

E. G.'s Column

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

Well you will remember what we told you that we expected that we would have two pleased crowds at our sale if we ever got you to come in the first time, and you sure did come in, and as we said you would sure come back, again and again, and so we are sure pleased at the results. We have done more business than we ever thought we would do in the two days that the big sale has run, and it is going big.

I just rang the cash register for one of those good suits, at \$34.45, and the last thing I did last night was to ring up one of them, that I had taken out in the car to one of the customers who called on the phone and had me bring it out to him. And this morning he had it on over at the Masonic Temple, where he is taking the degrees today. He looked just like some of the pictures in the fashion plate we get from A. B. Kirschbaum & Co. And we still have a few of them left.

We had telephone calls and we had mail orders, and people drove over from the neighboring towns on the Northwestern railroad, and it costs us a lot for gas to fill their tanks, but we are living up to our promises, and they are coming back, again and again. And we wish to say that we appreciate it, and want to publicly thank you.

Retrenchment is not our order of the day, and things would be lots better if every one felt that way about it, but would see our slogan, which is PUSH, PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

I will have to tell you a good joke, that happened here yesterday.

A lady came in with her husband, to look at a suit, and I showed them around, and finally found one that suited them both, and they both raved over it, and said it was just the thing that they wanted, and asked how much it was, and I said: "Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents," and they both agreed that it was just the thing, and while I was measuring him to have the trousers fitted perfectly, she was still raving about it being such a nice suit, but said that it was not so much cheaper than during the war. He asked her what made her think so, and she said: "Sixty dollars and seventy-five cents was nearly what they used to be."

But he said: "Why, Laing said 'sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents.'"

Whereupon she began to look the suit over, and said: "Well, show us something better."

What would you have done in the matter?

Well, that's what I did.

And I will close this column a little short this week, for I am mighty busy selling these goods at this big sale, and I want you to all come in and let us have a chance to show you what real bargains we have for you in first class merchandise.

Yours as always,



"Modern Clothes For Men."

Good selection of Trimmed Hats for women and girls for—\$3.98. 48
Highland-Holloway Co.

FOREARMED

"I've borrowed our neighbor's phonograph for this evening."
"Giving a party?"
"No, but I'm going to have one quiet evening at home this winter."—Boston Transcript.

ONE GOOD EFFECT

At any rate, prohibition has saved a lot of women the trouble of marrying men to reform them.

Why does a woman shut her eyes when she's kissed?" inquires a correspondent. Probably because she couldn't be that crazy with her eyes open.

An item in the agricultural appropriation bill provides \$20,000 for "the study of the behavior of fruit in transportation." For chaperones, maybe, for the peaches.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

This interesting column this week will be devoted to a short sketch that appeared some time ago in the Saturday Evening Post. Its title—if we remember correctly, and we do, as the memory system aids—say—is, "How Jenkins Turned Bolshevik." In the last year or two, ever since the soviet system began to spread over the world there have been a lot of heavy editorials written which were designed to appeal to the sensible workman, but the sensible workman doesn't always pay as much attention to this heavy artillery as he should. This little story carries a moral in about as painless a way as it can be carried, and has the added advantage of being interesting. Our readers, then, have the privilege of reading of the experience of Mr. Jenkins with bolshevism:

There was a man named Jenkins, who had a home, a job, seven sons and a grouch. He was a good provider. In his home he was boss. His wife cooked the dishes he preferred, chose her clothing to win his approval, and asked his advice concerning everything. She did not question his authority. His sons accepted his word as the law and stirred their feet to a lively pace when he called.

Jenkins had a grouch because the foreman in the plant where he worked wore a white collar and spent most of his time at a desk, and yet received a wage larger than his own; and because the man who owned the plant rode in a limousine and carried a walking stick.

When the whistle blew for quitting time, Jenkins would join a group of his fellows on the street corner and talk about the rights of the workers. The more he talked and the more he listened, the stronger became his conviction that he was oppressed, and he learned to pronounce the word "capitalist" so that it hissed like a serpent.

When he went home at night and sat down to supper, he entertained his wife and his sons by lecturing to them concerning the new day that would bring the under-dog to the top. His wife and his sons listened open-mouthed, for they considered him a great man.

"The day of liberty is at hand," he declared. "The greedy capitalists have kept us in line with the whip of poverty, but we shall not long be poor. We shall rise and in our might take for ourselves the tools and machines and buildings, and we shall seize the raw material and the means of transportation, and thereafter we shall have the whole profit of our labor. Unfair rules have given our bosses power to take what we desire—and if we have the power who shall deny us the right?"

