

Tri-State Institute of Epworth League At Crawford Aug. 1-7

The Methodist young people's societies of western Nebraska, Wyoming and South Dakota, will come together at Crawford this summer, from the first to the seventh of August, for a great young people's institute in which there will be recreation, programs, study classes, and a general good time and outing. The leaders of this institute have been fortunate in securing a program as strong as can be found anywhere in the United States.

A glance at the personnel of the faculty will show its character. Bishop Stuntz will speak each day. Chancellor Schreckengast of the Wesleyan University will conduct a class in Christian citizenship; Miss Marie Hanson of the Kansas City training school will conduct a class; Dr. W. E. J. Gratz formerly of St. Paul's church, Lincoln, now in the Life Service department of the Epworth League, will be one of the speakers, and Miss Miller will be director of religious education.

There will be daily classes in Bible study by Dr. Hess of North Platte, evangelism by Dr. Fintel of Scottsbluff and missions by Rev. Kendall of Bayard. Dean McProud of the Wesleyan will have charge of the recreational activities.

The expenses will be about as follows:

low: \$2.50 for tent, \$2.50 for registration, and \$6 for board, or campers may get their own meals in regular camp style.

The institute will be held in the beautiful park in Crawford. The young people will have a delightful time with the opportunities of tennis, baseball, bathing and other recreations. While the work is sponsored by the Methodist young people, it is open on equal terms to young people of any religious denomination who care to go.

SUCCESS!

Commencement time has come and with it, of course, the baccalaureate sermon. The president faces the senior class, sturdy of men in their bone-rim glasses. He clears his throat in a presidential manner.

"Gentlemen," says President Wumpus, "we have come to the parting of the ways. You are standing on the threshold of life. The world is before you. Each of you will seek success and I shall impart the secret of its capture. It is work, work, WORK! Of the varied tasks that confront you all, nothing but perspiring brows and mental toil can make for their achievement. . . . (and so for for three thousand words, and then—) . . . But remember, the message of the day is WORK."

The senior class has listened and is impressed. It ought to be. Here's what the boys are going to do:

- Six of them are going to paint china. One hundred and three will write plays.
- Four are going in for Socialism.
- Nine have started studying Baedeker.
- Two will design art titles for the movies.
- One will be a professional perfume smeller.
- Twelve will enter the crap-shooting industry equipped with loaded dice.
- Four will operate pop-corn concessions at summer parks.
- Three will take a canoe trip up the Amazon.
- One will become business agent of a plumbers' union.
- Two hundred and nine will write short stories, novels and scenarios.
- Twenty-one will go to Greenwich Village.
- Three will chase butterflies.
- Four will be designers of women's hats.
- One will become social secretary to an Arkansas congressman.
- Forty-one will start immediately for Europe.
- Seven will enter advertising and picture-puzzle contests.
- And two of them will go to work.—Neal R. O'Hara in Life.

Anyway, it has been shown that transcontinental airplane mail can beat anything that has been provided by other means of transportation. Letters mailed at Los Angeles were delivered in New York in two days. They came all the way by air except from Omaha to Chicago.

At the University of Illinois a girls' society has banned cigarette smoking boys, and the boys have retaliated by banning girls who use rouge, wear low necks or short skirts, pull eyebrows, or dance the shimmy. It looks like a breaking of diplomatic relations between the sexes.

Switzerland has very few motion picture theatres, says a news item. They get their pictures first hand, over there.

Say "yes" when they ask you to buy a ticket to the Campfire Girls' benefit dance.

Reunited by Smith's Spite Fence.

By HAZEL BLAIR.

(1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

It certainly was a desirable property from every point of view, but one point of view was permanently included, and that was the outlook upon old Mr. Smith's garden. It was an enormous garden, almost big enough for the grounds of an institution, and from Mr. Smith's front gate Mrs. Harnack could see rows of magnificent elms and locust trees and flower beds which always seemed to bloom with reasonable flowers. But from her side windows she could see nothing.

"It's the spite fence," explained the agent. "That's why the property's so cheap. Mr. Smith resented the late owner's building next to him, and so he put it up."

So Mrs. Harnack bought the property. It was just the place, she told herself, for a widowed lady to settle down, and there was an excellent finishing school near by for Miriam, her only child. And days passed and weeks passed, but neither saw Mr. Smith.

One day the agent stopped her in the street.

"I hear you're going to have a neighbor," he said, grinning.

"What, somebody else going to build on the other side?" asked Adeline Harnack apprehensively.

"No, Mrs. Harnack," the agent answered. "Old Mr. Smith's nephew, John, is coming to live with him. Wonder what old man Smith will do with him."

"Teach him to be a fence-maker, I suppose," said Mrs. Harnack crossly.

