

# HOME GROWN

By FANNIE HURST

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(Continued from Last Week.)

The magenta light of declining day lay on the water and reddened it as if monsters were spilling gore in a sub-aquatic battle. A low, far-away sun that had lost much of its heat and no longer dazzled the eyes, slipped, as if a most delicately contrived windlass was letting it down cog by cog into the horizon. For a second it rested on the surface of the water, then dipped, broke the circle and dropped gradually down into its tomorrow.

Miss Fink clicked down her pink parasol and shifted her position on the sand. Her feet were curled under her like a shah's.

"Say, wouldn't a model tunic gown draped in hot-locking pink chiffon, the same color as that camel-shaped cloud out there, be swell?"

"Neat little sky, ain't it? I know a fellow made a fortune out of an idea like that—Al Levy; he's the fellow put out the Sunset Sextette Girls that was such a scream in four-day vaudeville last year. I knew him when he was sellin' tickets in front of the Rialto in the old scaper days."

"All aboard for Sunset Land—tra, la la la—tra la la."

"Sure, that's the act! I know all them little girls like they was my sisters. I remember Daisy de Vere when she was carrying a tin spear in the fourth row of a fifth company of the Galey Girls. Daisy always knew when her show came in off the road that she could get a dollar room—and off me—and pay me when her luck turned. Them was the good old days at the Rialto house—good old days."

A theme of retrospection, subsidiary, but insistent as a left-hand theme marching beneath the trill of trouble arpeggios, crept into Mr. Gilly's voice; he burrowed an equally retrospective forefinger knuckle deep into the sand, drew it out and peered into the little well.

"Them was good old days—I never ought to have left Broadway for the resorts nohow—gettin' back is like a character man tryin' to convince a manager he can play juvenile. But say, kiddo, if you'll wear a muzzie about it, I'll whisper something in your ear."

"Sure."

"It looks like I'm going to land behind the counter of the new McPheeters when it opens next month!"

"Oh!—the new thirty-story one on Thirty-second street?"

"Right—oh! My friend Kell's managing it and he promised the counter to me before the plans were even dry!"

"Say, but that's some job!"

"I ain't sure yet, but I'll know any day now. I may run down to Chicago to see him when he comes West next week—and if I land it, Birdie-birdie, believe me, I'll invite you out to the swellest little supper between here and Forty-second street. How'd you like to see me behind a alabaster, gilt-edged counter, eh, kiddo?"

"Not so bad!"

"I'm just holding my breath wishing it on myself—forty a week and three shifts! Say, it's so easy a politician would trade with me."

"I know just how you feel. I had my eyes glued to the Avenue and 'Imported Gowns—Only'—three whole years before I ever sold anything above a twenty-nine-fifty ready-to-wear."

The gray light of dusk suddenly enveloped them; the lake was glassy-topped like a cistern, and behind them a darkening tangle of woods full of the twilight gibberish of birds.

"Gee, forty a week! On forty a week I could ride in a taxi with my back to the meter; I could buy a plot on Fifth avenue for a truck garden; I—I could even get married, Birdie."

"Or buy an underground balloon."

They laughed in soft, furry voices, that had unconsciously taken on the quietude of dusk.

"Look over there, Gilly—the hotel's beginning to light up."

"What I think of that dump!"

"I bet right now the whole Bison convention is ringin' for more towels and shaving water, and every man's wife of 'em is unpacking the tray of her trunk and shaking the small town sweet lavender and crinkles out of a made-in-the-house summer silk that would get a laugh out of a clown off duty."

"I notice you're pretty strong for the small towns yourself, Morning Glory. I ain't heard nothing more about that eight-fifty-five flyer since you and Miami went out to the moon last night."

"Quit your kiddin'!"

"Go to it, sis—he's the prize Bison of the whole herd, with a bank account I could wish on myself—don't let straw in his hair and ashes down his vest front scare you off. Oh, you

Red Trunk!"

"Aw, you!"

"Like you pretty well, don't he, Queenie? He watched us paddle off like he'd give a half interest in his Miami bank stock to be in my place."

