

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

The "Town Gossip" of the Nebraska City Press has developed the habit of writing letters to public personages and some of them are good letters, too, and worth writing, which is more than can be said for the average letter of that sort. When we think of all the bugs and the brothers with pet theories to expound, or axes to grind, who write communications which clutter up the mails, and drive the aforesaid public personages to drink, it is a wonder why the legislature, which are willing to tackle any kind of legislation, don't define an open season or a closed season, or whatever is necessary to curb those who are prone to "take their pens in hand," or at least confine them to proper bounds.

However, that wasn't what we had in mind when we oiled up the Remington. The whole subject was brought to mind by the editor of the Press, who has followed the Town Gossip's noble example and has framed up a letter to be sent to President Harding. He admits that it may not be exactly what he wants to say, and has asked his readers to criticize it, and send in their suggestions. Inasmuch as the subject is one in which a number of Alliance men are deeply—me might say, vitally—interested, the letter and Sweet's comment are reproduced:

"Mr. Warren G. Harding, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Warren: For a long time we have aimed at writing you a letter on a matter which is very close to our heart—and stomach. You know, of course, Warren, that the country is technically dry. In fact, Nebraska has been dry—technically for the past four years. When the people of Nebraska voted to make this a desert instead of an oasis we refused to believe it and, having always been a victim of misplaced confidence, we neglected one or two very important little things. We refer, in a manner of speaking, to filling our cellar against a possible drouth, although as we say, we did not really believe there would be a drouth. However, it came and now we are up against a very serious proposition. The price of home-brew is outrageously high out here in Nebraska. The profiteer in moonshine and corn whiskey have the country by the throat—and the throat is parched and dusty. Isn't there something you can do about it? Isn't it possible to call a meeting of the Cabinet, the Railway Commission or some other public agency and View With Alarm this tendency to keep a man out of his inherent rights to citizenship in this great and growing land of the spree?"

"We are quite hopeful that Mr. Harding will do something about this matter. We have a lot of confidence in him. Besides, we voted for him last November and while we neglected to mention that in the letter we believe he will guess at it anyway, in view of the size of his majority. We think it is just Terrible the way the bootleggers are holding up the public.

The first thing you know a man won't have any rights at all. We tried to make the letter plain and to the point. If there is anything that should be added or anything that shouldn't have been added we hope our friends will offer suggestions. We feel quite sure that we touch a Popular Chord where we mention the subject. It is close to the hearts—at least to the stomachs—of a large section of our population."

Sunday should be "a day for tuning up the health of soul, mind and body together," says Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the London Evening Standard. That it does not now fulfill this function is because it is treated simply as a day of idleness. And, as we all know, rest is not idleness, the best definition of rest being, says this noted clergyman, "unimpeded activity." The old-fashioned idea that everything—clothes, books, children's games—ought to be changed on Sunday had some wisdom in it. The habits of the working-day were to be broken, and we were supposed to do things different from those we did during the week. "So Sunday was a day apart, a real day of refreshment; it did not make us feel 'Mondayish'—i.e., good for nothing when it was over." That "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," unquestionably represents "the Christian view of the Fourth Commandment," says the dean. But this commandment must be considered to have been distinctly repealed for Christians. "There is no connection between the Hebrew Sabbath and the Christian Sunday," and the writer affirms that Sunday is shown by its history to be a human, not a divine, institution. It is not the Jewish Sabbath transferred. Its objects are, first, devotion, then rest. The Puritan "Sabbath" can claim no authority, though many have no doubt found it good for their souls' health. The weekly day of rest, though established by the church, is now firmly established on grounds which have nothing to do with religion." In support, then, of the recreational idea of Sunday, the dean says:

"Modern psychologists tell us that any natural and healthy instinct which remains unsatisfied reacts upon the mind and body, causing a greater or less degree of unhappiness, and sometimes minor derangements of health. We ought to consider that Sunday exists to rectify this inevitable result of life under modern conditions. The greatest need which commonly remains unsatisfied is that of quiet recollection and communion with God; and it is no professional prejudice that prompts the expression of regret that public worship, which gives the best opportunity for these exercises, should have gone so much out of fashion. "But other human needs also clamor for satisfaction. With some there is a real need of rest; though now that working hours are so much shortened, there is seldom any necessity for spending half the day in mere sloth. Others, if they only knew it, need a breath of country air and a sight of the green fields. "Nobody can object to the bicycling clubs which exist to gratify this desire in company. Others need opportunities for seeing their friends, and for getting to know their young children, of whom the working-man can see but little on week-days. Others want to read books. There is no reason why they should be religious books.

"A few may want violent exercise; and the clergy ought not to frown upon Sunday games for those who can not play them on other days. For those—a small number since the war—who spend their week in idleness, one would like to prescribe a severe Puritan Sunday. Nothing can be more selfish than to make work on Sunday for those who ought to be resting; and I confess to a strong dislike of card-playing on Sunday evening."

Don't Scour by the Hour—Clean by the Minute, buy UNIVERSAL Seamless Aluminum ware—special sale at Newberry's all next Week. 44-45

ORDINANCE No. 314
AN ORDINANCE fixing and establishing salaries of the Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska and repealing all former Ordinances or Parts of Ordinances, in Conflict Therewith.

BE IT ORDAINED by the Mayor and Council of the City of Alliance, Nebraska, that:

Section 1. The following officers of the City of Alliance, Nebraska shall, from and after April 11, 1921, be entitled to receive the following salaries payable quarterly in warrants at par: Mayor \$300.00 per year; each Councilman \$180.00 per year.

Section 2. That for each absence from the regular meetings of the Council, unless authorized by a two-thirds vote of all the members thereof, there shall be deducted a sum equal to two per cent of such annual salary.

Section 3. That all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith be, and the same hereby are repealed.

Section 4. This ordinance shall be in effect from and after its passage, approval and publication according to law.

Passed and approved this 28th day of April, 1921.

R. M. HAMPTON, Mayor.
Attest: GRACE H. KENNEDY, City Clerk.

AUTHORITATIVE

"Bill is going to retire from business for five years."

"Oh, I've heard him say that before."

"Yes, but this time the judge said it."—London Opinion.

TWO OF A KIND.

"How's your cold, Donald?"

"Verra obstinate."

"And how's your wife?"

"About the same."—London Mail.

Then, again, the way the women dress may be merely another proof that you can't always judge by appearances.

LAST CHAPTER

By IDA WARREN GOULD.

Felix Mason was under contract to be leading story magazine in Kentville to produce a serial story. He was zealous enough to hope that this effort would raise him above mediocrity as a story writer. He sat, awaiting the torch of inspiration which was to light him to fame. Various openings were before him in a notebook, though none led to a climax. What source should he seek? Country or shore?

He loved the great throbbing ocean, and its varied moods. What could he do better than take a day off by the sea? In another hour he was close to the expanse of the sea.

Faster and faster he wrote, developing his fancies until after sunset he rose, stiff and chilled, yet satisfied with his work.

Then he blundered along the beach, took the wrong turning in time to see the last boat half a mile off shore. It grew rapidly dark and he was unfamiliar with the place.

At any rate, he had a first-rate story. He stumbled and ran, seeing a light far off on a hill, the only friendly beacon in the darkness.

He was in for an adventure.

After a long tramp he arrived near enough to see that the lights came from a private residence. The draperies permitted a glance through the windows. As he took the first step up a broad flight he heard music. He was deliberating how to phrase his application for hospitality, when the door opened and a woman in a shimmering evening gown peered into the gloom that lay between them.

When Felix, hat in hand, ran up the steps, she exclaimed in a pleased voice, "Felix Mason! After all these years!"

"This is Miss Lane, my friend, who lives with me. Explain how you found us after all these years."

