

## The Rift in the Fog

By DORA MOLLAN

In Fairhaven the season was drawing to a reluctant end. September had been a glorious month. Summer residents were lingering along, loth to leave. Huge woolsocks traveled majestically across the deep blue sky and were reflected in the waters beneath. Never were the sands of the beaches more dazzlingly white. From a mile out to seaward came the lazy ding-dong of a bell buoy. Orderly little waves lapped the shore as regularly as the ticking of a clock. It was the beauty of perfection that cannot last.

As the clerk in the office at the end of the long row of bathhouses looked up from his book long enough to hand Millicent Garrish a rubber band from which dangled a sizable key he remarked confidentially, "That's the only one out this afternoon and we close tonight for the season."

The sun was shining brightly when Millicent emerged from the bathhouse, but far out to sea a thick bank of mist was visible. The little stretch of public beach was deserted. There was no one to admire the slender, shapely figure revealed by the brown jersey bathing suit, as it ran down the sands and flung into the water.

A hundred feet off shore floated a bathers' raft. With a long, easy overhand stroke Millicent made the distance in short order and, climbing the wooden ladder, seated herself on the canvas-covered floor, bare knees drawn up and hands clasped around them, looking straight out to sea. Now she could think.

There was not a boat in sight and the fog had already shut from view the outlying islands. With no details to distract one's thoughts the proposition should be an easy one, Millicent



And On It Stood a Man.

decided. She had only to imagine Gilbert Graham there beside her; and if the thought of his presence brought with it a thrill, if it made the water seem bluer and the clouds whiter, then the answer she had promised him that evening would be the one Gilbert had sought all summer.

Wisps of mist scudding on a light east wind, flew by. The parent bank of vapor drew closer to the shore. To the ceaseless song of the bell buoy was added the eerie hellow of a fog siren somewhere in the distance. And Millicent's imagination failed in materializing Gilbert Graham sitting there beside her on the raft. Of a sudden she realized why she was unable to conjure the picture. Gilbert disliked the sea. He did not even swim.

Then Millicent realized something else. The raft was hemmed in on all sides by the fog. The ding-dong of the bell buoy seemed to come from behind her now—and yet surely that was the shore side of the raft. Could she be confused in her sense of direction? Anyway, sounds were often deceptive in the fog; she knew that. It didn't matter anyway. What mattered was whether she really did love Gilbert Graham—or didn't.

But what was that new note, that steady undertone? Why, it couldn't be anything but the throbbing of powerful engines! That too seemed to come from the wrong direction, for there was not depth of water between the raft and the shore for any but a small boat. Whatever it might be was coming nearer. Perhaps the craft had lost its way and was in danger of going ashore!

Then abruptly the noise ceased—and of a sudden came a rift in the fog. Something huge and black loomed. A voice called, "We're right on it!" Then, close before Millicent's startled eyes, clearly outlined against the drop of mist that obscured the rest

of the craft as completely as though it did not exist, towered the prow of a big tug boat. And on it stood a man. For the fraction of a minute these two, the man and the girl, stood alone in that rift in the fog before Millicent, abruptly turning, plunged into the water, just as the bow of the vessel touched the raft, and made straight for the shore. Yet they would have known each other in eternity.

Even as Millicent disappeared the man called to some one behind him, "There's a girl on her." As he spoke he jumped to the raft. But Millicent was already well on her way ashore.

The fog lifted as quickly as it had come and the man saw the slender figure emerge from the water and run up the beach. Millicent heard him call out, "She's all right."

As the girl gained the bathhouses the clerk called to her: "Come near to taking you along, didn't she? That's one of the Graham Wrecking company's tugs, come to take the raft away. Forgot to tell you."

Millicent dressed, drove her runabout home, dined and costumed herself for the last dance of the season at the clubhouse with a curious sense of elation. It was as though she saw everything about her through a mist and the only thing that stood out clearly was the figure of the man on the bow of the boat. Every detail of his appearance was stamped indelibly on her mind. He was an outdoor man—for the sun had tanned his skin and faded his khaki clothing to the same tan. It had even bleached his wavy hair in spots. His eyes were deep blue.

Afterward Millicent decided that she must have spent those hours in something resembling an hypnotic state—a walking dream. It lasted until Gilbert Graham led her determinedly out into the darkness of the club veranda after the first dance, and demanded his answer. Out at sea the fog was closing in and again the distant siren took up its muffled note of warning. Without realizing that she had never yet formulated a decision, Millicent's lips answered "No" to Gilbert's plea. The man she could love would love the sea; would sense the romance of work like that of the wrecking company Gilbert's father owned; would revel in the physical toll and risk of saving ships—human lives perhaps!

"I see," interrupted Gilbert. "It's because I prefer to be treasurer of the concern rather than wear dirty khaki and do rough-neck work with the deckhands like—"

Millicent shivered. Her elation fell from her. It was that man on the prow of the tugboat—not as he probably was but as she had imagined him to be—whom she had been describing as the man she could love. Of course she would never see him again!

