

HAY SPRINGS HAS NOTHING ON BOX BUTTE

ANNUAL CROP OF RATTLESNAKE STORIES SHOWING UP.

Correspondent to Omaha Newspaper Draws the Long Bow—Over-shadows Whole Story

The "deep sea monster" that has recently startled Hay Springs residents by its occasional appearance in a sand-hill lake has nothing on the annual crop of rattlesnakes and rattlesnake stories which is making its appearance on the plains of western Nebraska, writes an Alliance correspondent to one of the Omaha newspapers.

Charles Bowser, a well-known ranchman living near the Sheridan county line, whose veracity is unquestioned, avers that one day last week while driving his Ford along the country road and while passing a rather high mound, known throughout the country as "Box Butte" because of its peculiar shape and from which Box Butte county was named thirty-four years ago, he heard a curious but insistent humming or buzzing sound, of varying but very penetrating intensity.

Bowser, thinking that perhaps he had lost a wheel off the flivver, got out and looked around the car. He then discovered that the humming sound, like that of a great hive of bees, came from the top of Box Butte. Grasping his trusty double-barreled shotgun, which lay in the back seat (why, we do not know, for ducks and chickens are still out of season) he climbed the grassy slope to the top of the butte, working up a fierce sweat as he did so, for the day was hot and it was mid-afternoon.

On arriving at the top he was unable to see for a minute, due to the sweat which filled his eyes, but with his free hand he brushed away the evidences of toil from his eyes and brow, and—the next minute a chill ran down his spine which froze him stiff, for in the center of the mound, rising up to a height of about three feet, was a pyramid which quivered and moved, and from which the buzzing sounds issued—a pyramid of rattlesnakes, from the top of which issued the head of an enormous rattler, larger than the rest, and which waved to and fro, apparently in command of the bunch, monarch of all he surveyed.

Bowser was frozen to the spot by the horrible sight and unable to turn and run. From the waist down he was irremovable but from the waist up he sprang into quick action. Leveling his gun at the pyramid he quickly fired both barrels and just as quickly he filled and fired twice again. So sure was his aim and so compact was the pyramid of rattlers that with four shots he dispatched them all, not a living snake getting away.

As evidence of his story he collected the rattles from the dead snakes and now has fourteen complete sets, ranging from six rattles and a button for the youngest to fourteen rattles and a buttonhook, evidently the trophy from the "king" diamondback which had been at the top of the pyramid. Although a number of brave and intrepid snake hunters have since visited the spot and searched the surrounding country far and wide, not a rattler has been seen. With one blow, as it were, of his trusty gun he evidently annihilated the entire snake population.

John Jelinek, former county assessor, who lives near the Dawes county line, avers that not long since he saw a fight to the death between a bull snake and a rattler. Both were enormous snakes and the fight took an hour, much longer than the recent Carpentier-Dempsey rumpus. At the end of the hour the bull snake succeeded in wrapping itself around the rattler, somewhat like Joe Stecher's scissors hold, and with a mighty effort, pulled the rattler completely in two, ending the fight. Others, who have seen similar snake battles, testify that the bull snake will always win, using similar tactics.

Chester Ross, living to the west, relates that he has found a new kind of snake, about six feet long, with a head like an Indian arrowhead. John Bayne, who has been touring the country for The Alliance Herald during recent weeks, avers that while driving his flivver along the country roads one recent afternoon, he ran over one of these snakes, asleep in the road. He slowed down to see if he had killed it and started to climb from the car, when suddenly the snake came to life and with great speed glided to the flivver and entwined itself around the spokes of one of the rear wheels in an evident attempt to enter the car and attack him. The car happened to be one of the closed "coupe" type, which prevented the snake from finding an entrance. He quickly started the machine and soon was going at a speed of at least thirty miles an hour. The snake lost his hold on the wheel and was entangled through the air, striking a heavy fence post head first with such force that its head entered the post to a considerable distance. As evidence of the truthfulness of his story he avers that it can still be found hanging where it struck the post.

P. O. Beckwell, owner of the building occupied by the Farmers' creamery station, is having the building completely remodeled.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy and for the beautiful floral offerings during our recent bereavement.
J. N. Johnston and Family.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—Potatoes at 30c per bushel at my farm 1 1/2 miles east of Yale Siding. Phone 513F18. 82

WESTERN EDEN

Newly Created State Park Near Center of Dawes County, South of Chadron, a Real Beauty Spot.

