

**AMERICAN LEGION NOTES**

The American Legion men of Nebraska have been entirely successful in their legislative efforts. Bills sponsored by the veterans in the state legislature include the boxing bill, the disabled veterans' enrollment bill, the American language law and the Japanese exclusion act, besides some measures of minor importance.

The boxing bill was first passed by the house with an amendment limiting the attendance charge to one dollar. This was considered by the legion officials as offsetting the value of the measure and they succeeded in having the senate pass it without the amendment. The house then concurred with the upper branch.

The endowment bill was the legion's pet measure. By its provisions the state is to buy \$2,000,000 worth of interest-bearing bonds, the income from which is to be used for the relief of wounded, disabled or needy ex-service men and their families under the age of sixteen. The fund will be administered by the American Legion under the supervision of a state board. An amendment makes \$50,000 of the appropriation available immediately.

The fight for and against the American language law grew to be the bitterest and the best advertised of the session. Finding that the German language element of the state was trying to amend the Siman law, the Legionnaires turned the full force of their organization loose on the legislature. The Reed-Norval law was finally passed in both branches with conclusive majorities, due in great part to the efforts of the ex-soldier organization. In place of weakening the Siman law, as was intended by the introducer, it was so amended as to strengthen existing laws in regard to the use of the American language.

The passage of the Japanese exclusion act was in line with the decision of the American Legion as expressed at its national convention at Cleveland. The law provides that no alien may own land or own the majority of stock in any company which owns land in the state, or operate land as guardian or manager for minors, unless this right is specifically guaranteed by treaties.

The Nebraska American Legion will contribute \$1,000 toward decorating the graves of soldiers buried in France, according to an announcement made by the state adjutant, Frank B. O'Connell. Last year the organization raised \$500 for this purpose, mostly among the ex-servicemen.

The Paris post of the legion has arranged to decorate all overseas graves, and each state is sending its quota for this purpose. While the veterans plan to raise the most of this fund themselves, they will accept donations, to assist in carrying out this sacred obligation, from patriotic citizens, clubs and other organizations.

Anyone desiring to assist in this manner should make the check payable to National Treasurer, American Legion, sending it care of state headquarters, the American Legion, 314 Richards Block, Lincoln, Neb.

A party of American Legion officials, including Commander Robert G. Simmons of Scottsbluff, Adjutant Frank B. O'Connell of Lincoln and C. L. Dawson, a representative of national headquarters, on Monday started a tour of the state and will visit over thirty posts in the next two weeks.

Addresses will be made at Seward, Norfolk, Chadron, Rushville, Alliance, Gothenburg, Kearney, Lexington, David City, McCook, Falls City and other points in Nebraska. The state officials will also confer with local and

district officers and make a study of local conditions.

Nebraska now has 300 posts of the legion and approximately 25,000 members, ranking second among all states for membership according to the number of men who were in the service.

**COMMON WITCHHAZEL FINE FOR SORE EYES**

It is surprising how quickly eye inflammation is helped by common witchhazel, camphor, hydrastis, etc., as mixed in Lavoptik eye wash. One elderly lady, who has been troubled with chronic eye inflammation for many years, was greatly helped in two days. We guarantee a small bottle of Lavoptik to help ANY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. Aluminum eye cup FREE. Fred E. Holsten, F. J. Brennan and Harry Thiele, druggists. T-1

**A HILL SONG**

Oh, towns were made for listless folk, who tread an ordered round, Who fence their petty lives about with mark and mete and bound. But hills were made for virile folk, who dare to walk alone, With all the world beneath their feet and all the sky their own.

Oh, streets were made for feeble feet that keep a mincing pace, That beat a treadmill path across the city's hampered space. But trails were made for sturdy feet, that love to do and dare, And ask no pleasure but a road that leads them anywhere.

Oh, roofs were made for timid heads, that guard their eyes from fright, With lofty beams and rafters strong above them day and night. But hills enfold a sounder sleep, warm in a blanket bed, With aspens laughing in the wind, and star-fire overhead.

And city folk may have their town, and walk their ordered way; And live their close and sheltered lives, day by eventless day. But we who are the hill-folk will ask God this grace— A winding trail beneath our feet; the hill-wind in our face.

—Ted Olson, in Sunset.

**A MEAL on the TABLE is worth TWO on the FLOOR. Don't drop the food, but drop the habit of using pans with weak handles. ONE-FOURTH OFF SALE OF UNIVERSAL SEAMLESS ALUMINUM WARE AT NEWBERRY'S MAY 2 TO 7.** 44-45

**NEED 'EM IN OUR BUSINESS.**

A mad dog in Denver was treated with 2500 volts of electricity and has attacked no one since; and—

An angry bull attempted to dispute the right of way with an interurban car near Galesburg; the farmer found the meat was mighty tough, but the car is still in service; and—

A burglar called "hands up" in a room where the telephone receiver was off the hook; central heard it and the police of Topeka were on the job before the porch climber could make an orderly exit; and—

By opening all the burners in the gas range a thoughtful housewife in Iowa got rid of a loquacious book agent.

As we understand the efforts to purify modern dances, the half-Nelson and scissors holds are to be barred.—Canton (Ohio) Repository.

**Vets Wonder if Slacker Names Will Come Out**

Stars and Stripes: Veterans who have been patiently awaiting the publication of the draft evader lists are beginning to doubt if they ever will break into public print.