Gilbert observed the shiver and interrupted himself to say: "You're cold. Let us go in."

At the lighted doorway stood a man in white flannels, looking in. He was browned by the sun and his hair was burned lightish in spots.

"Hello, Paul! When did you show up?" Gilbert's tone was one of surprise, but it did not express much pleasure.

Not until Millicent, piloted by a strong brown hand on her arm, was half way down the walk that led from clubhouse to pier did she realize what the introduction had meant. Of course, this was that brother of Gilbert's who had charge of their New England branch. She hadn't dreamed they didn't look in the least alike—

"Half brothers," the man uncannily made answer to her unspoken thought. "You—you're the girl in the fog."

"Yes," answered Millicent. And that sense of elation came again, multiplied. For some note of finality in Paul Graham's voice assured her that they would always be together in a world of their own, as for that long moment they had been alone in the rift in the fog.

### RARELY FALLS ON SUNDAY

Fourth of March Said to Have Been Selected for Presidential Inauguration for That Reason.

The presidential inaugural ceremonies are held quadrennially on March 4, because the first Wednesday of March, 1789, was fixed by the old Continental congress as the day for commencing proceedings under the Constitution of the United States, that being the fourth of the month. This Constitution was adopted by the convention over which George Washington presided on September 17, 1789, and was to become effective on the acquiescence of nine of the thirteen original states. By July, 1788, ten of the states had ratified the Constitution, and September 13, 1788, the congress of the federation selected the first Wednesday in January for appointing electors, the first Wednesday in February for casting their votes and the first Wednesday in March for commencing proceedings.

Only four times in the entire 145 years since the United States became a separate nation has March 4, as inauguration day, fallen upon a Sunday. There is a story to the effect that this date was originally chosen as the commencement of the President's term because congress figured it up and found that the 4th of March was the one day in the year which, quadrennially, would fall less frequently on Sunday.

Keeps We Are Waiting For. We have heard much about a drop of wheat and other things, but when the gum drop? Yes, when may a chocolate drop?

## May Crop Report Shows Winter Wheat Is In Fine Condition

A winter wheat condition of 92 per cent, and an average abandonment of 2 per cent; a ry condition of 93 per cent, very large stocks of hay, slight decrease in acreage of all hay and livestock losses below the ten year average except in sheep are the salient features of the May crop report of the Nebraska department of agriculture and bureau of crop estimates.

About 2 per cent of the acreage of winter wheat was abandoned. The greatest loss is in west central Nebraska where drought conditions prevailed last autumn, winter and this spring. This leaves 3,235,000 acres of winter wheat for harvest as compared with 3,335,000 acres harvested last year. The condition of the remaining acreage is 92 per cent as compared to 93 per cent last month, and indicates a crop of 56,548,000 bushels as compared to 58,029,000 bushels last year. Except in west central Nebraska the stand of winter wheat is very heavy and the crop is farther advanced than usual for this date. Soil conditions were very favorable earlier in autumn and the crop was planted earlier than usual. Low temperatures this spring injured some of the leaves and killed a few of the stalks or branches, but most of the wheat is still thicker than desirable.

The condition of rye is 93 per cent as compared to 92 per cent last month. The adverse weather conditions reduced the acreage slightly in west central Nebraska but the present condition is good. Some of the oats were injured by the low temperatures and a few of the fields were reseeded. Preparation of ground for corn is well advanced, but planting is being delayed on account of the cold condition of the soil.

The acreage of wild hay is reported at 96 per cent of a year ago. The acreage of tame hay is the same as a year ago. The condition of all hay is 92 per cent. About 22 per cent of last year's hay crop remains on farms as compared to 15 per cent the previous year. The condition of pasture is 91 per cent.

The losses of live stock from exposure were less than last year due to the mild winter and large supply of feed. The losses of horses and cattle from disease were less than those of the preceding year, but the losses of sheep were greater. The losses in sheep were larger than that of the ten year average. However, the present condition of health is good, and is reported as follows: Horses, 98 per cent; cattle, 98 per cent; sheep 96 per cent; swine, 96 per cent.

Acreage and conditions reports for the United States are as follows: winter wheat remaining for harvest totals 38,721,000 acres as compared to 37,773,000 acres harvested last year. The condition is 88.8 per cent, which forecasts a crop of 629,287,000 bushels compared to 577,763,000 bushels last year. The condition of rye is 92.5 per cent which indicates a crop of 72,007,000 bushels as compared to 69,318,000 bushels last year. Tame hay, 58,879,000 acres compared to 57,915,000 acres last year. Wild hay, 14,963,000 acres compared to 15,266,000 acres last year. The condition of all hay is 91.5 per cent. About 19,440,000 tons of last year's crop of all hay remains on farms as compared with 11,377,000 tons a year ago.

Women's Suits—all sizes, closing out at one-third to one-half reduction. 48 Highland-Holloway Co.

