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Comment -- and Discomment

It hasn't been so very many years since we joined our first reading club. It was composed of seven average boys, and it met daily (after school) in the commodious Johnson barn. This was a peculiar boys' organization. It had no president or secretary, and its meetings were silent and on the quiet. The only officer was custodian, and he was the son of the man who owned the barn. His duty it was to keep the treasure chest, or, to be more exact, care for the library.

The dues to this club were to buy and contribute to the library one volume each week. Nate Spafford sold just seven kinds of nickle novels—the kind with the gaudy paper backs—and that is the reason the club was limited to seven. Each boy bought his favorite every week. Ours was "Diamond Dick" series, as we remember it. Under the club's plan of operation, we got to read all of them for the price of one. It was an exceedingly nice arrangement and the club flourished for months and months, until, one unlucky day, the man who owned the barn ran across the treasure chest. His son received a stiff wallop and the library was confiscated.

Our parents were much set against the paper-backs, which may have been one reason why we wanted to read them. We were always having trouble keeping them concealed. If we tried to prop one up behind the geography in school the teacher was pretty sure to come up back of us unexpectedly. If we took it to the barn, father was sure to get worried about whether Old Nell had enough hay. If we read in bed, the tired girl would report it to headquarters. There was only one time when we got ahead of them.

It was Christmas day. Two printers were invited up for dinner. When they arrived, they brought presents for the kids. That was proper. But one of these printers was a man whose literary judgment, to say it kindly, had never developed. To both Eddie and me, this man presented three choice nickle novels. We thanked him effusively, and the minute dinner was over, we propped feet on the base burner and began to read them, while the reading was good. The parents were powerless. They couldn't forbid it without mortally offending the guest. We got two of the three finished before he had taken his departure. Then the blow fell—the other one was chucked in the kitchen stove. They were thrillers—all about Old King Brady

and some mystery he had unraveled.

Of course, one outgrows dime novels, and it doesn't take long. Father had a mighty good library, and it was a source of annoyance to him that any offspring of his could sit and read that "infernal trash" when there were good books to be had. It seemed to be a sort of a reflection on him or at least he looked on it in that light, and he was tireless in his efforts to improve our literary taste to the point where we would voluntarily lay them aside. He was willing to stand for Jack Harkaway, but that was the limit.

Some day, when brother Bert's back is turned, we are going to present little John with a complete set of the exploits of Jack Harkaway, largely because we think they will do him good. If our judgment doesn't coincide with that of brother Bert, so much the worse for little John. The only difference between Jack Harkaway and the average nickle novel is that the latter has some thirty-two pages and the former run into hundreds of pages, and keep practically the same leading characters all through the fifteen volumes. There is one of them, the tutor to young Harkaway, a miserable creature with an idiotic name, who continually gets into trouble throughout the series. The author knows that there is nothing a school-boy would rather see than a teacher in grief. These touches alone are worth the price of the volumes.

Maybe the book shops and newsstands still sell the penny dreadfuls. We have lost interest in them long since. But they no longer display them on the counters. The boys who are "in the know" can probably get them, just as can boys below the legal age get tobacco, if their hearts are set on it. Something has finally damned them, and we're not going to wall over the downfall, although there is much to be said for them as a stimulant to youthful imagination. Maybe youth has imagination enough.

In any event, there is no need going to the paper-backs for thrills these days. The movie serials are wilder and more impossible than any of the penny dreadfuls ever thought of being. And, in essence, they are exactly the same thing, save that they are an improvement on the old idea. Where the writer of the nickle thriller had to depend on word pictures, the movies can show the death-defying scenes to the best advantage. Talk of the suspense of the small boy who read in secret behind the barn, fearful lest his mother discover him—it is nothing contrasted with the suspense of waiting a full week to see whether the hero was smashed under the pile driver or met his death in the burning house, where the villain left him strapped to a feather bed.

Probably the reason the average boy these days isn't interested in the paper-packed novel is because it is too tame. Why run any risk reading forbidden literature when he can go to a matinee and see all of these terrible things with his own eyes, as well as a custard pie comedy and a sex feature thrown in for good measure?

YALE SIDING

A sister of Mrs. D. Purington from the southern part of the state was visiting at the home of D. Purington and family last week.

Dan Rieman and family visited at E. Bryant's Sunday.

Ernest Iossi and S. J. Iossi and family motored to Melbeta Saturday morning to visit Chris Bauman and family. They report the crops to be fine on the Platte bottom. Even crops on dry land farming are good. The beets and alfalfa are especially fine but were they raise the potatoes we do not know, they said. They drove from Bayard along the bottom to Gering, then to Scottsbluff on the north side of the river about 18 miles east and then we got on the Alliance and Bayard road and in that drive we did not see over 15 acres and mostly was only small patches.

S. Powell cut his rye for hay which was hauled out on the Fourth of July.

Ernest Iossi left for Sidney Tuesday to work in the harvest fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robelion left last week for Denver to live in the hope that a change of climate will improve the latter's health.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mr. and Mrs. Lee and family motored to Mitchell, Neb. Sunday morning to visit friends and fish and go boating. Mr. Lee and family came home Tuesday evening while Mr. and Mrs. Bliss motored to Denver before returning home.

The mid week farmers dance was well attended at Happy Hollow farm.