Maj. Gen. Peter C. Harris, adjutant general, announced about a month ago that he expected to start publishing them according to districts by the first of April. Several weeks previous to that Secretary of War Weeks had promised their publication as soon as the checking process was completed.

About that time Mr. Weeks conceived the idea of inquiring of the Attorney General if the Government would be liable should the names of innocent men be published with the slackers. He made such an inquiry and since then has been holding up the lists awaiting an opinion from Mr. Daugherty.

It is understood the Attorney General has replied informally that the government would be responsible, but early this week no formal opinion had been given. In case the formal opinion is similar to Mr. Daugherty's informal reply it is expected the lists will remain unpublished.

In the meantime the Adjutant General continues his plans for distributing the names. Last week he announced the lists would be issued from the headquarters of the various corps areas instead of from Washington. This week he made a second call on local draft boards that had failed to respond to his request for aid in checking the lists.

Gen. Harris says 2,091 local boards have failed to answer his request, and that in the cases of all boards from which no response is received prior to May 1, it will be assumed that they find it impracticable to check the lists.

**PIANO FOR SALE**

We have a slightly used piano in Alliance that we were compelled to re-possess and reliable party can purchase same on small monthly payments. We can sell this at a rare bargain, if you are interested write us and our representative will call upon you.

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**THE AFTERMATH**  
By GRACE O. WEATHERBY.

He was a pitiful sight, that huddled heap that was a queer mixture of man and boy—man, old in appearance, young in years. The eighteen months in the service of his country had wrecked his health, robbed him of his strength, and left him bitter, sullen, discouraged. The two girls coming up the stairs paused at his door and glanced in.

"Not now, Peggy dear, a little later. He isn't very cheerful, and in fact he's very rude to strangers. Don't bother now, come to my room."

"Help yourself, Peggy darling, and tell me about everything! It's so long since we left college it seems there must be loads to tell!"

"But, Olive dear, I want to know about that poor brother of yours first. Tell me—he isn't crippled for life, is he?"

"No one knows. He was gassed, you know, and that shrapnel wound in his back is the cause of his paralysis; and we've had doctors and doctors and they shake their learned heads and charge outrageous fees and suggest numerous costly operations which may help a little. It's very discouraging."

Peggy stared out of the window, unseeing. It had disturbed her strangely. "I wonder," she mused, "if I could not help him a little."

Her friend nodded absently. "Go to it. I'm quite resigned to anything."

"Ralph Lynch, you don't know me, but I'm Peggy Stuart, and you're going to see a lot of me. I want you to

like me." In spite of himself, an interested gleam came into the eyes of the invalid. "I don't like sunshine. Please pull the curtain down again."

"No, sir, sunshine's good for you, and besides I want to look at you." Ralph puffed at his pipe in confusion.

"What a handsome pipe! Did you color it yourself? How long did it take you? Dad would give his right hand for a pipe like that."

"Please go. I'm very tired, and I do not feel like talking."

Instantly she was all contrition. "You poor dear boy, you shan't talk if you don't want to. I'll play you to sleep." She placed a fresh pillow behind his back and tucked the robe more comfortably about his emaciated figure.

Peggy then seated herself at the piano, and played—softly, dreamily, beautifully, and in a few moments Ralph Lynch was asleep, for the first time in many days, sleeping dreamlessly, without the aid of drugs.

The girl continued to play while she planned a sort of campaign for Ralph Lynch. He slept three hours and a half, and awoke refreshed and feeling better than he had for weeks. Peggy was there, sitting by the fire, the rosy light playing on her bewitchingly. For a full minute the man watched her before she discovered he was awake.

"Well, it's about time! You old sleepyhead, you! Supper is over long ago, and yours is cold as ice!"

"I don't believe I care for it, anyway. . . ." he began, but she had gone, to return in a few moments wheeling a tea table daintily set. Before he realized it he was eating. All the while the girl nibbled at eating, chattering like a magpie.

"Joe Spencer and Tom Hertford are coming at eight, and you must be fixed up a bit before they come."

"Who asked them to come? I don't

want to see them." "Yes, I know. They were your chums before you went to France. I asked them."

Presently she removed the tea table and made no comment on the splendid supper he had eaten, but took it as a matter of course. Ten minutes later he was eagerly waiting for his chums and when they came his eyes sparkled and he held out his bony hand in cordial welcome. The two young fellows were astonished, for only last week he had refused to see them, had bitterly sulked in his chair.

"Don't betray the fact you are surprised. Just act as if nothing had ever happened," warned Peggy, and she left them. At quarter to nine she came in and announced it was time for all decent visitors to go home, or if they didn't care to go home they would find Olive in the library.

"It's time for bed, now, Bud, old top," she whispered, and called the butler. "Good night. I'll see you in the morning!"

Ralph slept better that night. The next day Peggy kept him busy and occupied. A new doctor was summoned, and he pronounced in solemn tones that an operation would be necessary before the boy could walk, but he was confident the operation would be a success.

"He needs to be built up a bit first." And so the building up of Ralph proceeded, and Peggy's two weeks' visit lengthened into two months.

The operation was a success, and Ralph, wan and pale, but with a new light in his eyes, received Peggy a few days afterward in his hospital room. "Peggy, dear, I'm going to walk again soon. I'm going to be well, and Peggy—I'm going to go to work and earn a home, a real home, and, oh, Peggy, do you suppose you'd . . ."

Peggy's eyes filled suddenly.

"Ralph, old timer, I don't suppose anything about it! I know!"

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