

**Comment--and
Discomment**

It's no crime to be mistaken, provided one admits the error of his ways and makes prompt amends. It's seldom that we step from the paths of cautiousness and make a statement unless we are dog-goned sure that it is correct. We hate to retract. It's unpleasant, besides being undignified. But this time, in all due humility, we admit error. We'll hasten to explain what it's all about before our friends suspect the worst. We are referring to the subject of "drives."

It hasn't been so very long since we announced that the people of this country were beginning to weary of drives and of coughing up good money to support the same—in other words, we intimated that our fellow citizens and neighbors can be driven about so far. But here is a drive that every bachelor in Box Butte county—and half the married men, if they dared admit it publicly—will heartily approve of and be in distinct sympathy with.

The object of this drive is—hold your breath, now—to make the American woman the loveliest in the world." A lot of us have been thinking that she was all the time, and it will come as a great shock when we read the harsh criticism that Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, the sponsor of the drive, makes of her. The doctor, who is probably a bachelor, has evidently been looking at the statues in the art galleries, for he unblushingly admits that they are his models. Read how he swats the "unheeding generation" of American Beauties:

"Unless the young women of this generation stop 'guzzling' sweets, pastries and fatty foods; unless they lop off their high heels and wear foot-fitting shoes, and unless they cease inhaling cigarettes and paint-plastering their faces, the next generation of babies is going to be afflicted with unbeautiful mamas."

There is this about prophets: you can't tell where the next one will arise. Dr. Fisk, in private life, is a sober-minded physician at the head of the Life Extension institute, and about the last man on earth that you'd expect to find worrying about the pulchritude of the next generation of mothers. If he is married, it would be interesting to gaze on a photograph of his better half. A lot

of us publicly advocate theories that we find ourselves unable to carry out in private life.

At any rate, we're unqualifiedly for the new drive. An especially interesting feature is that it doesn't cost a cent to the average man—save indirectly. Indirectly he'll have to foot all the bills, per as usual. Beauty, like other desirable things, comes big, and somebody must pay the costs of the campaign. You can't educate American womankind unless someone pays for preparing the publicity—although newspaper men, natural aesthetes, will be undoubtedly willing to contribute all kinds of space free. Probably they'll lose some women readers, but think how the men will flock to their banners.

The good Doctor Fisk is not the first man to fret about the next generation of mothers. It's been a habit with some member of the sterner sex since the days when Mother Eve donned the first figleaf. No matter how women dressed, or behaved, some man was sure to foretell the doom of the human race unless they repented and reformed. We got to looking over some old magazines that are on file in the office, and the first article that strikes our eye in the issue dated June, 1856, is one that bears the caption, "Wanted—A Healthy Wife."

Somehow or other, we don't believe that divorce was so very prevalent in those days, but the physician who discusses this serious subject begins by saying, in a solemn sort of way, that "matrimony is no longer an epoch in a man's life—it is merely an incident." The writer continues: "A man can only be married in this country by installments. He must lead one—two—or perhaps three brides to the altar before he can realize what a marriage is defined to be—a state of perpetual union."

With so sour a beginning as this, we can imagine how the reformers of that day must have pricked up their ears and read eagerly onward. And they found what they were looking for—a diatribe against the frivolous sex, and an arraignment of their habits. A medical writer is quoted as saying that "our own dear women of America are the most unhealthy women in the world." And this was in 1856. Think what the present day writers who are continually bewailing for the good old days when women were strong as oxen would say when confronted with this evidence. But let's see what else was wrong with our great granddames.

"If women would study themselves more, and listen less to the small-talkers, whether in books or society, they would learn that they have a nature, which can only be thoroughly perfected by vigorous development. It is essential that they should know that . . . they have limbs for motion and brains for thought."

The real trouble, our ancient friend observes, is that women are too fashionable. They lead purposeless lives. They "toil not, neither do they spin, and though they may be as beautiful as the lilies of the field, they are no less delicate and fragile." Women lacked sufficient exercise, as witness: "Most of the ladies of our acquaintance don't take exercise enough to digest a pea. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that those women who have legs—and such they all undoubtedly have, though it may not be common to mention by name the possession of these indispensable instruments of locomotion—know the uses of them."

Dancing was vigorous enough, but "about as favorable to health as the convulsive throes of the stifled crowd of a slave ship, or the dying agonies of the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta." Here the writer has some bitter words to say about the fashionable dance. He is no enemy of the dance, not he—but the real dance must be in the open air, or where there is "proper ventilation and a moderate temperature." My, but this would-be reformer was a hard man to suit.

And this discussion of the evil effects of the corset might have been written yesterday, so familiar does it sound: "Corsets we had supposed obsolete; but it is said that the ladies still constrict themselves with these ingenious devices—or, rather, vices—for self-torture. When applied early, in the malleable state of youth, the corset deadens, by its pressure, the action of the muscles, chokes respiration, bends the bones, caves in the chest and gives that twisted, hour-glass form to the figure which is as ugly as it is unnatural."

