

The Alliance Herald

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HE HAS HEARD

By GRACE R. OLIN.

"Beautiful, ain't they, Hiram?" The crowd between Mr. Thomas Graham's eyes disappeared for the moment. "Wonderful, ain't it now, how these come to life again in the springtime?" He patted the flower box, fragrant with bright blossoms, as he spoke.

"They are lovely, Tom; lovely indeed," the other man answered. He came quite close and put his hand on Graham's shoulder, studying him for a moment from under his bushy brows.

"You're coming to church tomorrow, aren't you, Tom?" he asked, abruptly. Instantly the frown returned to the other man's face; he drew back a bit stiffly, angrily.

"No," he answered, steadily. "I ain't."

"And, what's more," he continued, "it's no use to keep asking me, and asking me, because I'm never going again. I'm always glad to see you, Hiram, but when you come as Deacon Hiram Brown, pass this house up, will you, and I'll be obliged to you."

"Tom, you've got to listen to me for a second. I ought to be mad at you, but I'm not. We all ought to be mad at you, but we're not. But I'm going to tell you something the rest of them are afraid to tell you."

"You've turned sour, Tom, sour. Trouble has visited your household, and you've gone down under it. Why, don't you know that trouble has come to us all in the little village and we've had to hear it?"

"You're not the only one who has a boy asleep somewhere in France. Shame on you, Tom Graham; you rejoice because your plants, seemingly dead, are alive, and you won't apply the same truth to your boy." The gate beneath the man's hand swung open softly as he turned to go, but again he paused.

"Tom," he added, earnestly, "do you remember when the boys were kids and when Easter morning came, their shining faces in the choir? Do you remember the lump that came in our throats as they sang? He's singing in a choir today, your boy, and my boy. Don't let bitterness keep you away from God's house, Tom." The gate clicked after him.

"If you are coming tomorrow, call me up, Tom; we want an extra usher. Don't let your wife come alone."

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. As if for the first time he saw the gentle patient figure of a woman, the boy's mother, as she went serenely about her daily tasks. Why, only this morning she had told him.

"Tom, you'll be coming to church with me tomorrow morning, it's Easter, dear."

And he had answered a bit less gruffly than he had answered Hiram: "I'm not agoin', Lizzie; it isn't Easter to me."

And the woman answered gently: "Some day, dear, when you feel that you are strong enough, read the lad's last letter. You have never felt that you could do so. Some day you will, and when that time comes, you will find it under the Bible."

He arose suddenly and entered the house.

"Lizzie," he called, gently, but no answer came save the tick of the great clock on the wall. "Lizzie," he called again, and then stopped short on the threshold. In a low rocker by the window sat a woman.

The man's great hand closed over her frail little one as silently he took the letter from her fond clasp, and

he read:

"Dearest Mother and Dad—Easter day in the trenches. And some of the boys were singing, and it made me think of home, and those Easters long ago when we all got up so early in the morning. And you, Mother, scrubbed my face and ears till they actually shone. I can see your hat bright with flowers, and Dad's smiling face as he ushered the people. But oh! Mother, most of all I can hear the anthem we sang, for by a strange coincidence that's what the boys were singing this morning. 'Awake, thou that sleepest.'

"A bit of a solemn thought perhaps for me, but I thought of the long rows of crosses, and I said to myself, 'I know the fellows lying asleep have heard that anthem and they are awake, indeed.'

"And so, dear folks, if I should never come back, I say if I shouldn't, at Easter time when you go to the service and they sing the dear old anthem, smile and say to yourselves, 'Tom heard the message, for I shall, Mother, I shall.'

The letter fell from the man's trembling fingers.

"Lizzie," he whispered, his face was wet with tears, but his eyes were shining like stars.

"Lizzie, oh! my dear, is it too late to get some daisies, and poppies, and buttercups, and trim up your hat a bit for tomorrow? You know the boy loved flowers so. And Lizzie, I'll just step over to Hiram Brown's and tell him I'll usher, he needs another man."

The church was thronged, and in the midst, a tense old man and a pink-cheeked old lady sat hand in hand, and their faces were glorified. And clear, exultant rose the words of the anthem, "Awake thou that sleepest." And the great gold cross glittering through the lilies flashed back the answer:

"He has..."

Modern methods have penetrated to Mexico, unless the report is misleading that the government has discovered a phantom brigade of 1,000 soldiers whose "commander" has been drawing their pay and forage allowance for horses for three years.

One dollar will buy 19,000 Bolshevik paper rubles. So that is where the wood pulp has gone!

With that new gun capable of shooting 200 miles, France is all dressed up, with no place to go.

PALACE SPECIALS

FRESH DRESSED HENS	
Beef Pot Roast,	15c
per lb.	
Beef Boil,	10c
per lb.	
Pork Shoulder Roast,	20c
per lb.	
Side Pork,	15c
per lb.	
Veal Roast,	20c
per lb.	
Veal Stew,	12½c
per lb.	
Cudahy Puritan	45c
Bacon, per lb.	
Swift's Premium	45c
Bacon, per lb.	
Milk from Rust's	10c
Dairy, per qt.	