When the 1921 Nebraska legislature set aside 640 acres of the Pine clad hills eight miles south of Chadron for the first state park in Nebraska, it builded better than it knew.

Primarily, a part of the great west that was, this section of the state has been the last to be developed, by the hand of man. The foothills of the Rockies are but a few hours travel westward. In fact, travelers through this region believe they have reached the real beginning of the scenic splendor about which they have read so much. Rugged, towering hills covered with pines, the slopes matted with virgin blue grass, the valleys and ravines awaken echoes of the ice cold stony streams that traverse them, impressing the beholder with the belief that here is the Western Eden, the real beauty spot of Nebraska.

The act creating the first state park was introduced by Senator James W. Good and Representative George C. Snow, both of Dawes county. It specifically provides for the establishment of a state park within the limits of section 36, township 32, range 49 west of the 6th P. M. in Dawes county, Nebraska. An appropriation for the purpose of caring for, developing, beautifying this tract of nature's wonderland will be included in the Governor's budget, and will be expended by the Board of Educational Lands and Funds as trustee. The actual development of the park is committed to the Department of Public Works.

This, then, is the general gist of the law which gives us, our children and our children's children a perpetual playground, easily accessible from any direction. Lying along the state and federal highway from Alliance to Hot Springs, S. D., it forms the hub of a gigantic wheel with spokes radiating to the nearby cities of Alliance, Maryland, Hemingford, Belmont, Crawford, Whitney, Wayside, Hot Springs, Pine Ridge, Hay Springs and Chadron.

A detailed description of the new park reads like the prospectus of the California real estate man, with the reserved explanation that it is all true as applied to this public pleasure plot. Seven varieties of native timber grow and flourish here, ash, walnut, pine, elm, box elder and cottonwood trees, each variety stands at a different level throughout the park, the pines, some of them estimated at 250 years of age, deeply rooted at the higher altitudes, the other varieties growing in heavy profusion at the lower level. Wild fruits whose nativity reaches back generations are here in abundance and can be had for the labor of gathering. Deer berries, wild grapes, plums and choke cherries are plentiful along Chadron creek, the brawling, purling

stream dunning through one side of the park. With the rod and fly the fisherman snares the elusive rainbow, speckled and brook trout. Each year the state hatcheries send the fish car so that the stream may be replenished with fingerlings of these varieties. The last shipment was 25,000.

The stream fed by inexhaustible springs both further up the pine hills and on the park premises has many deep pools of clear ever changing water which is the delight of the bather and swimmer. Already is projected an immense pool formed by a sheer 150 foot cliff in a bend on one side, and a gentle grassy slope leading down to the stream on the other. Here the young Nebraska mountains, green the year around with the slow growing trees, rear their rock covered heads as observation points for the sightseer for many miles in every direction. On a clear day the higher points of the famous Black Hills to the north, more than 100 miles away are easily distinguishable.

The locations of the valleys and ravines is especially adapted for the laying out of several miles of auto driveways, while in upper reaches broad-foot-paths may be made to make the summits of the different peaks more accessible to the pedestrian. It is a matter of several hours journey to encircle the park at present going the various climbs and steep descents to be negotiated. The valleys and the stream banks are easily traversed by car and on foot.

Wild animal life such as is usually found in the state owned parks can flourish here in all seasons. Native to this region are the quail and grouse. Occasionally antelope are seen in the vicinity, coming down from the Black Hills country to the north and north west. With the tract entirely fenced it will be a matter of but a few years until this first Nebraska park will contain the wild life as shown and observed in other western parks not so easily reached and no more beautiful.

The territory adjacent to the park is served by the main line of the Chicago & North Western on the north and the main line of the Burlington to the south. A trip through the entire region will make the native Nebraskan gasp with astonishment and surprised pleasure for it has never been exploited and has been little visited by those from eastern Nebraska.

For years to come all of Nebraska's citizens can point with honest pride to nature's playground near its western boundary. It is an inspiration to view this locality and to walk its cool shady paths with the knowledge that it belongs to all of us. A big credit mark is due the future efforts

which will be put forth to hold this spot in its pristine beauty, and we can pay tribute to the Creator of Beauty that He gave to all Nebraska citizens this first state park.

