

# Ever Ever Green



By FANNIE HURST

(Continued from Last Week.)

In the gloom of that left wing, taut as a gladiator, Mr. Al Delano, clad in gold-colored tights, with a zig-zag of silver lightning down his front, balanced in waiting on the tip of the titillating spring-board in readiness for his flight across the stage.

His muscles sprang out and hisiceps swelled to capacity, and beneath the gold-colored tights his diaphragm suddenly contracted, throwing his great chest upward.

"All Hail the Storm King!" Miss Laladay drew backward the bar until it lay across her little bosom and, as the silver wire jerked her ever so slightly higher, flung it from her with one hand, and with her free arm tossed her silver wreath downward toward the figure beside the wind machine, and a little trill of laughter went with it.

"Both hands there—cut that—wait! Al—wait—good God!"

On that outward swing of the trapeze Mr. Al Delano leaped from his spring-board with the grace of a wild thing, turned his double somersault mid-stage, in mid-air, and reached out for the flower-twined horizontal bar. It swung back, but too slowly to meet his straining clutch. Too late to gather his strength against a fall, he gyration for a second in a ghastly simulation of an acrobat, and then with the directness of a fowl shot on swift wing, hurtled downward, his legs doubled up under him and his neck strained backward.

"Ugh-h!" A moment of indecision. A woman in the balcony shrieked and hid her face. Another. The West Wind flinched back against an iridescent pillar. The director's baton fluttered, then waved onward, the music clattering manfully after it. A gnome fell weak-kneed in her tracks. The curtain slithered downward.

At three o'clock, with the immense quiet of dead o' night thick as a shroud around them, the watchers beside a property couch moved simultaneously. A doctor rose from his stiff knees, his lips pursed and perplexed beneath his mossy beard. Charley Lee lifted a basin and towel from the floor and placed them noiselessly on the gold property table. Miss Lolo Laladay, her silver skirts crushed to her figure, rose from her crouching attitude at the base of the couch, and beneath the mask of rouge her little face seemed suddenly as fleshless as the feet of a bird and slashed with tears, as if rain had beat against it.

"Doc! My God, Doc, don't you know yet? You want us to die waiting, do you? Don't you know nothing yet?"

"We gotta catch that four-ten train, Doc, and she feels like before we go we oughta—"

"Can't you tell a girl, Doc? Ain't he ever coming to again? Ain't he, Doc? Oh, my God, ain't he?"

The doctor snapped his spectacles into a case and regarded her above a remaining pair that straddled his nose half-way down. His voice was deliberate and as slow as treacle in the pouring.

"We are going to move him now, young lady, just as soon as the hospital wagon arrives. Then we can tell more."

"Fear lay on her face like a death mask."

"Is he—"

"I have set three fractures, but I can't look at that back until we get him to the hospital, little lady."

"Oh, my God! His back!"

Mr. Charley Lee smoothed a nervous hand up and down the back of his glossed hair.

"What she's trying to get at is this, Doc. We gotta get that four-ten train out and—"

"Don't listen to him, Doc, we—"

"We gotta get that train out and if he ain't done for wants to know if he'll come around all right. He will, won't he, Doc?"

"He will, Doc, won't he? He will, Doc, for God's sake tell me he surely will."

"I won't know how much, little lady, until we get him to the hospital, but it looks to me like he will come around all right."

"See, Lo; now go get your duds."

"Oh, my God, Doc." She caught at his hands in a frenzy of supplication and fell on her knees a huddle at his feet. "Just pull him around, Doc. That's all I ask. Pull him around, Doc, and I'll make it up to you. I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. I'll black your shoes and walk on my knees for you. Only don't let him die, Doc. For God's sake, don't let him die." The incoherence of frenzy muddled her tones.

"Aw, cut it, Lo. Don't you see that Doc's doing all he can. Go get your duds on, Lo. You see, Doc, it's this way. She kinda feels like it was her

fault, but there's nothing to that. It's just like he got dizzy all of a sudden the way he missed that bar. I've seen it happen a dozen times. She flung it all right enough, but she kinda feels to blame about it. It's dead sure that he'll come around all right, ain't it, Doc? Tell her."

