

**Comment -- and  
Discomment**

District Judge Bayard H. Paine of Grand Island, who has been holding court in Alliance the past two weeks due to a trade with Judge Westover, turned out to be a mighty interesting conversationalist, as well as an able jurist. In addition to his qualities as a tamer of legal lions, he has a fund of yarns connected with his experience on the bench that are good to lend an ear to. The folks over at the boarding house had more of an opportunity to listen to these side-lights on the life judicial than those who attended court and brought their lunches with them, for inside the court room the judge wears a mantle of dignity that is at least a foot thick.

After the Charles Brown case had gone to the jury, somebody asked the judge how it was that he managed to preserve his impassivity of countenance during the testimony, when others in the courtroom had to stuff handkerchiefs or fists into their mouths (depending on which was the cleaner) to keep from showing their appreciation of a minstrel show. And right there the judge confessed that in his earlier days on the bench, he occasionally entered into the spirit of such an occasion, but that the eminent (or embryo) legal lights who tried cases before him had made serious objection. In this particular matter, their objections were not overruled.

Among other matters discussed at the dinner table was the manner in which prisoners at the bar receive their sentences. A surprising number of them, it seems, hold a grudge against the judge who passes sentence. So, it develops, did Charles Brown, the colored Romeo who was taken to the penitentiary the first of the week. Someone told Judge Paine of the fact that the man upon whom he had passed sentence was muttering to himself and others, but it did not worry him particularly. "A few months ago," he said, "I sentenced a negro holdup to the penitentiary. He was a little, sawed-off fellow, but he had held up or blackjacked half the citizens of a small town before they caught him. After I had sentenced him, he asked if it was his privilege to address the court. I told him he might do so if he desired, and he walked up to me and whispered in my ear: 'I'm going to get even with you when I get out, judge. I'll be waiting for you at the end of some alley one of these days. Of course,' the judge added, 'he won't be out for some time yet, so it's useless to begin worrying.'

There was another case in which the defendant felt aggrieved at the judge. She was sentenced for a year or maybe longer, and proceeded to speak her mind—as women will—to the judge, the sheriff, the other prisoners and even the warden at the penitentiary. A few months later, the judge got a beautiful letter from her. She said that she had just learned that in order for her to be released on parole, it would be well for her to have the judge's endorsement on the application. She said further that she might, at the time sentence was passed, have uttered a few thoughtless and careless remarks that enemies might have misrepresented and misconstrued, but that she wanted him to know that there wasn't a word of truth in them. There wasn't a soul on earth that she felt more kindly toward than the judge, and she ended by asking about the health of his wife. Just as friendly as though she was a relative who was fishing for an invitation to spend the summer. The judge neglected to say whether he had endorsed the application.

Bill Maupin, in the last issue of his Gering Midwest, exhibits a righteous wrath at the ignorance of Nebraskans about Nebraska. And his kick is well-founded, too. Less than one person out of a hundred living within our borders can name half of the counties, and a still smaller proportion can give the names of twenty county seats. Bill dared the Gering school teachers to do it, as we recall, and we'll gamble that not one of them took the dare. We'd like to have it tried in the Alliance schools, just to see what the result will be, and we think that they will show a whole lot smaller proportion than one out of a hundred.

Mr. Maupin's idea is that it would pay to cut out a few "ologies," whatever they are, and put a good course on "Nebraska" in their stead, and we rise right here to endorse the notion. The thing that made Bill think of it was a series of conversations with eastern Nebraskans who told him that they "knew all about the Scotts-bluff valley," and actually they had an idea that it was out in the sand-hills and that irrigation was accomplished by the sprinkling can and garden hose.

There is one thing that we will give Bill Maupin due credit for, and that is his consistent advertising of Nebraska. During the months that he was head of the state's publicity department, the general ignorance about Nebraska, on the part of the state's citizens and others, was diminished more than it had ever been before or since. The best thing that could be done would be to restore that publicity department, give it enough money to spend to do what it is intended to do, and put a real publicist in charge. If it doesn't pay bigger dividends to the state in ten years than the governor's pot code bill, we'll eat a copy of that dryest of dry documents. It's pretty hard to swallow, even now.