(Note—This article is published by request of the Chadron Rotary club, which is seeking to acquaint the citizens of Nebraska with the advantages of the state's first park)

DRILLING HAS STARTED AT THE LAKESIDE WELL

(Continued from Page 1)

In locating wells in the various fields in that state. Basing their hopes on the virgile-stick man, with favorable reports from geologists to help bolster up their courage, a private syndicate was organized, and capital of \$125,000 was secured from the members, it is reported. Among those who are said to have an interest in the project are Heber Ford, John G. Woodward, Victor L. Jepp, W. E. Richardson and others.

The site of the well is a short distance west of Lakeside, on the Potash highway. The syndicate worked exceedingly rapidly. Within a space of a few weeks, all the adjacent lands, to the amount of thousands of acres, was leased, materials were ordered and expert drilling and rig men were imported from California. The superintendent is B. H. McKinley, of Fullerton, Calif., and Fred Blumer of the Ford potash plant, is in general supervision over the outfit.

For weeks before the arrival of the rig and other machinery, rumors were rife in Lakeside and the nearby territory. The men who were representing the syndicate were close-mouthed, and allowed very little information concerning the plans to be made public. No stock of any sort has been offered for sale, and it is said that none of it can be secured. The men who are making the gamble are amply able to lose what money they have put into it, and they stand to be big winners if they strike oil. One of the chief inducements for drilling was the fact that a find of oil or natural gas on this location would mean the rehabilitation of the potash plants. It was the high cost of coal that made it unprofitable to operate these plants combined with the high cost of other materials and labor, but if oil can be secured for fuel, it is the belief of residents of the potash towns that the war-time prosperity will come back a-running.

Lakeside Not Excited.

With the prospect of wealth untold facing it, the town of Lakeside is not missing a single breath. Things are going along in the usual ruts, although the oil well is one of the chief topics of conversation. If the drillers should strike oil or gas, Lakeside and Alliance will probably experience a big growth overnight, but aside from the hoveys of visitors in automobiles, there is no indication that any resident has visions of sudden wealth.

Town lots are still the same price in Lakeside, although it is not known whether there are any of them for sale. The drilling will have to con-

tinue for so long that it will probably be several months before the advance guard of the boomers comes to the city. Usually, with drilling going on in several places apart from any established wells, the tendency is to wait until there are some definite indications of oil production before the rush starts.

The men who are behind the Lake-

side well are equipped with plenty of money and patience, and are enough convinced of their prospects that they are prepared to carry the drilling on for at least five thousand feet and give the field a thorough test. If they win the whole sandhill country and surrounding territory will win with them. If they lose, they can take it philosophically.

4TH ANNUAL
Paramount
WEEK

SEPTEMBER 1921

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

This week is Paramount Week—the greatest seven days and nights of entertainment since the day when you saw your first circus.

It's the fourth annual Paramount Week at that; and when anything happens four annual times in the motion picture world you can wager there's value there, in thrills and laughs and all the marvelous sensations you get when you see a Paramount Picture.

Nothing less than a national screen carnival—that's what Paramount Week is!

Regardless of the Attraction the Admission will remain the same Children 10c, Adults 30c

Tonight, Last Showing of
WALLACE REID, in—
"THE LOVE SPECIAL"
Comedies Change Daily

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY,
SEPTEMBER 7 and 8

THOMAS MEIGHAN, in—
"THE EASY ROAD"
Comedies Change Daily

FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
SEPTEMBER 9 and 10
ROSCOE (FATTY) ARBUCKLE, in—
"Brewster's Millions"

Take the Short Cut

WHEN you were a youngster you never went to school the long way 'round! You took a short cut.

Every advertisement in The Herald is a short cut. Advertisements make it possible to tell you in a few minutes all you want to know about the service or articles you need.

At a glance you can sift out the things that interest you most and in a moment you know just when and where to go for what you want.

Figure how many steps, how much needless walking and talking the advertisements thus save you and your neighbors.

Then you realize the great economy and necessity of advertising in your daily life.

Read All the Advertisements

We Can Handle it
In Any Amount

BIG OR LITTLE

Bring in your wheat, no matter what amount you have—car lots or less—and we are equipped to handle it.

We have just installed three large bins—holding one carload each—that will enable us to take care of you as you wish. You don't have to wait until you get a carload, we can accommodate you at any time.

GRAIN BLOWER IS WORKING

Our grain blower is on the job now, and practically makes an elevator.

Call Us Up or Come In—We Can Take Care of You.

Farmers' Union

R. J. TRABERT, Manager Phone 501