

THE ALLIANCE HERALD

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THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Owners
(Incorporated)

Entered at the post office at Alliance, Nebraska, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Published every Thursday.

Subscription Price, \$1.50 Per Year, Payable in Advance

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This country has suffered much from partisan politics in time of peace and can ill afford such an additional and unnecessary burden in time of war.

It appears at last to be drawing upon the Bolshevik that the real peace sought by Germany is a very considerable piece of Russian territory.

Correspondents of a metropolitan journal are speculatively asking, "What is wisdom?" O'ten wisdom consists in nothing more nor less than holding one's tongue and too often such wisdom is conspicuous by its absence.

If in spite of ice jams and heavy weather 103 steamers were coaled in New York harbor within a week, and if this is nearly half of the idle fleet waiting for many weeks for lack of coal, it is evident that the shut-down order set things going.

"No mistake has been made which has been repeated," declares the President. In view of the vast undertakings and untold pains to be trod, mistakes are inevitable, but if the same mistake has not been made twice we are advancing as well as learning.

The Leipzig Neueste Nachrichten frankly declares that "the Kaiser is the dictator of Germany's destinies and, as far as Germany's policy affects them, of the destinies of the rest of the world." That is why the Teuton militarists, lusty to conquer the planet, must get their medicine and the world be made safe for democracy.

Our imports from South American countries in 1917 were \$377,000,000 more than in 1913 and our exports to the same countries last year were \$209,000,000 more than in 1914. Prior to the great war Europe had nearly all of South America's trade, but at last we are beginning to get our share.

Senator Culberson has introduced a bill providing for fines up to \$10,000 and imprisonment not exceeding twenty years for persons who circulate false reports with a view to interfere with the success of American military or naval plans. There is equal need of some means to tie the tongues of sufficiently patriotic but foolish persons who glibly pass these false reports along and thus aid the enemy in their work.

An Arkansas editor explains the lack of locals in his issue on the ground that his time had been taken up in trying "to think of something good to say about all the candidates" and how "not to lie on any of the gentlemen," they being "a fine bunch." Such a task might be offered as an excuse for almost anything.

Though the proposed fast days may be unnecessary as a general thing, the railroads would be the better for them.

Senator Penrose frankly admits that it is a simple matter of politics in his case, but there are others less outspoken.

Porkless Saturdays will not be observed in a Congress which recognizes no porkless days in any season.

Would that we might never again see the like of a winter which is said to be the hardest on record in nearly a century.

They are making husky athletes in the military camps. It is good to read of chests bulging and waist lines shrinking from the effects of hard work and wholesome food.

A Chicago editor suggests that the critics be given a chance to see whether they can do things better. The Chamberlain bill aims at that, but it's too risky.

The crux of the whole problem is tonnage, says Secretary Baker. Ships ships, ships! Loading on the job won't do in the ship yards, even if it can be tolerated anywhere else.

In spite of heavy weather and the

critical outcry, the coaling of waiting vessels loaded with supplies for our over-sea army and our allies proceeded with such expedition that on Jan. 27 only 30 out of more than 200 such vessels still remain in New York harbor.

An old Confederate, who can remember coffee at \$3 a cup, quinine at \$100 an ounce, meal at \$140 a bushel and flour at \$1500 a barrel (in Confederate currency) in Richmond fifty-three years ago, might pointedly suggest that we cheer-up in view of the probability that the worst is yet to come.

According to the British food controller, German submarines sent three million pounds of bacon and four million pounds of cheese to the bottom in a single week. At such a rate of destruction for many months no wonder the world's stock of food has been reduced.

Politicians who are plainly more interested in the advancement of their own fortunes than winning the war, and who are now visibly on the defensive as to their motives, would do well to make a note of the fact that the people of the United States are not fools.

