

Governor Names

Mediation Board For Labor Rows

Anticipation of labor troubles as a result of reductions in wages of railroad employes and others was forecast here today in the action of Governor McKelvie appointing a board of mediation.

The members of the board, as announced today, are:
William H. Pitzer, Nebraska City, attorney, chairman and representative of the public.

C. B. Towle, Lincoln, president of the Nebraska Manufacturers' association, representative of employers.

Benjamin Green, Lincoln, member of the railway machinists union and Spanish war veteran, representative of labor.

Governor McKelvie announced organized labor and employers had requested the speedy appointment of this board.

Provision for the creation of such a board was made by the 1919 legislature. The board has never functioned.

The function of the board will be to investigate strikes and other labor troubles and spread the results of the investigation before the public.

Governor McKelvie believes public sentiment is the best tribunal in settlement of labor troubles and thinks unbiased reports of a board of this description is the best means of settling disputes.

At the time the governor refused to veto the anti-picketing bill he announced this board of mediation would be appointed soon.

Meantime, the labor unions and non-partisan league formed a coalition and are now circulating referendum petitions against the anti-picketing law.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to neighbors and friends for their kindly assistance and sympathy during our recent bereavement.

MRS. J. J. VANCE,
J. H. VANCE,
55 MR. AND MRS. F. O. ROWE.

Nebraska now leads all states in the joint national and state campaign for the improvement of live stock. The United States department of agriculture recently notified the state college of agriculture that Nebraska has nosed Virginia out of first place in the number of animals enrolled in the pure sires campaign. Nebraska now has \$2,118 head of animals and 64,461 head of poultry listed, and applications have been made for several thousand more head. Virginia still leads in the number of farmers using nothing but purebred sires, but more animals are kept per farm in Nebraska. Virginia has 1,130 farmers enrolled, against 554 for this state. However, Nebraska is enrolling additional farmers at a rapid rate, seventy-five applications having been made since the department of agriculture made its report.

The United States army has gassed rats along important waterfronts, is gassing locusts in the Philippines, and is preparing to gas boll weevils in the south. It was an ill wind that carried the first gas wave across No Man's land in France, but it may have blown a little good.

The only woman who ever went over Niagara falls and lived is now in a poorhouse at the age of seventy-five. Another sad instance of how an unfeeling country rewards its public benefactors.



MR. HAPPY PARTY
JUST TAKE THEIR 30¢
HAM FROM OUT THE PAN
AND ADD AN EGG OR
TWO. OH! MAN!!

THE tempting, tantalizing aroma of sugar cured ham sizzling in the pan almost makes a man feel like committing poetry. Ah—but it's the quality that counts and the taste that tells.

- #### HAM AND BACON SPECIALS
- Morris Supreme Ham, per pound 35¢
 - Swift's Premium Ham, per pound 35¢
 - Armour's Star Ham, per pound 35¢
 - Morris Matchless Bacon, per lb., 30¢, 35¢
 - Swift's Premium, whole or half 45¢
 - Armour's Star, whole or half 45¢
 - Hamburger, lb. 15¢
 - Sausage, per lb. 20¢
 - Pork Chops, lb. 25¢

Watch for Mr. Happy Party.

THE MODEL MARKET
116 WEST 4TH ST.
PHONE 30

Two and a Bridge

By ANDERSON MILLER

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The primal command to Adam to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow was certainly being applied literally in his own case, thought Robert Owen gloomily, as he regarded the moist lump that represented what had been, a few hours ago, a fresh and spotless handkerchief. The train was moving leisurely through a district in western Pennsylvania where there was not a tree, as far as he could see through the grimy windows, that was more than ten feet high.

The sun beat down on the country, and from the gray-green earth reflected heat waves leaped back, quivering and distorting the view. Owen, though clad as lightly as possible, was literally sweating.

He thought regretfully of the cool quiet of the club lounge which he had left twenty hours before; the shaded veranda, the icy shower baths, the invigorating chill of the swimming pool.

And he had let the chief talk him into making this trip on the off chance of getting the contract for putting up a bridge over some forsaken river or other in the wilds of the state, off the main line!

He groaned as he thought that he would probably be marooned up there for the better part of a week, interviewing county commissioners and highway experts in little boxlike offices that smell of dust and were abominably hot.

He mopped his brow again, more from force of habit than with any expectation of mitigating his discomfort, and glanced out of the window at the station which the train was at that



"I'm Going Away Tomorrow," mopped languidly leaving. "Phillipsville," said the girl letters. Only two more stops to Spring Valley—that, at least, was a comfort.

