

PHILLIPS AND PILOT BROOKS TAKE A TUMBLE

ESCAPE UNINJURED IN YELLOWSTONE ACCIDENT.

Landed in Shallow Water in Yellowstone Lake and Were Able to Reach the Shore.

Ora E. Phillips and W. F. Brooks of Hemingford, Neb., escaped uninjured when their airplane plunged into Yellowstone lake in Yellowstone park Wednesday, according to word received here. They landed in shallow water and were able to reach shore without difficulty.

This was the first plane to land within the park boundaries. Congress has not made any regulations relative to the entrance of flying craft and park officials are at a loss as to how to collect entrance fees for it.

Authorities at the park said yesterday they opposed landing of planes inside the grounds, claiming they would frighten the animals.

Brooks is the flier who was arrested in Omaha last fall for "jazzing" his plane up and down Farnam street, grazing the tall buildings and calling down the wrath of the gods.

The latest hit, "They Needed a Song Bird in Heaven, so God Took Caruso Away," at Wiker's

YALE SIDING

Weather and Crop Report.

The past months were ideal for all crops, enough moisture fell. The grain is mostly all cut, a few stalks of the grain and some have threshed from the shock. The field is good. Pastures are fine. Potatoes are looking fine, except a few fields. A few have plowed their wheat fields already for the planting of fall wheat.

The rain fall for June and July: June 8, 7; 6, 1; 7, 1.13; 9, .18; 15, .48; 18, .5; July 1, .17; 2, .64; 4, .4; 17, .6; 21, .64; 25, 1.68; 21, 1.02. By these figures you will see that in June we had seven rains, a total of 3.09 inches. July we had seven rains and a total of 4.3 inches. Up to August 14, less than one inch fell, .51 inches fell on the 14th.

Mrs. Link Davis spent a couple of days at the home of her father Mr. Hayes last week.

Mrs. D. W. Reiman visited at the W. Newman home last Friday.

L. Powell is sowing wheat for W. Wilson near the Ash Grove.

Mrs. Simon Iossi and Mrs. D. W. Reiman visited with Mrs. Frank Russell last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Newman and family and Mrs. W. J. Newman of Columbus and her two grandchildren of Sidney, Neb., spent Wednesday evening at the S. J. Iossi home.

Alex Lee was in town on business last Thursday.

Art Grove threshed last Saturday. Ernest and Alfred Iossi are stacking the former's wheat west of Berea this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lee and family and a nephew of Mt Lee of Clay county had Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Iossi Sunday.

Mrs. W. J. Newman and her two grandchildren left for Sidney last Friday after spending five weeks with her son, W. Newman. She will visit with her daughter at Sidney before returning to her home at Columbus.

Guy Rust threshed his grain last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Newman and family spent Sunday with L. Powell and family.

Ernest Iossi and Mildred Newman visited at the Judevine home last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schefceck visited at the W. Newman home last Friday.

See the School Dresses shown for \$1.29 at Highland-Holloway Co.

MINISTER DISCUSSES HIS WIFE'S TROUBLES

Rev. A. H. Skyes, former pastor of the Watkins Park Presbyterian church Nashville, Tenn., says:

"After seeing what Tanlac has accomplished in my wife's case, I am convinced that it is a medicine of great power and extraordinary merit. I do not think I have ever seen anything give such prompt results. Mrs. Skyes has been in delicate health for ten months, suffering from stomach trouble and nervous breakdown.

"I frequently sought medical advice but Tanlac is the only thing that gave her any relief. After taking the medicine only a short time, she was able to sit up and help with the household duties. I think it only a short time until her health will be fully restored."

Tanlac is sold in Alliance by F. E. Holsten and by all good druggists everywhere.

ELASTIC SCHEDULE.

In the old days of Mississippi River travel, the Stephen J. Hill gained note as the worst boat on the river. One afternoon a fog settled and the captain gave orders to tie up for the rest of the day.

"It's too bad we're going to be late, captain," said a passenger.

"We ain't," retorted the skipper calmly.

"But I thought you were going to tie up here for hours."

"So we are, but that ain't going to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."—American Legion Weekly.

It isn't every man who can master his pleasures. Many a fellow attempts to ride a bucking hobby.

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

The possession of a Ford and the ability to drive the wild, untamed flivver over the bounding prairie probably does not qualify us to pose as a motorist. We are not quite sure of this, our unabridged not being at hand and our bookkeeper, authority on affairs of spiritual and mundane, being elsewhere right now. However, even if we are not actually a motorist, we are an editor, and a man holding that exalted position is privileged to say what he pleases about anything, provided his limbs are so constructed that he can make speed when the irate reader comes to call him to task.