There is an appalling ignorance of Nebraska, everywhere save in the western states. We remember very well the fear that shone in the eyes of our schoolmates at the Brent school, in Washington, D. C., a good many years ago, when they learned that we hailed from Nebraska. The first question that came out was invariably about Indians. Somehow everybody had the idea that Nebraska was infested by roving bands of hostile savages. If the seeker after information happened to be a curly haired schoolgirl, who would be properly impressed, she always got an earful. Nobody could ever say that we failed to give full particulars.

A good many times we've told the story of how, in our youth, we had played with little Wahnetta, or little Minnehaha, daughter of Chief Sit-on-the-Stove. The chief, we would say, never conducted a scalping expedition save in the springtime, for in the summer it was too hot, and in the winter it was too cold. In fact, we would explain, the chief at other times of the year was quite a nice sort of a savage. He would let us play in his wigwam except when he was taking his siesta, and would occasionally let us touch his peace pipe. Once in a while, as a great favor, he would let us turn the gradstone while he sharpened his scalping knives and tomahawks. These stories were always accepted without question by the children of our age, and some of the parents would occasionally lend a willing ear. Ah, those were the days.

Wild and preposterous as are those youthful yarns, they still present about what the average easterner thinks of this western country. If you were to tell them the truth they would be far less likely to believe you. Bill Maupin is right—what is needed is a campaign of education, and education, like charity, should begin at home.

Here's one example of the harm the fool scenario writers have done us by depicting Nebraska as still at the gun-toting stage. William Miller, a twenty-year-old from Genshaw, Pa., writes to a Broken Bow man, whose name he had seen in the National Sportsman, for information. It's worth reading:

"Are there any cattle ranches and cowboys?" asks this Pennsylvania youth. "Do the ranchers fence the cattle just as we do? Do the fellows carry a gun on their hip? Would I be arrested if I carried a

gun uncovered? Is there any broncho busting going on nowadays or is this a fairy tale? I know I am a greenhorn and I suppose you are having the laugh of your life about my questions, but please get serious and write me an answer. How do you fellows dress out there? Do they have those big hats we see in pictures of cowboys? How near are your neighbors out there?" And so on.

This young high school boy could probably answer questions about the history of ancient Rome; he could say right off the bat the name of the capital of Bavaria or the location of Afghanistan, but he hasn't been given any information on topics that concern his own country and in which he is interested. Something is radically wrong somewhere, but it's pretty hard to tell the preachers or the teachers anything.

**Honesty First**

"No," said the old man, sternly. "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representation, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the clerk who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man, again. "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it, 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."—London Tit-Bits.

**A Cure by Proxy**

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician.

"When do I take it. You give it to the cat in some milk."—Maritime Baptist (St. John, N. B.)

**Easy**

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give me another example?"

**Heard in the Library**

Chief Muffler—"Why don't you stop talking when I look at you?"  
Ever-Cheerful—"Lady, I ain't no clock."—Scalper.

**It Struck Home**

"My sermon on thrift made a tremendous impression on the congregation."

"How do you I now?"  
"I could tell when I counted the collection."—The Home Sector.

**The Graduation  
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When the graduation invitation is received there comes the old familiar question to your mind, "What shall I give?"

Thiele's will answer the question, for the gift from Thiele's is the appreciated gift, sure to find favor. Whether it be an expensive, or a tiny remembrance, the same careful service in selection will be given, and the same fine quality is assured.