"I done it! I done it, Doc, but I didn't think it would swerve. I done it. Oh, my God, Doc. I done it!"

He stooped and drew her gently from her crouching attitude at his feet and, as if anticipating that she would sway like a silver reed, placed a firm hand between her bare shoulder blades.

"There's no immediate danger of anything right now, little lady. You



"There's No Immediate Danger of Anything Right Now, Little Lady."

Just keep up your courage until we have a look at that back and see what can be done."

"I'll walk on my knees for you, Doc."

"Aw, Lo, cut out the sob stuff. Didn't you hear the Doc tell you a lay-up is all he's in for? Flyin' acts is used to that."

"There, there, little lady, you just wait until we look at that back."

"We got to be beatin' it, Doc. We gotta catch the company down at the station for the four-ten. I gotta wire ahead to Chicago for a dummy act, too. He—Al—he's a great fellow, Doc. Treat him white as you know how. You'll keep us wise about him, won't you? Here's our route list, and you let us know how he's mending up. He's a fellow with a fund, Doc, and if—"

"I ain't elastic enough to stretch, let us know. Take good care of him, Doc. The best ain't none too good for him. Be glad to send you paper to the show when we play a return in April, Doc. Glad to take care of you if you will call around at the box office. Come, Lo, we gotta hustle."

"Whatta you think I am—crazy? I—I ain't going."

He shuffled toward her.

"None of that. You gotta—we can't miss connections for—"

"I ain't going."

"Cut it now. Ain't he all arranged for in the hospital? You can't jump a show like this without—"

"You go chase yourself, Charley Lee. You can't bluff me. I'm going to stick and whatta you going to do about it?"

"Tell her, Doc, she's crazy with the heat."

"That won't thaw no ice with me. I'm going to stick with him and—and if he—he will have me I—I—Al—Al!"

The figure on the couch stirred beneath its gold brocade property coverlet.

"Where—Lo—where?"

She sprang to his side with the doctor's restraining hand light on her arm.

"Al, darling! Oh, my darling!"

She leaned to him as if she would lay her heart palpitating at his feet.

"You ain't mad at me, Al—you ain't, are you, darling; you ain't mad at me?"

Tears rained down her face and he made to touch them, but his arm could find no power to raise.

"No, no, pussy cat. I ain't mad. Why should I be mad?"

He lolled his head ever so slightly on the pink saten property pillow and smiled.

"Sure I ain't mad. It was the spring-board that didn't work."

"Oh, my God." She could have swooned of heartache.

"It ain't so bad, Al. The Doc is going to fix you up fine—ain't you, Doc? Ain't you?"

"Quit your crying, Lo."

"It ain't so bad, Al. If—if you ain't mad at me we—we're going to stay here, darling, right here in Adalaid like you wanted—like you wanted."

"No, no, Lo, I—"

"I seen the house when we walked to the show tonight. Just like you said, on the hill, and a little red roof and a little kid swinging his arms for a weathercock over the porch—just like you said, Al—you'll lemme—you'll lemme—please, Al—please!"

From his closed eyes came tears that he could not wipe away.

(To Be Continued)

Wanted to Buy—Your fat hogs or ship them on commission. O'Bannon & Neuswanger. 17-1f

## MIDWEST WILL GO AHEAD WITH RUSHVILLE WELL

THINK BIG CHIEF SALTED, BUT WILL DRILL LOWER, ANYWAY.

If Successful in Bringing in Oil, the Company Has Agreed to Sink Eight Additional Wells.

Despite the belief that the Big Chief well, near Chadron, was salted, which explanation explains a whole lot, the Midwest Oil company, which took over the well, will proceed to drill deeper and make a real test hole for petroleum in that region. The Scottsbluff Star-Herald is authority for this statement, as well as responsible for the following account of recent developments in the oil game at that point:

It is now stated on good authority that the Big Chief oil well northwest of Chadron, was "salted." The word "salting" in the good old days of '49 and thereafter, meant that gold in plentiful quantities had been sifted in the sand of a placer claim, and that quartz containing the precious metal in large gobs, was mixed with the other quartz taken from an otherwise non-productive claim. The next move was to find a sucker and the next to land him.

