

### How Ma's Cooking Saved the Day

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

"She's as good as gold, when you come to know her, but her manners—I don't see how ever we will stand them!" Truitte's wife said to her next-door neighbor in a deep blue tone that was betwixt rebellion and resignation.

"Bossy or quarrelsome?" asked the neighbor. "John's mother is that sort—I just won't put up with her."

"No, no," Mrs. Truitte interrupted. "A baa-lamb has got nothing on ma for peaceableness. But—she's so awfully friendly—she'll try to neighbor with everybody—from the janitor to those studio-grandeens up at the top. I don't believe she sees any difference in folks so long as they have eyes, ears and a soul. And she's like molasses—seeping in through the least little crack, ready to be seeped in on herself. And helpful—don't mind setting her hand to anything whatever. Once she took home a clothes basket of laundry because it was too big and heavy for the boy who was trying to carry it. The Glennon's laundry, at that—they are the big-rich folks of our home town."

"The footman laughed in her face—she never would tell what she said to him—but afterward the Glennons looked out for their washerwoman—so I didn't mind so much—everybody there knew ma—here she'll be lost and strange as a cat in a new garret. I don't want people to look down on her—and we can't afford to have them look down on us, because of her, with Henry—junior partner, and not yet quite used to it, and us beginning to know the nicest sort of people."

"I see!" The neighbor's tone was acid—her mouth shut with a snap. Evidently here was a case for watchful waiting—those uppish Truittes were due to get their come-uppance—and likely to get it good and hard. Serve



"The Footman Laughed in Her Face."

them right, too. But the envious wrinkles had been smoothed from her tongue as she said over her shoulder: "I'll come in real soon to see her—maybe I can be some help to you."

A futile promise, kept as to coming in, but no more. Ma's friendliness was proof against advice, insinuation, even mild railery. She made extremes meet by yanking a cent from the throat of the janitor's baby, and capturing and returning a parrot escaped from the biggest studio, which after sidling through an open door, made up its mind to waddle down two flights of stairs, then give its imitation of a squalling baby right at the Truitte's door.

Young Mrs. Truitte was out, else the bird would have gone back by way of the elevator boy with the captor's compliments—Mrs. Bessie was simply nothing to make touch with its owners. That was impossible now that ma had obeyed the bird's order to "sit down! and behave!" in the very middle of afternoon tea. She had further refused tea, but said mildly: "I'd not bat my eye over a taste of that entic' rum."

Ma yearned over every baby in the apartment house, but dared not take them out, in fear equally of autos and kidnappers. But she made herself so free in eager kindnesses, Bessie could not write under the indifference or the scarcely veiled amusement of their receivers. She felt as though her walls were of glass, with those about her peeping derisively through them. Yet she could not complain—Henry loved his mother devotedly, as became an only child, and chuckled over some of the happenings that brought his wife to angry tears.

To Bessie's amazement ma, the helpful, did not meddle the least in household affairs. Unasked she did not go near the kitchen, though always ready to lend a hand at need to the snar and rather pert maid-of-all-work.

With wages what they were Bessie had refrained from getting a secor-

ing, thinking after ma's advent Lein would have time for black frocks, white aprons, and serving tea to callers. Naturally she was disappointed—she would have been nearly angry had she known that Henry had said as he fetched home his mother: "Remember—you're to be a queen, not a servant in my house, many darling. And—wait to be asked before you put in your oar."

Henry loved his wife dearly—but he had, you see, a judicial mind. He must make his mother happy—she would not be so unless she were absolutely free. Hence he stood guard over her freedom, rejoicing to find her beaming. Even when Bessie complained at last that she didn't know what in the world to make of it—ma had been away a whole afternoon, from luncheon until ever so late, without saying a word as to why and where—and that now for a month she had made other mysterious disappearances three or four times a week. No—she had not been with any of the neighbors, nor running errands, nor cooking for the sick families in care of the church. Indeed there was such wonder all about as to where she could be, and what she could be doing, Henry must really look into the matter. Henry nodded, saying he would take it under advisement—but truth to say lost no sleep over it.

