\section*{Thp Alliaure Heralì \\ | Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transmission through the mails as second class matter. Published Tuesdays and Friday. |
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LIVE YOUR POETRY
Yesterday, for an hour or so, we entertained, perhaps
an angel unaware, but certainly a man with a tremendous an angel unaware, but certainly a man with a tremendo
ambition. He was a poet-and out at the knees and the
elbows and empty at the elbows and empty at the stomach, as the world has treate
poets since time began. There was fire in his eye an gentleness in his tongue, as well as hunger gnawing at h vitals. It was an interesting tale that he told, and well
worth a dollar, no matter what could be said of the five poems, children of his heart and brain, that he left wi
us. We have never belonded to the sob sister brigade, n have we trained with the philosophers or those who are
eternally trying to point out morals. But somehow other, the spectacle of a man past his youth, uneducate
fired with a consuming ambition to make a name f himself as a poet, but almost wholly unequipped for $t$ task that faces him, makes one wonder whether ambin
is after the great and noble quality that it is sai Missouri, a wonderful state that has produced some great like most mothers, wa mabitions for hims. His motic make a minister of her son. She started at this task road called him and he answered the call. He has been
jack of all trades, a farm hand, a miner, a prospecto almost every day the spirit moved him and he producid some verses. Once he worked a whole year to pay for
having a small collection of the printed and bound. But nobody bought them. They are the kind of verses th
can be read, but they lack the indefinable quality th forces people to read them again. Without that qualit
no man can become a poet, no matter whether his no man can become a poet, no matter whether his rhyme
have the proper rhythm and feet which never tangle With it, the verse may be wretched, the expre The hardest lesson that any man must learn is Ambition is a wonderful thing, but when it has lured o We are reminded o fthe experience of David, in while he was a shepherd tending flocks, and even after h had accumulated a wife and sheep of his own, and wa
more favored by sisted. His neglecte dfock shrunk in size, his wife grew take a pile of his poems to Monsieur Bril, a learned mar Monsieur Bril bored to the last page of the pooms
Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them with his
handkerchief. TThe many sheep have you, Monsieur Mignot?"
day. The handred and nine, when I counted them yester
has decreased from had il fotune. To that number hundred and fifty







 his David rose to his foet. The crow cawed harraly from

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