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**Houses and Lots  
In Alliance**

The demand for suitable houses and lots in Alliance exceeds the supply. This company makes it its business to secure for its customers the bargains. We do not ask our customers to waste their time in looking over high-priced, unsuitable places. You can feel certain that every lot described below is well worth the money and we will be glad to take the time to show them to you. Read over this list. Then call at our office and let us show you—

- Houses and Lots—**
- No. 8-a.—Six-room, all modern house in best part of Alliance. Full cement basement and laundry. Lot is 50 by 140 feet. Possession in thirty days. Price, if taken soon, \$7,500.
  - No. 10-a.—Modern 8-room house on 50 by 150 foot lot, close in. South front, trees, garage, etc. Possession 30 days. \$5,500.
  - No. 17-a.—All modern, five-room bungalow, east front, best part of Alliance. Garage, fine lawn and trees. Price, \$5,200, with cash payment of \$2,200.
  - No. 11-a.—Six-room, all modern house on Box Butte avenue. Between Central school and high school. Cement basement; hot water heat; good lawn and trees; house in exceptionally good condition. The room and coal bins for 14 tons of trane hall, parlor, dining room, sun porch with Murphy bed, two bedrooms, large bathroom, kitchen, butler's pantry, front porch and large rear porch. The large cement basement includes a fruit cellar, furnace room and coal bins for 14 tons of coal. It will take \$4,000 cash to handle this desirable residence. The price is \$7,000, or owner will sell with furniture for \$9,000.
  - No. 12-a.—Completely modern, 41-room apartment house in western Nebraska city. On corner 50 by 150 feet, 4 blocks from school. High full cement basement; big laundry. Finished throughout in hard wood—oak and pine; all floors oak. Built in 1917. Owner will exchange \$25,000 in second mortgage or farm land. This is a well-paying proposition and can be handled for \$15,000 cash.

- Houses and Lots—**
- Write for price and further particulars.
- No. 2-b.—Well located lot in Belmont Addition, facing south. Low price of \$250.
  - No. 5-b.—Four lots on Dodge Street, near Roosevelt Avenue, Belmont Addition to Alliance. These four lots, all adjoining, will make an excellent garden tract as they have been in crop and no breaking is necessary. Owner wants one-half cash, balance \$25 per month at 8 per cent, or will sell lots separately for cash. Price \$400 each, if sold separately.
  - No. 6-b.—Four lots in Duncan's Addition at \$250 each. Will sell one or all at above price for cash. These lots face east and are very desirable.
  - No. 3-b.—Three lots, five blocks east of postoffice. One corner, two inside, sewer and water. Will sell separately for \$650, \$500 and \$550, or will sell the three for \$1,500.
  - No. 8-b.—Seven lots on Mississippi close in. All level. Will sell the three corner lots for \$450 each and the other four for \$400 each. Water and sewer. These lots excellent for garden purposes.
  - No. 4-b.—50 by 140 foot lot, one and one-half blocks north of Central school. Faces east. Very desirable and will sell soon, so you must act quick. Price \$325, easy terms.
  - No. 7-b.—Two desirable lots on Yellowstone, directly east of Central school. Will sell corner lot for \$475, lot adjoining for \$425.
  - No. 9-b.—Two lots, one block west of Emerson school; corner and adjoining. Very desirable at a low price of \$2,200 for both.

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*I will be prepared and when my opportunity comes I will be ready.*

To the Young Men of today this Bank offers its facilities to help them prepare for the time when their opportunity arrives.

But you must do your part by depositing regularly a portion of your earnings. We will guard it for you, pay you interest on it, and then when the time comes when you need it, you will find it ready.

**Start Preparing Now**

Start now preparing for your opportunity. It may come any day and you want to be ready. The one sure way to do this is to open an account at once—TODAY. Come in and see us. We will be glad to co-operate with you in every way possible. Don't wait to say: "How I wish I had begun a bank account six months ago. I need money badly. It would have been little or no trouble and I would have had enough by this time to start on."

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**Questions**

that stump Dad (to Mother's amusement) often indicate how well the youngster is doing in school. If your youngster is lagging in school, let us examine his eyes. Our examination is scientific, careful and honest. If your child doesn't need glasses, we'll gladly say so. If he does, we recommend

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almost unbreakable

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