Rye harvesting has commenced this week. Wheat harvest will start next week. Corn and potatoes looking fine but a little rain would not hurt them.

Mrs. D. Purington of Alliance, is at the L. Bliss home doing the house work while Mr. and Mrs. are away.

In the matter of daylight saving, self-determination seems to be working well.

Now it is intimated that the carving of Turkey would cause international indigestion.

Even a rough neck is to be preferred to a stiff one.

UNSHAKEN TESTIMONY

Time is the test of truth. And Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the test in Alliance. No Alliance resident who suffers backache, or annoying urinary ills can remain un-

convinced by this twice-told testimony.

Mrs. Cella Weaver, 122 Yellowstone, Alliance, says: "I have been troubled with kidney complaint for some time and learning of Doan's Kidney Pills I began their use purchasing them at Fred E. Holsten's Drug Store. I can say in all earnestness that Doan's cannot be excelled for curing backache and all kidney

irregularities. It only took a short use of this remedy to rid me of severe burning pains in the small of my back and aching limbs and enable me to stoop and straighten my back without a painful effort. Two other members of my household have also used Doan's to a great advantage which further convinces me of their curative qualities." (Statement given July 20, 1910.)

On June 9, 1920, Mrs. Weaver said: "In 1910 I publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills believing them to be a most reliable kidney medicine. I have the same faith in them now as I had then. It is seldom I feel in need of a kidney remedy but if I should I will certainly take Doan's Kidney Pills." 50c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

You Will Be Able To LAUGH AT WASH DAY If You Buy "The National"

Why continue to let Wash Day be eternally a "Blue Day" for you? You know how you dread the hard work incident to rubbing and boiling the family laundry once a week, fifty-two times each year. You remember the aching muscles the following day. Would it not be worth almost any sum to you to have the hard work taken bodily away from Wash Day? With the drudgery eliminated, the simplified task would give you time for other things—lighten your housework and sweeten your disposition.

We have a machine that will do all this for you, and we will sell it

ON TERMS TO FIT YOUR INCOME.

National Vacuum Washer
ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN

In addition to the exclusive features mentioned last Tuesday there are the following. Read and weigh them carefully; every one is for your convenience or protection:

1. Perfectly smooth, all copper tub—easily cleaned and never mouldy.
2. A dependable "Safety First" device in the wringer release.
3. Highest grade motor insures minimum electricity cost—not to exceed 1½ cents per hour.
4. All gears are protected—no painful accidents possible.
5. Accurately cut gears insure noiseless operation.
6. Convenient two-tub folding bench attached—occupies very little space when folded together.
7. GUARANTEED TO PLEASE YOU.

Rhein Hardware Company

PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SERVICE

MULE CREEK

is Producing Almost Twice as
Much Oil as Lance Creek
Region in Wyoming

District seems to be only on verge of its full productive capacity--3,000 barrels a day being shipped out from field

(By Robert G. Dill in the Denver Post on Friday, July 16, 1920.)

"The Mule Creek field, which lies almost on the boundary between Wyoming and South Dakota and whose discovery two years ago was largely overshadowed by the sensational development of the Lance Creek district, is now producing nearly twice as much oil as the latter and appears to be only on the verge of its full productive capacity. Oil from this district is marketed through a pipeline which has its terminals at Dakoming, S. D., and shipped in tank cars to the Imperial Oil, Ltd., at Regina, Sask.

"Fifteen hundred barrels a day are being sent from the field to the railroad and an equal amount is being shipped to Canada. Of this production the Western States Oil & Land company has about half and the Ohio company has the remainder. The former has seven wells and the Ohio company has nine, and other concerns own two.

"For a long time after the completion of the pipeline shipment of oil to market was held up by a lack of tank cars. A sufficient number of these tanks have been provided, however, and the diminutive field is daily earning \$3,750 for its producing companies. Both the Western States and the Ohio oil companies keep several strings of tools at work constantly, so that production is certain to be increased at a faster rate than the natural shrinkage."

Several other concerns are operating in the Mule Creek field, including the Wyoming-Northeastern Oil Company, organized by well known Nebraska men. This company is selling a limited amount of stock for the purpose of developing its holdings. It has already drilled its first well to a depth of over 1400 feet on its Mule Creek holdings. You are invited to thoroughly investigate the company and its holdings. The company's operations at the present time are confined to 1040 acres in the Mule Creek and Hidden Dome fields and the money received from the sale of stock under the permit granted by the state of Nebraska will be used for the development of these holdings. This is a speculative security and returns on the money invested in the stock of this corporation depend upon the discovery of oil in paying quantities by drilling upon the company's properties.

Wyoming-Northeastern Oil Company

Authorized Capital Stock, \$1,000,000.

Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska

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We specialize in handling Range Cattle and will give you the best service possible to obtain.

Ship Your Cattle, Hogs and Sheep to Us
for Good Results

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NEBRASKA

BOX BUTTE COUNTY FARMS

On account of the more or less stringent financial conditions we now have the opportunity to offer some exceptional bargains in improved and unimproved Box Butte county farms, as well as in some choice western Nebraska stock ranches. It will pay you to write or call on us for detailed information regarding some of the bargains which we have at this time. Easy terms can be secured for you. If you have western property for sale and want it handled quickly, list it with us. We look after properties for non-residents.

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