

**JOY OF LIVING.**

By MARY WINIFRED FORD.

The young folks in Northwood called him "grandpa," while the older folks called him "Old Nat."

Grandpa had decided long ago that it was high time for him to say "good-by" to this old world.

"Well, don't blame me, Grace," grandpa heard Richard, her husband, say. "If it wasn't for your father we could be where it is nice and warm, but you know the trip is too much for him, and then he might be ailing—"

That was all grandpa heard, but his son-in-law's words wrung his very heart, and not once but often he heard his daughter complain and say that "if it wasn't for father" she could do this or she could do that.

He turned to look out the window, and there, smiling in at him with two fat snowballs in her hands, was Edna, the young girl next door, who had taken quite a fancy to that old face looking out of the window every day as she looked in. Her cheeks were rosy and her brown eyes sparkling, and into grandpa's heart came a new life as she smiled on him.

She came close to the window and rubbed her nose on the pane, and, laughing happily, cried: "Grandpa, they have given me permission to come in and sit with you if you care to have me," and at this moment Grace came into the room.

"Come right in, Edna, I'm sure father would enjoy having you," and grandpa was so happy all he could do was to puff all the harder at the old pipe, his heart beating fast to think that after all someone would care to sit and chat with him.

"Oh, grandpa, it is just too wonderful for words out today! How I wish you could come snowshoeing with me! The girls have gone off for the weekend and I have to go shoeing alone. Do you know, grandpa, if it wasn't for you looking out of the window every day and smiling so nicely at me, I should almost die of loneliness. True, the girls are here off and on, but they have such wonderful times without me. They—they don't want me, grandpa—I'm only in the way—"

"Why, what is the trouble, little missy? When I saw you out there, laughing away, I never dreamed you were unhappy. Now, tell grandpa all about it—maybe I can help you."

"Well, they all have sweethearts, grandpa, you know—"

"Oh! I see—Frank and the Rhodes boys, I often wondered why you were alone so much."

"Well, they d-don't want me, as I would be an extra one, and—well, sometimes I wish I were dead. It's terrible to think no one wants you, and then, grandpa, nanna and papa—I annoy them. They say I'm too hysterical, and oh! I'm so lonesome. Since the snow came, and I can't sit with you on the veranda, I've been too lonesome for words. I wish you could come out."

"Yes, little missy, it is hard to think that you are not welcomed, even in your own home, but I am sure that your dear mother and father welcome you, only they do not realize that you are very lonesome. They are probably very busy with their problems and never dream that you need their love so very much. Some day you will meet a nice young boy who will want you very much, but he hasn't happened along just yet, that's all."

"Just you wait, missy dear, and then you will have the best of them all," and grandpa puffed ever so vigorously at his pipe, and in the circles of smoke he saw the one he wished Edna to see and love.

"Never mind, grandpa, about my troubles. Don't think any more about it. I am happy to have just you, and I do love you very much," and she nearly knocked grandpa's pipe clean out of his mouth when she hugged him tight and kissed him softly on the forehead, and she was gone before he could recover himself.

"Another visitor, grandpa, for you," and George smiled as he slapped grandpa caressingly on the shoulder.

"Why, grandpa, who was that wonderful looking young lady I met as I was coming in? I should think, grandpa, you wouldn't keep such a secret away from me."

"Gad, boy! I was just thinking of you and in you walk! She is one of my rays of sunshine, boy, and you are the other. She is very unhappy and is going over to Raymond Hill, snowshoeing. Go right after her, boy, and see that she gets home safely. Yes, yes, you must do this for me. Tell her that grandpa said it was all right, and that she will make him happy if she is very kind to you, George," and the somewhat dazed George hastened away.

Late in the afternoon grandpa saw in the distance two people skipping along, hand in hand. As they neared the house his heart gave a leap. There they were, like two children, laughing and chatting away.

"Grandpa, I couldn't have been unkind to him if I tried, not when he told me you said it was all right. And oh, grandpa, I must thank you for the most wonderful day ever."

"And, grandpa, you must insist that she allow me to accompany her to a perfectly wonderful, beautiful, beautiful party tonight. She is just about for you to say the word, and—"

Grandpa saw in both their eyes that old, but ever new, story, he realized that he desired to live—live—live!

**THE FAIRY TALE**

By AGNES GRAHAM BROGAN.

Far back in the shadows sat Goldilocks, and the little brown nursemaid, Goldilocks had been known as Miss Miriam Sturtevant before the joyful exchange of her attendants was made. And the brown nursemaid was not brown at all as to face, but just a curious autumn leaf sort of person, with leaf-brown hair and darker brown eyes and crimson-leaf coloring. A happy, cheery companion, who changed miraculously Miriam's prosy routine of days into a fairyland existence. And who succeeded where the former dictatorial custodians had failed in quelling the child's self-importance and banishing her gloom. Miriam was well aware of the interest she occasioned as hostess, aware too, of the awe with which Miss Palmer had regarded her upon this account.