"Yes—he—would—not!" sung in a voice to deny her negation.

Mr. Gilly dusted his hands of sand particles, rolled over luxuriously on his side, climbed to his feet and stretched wide his arms like a sun god standing at the edge of a day. He was a white flannel epic in sartorial art, an heroic expression of trousers creased to the knife edge and wide-cuffed to reveal, yet conceal, white-cloaked hose, so sleazy that the knob of his ankles strained thinner the silk.

A white silk shirt fluted in front and bloused to a correct negligee snapped in the breeze, and with it all the carefully careless hair, the unimportant features and the too large horse-shoe scarf-pin that distinguishes the sophomore from the scholar, the weevil from the worker, the gent from the gentleman.

"Stay where you are, Birdie, and I'll hike down to the canoe for the basket. We'll spread the mats on the sand and build a bonfire till the moon comes up. We're going to have some little feast—real cut-ups we are—wouldn't they give us the laugh at home?"

He bounded down the slope of beach lightly, the spray of kicked-up sand shooting from under his white canvas shoes.

They dined like two gnomes, with the fire dancing in their eyes and over their hair and down their backs and their own shadows, curiously elongated and stretched on the sand beside them.

full of mystery and absurd with the mimicry of their own gyrations.

"Have a pickle, Birdie-birdie—"

"Don't care if I do."

"Are you happy, girlie?"

"Well, I guess."

"S'more cakes?"

"Nope."

"Whatta you think of our party, sister—real gay, ain't we?"

"Some party."

"You're the kind of girlie I'd like to take to a real lobster supper. Gee, the swell little parties I've had at

Churcher's—nice little congenial crowd—that's me all over—nice little crowd like that and I can bug the daylight out of myself for joy!"

"Churcher's is one little dream of a place—they got the swellest dance floor in town!"

"Don't I know it!"

"But—oh, I don't know, but—since since I been out here, with the pine air that kind of bites into your lungs, and the moon so close you can taste it to see if it's a Camembert or Gorgonzola, I—I ain't so keen on rushing through life on subway trains."

"Hear—hear! Say, outside of Noo York—you'd thrive like an orange grove in Alaska."

"Gee, a story-and-a-half cottage in Michigan, with a garden and props under the trees to keep the fruit from breaking them, and a palin' fence all around to keep the kiddies in while you're cutting cookies with the lid of a baking powder can. Gee, a little of that would make the silk velour in the Turkish room at Churcher's raise its nap for shame at takin' your money."

"Migawd, whisper that line of talk in a phonograph record, Birdie-birdie—and I'll send it to Maisie for a centennial present."

"Silly!"

"Rave on, I can manage you if you get violent."

"What's them lights over there, Gilly?"

"That's Bay Shore—another dump like ours, only they got a picture show and two hotels and dancin' on Friday nights—"

She raised her head like a hound scenting its trail.

"Dancin'—lead me to it, honey; lead me to it!"

"Keep cool and Fletcherize your ham sandwich, Cleopatra—Friday nights was what I said—Friday nights—and I'm on dooty!"

Miss Fink waved her sandwich above her head so that the long arm of her shadow danced across the sand.

Oh, that teasing, teasing Tango—Swoop!—oh, how it makes your brain go. Let's start that teasing Ta-a-ngo!

"Oh, no you don't out here, kiddo. Wait till Saturday night and you'll see the way the gay birds do it out here—the Lancers and the Virginia Reel's the limit."

"The Virginia what?"

"One night me and your friend Maisie tried three steps of the Boston Gille and I ain't been so nearly out of a job since the Sea Side hotel fire."

Miss Fink's eyes were like silts, her shoulders and her waist and her voice swayed with the hesitating rhythm of a worshiper of Buddha under his B-tree.

"Do you know the Singalese Dip? It's the hardest of them all, Gilly—"

"I'm the neatest little dipper you ever seen—ask 'em when you go back if they know me up at the Fifty-ninth Street Pailay doo dance."

He tossed the remnant of his sandwich into the lake and pirouetted to his feet as if the song of his soul was being played to dance music.