Some of us editors are built for endurance rather than speed. This was forcibly called to the mind the other evening, while the family had us out for a ride in the cool of the evening. Old and experienced as we are, and with our well known propensity to be cautious, we found ourselves and the flivver stranded on the Chadron road some four or five miles from the fair city.

One peculiar thing about automobiling is the way other cars fail to come your way. The Chadron road, on that eventful evening, was simply crammed with cars. They roared past us, both coming and going, until the engine made that funny little noise that gives the driver a sinking feeling. Then, for forty straight minutes, not a single headlight have in sight, from any direction. If the silence hadn't been so profane, it would have been impressive. There was a ghost of a moon, but it was such a faint ghost that the long road back to the city and gasoline wasn't illuminated in the least.

The poet may sing of the joys of motoring, and he may mean it—but no man ever talks the same about riding in an automobile if he has been forgetful of the gasoline tank and no one has reminded him of it. We looked at that tank. We had to open up the car's cellar door and unscrew the lid, and we got grease all over our other shirt while we were doing it. The lid unscrewed hard. We remember that just as plain. There isn't a doubt but that we looked at the tank just before we started. It looked to be half full. We didn't take the little ruler and poke down to find out—we peered inside and it seemed to have lots of gas. Afterward, we discovered that the flivver had been going two days on a gallon of gas. Looking back on it, it seems marvelous—but at the time we didn't stop to think of the wonderful record that had been made. Rather we spoke harshly to Henry. And we cursed other things in the same bitter tone and the identical frame of mind.

There's nothing more disheartening than to wait on a dark night for an automobile to show up. True, one can always walk, but the prospect of shoving our two hundred pounds over five miles of a strange road didn't appeal to us in the least. There have been times when we walked for the pure love of exercise, but we never take that sort of exercise at 10:45 p. m. on a strange road.

Success hove in sight from both directions at the same time. From the road leading from the city came a headlight. From behind us came three headlights. Strange as it may seem, there we actually three of them. Then we made an astounding discovery, and one that pleased us. The folks who drive automobiles are human, especially those—if we say so without egotism—especially those who drive Fords. The man coming from the city was the first to perceive our plight. He was driving a flivver. He stopped and took us under his protecting wing.

Within three minutes the other three cars came up. The first one got perhaps ten feet behind us, but he halted and wanted to know if there were anything he could do. Then he saw our friend in need and shoved off. The next car, only fifty yards behind him, stopped also, and the same question was asked and the same reply given. Even the third car, which had seen two others refused with effusive tenderness, also stopped.

That's the wonderful thing about the present day motorist. The same fellow who will make you eat his dust; who will hog the road or push you unerringly toward the ditch; who will use glaring headlights and fret not a bit how blinded you are—the same villain will stop cheerfully if he sees you in a mud hole or stranded by the wayside. When he is passing you or throwing dust in your direction, you are sure that you can see the horns poking out from underneath his hat. When he helps you, you realize that what you thought was the tip of a horn was only part of a halo.

You can't hire a man to be as nice to you as the fellow who takes pity on your motoring sorrows and stops to help you out. The young fellow we got hold of was a young farmer, probably coming in from seeing his girl. We hope so, whether this be the case or not. That fellow was nice enough to have half a dozen girls. It was growing tolerably late for a man who observes the ungodly hours of rising that we are told prevail on the farms, but he didn't act as though he cared whether he ever slept or not.

We wanted gasoline, and he cheerfully donned a raincoat and crawled under his car to turn on the stopcock, if that is the expression we want to use. We dug up a tin can and held it under the stream of gas for five minutes, and then discovered that the bottom of the can was a mass of tiny holes, and that it couldn't be made to hold gas without at least three sticks of chewing gum. One quart of precious gas was wasted this way. Then he suggested towing us in, but there was no tow handy. Finally, he took the family and us to the city, waited while we got some gas, took us back and stood there while we filled up. We would have fallen on his neck and wept, but with a cheery wave of the hand he was gone—gone, while our

voice was so choked with sobs that we couldn't thank him properly.

The family, we have forgotten to say, had on high-heeled shoes, than which there is nothing worse to walk the country roads. We wore tight shoes ourselves.

ALLIANCE MEN ATTEND COUPLE ROAD MEETINGS

(Continued from Page 1)

Following the Broadwater meeting, the Alliance delegation proceeded to Sidney, where the second meeting was held. This was a North Star highway meeting. The Alliance men endeavored to preserve their neutrality, and took no active part in the meeting, but the delegates present proceeded to elect J. S. Rhein, already a vice president on the G-P-C highway, as president of their organization, altho he refused the crown two or three times, both before and after his election.