"By the lights in the windows, of course," laughed Felix.

"Dinner is served," announced Miss Lane, abruptly, leading the way to the next room.

Felix never knew just how he averted a true statement of his appearance at the home of a woman who had been a good pal of his college days. At first he thought of telling his story straight. But as Pauline seemed to regard his coming as a natural happening he allowed himself the pleasure of a delightful evening—and accepted also the invitation to remain over night.

"I will allow you to stay on one condition," said Pauline, smiling mischievously into his suddenly sobered face, when she bade him good night.

"So, I'm to pay for my lodging by attending one of your social teas; are those your terms?"

"Exactly."

"To please you, I'll come, Pauline."

Several months later Pauline sat within reach of the genial warmth of the huge log fire. The companion was making buttonholes for the Lady Adlers in a far corner of the room.

Felix Mason's serial, complete except for the last chapter, was on the table. It was a story of a friendship, interrupted, patched, leading now to the climax of renunciation or complete fulfillment of love. The suspense of several months would be at an end when the last chapter should be issued.

The telephone bell summoned Pauline from her reverie by the fire. Felix Mason was speaking.

"Pauline, may I come down to consult you—business—very important, concerns the story?"

"Surely, I'll send the car for you at once."

"Thanks. You're a good pal, Pauline. I cannot finish the last number until I talk it over with you. Goodby."

After dinner Miss Lane excused herself and afforded the two friends the opportunity for uninterrupted discussion.

Pauline nervously began arranging the roses Felix had brought. He stood looking solemnly into the heart of the blazing logs, then blurted out:

"Many years ago, Pauline, I described you to my sisters as the girl with the honestest eyes I ever saw. The first time I stumbled up these steps you thought I really had sought you. I saw it in your honest eyes. I did, Pauline, or, as I called it, concealed from you the real facts which led to my coming. I was engrossed in my work that day down by the ocean, overtaken by night, lost the road, stumbled here, lured by the only sign of life on the landscape. I consoled all that."

"And now, Felix?"

"And now, Pauline, I'm here because the last chapter in that serial must be inspired by you."

Felix crossed to Pauline's side. Pauline's eyes remained persistently on the roses.

The ticking of the large clock beat in rhythm with her fluttering pulses.

"Yes, it's true, Pauline; the finish of this story which is to fix my reputation as a worthwhile story teller rests with you. You've been a wonderful friend, but friendship on my part is eclipsed by love. My dear, do you care enough for me to be my inspiration for life? If so, I'll end the last chapter happily."

Pauline lifted eloquent eyes, and Felix read there the motif for the closing chapter of his serial—love, bar money.

AT THE MOVIES

Louise Lovely, in her first picture as a star, "The Little Gray Mouse," will be the feature at the Imperial this evening. The story, as outlined in advance reports, is a strong dramatic tale of a talented woman who, because of the love she has for the man she married, allows him to take the literary credit for a book which has practically been written by her. She permits herself to become a victim of self-sacrifice in everything for this man—who in the end proves himself worthless and a cad. Finally he involves her in a divorce suit, although she is innocent while he is guilty. She accepts her freedom and goes west. Here she attains with her pen the fame she deserves, and at last weds a real man.

The Saturday photoplay is "Black Beauty," pictured from the famous book of the same name, which has been popular for over forty years. George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester have written the scenario, weaving into the drama the story of friends of Black Beauty. This is one of the feature plays of the year, and will be shown at 8, 5, 7 and 9 p. m.

Olive Thomas, in "The Flapper," is the Sunday attraction. Miss Thomas takes the part of "Ginger" King, the unsophisticated daughter of a rich senator. Arriving at an exclusive boarding school at the age of sixteen, she assumes the attitude of a very worldly wise young woman, and acts the part so well that all her classmates are fooled. Her masquerade throws her in with a pair of clever crooks, makes the folks back in her home town think she is a very wicked woman, and almost ruins her life's happiness. But at the last moment she doffs the sham, admits to the fact that she was but "flapping" herself into a false reputation, and again takes up her pursuit of young, innocent friends, ice cream sodas and untarnished happiness.