### REDUCING THE NOISE

Rubber-paved streets are to be given a trial in London. And, with silent motor-engines, our only traffic noises soon should be the shrieks of injured pedestrians.—London Opinion.

Unless people are going to learn to grow their own furs it will be necessary to build some more houses very soon.

Haiti, it is solemnly announced, has no navigable rivers. And no glaciers, probably, or ski races. Dear, dear!

### Specials for the Week

-- at the --

## MODEL MARKET

Morris' Hams,	33c
per lb.	
BACON, per pound—	
25 30 35 38 AND 40c	
Pot Roasts,	15c
per lb.	
Round Steak,	28c
per lb.	
Pork Chops,	25c
per lb.	
Ham Hocks,	17½c
per lb.	
Compound Lard,	\$1.00
10 lbs. for	
Weiners,	20c
per pound	
Bologna,	17c
per pound	

Summer Sausage Salami  
Braunswaeger  
Met Sausage

### AMERICAN LEGION NOTES

Trees along the great new American highway would honor every United States soldier, sailor and marine, if a proposal put forth by a Chicago newspaper is carried out. The project has the backing of the American Legion and other civic and patriotic organizations. A permanent marker would be placed on each tree, bearing the name of a service man and his organization, without indication of rank. Special markers would honor those who died in service. Full success of the scheme would mean that the great Lincoln Highway from New York to San Francisco and the Dixie Highway from Chicago to Florida would be fringed with shade trees. Between 6,000 and 7,000 maple trees are to be planted along the Lincoln highway in northern Indiana by American Legion posts at South Bend and Laporte. President Harding has expressed his approval of the plan and the United States forestry bureau has promised its aid.

June 3 has been designated "Pershing Day," by the Lincoln American Legion post, and legionnaires from all parts of Nebraska will be invited to participate in the welcoming ceremonies arranged for the leader of the A. E. F. General Pershing will come to Lincoln to deliver the commencement address at the University of Nebraska, where he was at one time a student and instructor. Chancellor Samuel Avery, himself a legion man, has turned the entertainment of the distinguished guest over to the local post, with the general's consent. Marcus L. Poteet, B. G. Westover and Wm. Cummins, all well-known legionnaires, will head the various committees in arranging the day's program. General Pershing's home is in Lincoln, and he is "member No. 1" of the Lincoln post.

"National Hospital Day" received the endorsement of the American Legion. All posts and units of the woman's auxiliary of the ex-service men's organization co-operated with the United States public health service in celebrating May 12 as the hospital day. The plan called for patients in public health hospitals holding open house for their friends; entertainment features; visits of convalescent patients to theatres and ball parks; visits of inspection by the general public and similar festivities. It is believed by the public health officials that the wide observance of the day helped arouse public interest and will be of lasting benefit to disabled veterans.

Practically all of the officers and a big per cent of the enlisted men in the national guard are American Legion members, according to Adjutant General Paul. The ex-service men were slow to take up with the new guard but during the last few weeks the majority of the recruits have been veterans of the world war. The first Nebraska Infantry is now practically complete. It will be commanded by Colonel Amos Thomas of Omaha, with Representative Douglas of Osceola as lieutenant colonel.

With the holding of the United

States attorney general that the government will not be liable in the sending out of lists of men who evaded military service, the war department will send the draft deserter lists direct to the state departments of the American Legion. Departments will in turn distribute them to posts which will check them before they are released for newspaper publication, to make certain that no men are unjustly branded deserters or evaders.

\*State officers of the American Legion on May 7 closed a two week's tour of Nebraska, during which they spoke at twenty-five meetings and visited over thirty local posts. Commander Robert G. Simmons of Scottsbluff headed the party, which also contained Frank B. O'Connell of Lincoln, depart-

ment adjutant and Field Representative Dawson of national headquarters. Members of the state executive committee accompanied the party in various congressional district, where meetings were scheduled at the larger towns. The officials were well pleased with the trip and especially so with the spirit shown by posts in the northern part of the state. It is likely that a permanent field representative will be appointed to keep in touch with Legion conditions in Nebraska.

Have you a friend graduating this year? If so, don't you think a small gift would be appropriate? Come in and see the beautiful gift things at Thiele's.

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The Time to---

## Save Your Lawn Is NOW!

If you want a fine looking lawn this summer, the time to begin working on it is right now. If you will put an hour or so a day working on it during the early spring, it will get the full benefit of the spring rains and will stand a twenty to one better chance of remaining green during the hotter and the dustier days to come. If you don't take care of it without delay, there is a strong possibility that you'll have no lawn to worry about later on. The first essential is—

Garden Hose, per ft. . . . 16½¢ to 23¢

You'll need Sprayers, also, and there are several styles from which to choose.

Another essential to a well kept lawn is to get rid of the dandelions. We have the Dandelion Rake, which cuts the heads off the pests so they can be piled and burned, or, if you prefer, there are several successful Diggers. Above all, get started soon if you want to make the most of your lawn.

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