"We shall abolish law. What is law but the will of the people? Well, we are the people. Each will be a law to himself, choosing his own course, permitting his own soul to develop without hindrance or restraint. There will be no scheme to get wealth, for the world will belong to all. There will be no anxious thought for the morrow, for there will be assurance of plenty tomorrow."
"No man will be a slave, and none will labor except when he so desires. We shall be brothers and one man's authority shall be equal to that of another."

The youngest Jenkins boy, aged ten, dared a question. "Daddy," he asked, "are you sure that is the right way? If it is, wouldn't it be a good idea for us to learn it now while we are young?"

"Yes, I'm sure," replied Jenkins. "We have groped in darkness, but we are near the light. I would be proud to have my sons learn this great doctrine while it is yet new."

When Jenkins came home the following evening he saw a red flag tacked to his front porch. For some reason he did not attempt to analyze, he felt a touch of shame and glanced furtively up and down the street to see if the flag had attracted attention. Then his face set into hard lines, and he said to himself: "What matter? Someone must be the pioneer. The boys have caught the spirit and I am glad."

The living-room did not appear as neat as usual, and as he passed through the dining-room he noticed that the dinner dishes were yet unwashed. He found his wife in the kitchen, smiling to herself and humming as she went about the preparation for supper.

"What's the matter," he asked. "Been down town all day?"
"Nothing wrong," she replied. "We have turned bolshevik, and I didn't feel in a humor to work this afternoon. I finished that book Mrs. Stallins loaned me."

Jenkins started to speak, but thought better of it, and went into the bathroom to wash up.

As he came out, he noticed that the wood-box was empty and called his son Will. "Billy," he said, "get your mother some more wood, and while you are about it bring in enough to get breakfast."

The boy grinned and shook his head. "Like fun I will," he replied. "We are all bolshevik here. None of us are slaves, and one has just as much authority as another. I have no desire to bring in wood."

Jenkins turned to his wife: "I want to know—" he demanded hotly, and then his eyes fell on the teapot and he stopped hot. "What's the big idea?" he asked. "You know I detest tea. If we are out of coffee send one of the boys for some."

"We are not out," she replied. "But I really prefer tea. Making it instead of coffee is my little way of letting my soul develop without hindrance. If you prefer coffee, you may make some."

Jenkins glared and strode out of the kitchen.

Supper was a very unsatisfactory meal. The boys were in high spirits and talked incessantly of the new day and its freedom.

"After supper," declared Bob, aged fourteen, "I am going down town and wander around until bedtime. I've always wanted to."

"You'll stay inside this house," growled Jenkins, "and study your les-

sons. I'm going to make something of you boys, and I can't do it if you loaf on the streets. The idea!"

"That's nonsense, dad," the boy protested. "There's lots of jobs a fellow can handle if he hasn't got a bit of education, and if the workers are to own everything, what's the use of a wasting time trying to learn some thing? If I study like as not I'll grow up to be a lawyer or a manufacturer, or some kind of a capitalist, and then you would be ashamed of me."

Jenkins got to his feet. He started to speak, but his glance was caught by a sparkle of light that came from the necktie worn by his son.

"Ralph," he asked, coldly, "where did you get that diamond?"

"Jewelry store," answered Ralph.

"I've warned you boys against the folly of buying on the installment plan," Jenkins growled. "In the morning you will take that silly thing back and get the money you paid."

"I didn't buy it, dad," the boy explained. "I took it."

"Just took it," replied the boy. "The jeweler wasn't looking. To quote you own admirable expression: 'If we have the power, who shall deny us the right?'"

Jenkins kicked his chair over and strode to the front door. When he returned he held a tattered red flag in one hand and a picket from the fence in the other. His face was white and there was a steady light in his eye.

"I've had a plenty," he announced. "I started this thing, and I take the blame. But what I start I finish. Either this family, here and now, severally, individually, renounces its allegiance to any doctrine, creed or folly that is now or hereafter may be associated with the color of red and here and now pledges itself to honor and respect the decent Americanism that has made us a nation, or I shall consider it my duty as a man a citizen of this glorious republic to liek hell out of everybody present."

And then the Jenkins family rose and fell on his neck and wept and explained away the things that had frightened him, and there was great joy in that household.

The following morning as Jenkins approached the factory a hairy little man whose name ended in "vitch" took him by the arm and said:

"Ah, comrade, the day of our deliverance is near. Last night I began work on a bomb."

And Jenkins, new-born American swung a good American hip and kicked the embryo murderer seventeen feet to a gutter.—Robert Quillen, in Saturday Evening Post.