Those who made haste to smash the machinery of eighteen interned German and Austrian merchant steamers, as soon as Bernstorff was dismissed from this country, little dreamed that the same great steamers would transport American fighters to the battle front within ten months. The forehanded smashers will not agree with any Chamberlain that the American military establishment has "fallen down" because of inefficiency in every department of the government. On the contrary, they are likely to search their harsh language to find terms suitably expressive of their rage in the presence of the evidence that the said military establishment is amazingly alive and hustling.

By this we ought to know the sequel to every bit of german peace-camouflage and be ready for the next blow of the Teutonic mallet flat at the point least expected.

When the chaplain of the House of Representatives prayed that the nation might be united "in the bonds of patriotism" he seemed to forget to include the stamps of thrift.

The news of the discovery of several new arctic islands is not inspiring. Additions of tropic islands would receive a warmer welcome by a cold and coal-short world.

The grim execution of some half dozen convicted Teutonic persons in the Tower of London ripped the German spy system in England up the back, and nothing short of the same heroic remedy will ever do the business in this country.

Extravagant and wild assertion in any cause tends to defeat its own ends. Those who go so far as to bewail the alleged fact that the gallant French army was "ruined by drink" from the outset might be reminded that when Grant was accused of imbibing too freely Lincoln humorously inquired as to the brand of whiskey he used with a view to the stimulation of less successful generals.

LINCOLN AND REALISM

Abraham Lincoln did split rails in his youth and in other similar ways he did honestly earn his bread in the sweat of his brow; but he did not have the soul or even the look of a more yoked in that period for if so his after achievements would have been impossible. Anybody can understand this except the devotee of freakish modern art who demands "realism." forgetful or unaware that the soul is the real thing, the body being only a shell. George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, has depicted Abraham Lincoln as a mere farm hand in intellectual atmosphere as well as in the flesh, and artistic devotees of so-called realism applaud, but perfectly good citizens without pretention to artistic taste or acquirement are quite naturally disturbed.

The disturbance is the greater be-

cause Mr. Charles P. Taft, the ex-President's brother, ordered the statue with a view to present it to the city of London. Most Americans even 't the South, here the misunderstood Lincoln was once the object of a lively and honest detestation, would not wish to see such an image of one of our Presidents stand in this country, let alone in England or anywhere in Europe. If Robert Lincoln, who is known only as the son of his father desired the statue to wear kid gloves and a swallow-tail coat he would be laughed at throughout this country; but his objection to the mere farm hand type of image is widely and justly shared. At present London has no time for unveiling statues anyhow, and even if Mr. Taft must pay for the forbidding effigy he is wealthy enough to do so and then consign it to the obscurity of a garret or a barn.

EDISON AND THE U-BOATS

After war was declared on the sixth of last April one frequently heard the wish expressed that Edison would produce a submarine-destroying invention. After months had passed the expression of the same wish contained a note of disappointment and was followed by the regretful suggestion that in view of his advanced age per se Mr. Edison's inventive mind was no longer fruitful. Now comes the first definite statement in this connection that we have seen, indicating that what was so eagerly hoped for has actually been accomplished. Writing of Uncle Sam's busy helpers who come and go in Washington, Carl W. Ackerman says in the Saturday Evening Post of December 29 that Edison's inventions "have been tremendous aid in fighting submarines," that he and his staff "continue to invent and give their creation to the Government during the war."

And we read further: "One afternoon at two o'clock Mr. Edison called at the White House and asked to see President Wilson. At three minutes after two the great inventor was in Mr. Wilson's personal study in the residential wing of the executive mansion. By two-thirty the conference was concluded and the President himself made an appointment for Mr. Edison with Secretary of the Navy Daniels. That afternoon a new anti-submarine device was explained to a selected board of naval officers. The navy was as quickly convinced as was the President, and by seven o'clock the next morning Mr. Edison and a naval staff, aboard an American warship off the Atlantic coast, were testing the invention on an American submarine, which was previously instructed to attempt to sink the ship! So successful were the tests—it is not compatible with public safety to reveal the nature of the scheme—that within thirty hours after the invention was explained to President Wilson it was officially adopted by the American Government. It is in less than a day and a half an important invention became the property of the United States and another step toward combating Germany's submarine offensive was taken." To what extent this Edison invention has been concerned in the great destruction of submarines, and the enormous reduction of the damage previously accomplished by them, it would be extremely interesting to know.

