

Mary Weds the "Best Man"

By HAZEL SMITH

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Father O'Brien gave me a big wink when I had outlined my scheme to him. There wasn't a better sport than the Father in all the parishes round, and when it was a case of marrying a couple he'd move heaven and earth to bring it about. But the next time I went to see him there was no difficulty at all. I had caught Mary O'Toole's heart on the bounce and she wasn't the girl to go back on her word—not she.

Some people said it was a shabby trick to play, but I say a man's justified in using any means he can to win the woman he loves. And didn't I love Mary—hadn't I loved her for years until that thundering limb of a Terence MacShane came along and stole her heart out of my keeping?

We might have been twenty or a bit more when Terence MacShane comes riding in from Limerick and sees Mary and dismounts to ask for a glass of milk. I was away then.

When I came back a few days later I found Terence sitting, bold as brass, in Mary's cottage, and her very close to him and listening to all his gabble.

When she saw me she started away, confused and guilty like, but I didn't take notice of the girl.

"Won't you come out where the sun's shining and take your dose, Mr. MacShane?" says I.

Up he springs and out he comes and we had a fine tussle in the cornfields; but seeing he had my advantage by four inches and twenty pounds, it wasn't long before he had me down.

Well, that settled that, and I packed and got ready to take the boat for Cork, thinking maybe I'd go to America. I knew there were bigger fishes in the sea than I'd hooked yet. But my heart was sore for Mary O'Toole, and I couldn't stay in Dunchestown any longer.

Who should I meet at the dock but Terence himself, with his pack.

"So we're both in the same boat, Terence," I says. "There's an hour yet. Come, tell me all about it."

He told me, and I learned that he and Mary had quarreled bitterly the night before about some trifle. He decided to go back to Limerick and not try his fortunes in Cork at all.

I didn't tell him my plans, but I saw him aboard the train and made my way back to Dunchestown. I was a long way from the cottage when I saw Mary sitting inside. She wasn't stirring hand or foot, and that meant something for Mary. When I got in her eyes were wet with crying.

"Mary," says I, "I've come back to you. Won't you take me?"

She put her head on my shoulder and cried there. And that's how I caught her heart on the bounce, as I said.

The wedding day was all settled, but very soon I saw that it was Terence all the time and not me she cared for. Faith, there's no telling how a girl's tastes will run. So I made out I didn't see through her pretense at caring for me.

As for Terence, I met him once when I was into Limerick with a drove of hogs. I found out that he loved Mary just as much as ever. But I didn't feel any more like losing the pride of Dunchestown to a Limerick man. So I put my troubles before the priest.

When Father O'Brien had heard my scheme for making an end of Terence, I mean as a possible cause of trouble after the ceremony, he winked and clapped me on the back.

"Mary," I said that evening, "who do you think's going to be best man at the wedding next Thursday? Who but Terence MacShane?"

She started and began to protest. I got her consent at last, after the Father had put in his word, and Thursday came, as a good many Thursdays have come along since then. We met Terence at the door, looking very sheepish and very wretched. I think the Father had word with his priest in Limerick and made him come as a penance for something. Anyway, there he stood, scowling at me and never looking at Mary, and she nearer crying than laughing. It was a strange sort of wedding.

Then the Father began, and when he came to asking the questions he sort of looked up inquiringly. I knew my cue had come.

"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he asked me, and I slipped out and caught Terence by the arm and dragged him up to Mary. "Say 'yes,' Terence," I whispered, and he said it quick as a flash. And the bans had been in his name, too, but nobody could read the Father's writing.

No, I didn't stay for the wedding breakfast. The fact is, I slipped out through the door before the ceremony was over. But that's how I came to America after all. It happened a long time ago, and—well, I've almost forgotten now.

Gratitudes.

"Don't you sometimes feel that republicans are ungrateful?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "this republic of ours seems to be just as liable to overestimate its obligations to some of us statesmen, as it is to lack appreciation."

Ask Dad, He Knows.

Willie—Paw, what is the stuff that dreams are made of?
Paw—Lobster is a Newburg and Welsh rabbit, my son.

DEFLATED WAGES UNDER ATTACK BY JOHN L. LEWIS

(Continued from page 4)

We do not hear the cry for deflated wages from the wage earners themselves, for they realize better than anyone else what deflation of wages would mean to them. They know that deflated wages would bring upon them hardships, suffering, privation and denial of many of the real necessities of life to just the extent to which the deflation process might be carried. It is strikingly manifest that the working people of America are having a hard enough time to get along upon their present wages, without subjecting them to the process of deflation.

Nor do we hear the cry for deflation of wages from those business men from whom the working people buy their food, clothing, tools and other supplies. Reduction of wages—and that's what deflation means—would seriously affect the welfare of these business men, for it would reduce the volume of their business. People can spend only as they earn.

If you will look around a little you will also discover that the demand for deflation of wages is not coming from the class of employers who give a humane thought to the welfare of their employees. And there are many such employers in this great nation.

