, per pint	30¢
DELIVERED	
We Deliver Any Size Order Phone 137	

Palace Market
Guy Smith, Prop

Spring Millinery

An atmosphere of distinction prevades this varied selection of Spring Millinery.

Looking about you will see delightfully chic Hats that combine in a pleasing manner the very best of the new season's materials in modes of the moment.

Popular Prices

Trimmed Hats \$4.95 to \$20

Highland-Holloway Co.