GERMANY'S EMBARRASMENTS

Faith in the ability of the Allies to starve Germany into submission has perceptibly weakened, but may find fresh support in the reported declaration of the Berlin Vorwarts that German farmers and men of wealth have plenty of stored food but that many millions of the people are literally starving and that, in consequence, a German upheaval similar to the Russian revolution is coming. Even if such disastrous internal disturbance be staved off indefinitely or permanently, it is safe to conclude that Germany is already seriously embarrassed and that the expected accession of military strength resulting from Russia's demoralization will be far less extensive than has been generally taken for granted.

Even if the Russia-German peace negotiations had proved successful, even if the Bolshevik were not in trouble at home and seemingly tottering to their fall, it would not be safe for Germany to abandon her eastern front. Undoubtedly she will find it necessary to keep her eastern frontiers heavily guarded. A peace with only one Russian element and a withdrawal of the German armies would remove the pressure of the present and in all probability produce a counter revolution formidable enough to bring the sober and sane elements of Russia into control, thus restoring that country's capacity for offensive warfare. At all events German embarrassments have not been removed and the Kaiser's new power on the west front is not at all likely to attain the proportions at first expected.

A London hospital for women reports that the war has decreased cases of neurasthenia 50 per cent. "Women are so busy with war work," the account reads, "that they have no time to get nervous or imagine that they are ill. Their minds and hands are occupied and that keeps them healthy." There has not yet been time for similar results in America, but no doubt they will be widely observed if the war lasts.

In Pawn

By George Elmer Cobb

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Stop that car!"

The automobile was coming slowly down a rutty country road, when the urgent mandate caused its driver to halt precipitately, wonder and surprise manifested in his handsome young face.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

"This!" spoke the sturdy, stern-looking man who had suddenly sprung out from among some heavy shrubbery, and he leveled the shotgun he carried squarely at the automobile. "Step out, or I'll spatter that windshield of yours all over the road."

"And this!" supplemented his fifteen-year-old son, jabbing a four-pronged pitchfork in the direction of the front wheel. "If dad misses, I'll let out all the air you've got."

"Is it the man?" questioned the farmer of the lad.

"He's the man," bobbed his son decisively. "I'd know him by that peaked cap he wears anywhere."

"Step out!" ordered the farmer. We were waiting for you."

"What for?" demanded Hector Lane, artist.

"Because you took that road three hours ago, without knowing that the bridge was down at the creek and that you'd have to come back over the same



"Step Out!" Ordered the Farmer.

route. You stopped over in the field this morning to cook your breakfast, didn't you?"

"Why, yes, I did," came the prompt reply.

"And kicked the embers of your campfire around loose and careless. After you'd gone some live sparks set the stubble on fire and ran up to the two poultry houses. If you'll look, you'll see no houses there now."

Hector Lane stepped out of the machine voluntarily now. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he scanned two heaps of charred timbers.

"I fancy I did the work, farmer," he acknowledged.

"It will cost you four hundred dollars," observed Seth Payne.

"Well, well, and I haven't got forty in the whole world," recklessly laughed the automobilist. "Bad fix, isn't it? Well, don't look disappointed, or get mad. I acknowledge the corn, and of course I'll have to settle."

"How?" snapped out Payne.

"Why, I have a friend in the city who will send me the money. I'll get to the village and telegraph him at once."

"Not with the machine!" declared the farmer. "You'll leave that as security. You're a stranger to me and I take no risks."

"Father!" broke in a new voice, sweet, laden with reproach.

As its owner, fair, gentle-eyed Myrtle Payne, the stranger gazed with awakened interest. He heard her whisper: "He is a gentleman, you can trust him," and secretly appreciated her trustfulness.

"You'll report back?" muttered the farmer distrustfully.

"The minute I get in touch with my friend," declared Lane, and sped on his way.