Finally, the Alliance men convinced the Sidney people that the stumbling block was the Morrill county commissioners, and that so long as the deadlock remained, it was hopeless to get any route approved. A meeting was arranged for Bridgeport on Friday, at which time the effort will be made to have the three Morrill commissioners present and arrive at some approved route through which the highway can pass. A big delegation will go down from Alliance Friday, and this city will again endeavor to make its position clear and will emphasize the fact that it does not want to mix into Morrill county battles. It is hoped that the deadlock can be ended Friday and some route be approved.

Meet at Chadron Wednesday

Tomorrow a meeting will be held at Chadron, the next point north on both the rival highways. This will be simply an organization meeting, with delegates present from Broadwater, Alliance, Hot Springs and other places along the route. The Broadwater delegation will arrive in Alliance at 9 a. m. and accompany the Alliance men.

The Bridgeport meeting will be the big event of the week, and it is expected that a hot fight will ensue. Both Broadwater and Bridgeport have expressed the belief that Alliance will side in with them, although this county and city have for two years expressed themselves as willing to meet any road that will be built from the south to the county line.

It is reported, also, that a number of ranchers in the county to the south are opposed to a highway going through their property, saying that it will result in damages to them by reason of gates left open, littered grounds and depredations by tourists. It is said they will have a lawyer present to represent their interests.

After the Bridgeport meeting Friday, however, there should be no further difficulties. If the three commissioners will get together and select one route, even if they have to toss up a coin or draw straws, all western Nebraska will feel better over it.

The following men will make the trip to Chadron tomorrow: J. S. Rhein, Ed Henry, W. B. Barnett, J. W. Guthrie, Glen Miller, Charles Brittan, F. J. Brennan, Frank Abegg, John Wiker, F. W. Harris, W. D. Rumer, Lee Sturgeon.

See the School Dresses shown for \$1.29, at Highland-Holloway Co.

Special Reduced Rates to Merchants Who Will Attend Market Week

Railroad lines leading into Omaha for the first time in history have granted reduced rates to merchants throughout the city's trade territory who will attend full Market Week to be held in Omaha, August 29-September 2. Special rates have been granted by the following lines: C. B. & Q., C. N. & N. W., Missouri Pacific, Wabash, C. R. I. & P., Union Pacific, C. M. & St. P., Illinois Central, C. G. W. and C. St. P. M. & O.

There will be an open rate of one and one-half times the one way fare. This special rate will not only apply to visiting merchants but to everyone who wishes to come to Omaha.

The merchants of Omaha are extending a cordial invitation to all dealers in the territory to come to the city at this time. A special entertainment program, lasting throughout the whole period and including dances, theater parties and a Japanese carnival, has been arranged. Wholesalers and manufacturers will put on special displays of their products and the city generally will be devoted to the interests of the merchants.

Tickets will be on sale August 28, with return limit September 5.

PERILS OF PEACE.

Bobby was a good boy, but he would fight with the neighbors' children. At last on the day after he had made his umpteenth solemn promise never to do so again, he came in much the worse for wear.

"Bobby," said his mother, "you promised never to fight again."

"But I haven't been fighting. This was just an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes, mother. I was sitting on Willie and I forgot to hold his feet?"

—American Legion Weekly.

THERE WASN'T ANY.

Motorist: "Why won't you tell me the best road to Mudville?"

Native: "Because I don't like ter have people call me a liar."

REALIZATION.

Flubb: "Did you realize anything on that oil well investment?"

Dubr: "Yes, I'm just beginning to realize what happened."—Ex.

Maybe some have found their names on the slacker list because somebody got a close-up of their war gardens.



New Fall Silks

Satins Taffetas
Canton Crepe Georgette Crepe Satin
Crepe-de-Chine Charmeuse

In a wonderful range of colors, all the new shades of the season are now being shown in our Silk department.

Prices, \$1.95, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up to \$6.00 yard.

The Horace Bogue Store

Mountains of Coal + Service NOW



Why Wait?
Don't Wait to be PRODDED

Most everyone knows that it is the sensible thing to get a supply of coal in the cellar for winter. This is true any winter, but especially true this time.

COAL WILL BE SCARCE

This winter if our information about the situation is correct. You may be glad to get coal in any quantities and at any price.

WHY NOT ORDER NOW?

Your wife has told you several times in the last month. Take up the telephone this minute and tell us what you will need. PHONE 22.

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