

The ORIOLE
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Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**
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And Under That Light Sat Noble Dill.

That word of any sort had come from Uncle Joseph was in a measure reassuring, but the air of perturbation and gloom was not noticeably removed. The general impression might be summed up in the words of his sister.

"Nobody knows what that man'll do, when he decides to!" Aunt Carrie said nervously. "Letting the poor child stay up so late! She ought to be in bed this minute, even if it is Saturday night. Or else she ought to be here to listen to her own bad little cousin trying to put his terrible responsibility on her shoulders."

One item of her description of himself the badgered Herbert could not bear in silence, although he had just declared that since the truth was so ill-respected among his persecutors he would open his mouth no more until the next day. He passed over "bad," but furiously stated his height in feet, inches and fractions of inches.

Aunt Fanny shook her head in mourning. "That may be, Herbert," she said gently. "But you must try to realize it can't bring poor young Mr. Dill back to his family."

Again Herbert just looked at her. He had no indifference more profound than that upon which her strained conception of the relation between cause and effect seemed to touch; and, from his point of view, to be missing should be the lightest of calamities. It is true that he was concerned with the restoration of Noble Dill to the rest of the Dills so far as such an event might affect his own incomparable misfortunes—but not otherwise. He regarded Noble and Noble's disappearance merely as unfair damage to himself. He continued to look at this sorrowing great-aunt of his, and his thoughts made his strange gaze appear to her so hardened that she shook her head and looked away.

"Poor young Mr. Dill!" she said. "If someone could only have been with him, and kept talking to him until he got used to the idea a little!"

Cousin Virginia nodded comprehendingly. "Yes, it might have tided him over," she said. "He wasn't handsome, nor impressive, of course, nor anything like that, but he always spoke so nicely to people on the street. I'm sure he never hamed even a kitten, poor soul!"

"I'm sure he never did," Herbert's mother agreed, gently. "Not even a kitten. I do wonder where he is now."

But Aunt Fanny uttered a little cry of protest. "I'm afraid we may hear," she said, "any moment!"

And the most tragic news of Noble Dill these sympathetic women could have heard would have surprised them little; they had unanimously set their expectation in so romantically pessimistic a groove. But if the truth of his whereabouts could have been made known to them, as they sat thus together at what was developing virtually into his wake, with Herbert as a compulsory participant, they would have turned the session into a riot of amazement. Noble was in the very last place (they would have said

when "calmer" where anybody in the world could have madly dreamed of looking for him! They would have been right about it. No one could have expected to find Noble tonight inside the old, four-square brick house of Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, chief of the Atwaters and father of the disturbing Julia. This was an old man of rigidly limited sympathies; and his opinion of Noble Dill had become almost notorious; he was no bosom of refuge for a lorn Noble needing solace, nor was his house for any moment hospitable with Julia out of it. Moreover, Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, was not at present in the house; he had closed and locked it yesterday, giving the servants a week's vacation and telling them not to return till he sent for them; and had then gone out of town to look over a hominy mill he thought of buying. And yet, as the wick went on, there was a light in the house, and under that light sat Noble Dill.

Returning home, after Florence had placed the shattering news within his hand, Noble had changed his shoes and his tie. He was but a mechanic; he had no motive. The shoes he put on were no better than those he took off; the fresh tie was no lovelier than the one he had worn; nor had it even the lucidity to be a purple one, as evidence of grief. No; his action was, if so viewed, "crazy," as Aunt Fanny had called it. Agitation first took this form; that was all. Love and change of dress are closely allied; and in happier times when Noble came home from work and would see Julia in the evening, he usually changed his clothes. No doubt there is some faint tracery here, too indistinct to repay contemplation.

When he left the house he walked rapidly down-town, and toward the end of this one-mile journey he ran; but as he was then approaching the railway station, no one thought him eccentric. He was, however; for when he entered the station he went to a bench and sat looking upward for more than ten minutes; then rose and went to a ticket-window and asked for a time-table.

"What road?" the clerk inquired.