The new little Ursula Brown, who dubbed herself the brown nursemaid, had no regard for money at all. It was just a necessity, she said, and one need not be proud of its possession because it couldn't buy happiness.

It was all part of the game of growing that the Goldilocks and the brown maid played together. Life was no longer dull in Uncle Roger's big house. Uncle Roger was Daddy's bachelor brother, who had become her guardian, and guardian, too, of the fortune which he and she alone shared. Miriam had been a problem to Uncle Roger, until Ursula came.

Ursula drifted in most fortunately one morning when Miss Palmer and Uncle Roger were having a row, because returning home unexpectedly at a very late hour the night before, he had found his niece deserted. Miss Palmer locking the nursery door behind her, had gone on to some amusement of her own. Ursula Brown stopping to see if Miss Miriam Sturtevant might not possibly require a musical instructress, was moved to apply for Miss Palmer's position instead, and received it. Things had gone smoothly since then.

Uncle Roger was unpleasantly surprised when she refused to awaken Miriam late in the evening, that she might help him while away an hour of boredom.

"I might be able to please you with a song," said the young woman. She did; Roger, listening, wondered all at once concerning this young woman's past—her home life, how she had happened to come to them. But when he eagerly requested another song, she as firmly refused as she had refused Miriam's coming, and passed swiftly on up to her own quarters.

Women more beautiful than this quiet little attendant had sought his company; young women whose favor one might be proud to win. But, like Goldilocks, Roger was under the fairy charm. What spell did she weave, this silent purveyor of happiness?

"You know," Goldilocks told him, during one of their confidential talks, "the brown maid came out from a green empty wood to seek her fortune. She has told me all about it. The wood was green with memories, you see, of those who had lived with her there—her family. And it was empty, because they had gone away forever."

"So she climbed the steep hill, which was really just our main street, and she could find no fortune there. So she came on and on, to the top of the mountain, which is our own beautiful avenue. And at the top was the castle—our house, Uncle Roger—with me, the Princess Goldilocks just needing to be cared for. So the brown maid of the wood stayed on at the castle."

Roger Sturtevant smiled as he sank back among the couch cushions.

"I see," he said.

When Ursula came hurriedly to put her charge to bed, she passed by the couch all unseeing, following Miriam to the far shadowy corner.

So she sat together, the brown nursemaid and Goldilocks.

"Tell me," begged the child, "the rest of the story of the maid of the wood, Ursula. Did she go on living forever in the castle at the top of the hill, or did a handsome prince come to carry her away? Was there no prince at all in the castle on the hill," asked the child disappointedly.

Roger could hear the girl's breath catch in a little broken laugh.

"Yes, there was a prince," she answered, holding Miriam close, "a really wonderful prince, who had traveled many lands and whose pockets were filled with gold. Many beautiful princesses sought to become his bride, for he was good and true, as he was handsome. Even the old servants loved him, and he was as gentle as a mother to one little girl. It was but natural then, that he should also seek to be kind to the poor maid of the wood. Good-night Goldilocks," the voice ended abruptly.

"Why," said the child, "why Ursula, there are tears on your cheek."

Pointed the two came quickly a man's tall figure. Uncle Roger, bending, kissed tenderly his own small niece, then more tenderly, the other.

"I will finish the story," he said. "This prince fellow who lolled around with his pockets full of gold that never would buy anything he really wanted, came to love, as it happened, this quiet wood and maid with a love that set her free."

Ursula softly answered:

**FOCUSING IMPORTANT AS PROPER LENSES**

Headlights Must Conform to Focusing Provision of New State Law, or Owners Liable to Fine.

So much stress has been laid recently upon that feature of the new state law which provides for equipping cars operating in this state with legal lenses that the other provision of the law regarding the proper focusing of these lenses has been quite overlooked. It is just as important that auto lights be properly focused as it is to possess the proper lens, and the penalty provided is just as severe in both instances. The following information on this point will prove valuable to those who are not familiar with this section of the new law:

"Focusing a bulb is placing it in the correct position in the headlight with respect to the reflector. With 'Focus 1' is meant: the filament of the lamp is at the focal point of the reflector. The resulting beams of light are almost straight ahead and of the smaller diameter. With 'No. 2' all of the filament is back of the focal point of the reflector, the resulting beam of light being spread out as much as possible. In 'No. 3' the filament of the lamp bulb is only slightly back of focal point. The resulting beams are larger

than No. 1 and smaller than No. 2. With 'No. 4' all of the filament is ahead of the focal point of the reflector.