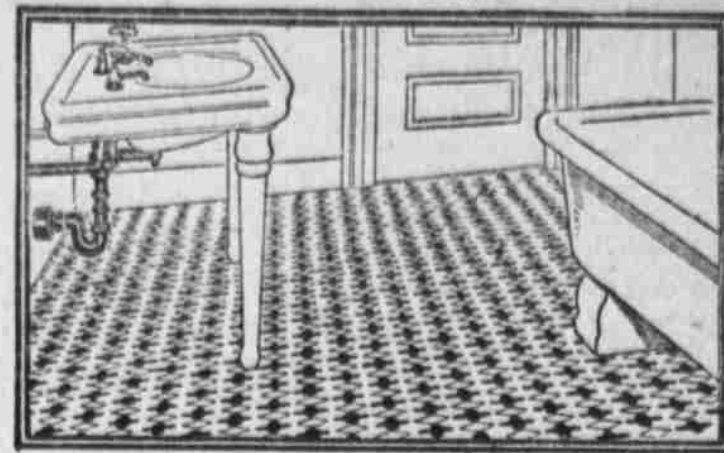
"All Dolled Up," with Gladys Walton, is the Monday feature. The press agents' dope failed to arrive, but the title and the star promise an entertaining evening.

Don't Scour by the Hour—Clean by the Minute, buy UNIVERSAL Seamless Aluminum ware—special sale at Newberry's all next Week. 44-45

Not the least of the worries of the bride of the future will be the happy husband's frequent whine about the home-brew that mother used to make. —Buffalo Express.

Home Cook Shop serves coffee and waffles from 7 to 9 a m. A general delicatessen, 118 West Fourth St. Mrs. A. H. Robbins.

And still with cement "reduced" to \$4.80 there is ample room for a further drop.



"Gold Seal"

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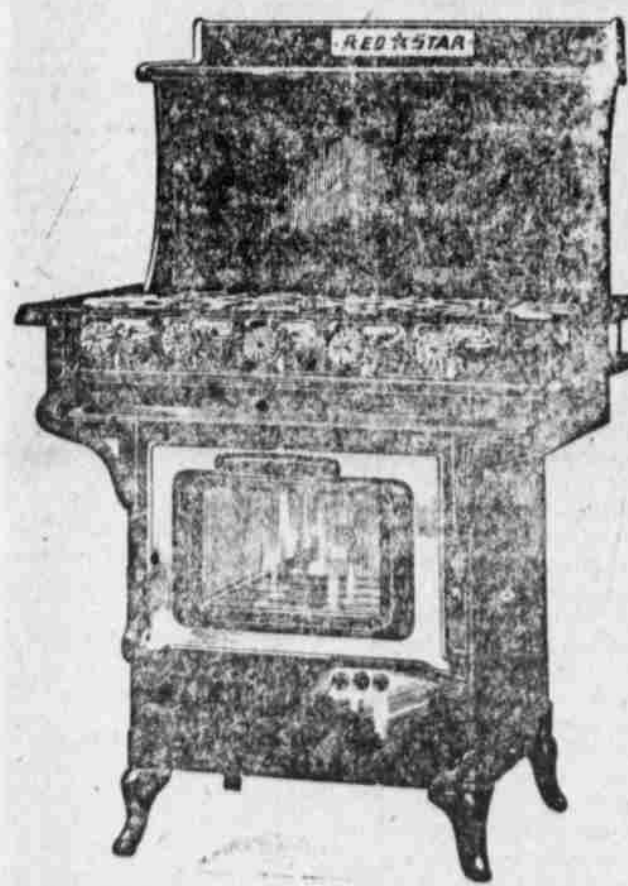
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