These are the same employers who are opposed to trade unions and deny their employees the right to organize for their mutual protection and help. Examine in your own mind the list of those whom you have heard demanding deflation of wages. You will find there are employers of that type. Their demand for wage reductions is simply a part of their plan for the destruction of the trade union movement in America. They have decided that extensive reductions in wages will reduce the efficiency of labor unions. They are aware that organized labor contends for a wage scale that will enable the worker to maintain his family on a decent American standard of comfort and health. It is this fact that sets this class of employers against labor unions.

Prices Not Down

But, we hear some say: "Prices would come down if labor would come down." Experience does not prove this contention. Employers are not making such promises. We hear some say that prices have already come down; that manufacturers have reduced their prices and that labor ought to do the same. Some even go so far as to say that prices have reached the pre-war level, and, unfortunately, they induce some people to believe such statements. This encourages some to denounce labor for fighting to maintain its wage standards.

The fact is that prices of the articles that the worker must buy have not come down to the pre-war level nor anywhere near the pre-war level. And let us all hope that prices will never again reach the pre-war level.

Only a few days ago there appeared in the daily newspapers an article telling about the "terrific slump" in prices of the necessities of life, and demanding that labor accept wage reductions for that reason. And in the same newspapers an official statement from Washington which said that the general average of prices of necessities of life throughout the country still was 60 per cent above the average in 1914. Here we find prices 60 per cent higher than they were before the war, and yet these employers are demanding that labor stand for a reduction of wages to the pre-war level. One fails to see anything fair in such an attitude on part of employers. Organized labor asks only a square deal.

Not Backsliders.

Wage standards were far too low in 1914. It would be an injustice to force labor to return to the 1914 level. America is not a nation of backsliders. The citizenship of America be-

lieves in progress, in going ahead and not backward. It is contrary to every American thought and a violation of every American ideal to encourage a policy of sliding backward from the 1921 standard to the standard of 1914. Let's forget 1914, in business, in industry and in our every day interest in humanity. Let's look forward and beyond the present and strive for the attainment of better things. Let's work for the upbuilding of our country and all that it contains. Let's swear a new allegiance to that true Americanism that is founded upon the rock of justice and the square deal. A nation is what its people make it. Americans have made this the best country in the world by going constantly forward in the path of progress. Let employer, employee and everyone else stand together and not only maintain the 1921 standards of living and industry but make them better as the years go by. The harmony, concord and unity that is so essential to the future of our country cannot be inspired by a deflation of wages and a return to the standards of the year 1914.

It's always well to remember that if the other fellow is doing his job the best he knows how he may be just as useful to society as you are.

Where are the sentimentalists? Why not a society for the protection of hungry sharks?

Efficiency may be much overworked word, but that only tends to prove its efficiency.

A goodly portion of Europe doesn't care where it eats its Christmas dinner, just so it eats.

Nobody loves the neutral now, but after the war he will be hailed as everybody's best friend.

Aside from the fact that our aeroplanes on the border will not fly, they are pretty good aeroplanes.

Cleanliness is coming to be an essential to business success in the handling of foods. This is progress.

We will buy your furs and hides. O'Bannon & Newswanger. 4-7

FOWLING

The roads are getting in pretty fair shape again.

Mr. Uhrig and son, George, of Hemingford motored out to their ranch Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Leis and son were Hemingford callers Saturday.

John Brohowski was a caller at the Hall home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Zimmerman of Mitchell are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Carl Henning and Henry Tschacher each took a load of wheat to town for Carl Saturday. Mrs. Henning accompanied them.

Einar Christensen and family were Hemingford callers Saturday.

James Eaton and family motored to Hemingford Friday and spent the night at the Saling home.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods, who live on

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Adapted by June Mathis
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CHIROPRACTIC IS BEING RECOGNIZED.

Chiropractic has been recognized by the railroad men of the United States as being a very necessary part of the hospital system of the railroads, and several of the Eastern railroads have recently adopted chiropractic adjustments in connection with their hospital work, particularly the Missouri Pacific railroad.

Aside from the railroads, the Franklin Automobile Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., and other large industrial organizations of the East have adopted the chiropractic policy for the benefit of their employees.

Chief among the reasons for the remarkable growth of chiropractic is the fact that it removes the cause of practically every ill known to mankind, by relieving the pressure upon the nerves that carry the life-giving force to every organ and cell of the body.

Chiropractic is winning new converts every day purely upon its merits.—California Breezes, Aug. 1921.

DRS. JEFFREY & SMITH

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Over Harper's Dept. Store.

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ON WASHDAY



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OUR WET WASH DEPARTMENT

Relieves Her of the Hard Work.

by taking the soiled clothes and bringing them back ready to dry and iron. They are sorted into two lots and these lots washed separately but not mixed with other clothes. We wrap the colored clothes separately for delivery.

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Just call phone 160. Orders received before 8:30 are delivered same day; after 8:30 the following day. Please mention "Wet Wash" when phoning.

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Patrons are assured of capable workmanship. Our operator was trained in the U. S. Naval Electric School, and has since had 15 years experience in all kinds of motor repairs.

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