He was happily mystified to be retained next morning, individually, at a fee that took his breath, by Harley Griswold, clubman, sportsman multi-millionaire, in what promised to be a celebrated case. Further, he was asked deferentially if he could come to Griswold's office, and lunch with him later. He went—after pinching himself to be sure he was awake, but in a daze as to how it had all come about.

Griswold, slim, tall, grayning, fresh-faced but hawk-featured, had the name of being impassive—but he met young Truitte halfway the room, shook hands with him warmly and said before they were seated: "I'm glad 'my boy Henry' seeps up to specifications."

Henry gasped. "You can't know my mother!" Griswold leaned to pat his knee, saying: "But I do. Ma—I also love her. So does my girl. She—saved us from shipwreck," a touch of huskiness in his throat, "by the power of a good heart—too good to be afraid—of anything."

Later he explained that his wife had been present when ma took back the errant parrot—that they had gone away together—that next week ma had called in an acute domestic crisis—an important dinner on—servants all gone but the butler and madame's maid, and no help available at any of the agencies. Ma had risen to the occasion—cooked, not the dinner scheduled, but one of her own ordering, simplifying all things so delightfully the serving of them was but play—and sending the guests away so well fed they could not even think scandal. Later on she had come to teach Eliza both the essentials of her own fine housewifery. And in doing that she had done much more—won the lonely heart of a rich and restless girl, and by example, not preaching, made her see the worth and the beauty of love and service. "Help what you can and trust the good Lord," had been the burden of her homely recitals. "And henceforth we shall be trying to do it every way and everywhere."

Griswold ended: "We want you to help us in the helping, and let us adopt ma. If we can make you any return, name it!" Henry blushed a bit but answered: "All I ask is to have you tell all this over to my wife."

### "WEATHER MAN" MAKES GOOD

Bureau's Predictions Are Now Received With the Respect Which They Have Earned.

Laughing at the United States weather bureau is rapidly passing out of style, if the sport cannot already be said to have become a thing of the past.

Once upon a time nobody would believe what the "weather man" said. It was fashionable to laugh at the bureau's predictions, pleasantly ridicule its warnings and never fail to recount its failures at length.

Perhaps even in those days the weather bureau "hit it" a great deal more than it ever "missed it," but the misses became universal topics of conversation, whereas there were none to do the prophets' "hits" justice.

Even here in the national capital poking fun at the weather bureau reigned. But those days are past. It has at last dawned upon the average man, seemingly, that the bureau, with its latest scientific instruments, and its staff of men who have made a life work of this business, is in a better position to forecast weather than the ground hog.

It also is realized that if the Creator sends an unexpected air current swirling over a certain area the weather bureau cannot help it, for its predictions deal only with known conditions and conditions which it may reasonably expect.

Men and instruments can go no further than that.—Washington Star.

**His Viewpoint.**  
"In Kansas, where I live," said a tourist, "I know a dozen farmers who keep books the same as merchants and can tell at any time exactly what it costs them to grow any particular crop."

"Eh-yah!" returned Gap Johnson of Tumpus Ridge, Ark. "I've heard o' 'em fellows that work themselves to death by 'rithmetic.'—Country Gentleman.

### SOCIETY

Mrs. R. E. Driscoll entertained a number of little girls Saturday afternoon at a May Day party in honor of her daughter LaVon. Guests present were those who took part in the minut given at the St. Agnes academy last Monday and the colonial costumes were worn. A feature of the afternoon's entertainment was the crowning of the May Queen with a wreath of spring flowers. Katharine Blak took the role of the May queen and Tennyson's poem by that name was read. Decorations were in yellow and May basket; were given as favors. Refreshments were served at which the Misses Ida Driscoll, Dorothy Morgan and Janet Deering assisted. Others present were: Lucile Keisel, Tressia Daugherty, Mildred Morgan, Mary Morrish, Jane Kennedy, Helen Hylton, Florence Jackson, Myrtle Lymath, Erma Weyrens, Francis Mottle and Lucile Boyer and Alice Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rhein entertained at a May party in the Fern Room of the Alliance hotel Monday evening at seven o'clock. A five-course dinner was served, with table decorations consisting of a center basket of spring flowers, from which radiated ribbons ending at each place, with a tiny basket of flowers. The latter were the dinner favors. Monte Carlo which was the diversion of the evening, high score prizes being won by Miss Mounts and Mr. Bald. The guest list included Messadames and Messrs. F. A. Bald, B. P. Ponth, F. J. Peterson, Misses Lulu Sturgeon, Glenn Mounts, Avis Joder, Messrs. Jay Vance, Walter B'edao and Kenneth Hamilton.