House Dresses and Bungalow Aprons—assorted models, sizes and patterns—85c to \$4.75. 47
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LAKESIDE

Sidney Irwin was in town Sunday from over south of town.

John Musvelt drove in from Green ranch Sunday.

Mr. Woodward who has been here from Omaha looking after the interests of the Standard plant, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Whaley went to Alliance Tuesday for a few days' visit and Mr. Whaley is a candidate for initiation in the Scottish Rite while there.

Vern Perrin and Lee Taylor were in town visiting friends the fore part of the week.

Chas. Carlson returned from Omaha this week after a few weeks' visit. Mr. Carlson is the head clerk at the Standard office here.

Edward Kennedy arrived Tuesday to relieve Operator Charles Hitt, who is a candidate for initiation into the Scottish Rite, which is having a big reunion at Alliance this week.

Cecil Wilson and George Hunsaker were Lakeside visitors Monday.

Mesdames Kennedy and Moore stopped at Lakeside Monday on their way to Alliance.

Mrs. Elsie Ash and family drove to Alliance Tuesday morning.

J. C. L. Mikeals arrived Tuesday to take the place of Agent J. L. Roe here, who is at the present time attending the Scottish Rite reunion at Alliance of which he is also a candidate for initiation.

Two employes of the telegraph department are in town doing some repair work in that branch.

Luther Phipps is in town this week from Whitman looking after business affairs on the Lunsford estate.

Mrs. Hazel Beck Connor who has been a visitor in Lakeside since Sunday, returned to her home at Douglas, Wyo., Wednesday, accompanied by her children Lawrence, Cloyd and

plombe Connor, who will spend the summer with their mother at that place.

Mrs. J. H. Lunsford and little son, /erson arrived Monday for a visit and to see after business on the ranch.

The ladies' aid society held an all day meeting at the church Wednesday.

Mr. Coe left for Denver Wednesday on a trip to look up a new location somewhere on a homestead. He expects to be gone an indefinite length of time, having expectations of building a house before returning for his family.

Mrs. Guy Vining and son Leland Paul arrived from Dunning Wednesday for a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. J. L. Roe.

Joe Posse returned from Alliance Wednesday, where he has been under the doctor's care for the past two weeks.

Good selection of Trimmed Hats for women and girls for—\$3.98. 48
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Masonic Emblems

You take pride of course, in being a Mason, it is only right that you should.

Every man should belong to some fraternal organization, not only for the benefit it does him but for the good he can do others.

As a member of such an organization, it is only just that you should have an identifying emblem such as a ring, a charm, a lapel button or a brooch for your wife.

Come in and let us show you exquisite styles in these at moderate prices.

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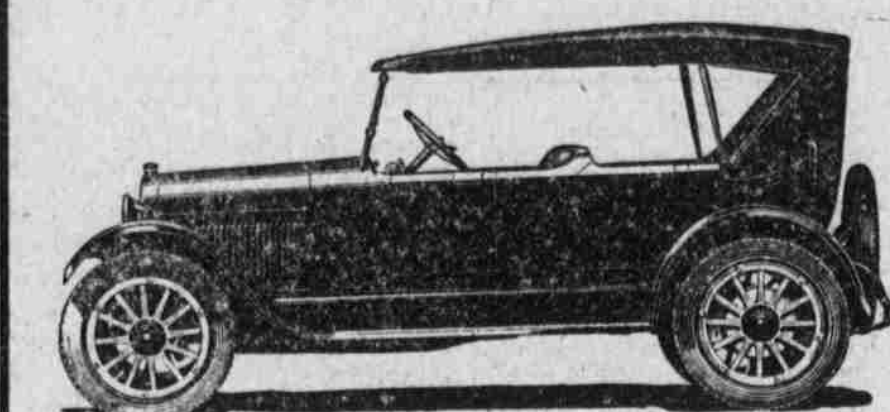
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There's a lot of satisfaction in buying an automobile that you have every confidence in—confidence not only in the mechanical qualities of the car, but a sense of security in the organization behind it. This insures to you STABILITY and PERMANENCE, which are two factors you should carefully consider before buying a car.

REO cars went up only 12 per cent during the war, while other makes advanced as high as 44 per cent. THOSE CARS HAVE A DROP COMING, as they went too high in the first place.

In buying a REO, you have the assurance that your neighbor won't buy a Reo for less money three weeks, six weeks or three months later than you do. You are also assured that he won't have any later model than you have, as Reos are standardized, and are not constantly changing models. These facts should be worth a lot to you. They should cause you to buy a REO—"The Gold Standard of Values."



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Alliance Reo Cars and Trucks

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