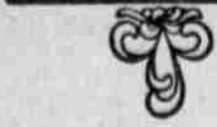


HOME GROWN



By FANNIE HURST

Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc. (Continued from last week)

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENED.

Miss Birdie Fink is spending her vacation at the Beach hotel, where she has made a most favorable impression upon two men.

The wings of their bonfire had flown into the night; only the sullen embers remained, red eyes guarding the remains of their cannibalistic feast.

"You're a nice boy, Gilly; but gee, you're a bum paddler. You jerk a boat around like a subway train coming to a quick stop."

"You're a nice boy, Gilly; but gee, you're a bum paddler. You jerk a boat around like a subway train coming to a quick stop."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

and white electric bulbs glowed against a blue and white cheesecloth background.

Tropical palms, with skilfully dyed fronds and twined half way up with brown cotton moss, huddled in a little jungle around the piano and violin accompaniment.

After a while the scratching of a violin for its note and the one finger tum-m-m—tum-m-m on the piano; the light blather of voices rising to a swell. Unstylish women in spotted silk dresses with waist lines and decent width skirts and bodices cut high over bosoms that would have quivered under bareness.

Presently a bobbing throng, the women flushed with their primal love of the dance, the men in fast winking collars and out of step. Mr. Prokes inserted a third handkerchief, bib fashion, inside his fainting collar and took Miss Fink in an antiquated embrace of the waltz.

"Whew!" "For the new grand master you ain't doing bad, Prokes—you've taken every man's wife of 'em around, ain't you?"

Mr. Prokes mopped at his face with a fourth handkerchief and writhed in his evening clothes as if he would fly their broadcloth.

"Yes, but it's almost over. The eleven o'clock song and the passing of the loving cup, and then I'm ready, sister, for what I been waitin' for all evening—guess!"

"Can't!" "The prettiest and sweetest little girl in the crowd and a little gray colored canoe. I-I don't like it a bit, your dancin' around here with all those other fellows—you just wait till I'm off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

"What I think of these guys?" "I ain't much on dancing myself, little sister, but I'm game—just watch me after the eleven o'clock song puts me off duty."

RANDOM SHOTS

It is easy enough to beat swords into plowshares, but what use can we find for cloves?

TODAY'S GOLF STORY

A golf fiend died and went to heaven. At the Pearly Gate he asked St. Peter if they played golf there. He was told there were no golf links there.

Don't be always worrying how the other fellow is getting ahead. Spend some of that thought on your own business. You will find it pays.

A device has been invented that will enable one to play golf in his own backyard. The invention, no doubt, of a wife.

TODAY'S BEST STORY

In the old days of the traveling circus there lived a tall, lanky guy in a small town who prided himself on being an expert barber and drummer.

Everything went along fine and in the evening the different members of the band presented their compliments and passed into the big tent.

Our tonsorial drummer friend was not with the bunch, but appeared later carrying a fair sized load of four and one-half per cent. As he stood at the entrance he started to fumble around in his pockets for his entrance paste-board.

You don't know these days whether the little girl next door is hanging out her doll clothes or her mother's.

Viola Dana, a nifty little movie star, sure holds some bluff for dancing. She admits there's an intoxication in dancing, but says it's healthy, and above all, she favors the freedom of the knees.

A story is going the rounds telling of the awful revenge taken by the little boy who was spanked by his sister's sweetheart. "I got even with him, though," said the precocious youth, "I put quinine in her talcum powder."

A New York newspaper is offering a prize of a bale of hay to the first reporter who can successfully explain why he speaks of a "housewife" and never mentions a "house husband."

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

(Zanesville, O., Times.) Miss Maytie Collins has sued John L. Nelson at Columbus for \$5,000 damages as the result of an accident on the Bathing Beach toboggan at Buckeye Lake last July.

SANDHILL POETESS WINS.

The Random Shootist's great poetical contest, which started two or three issues ago, has finally been decided and we are about ready to give the result to a waiting world.

Flap on, flap on, bold galosh, Some folks think that you're all bosh. Although you hide an ankle trim, You save the eyes when the leg's too thin.

There were other entries, but this one seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing somewhat better than the others. The Chadron entries were especially good: Leo Lloyd declined to enter the competition, probably because he was so worried in other competitions with our own poets, but he offers "You do not cover all the limb" just to show that he could compete if he wanted to.

Ada Noid, Chadron's newest poetess, while not entering the competition, is inspired to write a poem, so perhaps our labor was not entirely wasted on Chadron. Ada's verses go this way:

Unbuckle! Unbuckle! O lovely galoshes! The subject of many unmerciful joshes! Your zero-time duty is nearly all spent, For summer is here and winter has went.

Other lines were: "For ankles thick now look quite slim," "A husky leg looks mighty thin," and "No one could say your wearer's prim."

Before we forget it, we want to instruct the operator to change a word in one of the above paragraphs. Better make it "emotion" instead of "motion." Friend Op.

There was a mysterious entry in the competition. It was unsigned, but written on stationery similar to some we once sold to somebody—probably

a preacher. In this case the last line was "Dancing is a greater sin."

THE FOWL THING.

(Discovered by the Chadron Journal.) She laid the still, white form beside those that had gone before. No groan, no sign from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still air, making it vibrate into a thousand echoes.

CAN'T WEAR OUT.

So the boy was received by Warden Edward J. Fogarty, bathed, clipped and given the suit he will wear the rest of his life, unless pardon intervenes.—Omaha Daily News.