"All points south," said Noble. He placed the time-table, still folded, in his pocket, rested an elbow on the brass apron of the window, and would have given himself up to reflections, though urged to move away. Several people wishing to buy tickets had formed a line behind him and they perceived that Noble had nothing more to say to the clerk. The latter encouraged their protests, and even went so far as to exclaim, "For heaven's sake! Can't you let these folks buy their tickets?" And since Noble still did not move: "My gosh, haven't you got no feet?"

"Feet? Oh, yes," said Noble gently. "I'm going away." And went back to his seat.

After a while he sought to study his time-table. Ordinarily, his mind was one of those able to decipher and comprehend railway time-tables; he had few gifts, but this was one of them. It failed him, now; and he wandered back to the ticket-window and, after urgent coaching, eventually took his place at the end instead of at the head of the line that waited there. In his turn he came again to the window, and departed from it after a conversation with the clerk which left the latter in unconscious accord with Aunt Fanny Atwater's commiserating adjective, though the clerk's own pity was expressed in argot. "The poor nut!" he explained to his next client. "Wants to buy a ticket on a train that don't pull out till ten thirty-five tonight; and me fillin' it all out, stampin' it and everything, what for! Turned out all his pockets and couldn't come nearer'n eight dollars short o' the price! Where you want to go?"

Noble went back to his bench and sat there for a long time, though there was no time long or short for him. He was not yet consciously suffering greatly; nor was he thinking at all. True, he had a dim, persistent impulse to action—or else why should he be at the station?—but for the clearest expression of his condition it is necessary to borrow a culinary symbol; he was felling. The state of shock was slowly dispersing while a perception of anguish as slowly increased. He was beginning to swallow nothing at intervals, and the intervals were growing shorter.

Dusk was misting down, outdoors, when with dragging steps he came out of the station. He looked hazily up and down the street, where the corner-lamps and shop-windows now were lighted, and, after dreary hesitation, he went in search of a pawn-shop, and found one. The old man who operated it must have been a philanthropist, for Noble was so fortunate as to secure a loan of nine dollars upon his watch. Surprised at this, he returned to the station, and went back to the same old bench.

(To Be Continued)

I. W. W. Member Escorted to the City Limits and Told to Hit the Trail

Jimmie Ryan, youth who was arrested by city and county police officers last Friday under the viaduct in the Burlington yards, was Monday afternoon escorted to the eastern limits of the city by Deputy Sheriff Miskimen and Officer Stilwell of the city police force, at which point it was suggested to him that he shove onward. Before being permitted to depart, however, he knelt on his narrowbones and with uplifted hand took an oath that he was through with the I. W. W. Maybe he meant it.

Ryan was arrested when a report reached the police authorities that there was a big gambling game going on underneath the viaduct, with plenty of money in evidence. The man who told the officers said there was a stock of money in the center of a group of men that would fill a scoop shovel. When the officers arrived the game, if there had been one, was broken up, and but three men remained. All of them were questioned, but Ryan was the only one who was held. He carried an I. W. W. card, and although this was not sufficient grounds for holding him, the fact that he had in his possession no less than sixteen combs was considered a suspicious circumstance, coupled with the fact that he desired extremely to be released and allowed to go on his way. After holding him a day or so, to see if he were wanted in other places, the officers permitted him to depart.

YOUTH'S ARM BROKEN WHEN HE CRANKED CAR

Bernard Brice, twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brice of Antioch, suffered a broken arm at 9:30 this morning. He was cranking a Ford car and the engine back-fired.

Nation's Carriers Have Designated November As 'Perfect Package Month'

A nation-wide "Perfect Package" movement will be conducted by the railroads, steamship lines and the express carriers of the United States and Canada during November, which will be known as Perfect Package Month. The shipping public of this city will be asked to co-operate in the campaign.

An announcement to this effect was made at the Monday noon luncheon of the chamber of commerce by a joint committee of local transportation men, composed of S. H. Cole, local agent for the Burlington, and F. L. Sigafos, local agent for the American Railway Express. Arrangements have been completed to enable the shippers of this city to make a good showing in the movement.