"He'll never come back," growled Seth Payne.

"He will," confidently dissented Myrtle Payne.

He did. Hector Lane drove up to the farmhouse within two hours. There was a quizzical smile on his open, pleasing face.

"Anywhere you can store the auto?" he inquired.

"What for?" asked the farmer.

"My friend has gone on a long trip; I have no other resources. I'll leave the machine in pawn with you till I pay your bill."

"Well, you are a square one, just as you said," observed Payne, turning to his daughter, who blushed, his own harsh features relaxing. "Dinner

nearly ready, Myrtle! All right," as she nodded assent. "Come in, neighbor, and we'll talk it over."

Hector Lane, winner of hearts, in his frank, jolly way captivated all hands with his recital of how he had invested his sole thousand dollars in the automobile, and had started off on a protracted sketching tour. Then he was invited to stay all night. Bright and early the next morning he joined the farmer attending to his stock.

"I've been thinking, Mr. Payne," he observed, "and I wondered if you wouldn't take me in pawn, as well as the automobile. Here's the facts: I overheard you tell your wife you were short of working hands. Hire me. I need a little of roughing it to get me in trim for winter studio work. Then by fall, if I don't get action with my friend, we'll sell the automobile and square up."

He had a persuasive way, he was a prime fellow, for, accommodating himself to his environment, every evening he declared he was as healthy and hungry as a bear. Every morning he went gayly to his tasks. Between times there was Myrtle, modest, bright-eyed Myrtle. Evenings and holidays the automobile was called into requisition. Hector taught Myrtle how to run it. It got to be almost considered as family property.

One day Payne said to Hector: "See here, we'll call it square on those two old sheds that burned down. You're a man, every inch of you, and I cancel that debt. You can leave, machine and all, any time you like."

"Farmer," responded Hector cheerfully, "I don't want to leave. This is the life! Why, I'm built up like a trained pugilist, and if you don't object, I'll stay another month," and here the crafty young schemer stole a glance at Myrtle, daintily trimming the garden border, and whispered to himself: "Two months, a year, if Myrtle acts as if she'd like me to."

Myrtle was wont to take the automobile afternoons for a trip to girl friends in the district. Hector had made of her an expert at the wheel. One day, nearly at dusk, a strange automobile drove up.

"Oh, father!" yelled Ned Payne, rushing into the house all excited. "There's been an accident; the automobile is all smashed up, and some strangers have brought Myrtle home all bandaged up!"

All hands rushed out to the road. A stranger, a well-dressed, impressive-looking man, was assisting Myrtle from his automobile. Myrtle wore a bandage over one side of her face and one arm was in a sling. She was pale and shaken up, but instantly called out, reassuringly:

"Don't get frightened, mother; I'm only scratched up a little."

"She is a heroine!" cried her escort in quavering tones. "Oh, madam! Oh, sir!" he added with fervor, "she risked her life to save my two little children from certain death. I shall bless her to the last moment of my existence!"

The thrilling story came out in sections. It appeared that a light automobile operated by a nurse, with two little children in the rear seat, had got stalled directly in the middle of a railroad track, with the fast mail coming not two hundred yards distant. Myrtle had discerned their peril. She took a fearful chance and drove straight up against the little machine, sent it spinning off the tracks, but the shock hurled her own machine sideways into a ditch and she was thrown out.

Mr. Davenal insisted on purchasing outright for an extravagant sum Hector's automobile.

Hector felt it his duty to be very tender and attentive to the family invalid, Myrtle. Those two drifted sweetly under the potent influence of love's young dream.

And the day of the wedding Mr. Davenal made a present of the handsome residence in the village to the happy pair.

WHERE BRITISH RULERS MEET

Houses of Parliament, by the Thames at London, One of World's Stateliest Buildings.

