

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

After a couple of glorious weeks living the life of Reilly, we're back at work. The difference may not be apparent to everyone, but we notice it more or less. We hope it will continue to grow less and less and that in time we may get back to normalcy, but at this writing, as the country correspondents say, there is little improvement in our condition. We are not yet sufficiently recovered to think of discharging the nurse, although able and willing to take a little nourishment now and then.

It was a grand trip. We expected that sort of a trip. For a time there was some thought of taking the jinx and disguising oneself as a tourist. To do this, all that is necessary is to don a suit of khaki material and let the dirt accumulate on the hands and in the ears. This is not difficult for a printer to accomplish. He's naturally disposed that way. We never knew but one printer who habitually wore a clean collar and this man had a rich wife and didn't worry about the laundry bills. We don't remember much about the fellow except that he came to a bad end. If our memory serves us rightly, he quit the printing game and sank to a point where he was willing to live in comparative illness managing a hotel. His printer friends all cut him dead, and in time he got so that he drove his Pierce Arrow on the main streets in order to escape the sorrowful eyes of his one-time friends. There ought to be a warning in this, but for the life of us we can't think of one. However, no matter—at least not much.

To us, who had been brought up religiously in the belief that there are no real mountains in the world outside of the Rockies, the Black Hills, especially around Sylvan Lake, were a revelation. The man who named them must have been an unimaginative sort of a cuss, or else he was fearfully near-sighted. We have seen a mountain or two in our comparatively young life, and these hills have most of the ear-

marks of mountains. The only thing that was lacking was a timber-line, but if the South Dakota authorities were on to their job, and fully realized the value of the tourist trade, they would go out and buy one.

Sylvan lake itself is a wonderful place. It may be that we looked upon it through rose-colored glasses. Probably we did. Everything looked rosy about that time—and does still, for that matter. We get rather vexed at our friends for using that rose-colored simile so often, but so far there have been no open ruptures. A word of warning is never amiss, however. As Cousin Egbert would say, we can be pushed, just so far and no farther. We're happy, even if we are a bit daft just now, and we don't want to be reminded about this dream stuff. Lay off, please, mister.

This Sylvan Lake is a disappointment, considered purely as a lake. Most of those mountain lake are. We've seen lakes in the Rockies that wouldn't make a good-sized duck pond in the sand hills. The men who frame it up on the tourists tack up a sign calling some little buffalo wallow "The Devil's Cauldron," or some such fanciful title, and people come from miles and miles just to gaze on it. Almost any lake, given the rugged mountain setting, is beautiful.

When we stop to think it over, Sylvan Lake couldn't have any other name. That name just fits it. In size, it's about a fourth that of Broncho, but it is half-surrounded by cliffs that rise in sheer straight walls to almost unbelievable heights. It is beautiful. The old philosophers used to say, in admiring tones, "Ain't nature wonderful?" and they had a right to ask the question.

Sylvan Lake wasn't due entirely to nature. She provided the setting, but man got busy and provided the lake. Naturally he was limited by the way the rocks had been piled up, but the fellows who had this in charge did wonderfully well in the limited space that was left to them. They tell us that the state of South Dakota has established a state park, containing some thirty-two thousand acres, and that Sylvan Lake is now a part of it. They are building a winding road through the mountains out from Custer to reach it, and in the course of another year will have one portion of the park, at least, that the average tourist won't dare to miss.

So near as we can tell, from twelve days' close observation, very few tourists are missing it now. In our cottage, in a little glen a few rods distant from the lake, there was a constant stream of tourists, in jittneys and khaki, in limousines and silks, camping near the lake.

For months we've listened to L. C. T. tell about the money to be made from the tourist travel, and while the figures he quoted were imposing and all that, we weren't terribly impressed. Three days were sufficient to demonstrate that there is a fortune awaiting Alliance if she ever gets roads built that will make this place attractive to tourists headed from the east to the Black Hills and the Yellowstone National park.