The purpose of "Perfect Package Month" is to enable the carriers to aid shippers in their packing problems, and to help improve the transportation service of the country. During November, the railroads, steamship lines and express companies will examine the condition of all freight and express shipments and record the faults of shipments which do not come up to the general classification of "perfect packages." Special report blanks for freight and express will be made out for every shipment that is found wanting in some detail of good shipping, and these reports will be sent to the shippers of the packages. A summary of all exceptions found during November will be submitted to the city chamber of commerce for examination and tabulation.

At the conclusion of the campaign, the record of each city during "Perfect Package Month" will be tabulated and published. The leading city will be exploited because of its perfection in shipping methods. Considerable rivalry has been aroused among traffic organization which have determined to make their cities the leader in "Perfect Package Month."

November was selected for the campaign, as the carriers are in a position where they can give more careful examination of passing traffic, and can in fact handle at least 25 per cent more business.

Every city or town throughout the United States and Canada that ships by rail or water will be informed of these plans and be asked to aid in carrying them out. The entire working organizations of all the railroads and express companies are also to be enlisted in the campaign, comprising a force of nearly two million men.

The railroads will push the perfect package movement through a single agency, the American railway association, an organization of practically all railroads and steamship lines. Express agents everywhere will join with the railroad people in conducting the campaign.

The following committee has been selected to manage the campaign in Alliance: S. H. Cole, agent for the Burlington; F. L. Sigafos, agent for the American Railway Express company; W. E. Spencer, president Alliance Creamery; Glen Miller, president Alliance chamber of commerce; Mrs. Lloyd C. Thomas, secretary chamber of commerce.

Powdered Buttermilk—two grades—for family use or for stock and poultry at the Fairmont Cream Station 95

GIGANTIC SALE

—OF—

Army and Navy Goods

SALE STARTING

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1921

One of the largest Army and Navy stores in the northwest will open at Alliance. Their stock of blankets, shirts, pants, underwear, mackinaws, sweaters, raincoats, officer's dress coats, overcoats, Indian blankets, hospital blankets, breeches, work shoes, leather vests, leather aviation coat, sheepskin coats, .sox, overalls, packets, leggins and many other articles too numerous to mention will go at **PRICES HARDLY BELIEVABLE.**

Folks, now is your chance to buy your Fall and Winter needs at almost your own prices.

Pay us a visit and see for yourself. Don't forget opening date, Saturday, October 29. First come first served.

Army and Navy Stores

Open Evenings.
119 Box Butte avenue

Look for Big Letter Sign
Alliance, Neb.

Who???

Is the Most Popular Girl In Alliance

The popularity contest has started. The following young ladies names have been proposed by their friends.

EACH CONTESTANT HAS RECEIVED 100 VOTES FREE

Votes		Ruth Hawes	
Janet Grassman	100	Alice Hamilton	100
Edythe Williams	100	Mabel Young	100
Margaret Dwyer	100	Marie Rathburn	100
Leila Cutts	100	Ruth Morris	100
Sarah O'Keefe	100	Lulu Sturgeon	100

This will be decided Thursday, Oct. 27

AT THE ST. AGNES ACADEMY BAZAAR AT THE ROOF GARDEN

Remember the Dates of the Contest and Bazaar, October 25-26-27

An extra fine Hereford Cow will be raffled at 25c a chance and you give your 25 votes to the Young Lady you want to win.

All the Young Ladies in the County Are Eligible

SEE THE PRIZES FOR THE TWO WINNERS IN GLEN MILLER'S FURNITURE STORE WINDOWS.

Come on Fellows and show your ladies that you are for them to win.

Get your Raffle Books from—

Morgan Grocery Co.

Just Received
Fresh Shipment of
Huyler's
High Grade
Chocolates

Good candy kept right. Fresh every few days.

Try our fountain and lunches. Three square meals a day if you desire them.

F. J. Brennan