

**Comment - - and
Discomment**

Another thing that gets our goat is the way in which Federal Judge Lewis, who parcels out justice at Denver, calmly and dispassionately—almost judiciously—condemns the army training system. As we recall it, there were several things about this system that we weren't particularly fond of a few months ago, and if the judge were careful about his condemnation, we might feel inclined to applaud. But he isn't. He's pulled the same boner that a lot of other people have pulled since the soldiers returned.

"I am puzzled and shocked at the actions of young men just out of the army," said Judge Lewis. "Certainly something seems to be wrong with the army system. It seems actually that soldiers assume the attitude of disregard for law, order and even the common decencies of life. There are forgeries, burglaries and highway robberies to an appalling degree throughout the United States, committed by young men who have been in the army."

Wouldn't this sort of bunk give you a pain? Of course, there weren't any forgeries, burglaries or highway robberies before the war. Not a single one. And while we do not insist that all of our buddies are plaster saints—there were a few of them who could fight better than they could pray, thank heaven—it is beginning to weary us, this thing of shouting loudly every time an ex-service man gets into trouble. It seems to be more newsworthy these days, if the murderer, or the bigamist, or the check passer happens to be an ex-soldier.

That's a pretty hard indictment that Judge Lewis has handed the ex-soldiers of his community, and this is the sort of thing that the American Legion ought to take up. If he is just spouting in order to gain a little publicity, they ought to cap his gas well. If he didn't say it, but some \$15 a week reporter made up the remarks practically out of whole cloth—that's a habit some reporters have—then the legion ought to get after the newspaper. And if it's true that the returned soldiers and sailors are a gang of hardened crooks, then the public ought to step in and fall 'em. But something ought to be done about it.

If you want a good laugh, look at the illustrations the Denver dailies are printing to announce the "Twilight pageant" that will open the

Music-Arts week. Now be it said that we are not entirely without a sense of the aesthetic, no matter how lacking we may be in inventive. But when we gaze upon the countenance of a freckled young man of say, twenty-five, in an ancient Grecian costume which come just two inches above a pair of bow legs and warty knees, we are unable to sustain a mental illusion of a stalwart Greek. And when we see a young lady, garbed in the old Greek style, but with a face that lacks not only classic beauty, but almost everything else, it affects our risibilities strangely.

The new Greek theaters and temples that are being erected these days are things of beauty, and if the spectator is far enough away and the lighting is dim, sometimes the illusion carries. But the pictures the Denver papers are printing show an honest Irish lad, with floating ears, leaning on a statue of the Winged Victory, and the effect is something awful at close range. Conceding that this barefoot stuff is splendid for the health, it must also be admitted that it is a terrific strain on the imagination. If the average person who takes part in a pageant had the grace of a Venus or the figure of an Adonis, then, ah then, all of us would be for 'em. But until they use more judgment in selecting the characters, we prefer to see them fully clothed (the males, of course) and in their right minds. After looking over the talent, we can see why they decided to hold a Twilight pageant. To have to look at them in broad daylight would be the deathblow of Art.

Let's hear no more sniffing at the ouija board's power. Last week there was proof positive of something out of the ordinary. Two schoolteachers in Pierce, Neb., had been married secretly a few weeks ago, and they had succeeded in keeping it dark. The other night, so the story goes, they were at a little party where ouija was doing the entertaining, and the first thing that the blasted board told was of the secret marriage. They denied it, emphatically. Then ouija called the turn. They denied it again, and the board reaffirmed the announcement. After half an hour of this sort of uncanny argument, they gave in. And now all the women in Pierce are buying ouijas in order to find out where their husbands spend the evenings.

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES

A wonderful treatment that heals leg sores for Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife is described in a new book which readers may get free by writing a card or letter to Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 19, 1109 McGee, Kansas City, Mo. (June 12)

—For Sale—Two six room houses Price and terms right. See Nebraska Land Company.

**SCOUT TELLS STORY
OF CAMPING TRIP**

The following is an account of his week's camping trip of Boy Scout troop No. 1, of Alliance, the members of which arrived home Thursday morning somewhat tanned and sunburned, but as full of pep as scouts usually are:

The scouts arrived at Belmont at 8:30 a. m. They waited around the depot until about 8 when a group of seven started out for the camping ground located at Fred L. Tollman's, three miles north of Belmont. The rest of the scouts waited until noon and then started for camp after the supplies had been sent out.

Soon after the second group arrived, work was started on the camping grounds. The camp was located in a small valley. There was a spring a short distance to the north and a small stream ran east and north of the camp. The tents were pitched in a circle and a flagpole was erected in the middle of the circle. Two cook stoves were built and the first meal was cooked and served, a la camp. A campfire was enjoyed until 9:30 p. m., when taps were blown and everybody turned in.