The Sylvan Lake hotel, managed for the state by Mrs. Peters, conducts a little grocery store, and handles supplies for the tourists. They are spenders—at least nine-tenths of them are—and the others simply have to eat. They can't live on grass. In that out-of-the-way place, with connecting roads none too good, it's almost impossible to get in groceries and canned stuff fast enough to supply the demand. And even those khaki clothes wear out. We saw one fleshy gentleman who had met with a sad accident

to his trousers while sliding down a mountain. His foot slipped, and something had to give way. There were no barrels convenient, and he was walking sort of sideways, with averted face.

For those who need a short vacation, with fair fishing, good food and pleasant company, we commend Sylvan Lake Hotel and Mrs. Peters. It's like visiting Aunt Mary's and one leaves with the same sort of regret. It may be that this sort of hospitality is due to the fact that the hotel usually has half a dozen honeymooners among its guests, but we don't think so. It seemed the most natural thing in the world.

The hotel cook is a human sort of a fellow, too. He can cook, which is something that can't be said of all those who follow his profession. Now and then, if he takes a liking to a fellow, he can be induced to mix up an extra loaf of extraordinarily palatable homemade bread, or a pie. The girls who serve the dinners in the little pavilion, and pick wild flowers for the tables, seem like members of the family. It really isn't a hotel, and one feels rather backward about offering them money for it. However, we suspect that this illusion would pass quickly enough if the formality were neglected.

If one is disposed to climb mountains, there is Harney peak. Someone with an ear for statistics said something about its height. The South Dakota people seem enormously proud of the fact that Harney peak was turned up a little higher than any other peak this side of the Rockies, and if a tourist leaves without climbing it, they are apt to look down on him. We earnestly advise others to follow our course, and lie about it.

For a time, we were simply wild to climb that mountain. Then, as day after day, tourists straggled into camp past the cottage after six or seven hours on the road, their footsteps lagging, their hide peeling off and their general appearance indicating a lack of iron in the blood, our enthusiasm waned. The auto tourists are a merry lot, and sometimes, in the evening

about the campfire, they talked loudly, and anyway, their voices carried pretty far in the stillness. We could hear them tell about it, and after a time we know just as much about it as though we had climbed it. There are a lot of funny signs along the weary way, and after one has gained the peak there is a marvelous view—clear to Hot Springs. Just why anyone should work three hours in a hot sun to look at a town a number of miles away is mystifying. Especially Hot Springs. We have seen it at close range, and our own private opinion is that it isn't worth it. But don't tell the folks at the hotel that. They are still our friends.

This is a sketchy sort of a description of our trip, but it will have to serve. Our impressions were hazy, as they were, through rose-colored glasses—hang it, they've got us to saying it—and we're still under the spell of those rocks. We climbed a few of the smaller ones, and enjoyed it. You can go as far as you like.

Deference to the memory of Col. Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion, who was killed in an automobile accident at Indianapolis, is being shown by legionnaires throughout the world in many ways.

In addition to the order from national headquarters of the American Legion, directing that all post and department colors be draped with black for a period of thirty days, many posts are paying honor to their dead leader in other ways. Members of the St. Louis, Mo., post have agreed to wear crepe armbands for thirty days. Many legionnaires are wearing small black ribbons with their legion buttons. Posts of the Illinois department held a period of silence at their first meetings following news of the commander's death.

All posts have drafted resolutions of regret and hundreds of these have been sent to Colonel Galbraith's widow.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a regular meeting of the Order of Eastern Star tonight with initiation.

In The MOVIES

"The Big Adventure," a story of childhood, is the attraction at the imperial this evening. "Breezy" Eason, in the title role, takes the part of a street waif who runs away from his brutal stepfather, falls in with a gang of tramps, is rescued and adopted into the home of a kindly lawyer. A shattered romance is renewed, a band of outlaws is captured and happiness comes to all concerned as the result of the youngster's ingenious efforts.

The Wednesday feature photoplay is "The Great Lover." The plot centers about a young American girl who is determined to make good as a singer. Her beauty attracts the impressionable nature of the world-famous tenor whose many heart affairs have caused him to be known as "The Great Lover," and then—they say the play is a pipkin.

The Thursday bill is "Blackmail," with Viola Dana as the star. The diminutive lady takes the part of a beautiful, shrewd adventuress who must depend upon her striking sartorial effect to win her the entire into society. How she gets away with it makes an entertaining picture play.