"I'll tell you what let's do, sis—it's a half hour row to Bay Shore. Let's go over to the movies—it's better than overworking this scenery game."

"There comes the moon!"

"Yes, it's a habit out here—but come on, they got an imitation of a show over there and a place called Luna park that would give Coney the asterisks if she saw it; but it's the livelitest spot around here. Come on, are you game?"

"Sure."

(To Be Concluded.)

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\$35.00 to \$70.00 for Harness is meeting with approval of buyers. Rhein Hardware Co. 28-29

## County Welfare Organization Is Formed Monday

The Box B. e county welfare organization was formed at a meeting at the court house Monday afternoon, under the direction and guidance of the Dr. Theodore Hansen, Omaha ex-pastor who spoke at a union service at the Methodist church Sunday evening. A number of people interested in this work, from both Alliance and Hemingford, were present and officers were elected and committees appointed.

The purpose of the organization, as explained by Dr. Hansen, is to support at the primaries or in the elections those candidates for office who are publicly committed to uphold and carry out the program of the welfare organization, or as Dr. Hansen said to bring about the "election of those men and women who stand committed to the boy and girl problem."

Mr. Hansen furthermore stated that the "only people interested in fighting the welfare organization are those commercially interested," or the moving picture exhibitors and producers, who according to the speaker, spent thousands in defeating the movie censorship bill. Mr. Hansen was certain that there would be "no question as to the result of the campaign if the issue could be brought before the people."

Dr. Hansen stressed the fact that we must take measures to prevent young people from the temptations, rather than to provide penal institutions which would later endeavor to correct them. In closing his talk, he said that Senator Good of this district had supported the welfare movie bill which was recently rejected in the state legislature and recommended that if he should run again that the welfare organization should support him.

The county officers elected were E. C. Barker, chairman; Alex Muirhead of Hemingford, vice chairman; E. K. Donovan, secretary and Mrs. Tom Miskimen, treasurer.

The committees were: Executive, Jay Vance, Mrs. J. A. Keegan and Mrs. C. H. Hughes and Chris Hanson of Hemingford. Campaign committee; Mrs. S. W. Thompson, E. C. Drake, and Mrs. C. H. Hughes and Mrs. E. E. Ford of Hemingford. Survey committee; Joe Renswold, and Mrs. Alex Muirhead of Hemingford and John Overman, Rev. S. J. Epler and Jay Vance of Alliance. Publicity committee; Mrs. J. A. Keegan, Mrs. Dr. J. P. Wyrens and Harry Burns of Alliance, and Mrs. C. W. Lockwood of Hemingford. Most of those on committees were present and plans for the furtherance of the organization policy were made.

## MAKES RAPID HEADWAY

Add This Fact to Your Store of Knowledge.

Kidney disease often advances so rapidly that many a person is firmly in its grasp before aware of its progress. Prompt attention should be given the slightest symptom of kidney disorder. If there is a dull pain in the back, headaches, dizzy spells or a tired, worn-out feeling, or if the kidney secretions are offensive, irregular and attended with pain, procure a good kidney remedy at once.

Thousands recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read the statement below. J. H. Glenn, 223 Eagon St., Chadron, Neb., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are a standard kidney remedy in our home. Whenever we feel in need of a kidney remedy we always take Doan's. I have

had an attack of backache. The first time I took Doan's was about twenty years ago and they have been my one kidney remedy ever since."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Glenn had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 29

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Tire locomotion has the advantage over sole leather in another respect, viz., it can take on the wads of chewing gum in the roadway without causing the atmosphere to be saturated with profanity.

Surely Rhein's harness values are appreciated. 28-29

If you are all run down, weak and nervous and feel out of sorts with everything and everybody, get back in line by taking Tanlac. F. E. Holsten. 29

There ought to be enough ouija boards left in the country to avert any winter kindling shortage.

## IMPERIAL

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# POSTPONED

## Public Sale

On account of the funeral to services of E. T. Kibble, to be held on Wednesday, March 8, I will postpone my sale to

# Thursday, March 9

## FRED VOGEL, Owner