He would see the head of the state highway department that afternoon and try to be comfortable during the night, at least. He wondered what Spring Valley was like. For the twentieth time that day he drew the letter from his pocket and read it, from the courteous opening to the "Yours truly, J. Harbison, Com'r."

It was a nice letter and "J. Harbison" had a nice signature—that at least was something. Harbison wasn't a smoky old fogey—he was sure of that. "Spring Valley!" roared the conductor, and Owen leaped to his feet and hurried from the train, clutching his rolls of blueprints and his suitcase.

Spring Valley was not prepossessing to the eye. At the station were three dilapidated looking vehicles drawn by somnolent horses and manned by dusky Jehus who babbled unceasingly the merits of the hotels they represented.

Owen took the least objectionable of these and was transported in due time to the Mansion House. His first opinion of the Mansion House was that it wasn't. The usual languid bellboy; the usual crawling elevator; the usual room with the usual golden oak furniture, and the usual prospect of the usual travesty of a meal at 8 o'clock. He inquired the way to the state highway commissioner's offices and departed.

His inquiry for Mr. Harbison was greeted with a grin by the boy who took his card, and presently he was shown into a room that belied his preconceived ideas. It was spotlessly clean and had the air of having but recently been gone over—an air conspicuously lacking in most of the offices Owen had visited in his time. A girl was seated at a desk, writing busily. She glanced up as he entered.

"Mr. Owen?"

"Yes—to see Mr. Harbison about that bridge," Harbison had taste in secretaries, he thought. But her next words took him off his feet.

"I saw Miss Harbison," the young lady replied calmly. "Won't you sit down?"

"The highway commissioner?" Owen could say stare.

I was excited that fall. You want to see me about the Bell river bridge. What is it exactly you want?"

Owen recovered from his astonishment and told her. But there were many details to go into, and it was half-past five before he knew it.

"Look here," said Miss Harbison, directly. "We have a lot to talk about. Suppose you come up to the house after dinner and we'll get on with the work. I live at 18 Cherry street—it's easy to find. About eight—good afternoon!"

Owen repaired to 18 Cherry street at the time suggested. It was a cool-looking house with a cool-looking veranda and a lot of cool-looking chairs; and Miss Harbison was there to meet him in a cool-looking frock; and he met her mother, who was a nice old lady, evidently very proud of her daughter; and for many hours the two of them set up and discussed estimates and time clauses and bonuses and penalties and such things; and at 12 o'clock Owen went back to the hotel tired but at peace with the world. He was sure that he would be able to put the contract through in fine style; and he had lost his fear of the conferences in the hot, smoky offices. Spring Valley didn't seem such a bad place after all.

For the rest of the week he was very busy putting the final details into shape, and he left for New York on Saturday with the contract in his pocket, after a very pleasant evening spent in calling, unofficially, on J. Harbison, highway commissioner. His chief congratulated him.

"I suppose you're glad to be back from that hole in the ground," he said. "Well—to tell you the truth, chief, I was hoping you'd let me go up there again. I'd like to see the work started, at least—and I know the ground, and—and—" he finished lamely.

The chief looked at him for a moment through half-shut eyes, then laughed. "All right, Bob," he chuckled. "You're the doctor. If you want to go back there and die of the heat, go ahead. No one else wants the job."

So it was that for the next three months Mr. Robert Owen, representative of the Perfection Bridge and Construction company, found himself situated at Spring Valley, Spring county, Pennsylvania, spending as much of his time as possible in the company of Miss Joan Harbison, highway commissioner. And as the weeks slipped by and the construction got well under way, Mr. Owen found it more and more necessary to go to number 18 Cherry street for conferences.

That some of these conferences were not entirely official in character might have been shown by the fact that passersby heard, sometimes, the music of a guitar, very well played, coming from the veranda in the evenings; Mr. Owen had played on his college mandolin club, it appeared. But as the work progressed with great rapidity, there could be no possible ground for carping on the part of village critics.

One evening in early September Miss Joan Harbison and Mr. Robert Owen went out to Bell River bridge in Miss Harbison's little runabout to take a look at their completed work. Tomorrow the bridge would be opened with appropriate ceremonies; the town council and the mayor would make speeches, and there would be a band, and generally a good time would be had by all.

But in the twilight the bridge was peaceful and quiet as it gracefully spanned the stream; the two on the bank looked at it fondly and proudly. Miss Harbison with a sense of proprietorship, for the bridge would be a monument to her work as highway commissioner; Owen with an air of regarding a good piece of work. They were silent for a few moments; then Owen, stepping from the machine, invited his companion to sit beside him on a girder.