"To focus the headlight, drive the car to a level spot where the light from the headlights will be thrown on some sort of screen at least 25 feet ahead of the car. Remove the front glasses or lenses. Then cover one lens so that only the light from one lamp at a time will show on the screen. By means of the adjustment with which your amps are equipped, move the filament forward or backward until it has passed through the focus. When the beam is of the smaller diameter, it is at the focal adjustment No. 1. From this point it may be moved into the proper adjustment for the particular lens which you are using. Do the same with the other lens while the one which has been previously focused is covered. When both have been focused separately, allow them to burn simultaneously. The two illuminated spots on the screen should be on the same level and their centers the same distance apart as the centers of the headlights. If they are not, change their relative positions to fulfill these conditions, but do not move the bulbs in the headlights relative to their reflectors after once locating them separately. If the directions with the lens specify that the headlights shall have a tilt downward, measure the proper distance on the screen and deflect the headlights so that the center of the ray of light strikes the desired point, then

put on the lenses."

To the type these instruments may appear somewhat complicated, and, if so, a competent dealer in lenses should be consulted so that the letter of the law be strictly complied with and any danger of a fine eliminated.

**Keep-U-Neat Cleaners Is Now Official Agents for Railway Uniforms**

The Keep-U-Neat cleaners and tailors, at 207 Box Butte avenue, have recently received official notification that they are the authorized agents of L. S. Singer & Co., manufacturers of railway men's uniforms.

Hereafter railroad men may get their uniforms through the Keep-U-Neat cleaners at the same prices as were formerly paid when uniforms were purchased through the Burlington company. This change affords the patrons of L. S. Singer & Co. a convenient place to come, where their measurements will be taken accurately and alterations, if any are needed, done with the least delay. 71-74

People who are always talking about the "middle West" never say where it touches the middle East, the middle South and the middle North.

Herald Want Ads are read.

**Berea Winner by a 9 to 3 Score Over the Angora Team Sunday**

The Berea baseball team took the measure of the Angora players at Berea Sunday afternoon, taking the long end of a 9 to 3 score. There was a good crowd in attendance, a number of Alliance automobiles being on the grounds. The game was fast and interesting all the way through, and was featured by a complete absence of crapping by the players on both sides. There wasn't a single row over an umpire's decision. The playing was pretty high class, the game being errorless. Harvey Cass and George Burry umpired.

The score by innings:

Angora.....000 002 010—3  
Berea.....310 201 20x—9

The players were:

Angora—Ruff 3b, Dove 1b, Kelting ss-p, Rodgers c, F. Sherlock p-ss, Moorehead rf, G. Sherlock 2b, Linnert cf, F. Glass cf.

Berea—E. McDonald 1b, Jackson ss, P. McDonald 3b, F. Reed rf, Shipper 2b, Bush cf, Clayton cf, B. Mundt p, S. Mundt c.

The man who knows how the railroads can save a million a month usually hasn't a nickle to his name.



**Harvest Jubilee 10 DAY SALE**

Our wheat is not making 50 bushels to the acre, but we are making \$50.00 buy \$100.00 worth of merchandise. The people of Alliance are not all farmers, but they are some judge of merchandise values. Ask your friends who attend these sales.

<p><b>9-4 Pepperel</b></p> <p><b>Bleached MUSLIN</b></p> <p>2 1/4 yards wide</p> <p><b>39c yd.</b></p> <p>These are 60c values.</p> <p>10 yards to customer.</p>	<p><b>Bleached MUSLIN</b></p> <p>36 inches wide</p> <p>Pure Soft Finish</p> <p><b>11 1/2 c yd.</b></p> <p>Pacific Bleaching</p> <p>25c quality.</p> <p>10 yards to customer</p>	<p><b>Honest Width Family</b></p> <p><b>COTTON MUSLIN</b></p> <p>36-inch Width, Brown</p> <p><b>11 1/2 c yd.</b></p> <p>This is a 25c quality, the best grade we have. 400 yards but it will not last long, so come early.</p> <p>10 yards to a customer. You know our quality merchandise.</p>	<p><b>WHITE</b></p> <p><b>CANVASS SHOES</b></p> <p><b>\$1.25</b></p> <p>Ladies' and Children's</p> <p>These are wonderful values, \$3 and \$3.50 values. A good selection to choose from. Think of these wonderful values.</p>
<p><b>Men's DRESS SHIRTS</b></p> <p><b>98c</b></p> <p>Imperial in all new stripes and new merchandise, good quality. \$2.50 values.</p>	<p><b>Organdie DRESSES</b></p> <p>All New Styles.</p> <p>\$20.00 Dresses, now \$10.00</p> <p>\$15.00 Dresses, now 7.50</p> <p>10.00 Dresses, now 5.00</p> <p>8.00 Dresses, now 4.00</p> <p><b>Sale of Ladies' Silk Sweaters.</b></p>	<p><b>Ladies' Slippers</b></p> <p>Black and Tan Kid</p> <p><b>\$5.98</b></p> <p>These are regular \$7.50 and \$9.00 values. All the latest strap slippers.</p>	<p><b>Royal Worcester CORSETS</b></p> <p><b>\$1.50</b></p> <p>Average figure, low Bust Long Skirt all around.</p> <p>\$3.00 values.</p> <p>All new Merchandise.</p>

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**W. R. Harper Dept. Store** BIG STORE ALLIANCE NEBR.

We Sell for CASH We Sell for LESS