He favored the practice of women wearing boots, by which was meant masculine shoes, and thinks it a step in the right direction. But he has no use for those who promenade with their hands "manacled in a muff, or held in a constrained position in front, which gives our fashionable ladies the look of trussed fowls." All this is mild compared with his exhortation of the horrible habit of whitening the complexion. Just listen to this:

"Whether to wear one or a dozen skirts, to be lean today or fat tomorrow, our beauties leave to the decision of fashion; but their complexions they take under their own special charge, and the result we may say is not very creditable to their taste and skill. We confess our preference for the complexion of a 'sunburnt daughter of labor' to the chalky face of fashion. The complexion of many of our women is as pallid as their white petticoats, and they seem proud of it, if we may judge by the care they take in blanching their faces by wearing veils, drawing the curtains, shading themselves with 'flats' and parasols, and other contrivances for excluding the light."

You'll note that no mention is made of powder or paint. Wouldn't this reformed of the vintage of '56 been sarcastic if he could have foretold what the future years would bring forth in the way of complexion beautifiers? There is a lot more of this stuff, but we have quoted enough to show that Doctor Fisk is about the millionth man to worry about future generations and their mamas, and we only wish that he could reflect a trifle and cease his fretting. Somehow or other, we are fond enough of lovely women just as she is, and we are willing to let posterity suffer. Not that there's any danger of it. There have been hundreds of women who have been chumps, and thousands of men—and the race seems to have survived, despite all the croaks to the contrary. If the new drive can really better feminine looks, more power to it, but we don't fancy that Doctor Fisk will have any better luck than his predecessors at reforming all womankind.

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MRS. CHARLIE CHAPLIN
In Lois Weber's
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A picture of the great temptation that every woman knows—played by one of the most famous screen actresses before the public—staged with a lavish hand. It ends in the biggest surprise of the year. See it. Delightful from start to finish.

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MATINEE—3 P. M. NIGHT—7:30 P. M. PRICES—15-25c
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A Comedy TWO-IN-ONE

She starts as the hash slinger in the kitchens of a swell hotel. She finishes as the ragtime queen of the Cabaret—with a millionaire "bellhop" for the prize. That's Mabel Normand's two-in-one role in the greatest, fastest comedy of her screen career. A story of the spice of life, made for LAUGHS and nothing else! BIGGER THAN MICKEY!

SPECIAL FOR XMAS DAY

Thursday, Dec. 25th

MATINEE—3 P. M. NIGHT—7:30 P. M. PRICES—15-25c

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"SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"

He's a wonderful mixture in "SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON." Wild, woolly and inflexible in his fight for the right, but tender and almost cowed by the presence of the woman he loves. No man ever shielded a woman the way Bill Hart shields this one. He goes to the limit—and over!—for her. But he always lives up to his name for the "square deal."

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to make you commence saving? Everyone will tell you it is a profitable habit to cultivate, you realize it yourself, and still it is difficult to take the first step.

Why not take about three minutes after you read this ad and figure the matter out definitely for yourself—and then act on your decision. Ask yourself

First: Do I want to save? Hardly a hesitation to this answer.

Reasons will flock to your thoughts: Next year's Christmas presents, investments, emergencies, etc.

Second: How best can I do it? We offer the suggestion that you join our Christmas Savings Club. It affords you a conservative, regular, profitable form of savings that will recommend itself to you instantly upon explanation. Determine an amount you can save with some sacrifice and deposit it each week.

Now that you have decided one way or another, the next—and by far the most important—step is to act upon your decision. Make a special trip to The First State Bank, deposit your first installment and know that you have begun. The rest is easy. You will not notice it after a week or so. Next year at this time you will understand the good features of this plan.

**Christmas Saving Clubs
Started December 20**

There are two classes of Savings Clubs which we have organized to help you form the habit of thrift. Both continue for fifty weeks. In one you commence with a given amount and each week increase the deposit by an amount equal to that with which you commenced the account. Thus, in the 2c Club: First week, deposit 2c; second week, 4c; third week, 6c; etc. The other club includes those members who deposit a certain sum weekly for fifty weeks, with no increase in the amount deposited. The various clubs and the amounts follow:

50 Weeks

With Deposits in Multiples

1c Club amounts to	\$12.75
2c Club amounts to	\$25.50
5c Club amounts to	\$63.75
10c Club amounts to	\$127.75

50 Weeks

With Straight Deposits

25c Club amounts to	\$12.50
50c Club amounts to	\$25.00
\$1.00 Club amounts to	\$50.00
\$5.00 Club amounts to	\$250.00

X-Club includes these making any amount regularly, the same each week.
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