PHONE RATE HEARING SET FOR APRIL 17

TO PROBE RELATIONS WITH THE PARENT COMPANY.

Railway Commission Also Promises to Go Into Matter of Efficiency and Wages Paid Employees.

City Manager N. A. Kemmish is now engaged in preparing the Alliance case against the increase in rates asked by the Northwestern Bell Telephone company. Some weeks ago, prior to the first hearing, Mr. Kemmish prepared a most comprehensive argument against allowing the increase, but at the hearing held in January, it was decided to allow other interested towns and cities time to prepare like cases.

The only condition of being acceptable to law is perfect obedience. The law will uphold the landlord in evicting the tenant from the house into the street to freeze to death, regardless of the fact that the tenant is sick and has been unable to work for weeks, and that his inability to pay is the result of misfortune with no fault of his.

The state railway commission has set for hearing at Lincoln on April 17 the application of the Northwestern Bell Telephone company for an order making permanent the present schedule of rates save as changed in some particulars in the various exchanges.

The first part of the hearing will be devoted to an investigation of the Northwestern's relations with the Western Electric company and the American Telephone & Telegraph company. The stockholders in all three companies are practically the same.

Other states have investigated the relations between the Bell subsidiary companies and these other corporations, but this is the first time that Nebraska has probed them. The protesting subscribers raise the point that under these conditions it is possible that they are being charged too much, and they want to know about it.

The company will bring eastern witnesses to the first hearing to prove its contention that while possibilities of overcharging exist in the buying of everything it uses from the Western Electric, as a matter of fact it buys less than it can buy elsewhere because of quantity production.

During the hearing, which is expected to take a number of days, the commission will also go into question of efficiency, which naturally raises the matter of the wage level. The commissioners say this angle of the case will be approached with due cautiousness so that the employees may not be done an injustice.

A military expert says the Asiatic nations don't have money to make war. Perhaps, then, they make war to have money.

There are two kinds of men. Those who should be permitted to die a natural death, and those who think they know it all.

A good credit is like a pistol; it's a handy thing to have in time of trouble, but it will get you in trouble when you don't need it.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

THE PARSON'S CORNER

By Rev. B. J. Minort, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Alliance

LAW VS. GRACE.

The doctrine of law and grace has ever been the ground of theological debate and, of course, like all other questions little understood, many false impressions exist on this question. That the doctrines of law and grace play a large part in the christian dispensation is acknowledged by all, but few desire to discuss it for fear someone will cry, "Prejudice."

The province of law is to command. It is, as someone has said, "authoritative." In the chapter wherein is found the decalogue we find the phrase, "Thou shalt," at least sixteen times. Law requires obedience regardless of ability, in order to acceptance.

The province of grace, however, is to enable—it is vitalizing. It will take the lawbreaker and provide a substitute for his violation. It will satisfy the law for his guilt and then enable him to keep it hereafter.

One of my ancestors, during one of the Napoleonic wars, served out his time and, loving the life of a soldier, agreed to go back as the substitute for a rich man, at a certain sum, the money going to his family.

Just think of the matches that were used by the men, women and children of this country who smoked 56,000,000,000 cigarettes last year.

A Pittsburgh minister says "music is the sunshine of the soul." Jazz must be the moonshine.

provided a substitute for man in the person of Christ, and in his person we have all died, and those who believe and accept Him as such are looked upon as having paid the penalty of the broken law.

Again, law, by its very perfection, lays upon us burdens of duty. The moment a new law is enacted, that moment a new duty is created. Each new law adds a new duty of keeping it. Grace interposes and lifts these burdens and helps us to bear them.

Law has no room for pardon; it must exact penalty; it knows no mercy. The soul that sinneth it shall die, is a decree of law that cannot be set aside. It can recognize only deserts.

Still again, the law by its very perfection and exacting demands lays upon the sinner duties that he is unable to bear and fulfill, therefore bringing the sinner in despair. There is nothing but despair for the lawbreaker, for as far as the law is concerned he has nothing but punishment awaiting him.

Lastly, law cannot change character. It has no transforming power. Grace undertakes to make a new character, a new man of him who believes and accepts Christ.

Tribal dances of the Sioux Indians are said to be demoralizing. Has someone been teaching the red man to toddle or shimmy?

So-called mystery ships have been responsible for elevating the bootlegger to the picturesque dignity of being called a pirate.

There is one thing more to be said in favor of the prophets of good times. They are certain to be right if they keep it up long enough.

Just think of the matches that were used by the men, women and children of this country who smoked 56,000,000,000 cigarettes last year.

A Pittsburgh minister says "music is the sunshine of the soul." Jazz must be the moonshine.

When Fire Comes

SAVINGS OF A LIFE TIME ARE GONE IN A FEW MINUTES

How is your insurance?

Look at Chicago with its great fire-fighting apparatus and in one of the best protected districts suffered a \$10,000,000.00 to \$15,000,000.00 loss in a few hours this week.

See us TODAY and have your property insured.

Snoddy & Graham

Insurance Agents Over Thiele's



The quiet grandeur of the funerals conducted by this organization appeals to thoughtful people who expect real worth and dignity in a funeral without any untoward, ostentatious display. We have succeeded in the undertaking business because we know how and because we are polite.

Miller Mortuary

MORTICIANS

Phones: Day, 311 Night, 522 or 535

123 West Third Street