Oil wells can be salted, perhaps not as handily, but nevertheless as successful as a mine, and from reports received concerning the recent "strike" at the Big Chief, it appears that following investigation, there was mostly salt and no oil.

While much of the matter is hearsay, yet it is believed that the company originally in charge of the Big Chief prospect well had about gone the length of its financial cable. The drillers had been unpaid for a considerable time; the financial stringency had made the raising of more money by the sale of stock practically impossible, and there was nothing left to do but shut down the well.

Think Workmen Responsible.

There is a very strong suspicion that workmen, discouraged because of non-receipt of wages and faced with the prospect of the company giving up efforts altogether, came to the conclusion that nothing would save the day save to strike oil and strike oil they did. And immediately a different song was sung in that immediate neighborhood. The company, overjoyed at the excellent showing at a comparatively shallow depth as western oil wells go, immediately perked up and when approached by the Midwest people, who own holdings in that immediate vicinity, asked three million dollars and fifty per cent royalty on the well's production.

The Midwest folks took a long deep breath and took to the tall and uncultured jungles for a time, allowing the local company to think over the matter, and before negotiations were over the original company had agreed to turn the well over to the Midwest for a 10 per cent royalty in case the hole proves to be a producer. It is also agreed on the part of the Midwest that if the well proves a real one, that the company will sink eight additional wells on the tract, which includes the land in which Eben D. Warner, of this city, is interested in.

Following the resumption of work under the Midwest management, the well soon "petered out" so far as showing of oil was concerned and resumed its former characteristics of a dry hole. It was then the suspicion arose that one or two things had occurred—either one of the most peculiar oil "pockets" ever known to geology had been encountered or the well has simply been "salted." The former course is possible, but not probable. The latter is possible and from what some of the officials state is very probable.

But whichever is the correct solution, the Midwest people are going ahead with the well and the Big Chief will be made a real test hole for oil in that region.

### CARD OF THANKS.

The family of Mr. Frank E. Reddish wish to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to his many friends for the sympathy and kindness extended during their recent bereavement.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE

WHEREAS: It hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the body of our deceased brother, Fred J. Myers, and WHEREAS: He was a brother member of At Last Lodge No. 814, B. R. C. of A., loved and respected by all who knew him, therefore

BE IT RESOLVED: That At Last Lodge No. 814 in meeting assembled, Monday, February 6, 1922, at Labor Temple, do hereby express our deepest sorrow over the loss of our brother and extend our deepest and sincerest sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Myers and family and commend them to the Great Author of Life, looking to that great day when "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," shall be heard from Him whose dealings shall be just.

Records of Lodge No. 814.

H. D. HACKER,  
C. M. ALLISON,  
J. W. FOY,  
Committee.

Night Officer E. L. Stilwell left Friday evening for Springfield, Ill., where he has been called as a witness in federal court in the case of the United States vs. Conrad. Conrad was arrested in Alliance last May, following an attempt to break into the Horace Bogue store, and had a large quantity of postage stamps in his possession. He was suspected of several mail robberies, and was positively identified by an Illinois train crew as the man who held up a mail train.

## ELLSWORTH.

According to the new state law, the shipment of furs after February 25 is prohibited, all trapping must cease on the 15th, and in view of the end of the season, local trappers and buyers are pushing their efforts to the utmost for a final cleanup. Some predict a high closing market, while the general opinion is that the bottom will fall out and the majority of the trappers and buyers show a decided tendency to market their products at once, taking no chance on a change of market, as the muskrats are yet selling at good prices, ranging from \$1.25 to \$1.70. Patrick Reid and John Schornard, working together, have bought most of the pelts this season, although they have had keen competition.

Many from Lakeside passed through here Saturday evening, en route to the Bingham dance, Gene Kennedy going up with Harvey Whaley. All reported a good time.

Jack Ballenger of Bingham stopped here a short time Monday, driving the Buick Six which he recently purchased from P. E. Law.