Members of the American Legion of Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida have been notified that their efforts to exclude a colony of Mennonites from these states have been successful. The Mennonites are going to Mexico. Members of the Legion opposed the settlement of the Mennonites because they evaded military service on religious grounds.

The American Legion's bonus legislation for service men of Oregon was sustained by a three to one vote in a recent referendum. It provides for the payment of \$15 for each month of service.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Ryan went to Grand Island for the Fourth.

All Right With Sam. "Man," quoth Rastus, "if Ah just raise mah fist once at you and let it drop, youse gwine whah watermelon chickens and po'k chops blooms all de time." "Dat's de fust time Ah was evah threatened by pleasure," said Sam. "Let her drop."



We are here to help you "Lady in Distress!" Why be bound to the disagreeable task of the family washing when we are ready to relieve you? We do your washing perfectly and handle the clothes with the most delicate care, insuring the minimum wear and tear. A phone call will end your washing troubles. Try it today.

Phone 160

ALLIANCE STEAM LAUNDRY

"Just Call Us Up"

Quit Laxatives, Purges; Try NR

NR Tonight—Tomorrow Feel Right

It is a mistake to continually dose yourself with so-called laxative pills, colomel, oil, purges and cathartics and force bowel action. It weakens the bowels and liver and makes constant dosing necessary. Why don't you begin right today to overcome your constipation and get your system in such shape that daily purging will be unnecessary? You can do so if you get a 25c box of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and take one each night for a week or so. NR Tablets do much more than merely cause pleasant easy bowel action. This medicine acts upon the digestive as well as eliminative organs—promotes good digestion, causes the body to get the nourishment from all the food you eat, gives you a good, hearty appetite, strengthens the liver, overcomes biliousness, regulates kidney and bowel action and gives the whole body a thorough cleaning out. This accomplished you will not have to take medicine every day. An occasional NR tablet will keep your body in condition and you can always feel your best. Try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and prove this. It is the best bowel medicine that you can use and costs only 25c per box, containing enough to last twenty-five days. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.

Thiele, Prescription Druggist



Success is a Stranger to the Man who would Not Save

The man who refuses to see the wisdom of saving conscientiously is as near success as the two poles. If he thinks that it takes a lifetime to get a little of this earth's goods he is also mistaken.

It's true that it requires many years for an oak tree to attain its full growth but it finally becomes a great tree. You cannot see it grow but nevertheless it grows. It may take some little time to save a thousand dollars, but it can be accomplished by saving systematically.

The First National Bank Alliance Nebraska

Who says that "bargain" tires are what the people want

THE U. S. CHAIN TREAD

One of the few tires of which it may be said that they deliver economy year in and year out and tire after tire.

The U. S. Chain Tread gives sufficient traction on all ordinary road surfaces. It is probably the handsomest, and by all odds the most popular, of the whole U. S. Fabric Tire line.

They pay a net price—not "something off list" that may not mean anything in the first place.

They get fresh, live tires, being made and shipped while this message is being written.

No matter where they live there's a nearby U. S. Dealer with his nearby U. S. Factory Branch.

U. S. Tires keep moving.

No opportunity to get old and dried out. No shifting here and there trying to find a market.

Every U. S. Tire a good tire, wherever you find it anywhere in the country.

Because the U. S. policy is a good policy that serves the car-owner all the time.

Doing the very best for him that human good faith can do.

United States Tires are Good Tires

U. S. USCO TREAD  
U. S. CHAIN TREAD  
U. S. NOBBY TREAD  
U. S. ROYAL CORD  
U. S. RED & GREY TUBES

United States Tires  
United States Rubber Company

STURGEON GARAGE, Alliance, Neb.  
I. L. ACHESON, Bingham, Neb.  
MILLER AUTO CO., Hemingford, Neb.  
RANCHERS' SUPPLY CO., Ashby, Neb.

HEMINGFORD IMP. & INV. CO., Hemingford, Neb.  
L. A. ANDERSON, Hyannis, Neb.  
MORRISON MOTOR CO., Mullen, Neb.  
PEARSON MOTOR CO., Mullen, Neb.