Young John Smith was put into a lawyer's office in Cosset Town. One day, when Miriam had been home from school two weeks, Mrs. Harnack, walking with her, saw her daughter bow, and John Smith raised his hat as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

"How do you know him?" demanded the mother.

"Oh, I was introduced," answered her daughter evasively.

"Then understand, Miriam, I forbid you to speak to him again or notice him."

"Very well, mamma," answered the daughter submissively.

But on the next day carpenters arrived at Mr. Smith's house, and they proceeded to erect a rough scaffolding on the outside of the fence. And the next day painters mounted it, and before nightfall the exterior bore the sign, in huge letters of yellow and red:

"Try Pyramid Pills for That Tired Feeling!"

Adelina Harnack was away that day in town. When she came back she saw the legend. She was furious.

"Miriam, I am going to stop this if it takes every penny I have," she said. "I am going straight down to Mr. Capel, the lawyer, to instruct him to get an injunction."

"But, mamma—"

"Now, not a word, Miriam!"

"All right, mamma, only John—I mean Mr. Smith—is working in Mr. Capel's office."

The name betrayed the secret which the girl's tones concealed. Mrs. Harnack turned on her.

"Why do you call him John?" she asked icily. "Is it possible—possible—?" She looked at her daughter's scarlet face. "Miriam, has there been anything between you and that contemptible young man?"

Miriam began to cry. "I love John," she sobbed. "And he loves me, and he's coming to see you tomorrow afternoon."

"No, indeed," answered her mother. "I am going to see him, and his uncle, too, and tell them what I think of them."

Her anger was at the boiling point when she arrived at the front door.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" she asked of the housekeeper.

"Mr. John Smith, or Mr. Johnathan Smith?" asked the woman curiously.

"Jonathan!" said Mrs. Harnack quietly, and the housekeeper thought it was the answer to her question. But Adelina Harnack merely repeated the name in wonder. Could there be two Jonathan Smiths or was it—?

"Walk in, please," said the housekeeper, and a half minute later the visitor found herself in the presence of the recluse.

He had not changed so greatly. He was the same man whom she had once loved so passionately, save for the tale of years. And he knew her.

"Adelina!" he exclaimed, and stumbled forward. And Adelina Harnack somehow found herself in his arms, though it was 20 years since she had left them.

"It's really you, Adelina?" he asked incredulously. "Where do you live? How have you found me here?"

"I live next door," she answered.

"Next door?"

"Beyond the fence. Don't you remember that I wrote to you? Oh, but you didn't know my married name, did you? I want to tell you so much—but the shock has unnerved me."

He caught her in his arms again.

"It is you, then," he said. "I've held you in my heart and fenced you round about—and all the while I was fencing you out, unknowing it. But, Adelina—I shall keep you now—I—"

He paused. "We'll tear down the fence tomorrow," he said, "and then we can talk. Not tonight. Tonight we are a boy and girl together again, as we used to be."

Whitey Discourses on Golf—Reformed Private Spills Himself

I WAS going to write about this here golf, which is a sporting event, though to watch the faces of the guys who play it you would think it was a major operation. A guy going to a golf game seems to make up his mind to have a good time if it kills him, just like a guy reading the funny papers in a dentist's waiting room.

When I was a kid, Spider, I went up to a golf link once and was a caddy. A caddy is a boy who learns interesting cuss words while the others of his age are still saying "gar gar" for water and "goo goo" for thank you. So of course I know all about the game.

The first thing a golfer does when he starts out is to buy clothes. He gets him a trick suit that looks like he was being initiated into a bag-pipe band. The neck of his shirt is wider open than a draft dodger's alibi and his pants are shorter than the odds on Man o' War.

This naturally gives his legs a chance for a lot of publicity. I was caddy once for a bow-legged man who looked like some sort of an arch soldier march under when they come back from war and then march over when they are getting a dollar and a half a day for tearing it down. Before he put on golf clothes he was more popular with the ladies than an Indian guide, but afterwards the only one who would speak to him was an old dame with a crick in her neck who couldn't get her eyes below his collar bone.

The next thing a golfer does is to buy a fock of sticks he calls clubs, though the way they dig up the ground with them, they look like spades. One is called a masher because it is a handy thing to have round when somebody laughs at him, and another is a niblick which is christened after a pair of hiccups, and there are a lot of others. Some are made of iron and some are made of wood, according to the kind of head the guy has who is using them. They all look alike, but for that matter so do a lot of barrack beds until you fish under the blanket and find out which one the cognac bottle is in. Then it makes all the difference in the world.

Well, then the next thing a golfer does is to go out and buy a lot of balls. They are round and white and look like the pills they give you in the army taste. A good golfer can usually go around eighteen holes in about ninety strokes and use up ninety-one balls doing it.

The only more expensive sport that is commonly indulged in in this country is writing to chorus girls and telling them that you love them and signing your name to it.