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SOCIETY

The forty-sixth annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star of Nebraska, held at North Platte May 10th, 11 and 12th, was one of the most successful meetings ever held by the grand chapter. Grand Matron Anna J. Davis of Alliance presided. Floral decorations were unusually lovely and many bouquets were presented to the different officers. The sessions were held in the Franklin auditorium. Over six hundred delegates were in attendance. Miss Maude Smith of Omaha was elected grand matron, succeeding Mrs. Anna J. Davis, and Henry Andrews of Callaway, Neb., was chosen grand patron. Special features of the session were several beautiful vocal solos by Miss Hall, of Kearney, selections by the high school cadet band, and young ladies' band of fourteen pieces.

The next annual meeting will be held at Omaha.

The delegates that returned this morning are George E. Davis, Messdames W. R. Pate, Wm. Beach, Joe Bogart and E. G. Laing. They were accompanied by Mrs. William Davidson of Olerick, S. D., as far as Alliance, who is a member of the Alliance chapter.

Mrs. Bert Ponath stopped in Sidney for a few days' visit with friends. Mrs. Ella Young remained in North Platte for a visit with her son Richard, who is manager of the telephone company at that place.

Mrs. Martha Patmore went to Kearney to visit her brother. She was accompanied by Mrs. George Davis, who will be a guest at a house party given for O. E. S. officers.

Mrs. Leona Walker of Arnold, Neb., who is a member of the chapter here, attended the convention with her mother, Mrs. Hardin.

George McGill of Bridgeport, formerly of this city, was also with the Alliance delegation. Mr. McGill is now grand patron of his local chapter.

The local telephone operators have formed a club of sixteen members, which held its first social meeting last Tuesday evening in the reception rooms of the telephone office. The girls invited guests and a total of twenty-two were present. The time was spent informally in games and dancing, a two-course lunch being served at about ten-thirty. The name

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Phone No. 18 Alliance, Nebraska

of the club has not yet been decided upon but will be announced in the near future.

Mrs. Harry Gantz entertained the Bridge club yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Fred Helpringer was a guest and won high honors.

Regular meeting of the Rebekah lodge will be held this evening. A social time will be enjoyed after the work.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

Regular teachers' examination will be held at the courthouse May 27th and 28th.

OPAL RUSSELL, County Superintendent, en J813REGULAR—S Supt. 11

A woman specialist who is giving the girl pupils in one of the high schools some instructions in the care of the hair includes this in her typewritten instructions: "When ends of hair are dry, clip them when the moon is new and brush a little hair oil on new." Ain't education grand!

A thief who stole a \$25,000 Liberty bond sent it back to the owner with the word that it was too big to be disposed of safely. Tip: Get your \$100 bond converted into a \$25,000 one.

Flying across the continent in twenty-four hours offers a fascinating mark to shoot at, much as discovering the pole used to do.

RANDOM SHOTS

Watch your step. This is Friday the Thirteenth.

Four engagements were announced on the morning of the last Saturday the Fourteenth. There is yet time.

Boilerplate truth for today: A man mak lick his wife, cut up something scandalous with the girls, play poker till dawn, shirk his job, but if he always pays his debts by the tenth of the month nearly everybody will have a good word for him.

The New Fourteen Points

A "wet" correspondent to the Hardware World suggests that since the Wilson fourteen points were so shame-

lessly abandoned the following should be substituted:

1. That the name of Brandywine, N. Y., be changed to Coldwater, N. Y.
2. That "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" be made the national anthem.
3. That all mention of the Bourbon kings be expunged from school books.
4. That on account of being suggestive, rye bread be withdrawn from sale by all bakeries.
5. That no part of a ship be referred to as the saloon, for the reason that such reference might arouse false hopes.
6. That all bars be removed from harbor entrances or be designated by some other name.
7. That the word "port" be expunged from navigation charts and references.
8. That the use of alcohol lamps be forbidden by law.
9. That the useless 9,000,000 white jackets and aprons in this country be sent to the starving Bolsheviks.
10. That the word "still" be expunged from the American language and all dictionaries, and the word "quiet" be substituted.
11. That all mint be plowed under and vanilla beans planted.
12. That any barber tantalizing a customer by using bay rum on his hair be given ten years.
13. That men with the "foot-rail"

limp shall not be allowed to march in any public parade.

14. That all pretzels shall be made straight, instead of bent in the old familiar style, to avoid reminiscences.

One ray of light for those who have been waiting for prices to tumble: Marriage license can be purchased at the same old price. The pre-war level, the war level and the ante-bellum price is just the same, to a cent.

There's no war tax.

Today's Best Story.

Irvin B. Bruce, chief of detectives with the Denver police department, had his sense of humor tickled yesterday. A little girl, apparently about five years of age, was picked up on the streets and taken to police headquarters. She tearfully informed Bruce that she was lost.

"I came down town with muvver and got lost," she told the genial head of the city detective force.

"Why didn't you hold onto her skirts?" Bruce wanted to know.

"Couldn't reach 'em," was the tot's startling answer.

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The Alliance Herald
Masonic Temple Building

IMPERIAL THEATER

TONIGHT—FRIDAY, MAY 13

Buck Jones in Firebrand Trevison
"SON OF TARZAN" SNUB POLLARD COMEDY

SATURDAY, MAY 14

Wm. S. Hart in 'The Cradle of Courage'
MUTT and JEFF CARTOON VANITY GIRLS COMEDY

SUNDAY, MAY 15

Elsie Janis in "THE IMP"

RETURN SHOWING BY REQUEST—MONDAY, MAY 16

Anita Stewart in "Old Kentucky"
CHAS. CHAPLIN in "A Dogs Life"