Father Nally of Hyannis, who had charge of the Ellsworth diocese also, has been transferred to Hay Springs, Neb., and his charge will be taken by Father O'Keefe, who a few years ago had the Hyannis district. Father Nally, having only a short time ago come over from Ireland, was not particularly in love with the "sandhill mountains," although he was just getting "acquainted" when the transfer was made.

William J. DeBord and neighboring ranchers filled out a car of hogs which they sent to the Denver market. Mr. DeBord will ship another car this Saturday.

Edward Kennedy visited at the Fields home, southwest of town, over Sunday.

James McCulloch, who has been carrying the south mail for John Schornard the past three months, was forced to lay off the past week, going to Alliance to consult a physician, also having some dental work done. A brother, John, carried the south mail during his absence, Jim taking the route again Monday morning.

Miss Ethel Fields and little sister, Edith, were Alliance visitors Saturday, returning Sunday, Edith having some dental work done.

Woodruff Bail of Valentine spent Saturday in the south country making land appraisements. John Schornard made the drive, showing Mr. Bail the country.

B. T. Hedges of Alliance assisted P. E. Law in making repairs on the Burlington water service Saturday. During the recent cold spell the stock yards pipes were frozen and the east water tank being low on water and not pumping, we have had no water in the depot for nearly a week. Tuesday Mr. Hedges will return and the necessary repairs will be made to get the water service back to normal.

P. E. Law visited in Alliance a short time Saturday evening.

W. F. Seebohm will attend Masonic lodge at Hyannis Wednesday, where the third or final degree of the Blue lodge will be conferred.

Miss Myrte Arms has discontinued her duties at the Ellsworth Supply company store as assistant postmaster. Slack business being the cause of the temporary reduction. W. F. Seebohm will now resume the duties of postmaster.

The weather man predicts fair and moderate weather Saturday and Mother Nature promises a bright full moon, thus a large crowd is anticipated at the next Ellsworth dance Saturday, February 11. The same good music has been engaged and as the roads are now in good shape many outsiders plan to attend.

Word from Casper finds the new baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schafenberg doing nicely.

## FOWLING

The farmers' union held an all-day meeting at the Moravek school house Saturday. The ladies all took lunches and enjoyed a very pleasant time. Practically all of the members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roes are the proud parents of a baby girl, who arrived Friday night.

Mr. Hookham motored to Hemingford Saturday after Mrs. Murray of Wyoming, who came to spend a week with her daughter, who is teaching school there.

Mrs. Langford is on the sick list at this writing.

Mrs. Anna Hall and children spent Sunday afternoon at the Charles Hall home.

Miss Ruth McCormick visited over Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Clara Brus. The Brus boys and Miss McCormick and Miss Clara attended the dance at Grosse's Saturday night.

Messrs. Kilpatrick and Wilkins were callers at the Hurlbert home one day last week.

Mr. McCart, who is helping Jake Henderson feed this winter, spent Sunday at home with his family.

A couple of hog buyers from Hemingford were callers at the Joe Kennedy home Sunday afternoon.

Einar Christensen motored to Alliance one day last week with the mail carrier. He went down to look at a place which he was thinking of renting there.

Joe Caha and Jake Winten were Hemingford callers Monday.

The Mann children are much improved at this writing.

James Eaton and wife spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hurlbert.

The dance at the Grosse home Saturday night was attended by an extra large crowd and all report a very enjoyable time.

Will and Henry Roes are enjoying a visit with an uncle from British Columbia.

Mr. Peterson and son were callers at the Laursen home Sunday afternoon.

Jake Henderson and family, Dick Henderson and wife and the Henderson young folks all attended the dance Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Waddle of Scottsbluff visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Meeker. They all attended the dance Saturday evening.

Joe Kennedy and family motored to the dance Saturday evening.

Mrs. Elesa, James Eaton and family motored to Hemingford Monday. Arley and Kenney Roes were at Hemingford Monday.

## HEMINGFORD

The Congregational people are excavating for a basement for their church and will move the church west from the street thirty feet and have the advantage of a frontage and the convenience of a basement.