Well, after a golfer has got all these things he goes out and buys a quart of hooch somewhere or other so as he can have something to put in his locker at the clubhouse and give him an excuse for carrying keys with him.

After that he is all set like a clock in a railroad station, and then it is time for him to begin to learn how to play the game.

Sometimes he goes to a club where there is what they call a professional who is always named Sandy MacTavish. I don't know why but it is a rule, just like a champ heavyweight must always have a front name that begins with a J—like John Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey. Carpenter is right in line too, because his front name is Jorge.

So now he can go out on the lynx. He gets a shoveful of dirt and makes a hill and puts the ball on it and takes a swipe at it and knocks down the hill but doesn't do anything in particular to the ball, and it is right then that the caddy begins to get an education.

In this game of golf, Spider, the more you get the worse off you are. It is something like bigamy that way. Any other game you try to roll up points but this one you go just the other way. It is a good deal like an Englishman to invent something cuckoo like that. If they played poker they would probably have a rule that a pair of fours sweeps the boards. And if they shot craps there wouldn't be no stopping them when they rolled snake-eyes or box-cars. They have been doing things queer ever since they used up the whole army taking Bunker Hill and never even bothered to send a K. P. over to capture the Rocky Mountains. And Bunker Hill never was since the Charlestown Brewery got there closed up.

There are just two things more a golfer must learn to do. One is to forget all he ever heard about little George Washington and the cherry

tree and instead memorize the autobiography of Ananias and the other is to learn to pull cards with his teeth. The first is necessary in subtracting up his score and the second is necessary to keep him from being canned out of the club as an undesirable character.

WHITEY.

The playing cards of the fourteenth century differed materially from the pack in use today. The Venetian pack, for example, consisted of 78 cards—22 of them marked with emblems of various kinds and 56 with numerals, divided into four suits of 14 cards each.

By a clause in a special treaty concluded soon after the first Punjab war the maharajah of Kashmir has the right—which he exercises—of prohibiting the importation into his territories of pork pies.

The cables carry the news that wives are now selling for \$1.85 each in Turkey. It is evident that deflation came too rapidly and the bottom dropped out of the market.

By going slow on the things that haven't declined in price and strong on those that have, you can figure out even more than a 5.6 per cent drop in the cost of living for yourself.

Although the courts have held that it is entirely legal to put the word lager on the outside of the bottle, it still is not permissible to put anything resembling lager in the inside.

Automobiles are said to cost as much as \$100,000 in Russia, but before becoming excited about it perhaps it would be well to show whether the price is figured in rubles or in money.



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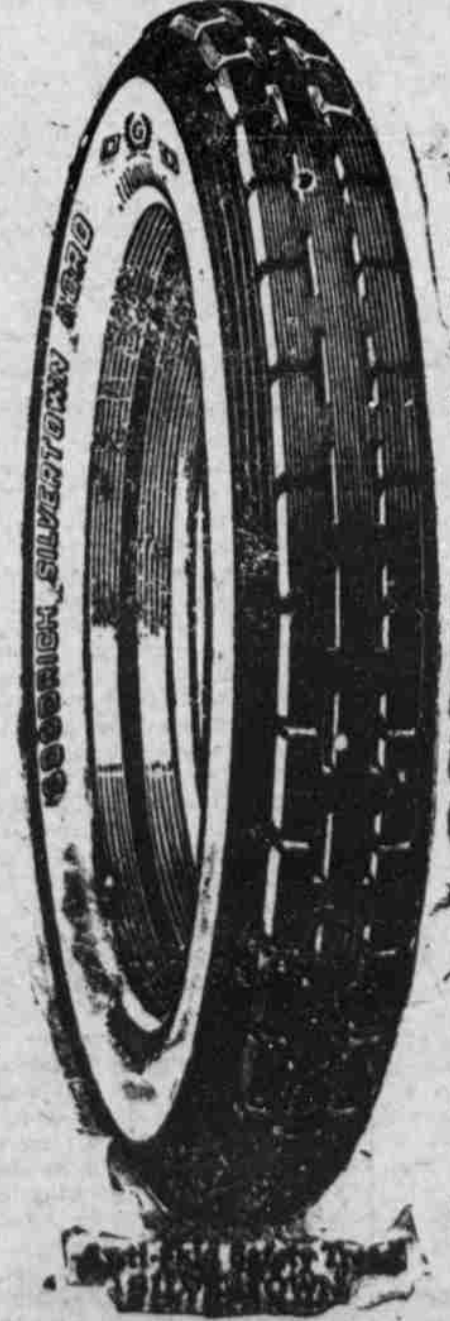
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32x4 1/2	\$47.30	\$4.50
33x4 1/2	\$48.40	\$4.65
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33x5	\$58.90	\$5.55
35x5	\$61.90	\$5.80

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