The building occupied for legislative purposes by the British parliament at Westminster, London, was begun in 1840 from plans by Barry. The style is ornate late perpendicular; the area eight acres. The structure comprises 11 courts, some of large size; 1,100 rooms and 100 stairways. The Thames front is 940 feet long, with low square towers at the extremities and flanking the raised central portion. The square Victoria tower at the southwest angle is 340 feet high. The middle tower and the pointed clock tower at the north end are slightly less lofty. The house of commons is toward the north end of the great structure. It measures 75 by 45 feet and 41 high, and is solidly and simply furnished, and paneled with oak. There are 12 windows of colored glass. The house of lords, 90 by 45 feet and 45 feet high, is very richly decorated. Its walls are adorned with historical frescoes. Among other notable rooms are the Central hall, between the house of lords and the house of commons, octagonal in plan and finely ornamented, and the queen's robing room and the royal gallery, used by the sovereign when he or she opens or prorogues parliament in person. St. Stephen's hall affords communication between the Central hall and Westminster hall on the west. About 500 statues, inside and outside, adorn the buildings.

Chicken Houses.

Churches—I see one man plans building 2,250 new houses on a Philadelphia subdivision.

Gotham—Going to increase the cotton output evidently.

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Bingham News

Ernest Marshall is now located at Antioch.

Mrs. M. J. Keyes is spending a few days with her son, Alex Keyes at Bayard.

Roy Dimond went to the hospital Sunday, where he expects to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Wm. Welch and Andy Applegarth went to Marsland Thursday, to look at blooded cattle, with a view to buying same.

Much sickness has been reported in these parts the past week hardly a family having escaped with no victims.

Deputy W. S. Marshall, A. M. Wright of Chadron was here the last of the week looking after legal matters, he failed to locate his game.

Loise and Richard Rentfro came down with measles, the day after their return home. Therefore could not return to school as expected.

I. M. Le Gere who has been very sick with inflammatory rheumatism, for the past week, is not improved at this time.

Mrs. and Mrs. Combes, from the eastern part of the state, came Friday for a few days visit with relatives Mrs. Combes is a sister of Mrs. R. E. Kincaid and Mrs. I. M. Le Gere.

I. M. Rentfro and family returned from their Oklahoma trip Sat. They made the round trip in the car visiting several places in different parts of the state, having a fine trip.

Mrs. Ruth McCarty has two new grand daughters this week. A daughter at the home of Elmer Brammers, on Friday, and a daughter at Harry Mays on Monday. All parties are doing nicely.

Beginning two weeks from last Saturday there will be preaching each Saturday night preceding the regular Sunday services, always come every other Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday at 12 o'clock. Please bear these dates in mind.

KILL NO HENS OR PULLETS

IS FOOD ORDER; EGGS NEEDED

The United States Food Administration has delved into psychology in fixing a bread allowance for patrons of public eating places. It has announced that no person should be served with more than 1 portion; and that portion should consist of 2 ounces of loaf bread or two 1 ounce rolls, an exception is made, allowing 4 ounces of a single variety of bread made from corn meal, oatmeal, rice flour, or other wheat substitutes. If more than one variety is ordered, however, the portion must remain at 2 ounces, as in the case of wheat bread or rolls.

Of course, the object of the bread allowance is wheat conservation. Why then, the requirement that in order to be served with a 4 ounce portion a guest must stick to a single variety of bread? If he eats bread or rolls made of wheat-flour substitutes why may he not have several varieties?

The answer touches what could well be termed the "psychology of the average eater." Substantially it is this: If the guest has four rolls, each of them different, the variety will act as a spur upon his appetite, or with four varieties of rolls, it is possible that he will nibble each one; and finding one or more which do not appeal to his taste, allow them to go to waste.

The same thing would apply were he given two varieties. He might eat more than he actually need or desired, or he might take only a bite from one and allow it to be wasted.

If he is able to obtain more than 2 ounces only by sticking to one variety, the average eater will choose one he knows will suit his taste. There will be no waste.

Correct.

The teacher had been telling the pupils about the great forests, particularly the pines, and had asked if anyone could tell which of the pines had the sharpest needles. Johnny, in the front row, raised his hand and on being asked, said, "The porcupine."