The revival closed at the Methodist church Sunday evening, with a good crowd and a fine feeling. The interest in the services were splendid and Mr. Mills gave very satisfactory service in the singing and Rev. Newland held the crowds with his splendid sermons in an unusual way. We were pleased with the general good that was accomplished.

Some of the mains in the water system are frozen up and several families are without water this week.

Mrs. Earl Rockey was a passenger to Alliance Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Clark and Rev. and Mrs. A. J. May were in Alliance Tuesday.

## G-P-C BOOSTER NOT SATISFIED WITH PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 1.)

sioners up there don't give a continental whether any part of their county has a road except right around Bridgeport. With that spirit to buck against it seems a tremendous proposition to try to push the highway through as originally planned. The saving in distance would be around ten miles.

Too Much Neighborliness.

We really feel sorry for Broadwater for she has been trying hard to get just a small portion of her valley roads graded up without so much as a shovelful having been moved. It must be discouraging. But why should the great G-P-C highway, with eventually will be known as the great north and south roadway, suffer the fate of the North Star route just to be neighborly?

Or perhaps it would be a better way to go to Lisco and then northwest to Alliance. Parties who have made the trip say this would be a good way to plan the route and it is estimated that a saving of about eight miles could be made over the original route.

We want the G-P-C highway to be completed in some way, and the road marked at once in order to be assured a place on the new road maps which will be off the press in a very few weeks. It is very necessary that an interstate road be put into service from north to south through the western part of the state. In order to get this

price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bates had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 1-A

**ATTENTION!**

Start a savings account with the money we can save you on your auto top repairing. We will re-cover your Ford top for \$10.50, up. Other style top with Gypsy rear curtain and plate glass windows, prices arranged accordingly. We use the best of material obtainable for this work. Let us tell you our prices on top work on any car.

**LAURENCE BROS.**  
210 West Third Street.

**DON'T WORRY**

About Hard Times and Misfortune That May Come to You—Get Ready for Them.

Start a savings account TODAY. There are dozens of things that could happen to you, that will stop your earnings. The sensible thing to do is:

**GET READY FOR THEM WHILE YOU ARE WORKING.**

Why not come in TODAY and talk it over? We can show how your earnings will mount up.

**WE PAY 5% INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS**

**FIRST STATE BANK**  
Deposits Protected by Nebraska Guaranty Fund.

We feel that the enterprise must receive our undivided attention during the next few weeks. It seems a shame to allow a few miles of road through this part of the state to hold up the entire commendable proposition. And if the state department cannot be weaned away from their pet route north of Bridgeport on the plan of connecting county seats only, the suggestion we have made will comply with their favorite requirement and it might be that we could secure their approval. We are in for trying it at least.

Organization Not Functioning.

While we are on the road subject we are wondering what the big idea was to appoint a vice-president and a member of the advisory board from each county through which the highway was to pass. To our knowledge there has never been a meeting of either membership. What's wrong anyway, and why aren't the advisory board and the vice president functioning in the interest of the work. Someone in authority in this organization needs a new alarm clock. They've sure slept long enough to have their nap out and there are some chores to be done.

Meanwhile we wonder if this proposition will meet with the approval of our Colorado brethren. It would be our suggestion that President Goddard be notified of the change and immediate steps be taken to effect this new route, provided something more hopeful cannot be recorded in favor of the original route within a very short time.

## STRONG EVIDENCE

Is the Statement of This Alliance Woman.

Backache is often kidney ache;

A common warning of serious kidney ills.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine"—Don't delay—use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Profit by the experience of Mrs. E. E. Bates, 114 Platte Ave., Alliance. She says: "I have great confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills as they have saved me many doctor bills in the past twenty years. I had occasional attacks of kidney complaint and if I neglected them I suffered a great deal with my back. I got lame across the small of my back and could hardly get around to do my work. If I stooped I became dizzy and could hardly see. Doan's Kidney Pills which I got at Thiele's Drug Store cured me of the attack."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bates had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 1-A