The routine for the day was as follows: Breakfast was started at 6 a. m.; reveille was blown at 6:30; from 7 to 7:30, drill, calisthenics and a run; 7:30 to 8:00 breakfast; 8:00 to 9:00, camp cleaned up and mess kits inspected by the assistant scoutmaster; 9:00 to 12:00, games were played and some of the boys went fishing; 12:00 to 1:00 p. m., dinner; 1:00 to 6:00 signalling, fishing, swimming and games; 6:00 to 7:00, supper; 7:00 to 9:30, campfire stories, games, corn popping, songs and mandolin music by Tom Miller, alias, "Uncle Tom".

The second day out they removed the wild rose bushes from the camping ground. At this time some of the scouts were having a hot time with sunburn, as they had donned basketball jerseys instead of shirts. Their arms, necks, and shoulders burned to a nice red. About 11:00 a. m. Skinny Vanderlas rushed into camp with the startling news that he had seen an enormous trout up the stream. Everybody made a dash for the fishing rods, but nobody was lucky enough to even see the trout again.

The next day Frank Campbell, alias, "Dere Mable," came to the assistant scoutmaster and explained that Theo Winship had fanned him with a brick and as a result of the fanning he had a large bump behind the ear. That afternoon they played the scout game called, "Capture the Flag". There was a flag hidden on either side of a boundary line and the two sides were chosen. The object of the game was to capture the other side's flag. Neither side won that day, as the time was up before either side could capture the other's flag.

The fourth day out the scouts were pleasantly surprised to see G. W. Simpson come puffing into camp, as it was a rather warm day. He told them that he would be able to stay a couple of days. That afternoon the "capture the flag" game was played again, with Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Simpson as choosers. After a hard game Mr. Simpson's side won, but by foul means. They can't fool the police. That night they built the largest fire that was built. It was built in honor of Mr. Simpson as that was his only night there. Tom Miller told the scouts a story by the name of "The War Lord of Mars". The story was well told. The next day a new flag pole was erected and the heliograph sets were used for the first time.

Some of the boys visited "Woman's Nose," a peculiar shaped rock about a mile from the camp, and carved their initials on the soft rock. Mr. Simpson left for Belmont that evening accompanied by John Moxon Frank Campbell and Loren Winship. These three boys made the record trip to camp in twenty-seven minutes, using the scout pace, fifty paces running and walking.

The next morning, as the dishes were being washed, a scrap was started by splashing water, it ended with Johnny Moxon and Frank Campbell throwing each other in the stream and getting soaked through. It was rather exciting while it lasted. They both claimed that it was rare sport. About the only thing of interest Sunday was an extra large dinner which they all agreed was fine. Monday evening the cooks were preparing supper when hail and rain soon put out the fires. Some of the tents leaked and a few got wet, but otherwise the rain did no harm.

Tuesday they gathered their things together in preparation for leaving. They also played some games and went to bed early.

Wednesday morning reveille was blown at 4:00 a. m. By 7:30 they had had breakfast and the camping ground was left just as they had found it, except for the flag pole and it being somewhat cleaner.

They boarded No. 44 at 9:33 a. m. and arrived at Alliance at 11:35.

Skinny Vanderlas took his dog along and one of his favorite occupations was removing the woodticks from Rover's neck and ears.

If one of the scouts would say something that was supposed to be funny, another would say, "Old Noise," or "Old Stuf," or "you are as funny as a funeral." One scout collided with a log thrown by another

As long as the Germans fight among themselves they are less likely to be in a position to fight anybody else.

YALE SIDING.

School District No. 37 closed last Friday with a picnic dinner. Clara Sisley was teacher.

Louis Powell is busy plowing with his new tractor these days.

The women's club met with Mrs. Wm. Newman last Thursday afternoon with a large attendance.

Vern Davis will give a dance Friday night.

Dan Broman is busy breaking prairie.

Ernest G. Jossi drove west of Berea last Saturday to look after his land interests there.

J. J. Burke and J. Dineen of Columbus, Neb., were visiting at the Wm. Newman home last Thursday. L. E. Bliss come down from Osage Wyo., last Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Newman and family, Alfred and Ernest Jossi were visiting at J. J. Scheffels home Sunday.

The dance at Happy Hollow was well attended last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jossi and family were visitors at A. E. Haning home last Sunday.

Dan Broman, Wm. Newman and A. T. Lee filled in a bad mud hole which

could not be traveled for three months. This hole was in the center of a public road between Dan Broman and Wm. Newman farms. We need much more road work done in this neighborhood.

Alfred and Ernest Jossi are breaking prairie west of Berea.

May was a very wet month, much more so than the average, it rained 10 different days and the total rainfall was 4.46 inches.

May was wet and cool, small grain looking much better. Corn is yet to be planted. Early planted corn coming up slowly, only a few potatoes planted so far, the acreage will be much less than last year. Pastures are fine.

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2 BROOMS 1

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The place will be entirely remodeled, and fitted up in the finest style. The aim of the owner, J. C. Harvey, who has had considerable experience in this business, will be to conduct an A-No. 1 Cafe, where only the finest quality food will be served, in a fitting manner.

J. C. Harvey
222 Box Butte Proprietor Alliance, Neb.