"Well, it's finished," he said after a pause.

"Yes," Miss Harbison sighed.

"What's the matter? Are you sorry it's over?"

"No—that is, yes. I mean I'm not sorry, and still—well, I am." Thus the official, efficient highway commissioner. The highly impersonal and very businesslike Robert Owen could find nothing to say but "Are you?" which did not seem to have any direct bearing on the subject. More silence.

"I'm going away tomorrow," offered Robert after a time.

"Are you? I'm sorry!"

The words slipped out before Miss Harbison realized their import and a deep blush overspread her face. But Robert Owen, regardless of the scandalized faces of a couple of country people who happened to drive by that way at that time, impetuously caught the efficient Miss Harbison in his arms and said—a great many things with which we have no concern whatever. But they must have been satisfactory, for Miss Harbison seemed to agree with every one of them.

The country people drove on. The twilight deepened. The Bell River bridge stood contemplative, while the water beneath it flowed on, as water has been in the habit of doing the world over. But neither of the two on the girder minded the water, or the country people, or the bridge. The bridge was finished; they had just begun to live.

Applying the Lesson.

My niece, Dorothy, was begging for a piece of candy just before supper. Her mother gave her a piece and told her she was not to have any more until after supper. Dorothy looked up at her mother and said: "Now, mother, you know we learned in Sunday school that God loves a cheerful giver. So you better give me another piece." —Chicago Herald and Examiner.

New Headlight Law

Means More Trouble For the Motorists

The new state law on automobile headlight lens takes effect July 25.

It provides that no automobile may be sold or driven which has headlights with lens not approved by the state public works department. This department is now examining and licensing headlight lens, following the classification of the Connecticut law. Fines of from \$10 to \$50 may be imposed on owners and of from \$25 to \$100 on dealers.

The one exception is that owners of cars equipped with lens now permitted by law may continue to use them as long as they use their present car.

Every lens which will throw its light not exceeding 24 inches above the ground within a distance of 75 feet of the car will, if submitted to the department of public works, be approved.

Were You Married in June

June has always been considered the Wedding month. If you were married in June you are no doubt planning something to give your wife in remembrance of the day. Her wedding ring was your gift to her the day you were married. The heavy band rings of those days have now given way to the more graceful engraved rings of platinum or white gold.

Your wife would love to have her ring made into one of these stylish designs and it would double the sentimental value of her ring.

Come in and ask us how we can remodel her old ring without disturbing the original metal.

Thiele's

The Store With a Guarantee Without Red Tape

furnish a list of approved lens, to be known as lawful lens, to every law-enforcing official in the state. Any lens not conforming to this test will be declared unlawful.

Another reason for the showing regarding the growth of urban population is that so many farmers have become rich and retired to the small towns that they have put many of those communities over into the city class.

The latest fad on Paris menus is perfumed edibles, says a cable dispatch. Limburger 'n garlic 'n everything?

A United States senator had just finished a night's work on a speech. "You have convinced me," said his secretary, "except for one trifling detail. Where do I, the man who has to buy meat and bread, get off?"

The senator touched his nose with his finger and replied sagely: "Well, no legislation is one hundred per cent perfect."—Nation's Business.

"You can trust a red-haired woman in everything save temper," says the Washington Post. Our notion is you can also implicitly trust her temper, says Houston Post. It is her throwing arm that is unreliable.

HOT BISCUITS and HONEY

Served from 2 to 5 p. m.
FRIDAY, JUNE 10

THEY'RE FREE, and baked in a New Perfection Oven on a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. A special demonstration will be conducted at our store by Mr. F. R. Eaton, a representative direct from the factory at Cleveland.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO ATTEND

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE GETTING AN OIL STOVE—IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR PRESENT OIL STOVE—OR WHETHER YOU CONTEMPLATE BUYING AT ALL—

COME AND SPEND THE AFTERNOON WITH US.

This is the famous Long Chimney Burner NEW PERFECTION STOVE, known the world over. There are three million house wives using it every day.

Be sure to come in and learn more about the Comfort and Convenience and Efficiency of the NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stove.

GEO. D. DARLING

115-117 West Third Street Alliance, Nebraska



They never made a cigarette like this in my day—

The Camel idea wasn't born then. It was the exclusive expert Camel blend that revolutionized cigarette smoking.

That Camel blend of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos hits just the right spot. It gives Camels such mellow mildness and fragrance!

The first time I smoked Camels I knew they were made for me. I knew they were the smoothest, finest cigarette in the world, at any price.

Nobody can tell me anything different.



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Camel