The regular meeting of the Woman's club will be held at the library Friday afternoon at 2:45. The following program will be given: Subject, "Mother"; roll call, "Quotations on Mother"; songs, "Little Mother O' Mine," "Mother O' Mine," "Oh, Time, Take Me Back"; reading: "His Mother's Sermon," (Ian McLaren), by Mrs. Inice Dunning. Hostesses, Mrs. Lee Basye, Mrs. Vern Hunt and Mrs. Nellie Wilson.

Ed. Fletcher of Alliance and Mrs. Carrie Briggs of Kansas City, were quietly married Sunday afternoon by Dean J. J. Dixon at the Episcopal church at three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Holster and Miss Frances Fletcher, sister of the groom, were witnesses. The bride and groom left for Denver Sunday evening, and will be gone about two weeks, after which they will make their home in this city.

The M. E. choir will meet with Mrs. F. M. Phelps, Thursday evening at 7:30. A good attendance is desired to practice music for the Mothers' Day concert Sunday evening. A splendid time was enjoyed at Mrs. Thiele's last Thursday. Refreshments, including shortcake were served and a spelling match was held at which Mrs. Dorothy Hershman won first prize.

Mrs. John Beach entertained a few friends at a dinner party Sunday evening in honor of Miss Genevieve Sheridan, who left today for Hardin, Montana, where she will visit before proceeding to Faribault, Minn., where she will make her future home. Miss Sheridan has been in charge of the St. Joseph hospital for the past year.

Sam Mike of Laramie, Wyo., and Miss Agnes L. Dunbar of Alliance were married Monday morning by County Judge Tash. Mr. Mike is a Syrian, who served with the United States troops during the European war. He is employed as a boilermaker at Laramie, where the couple have gone to make their home.

Twelve members of Corona Canton of Scottsbluff, accompanying three candidates, came to Alliance last Wednesday evening and met with Canton Regal of this city, who put the candidates through the degree work. Refreshments were served by the ladies' militant auxiliary association.

One section of the Christian Sunday school will entertain the other Thursday afternoon at the city park. This is the treat won by the Reds in the recent church attendance contest, and refreshments will be furnished by the Blues.

The Willing Workers Bible class of the Baptist church will meet Thursday evening with Mrs. Ralph Weidenhamer, at 423 Platte. Ladies are requested to bring needles and thimbles.

The ladies' missionary circle of the Christian church will meet at the home of Mrs. George Smith, 414 Big Horn, Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Mrs. Jennie Reed will be leader.

The D. A. R. will meet with Mrs. Reuben Knight, 715 Big Horn, Saturday afternoon. Election of officers will be held. Mrs. W. D. Rumer will be assisting hostess.

The Methodist aid society will be entertained Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. Harry Thiele, 512 Emerson, with Mrs. Lee Basye as assisting hostess.

The monthly luncheon of the Business Women's club will be held Thursday noon of this week, at the chamber of commerce rooms over Brennan's drug store.

Four cars of juniors went to Pine Ridge Sunday and gathered decorations for their class banquet to be held next Monday.

The ladies' society of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. C. H. Fuller, 625 Toluca, at 2:30 Wednesday afternoon.

St. Matthew's Episcopal guild will meet Wednesday afternoon at the parish house, with Mrs. A. V. Gavin, as hostess.

The altar society of the Holy Rosary church basement this evening, beginning at 8 o'clock.



### Graduation Presents

There is no time when an enduring present is more fitting than on Commencement Day. Graduation is a great event in life, and your present should be a reminder for many years of this big date.

Jewelry, Watches, Silver articles for personal use, Toiletware, are particularly good graduation gifts because they endure and are individual.

It seems we have never had such a large and well selected stock of gift-things as this Spring. We invite you to come look them over.

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