# The Alliance Herald

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GEORGE L. BURR, JR. Editor

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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 ambition. He was a poet-and out at the knees and the poets since time began. There was fire in his eye and gentleness in his tongue, as well as hunger gnawing at his 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 with end, they would reach somewhere no one want to go to

We have never belonded to the sob sister brigade, nor have we trained with the philosophers or those who are have no trouble navigating it, but so far congress has eternally trying to point out morals. But somehow or failed to be guided by such tips. other, the spectacle of a man past his youth, uneducated, fired with a consuming ambition to make a name for himself as a poet, but almost wholly unequipped for the task that faces him, makes one wonder whether ambition 20,000 miles long. Somehow this fails to give a thrill; a is, after all, the great and noble quality that it is said

Our poet is a man well in the thirties. He hails from Missouri, a wonderful state that has produced some great to him. writers and a number of shiftless citizens. His mother, like most mothers, was ambitious for him, and sought to make a minister of her son. She started at this task too road called him and he answered the call. He has been a jack of all trades, a farm hand, a miner, a prospector, cook on an Alaskan freighter, soldier and hobo. And almost every day the spirit moved him and he produced 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 that can be read, but they lack the indefinable quality that forces people to read them again. Without that quality, no man can become a poet, no matter whether his rhymes have the proper rhythm and feet which never tangle. With it, the verse may be wretched, the expression faulty and the execution poor, and still it will live.

The hardest lesson that any man must learn is to realize his limitations and not attempt to go beyond them. Ambition is a wonderful thing, but when it has lured one far afield, it may turn and thumb its nose derisively.

We are reminded o fthe experience of David, in O., Henry's "Roads of Destiny." David began to write poetry while he was a shepherd tending flocks, and even after he had accumulated a wife and sheep of his own, and was more favored by fortune than most men, the habit persisted. His neglecte dflock shrunk in size, his wife grew to be a termagant, until a friend recommended that he take a pile of his poems to Monsleur Bril, a learned mar. who could assay their worth.

Monsieur Bril bored to the last page of the poems. Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them with his

"How many sheep have you, Monsieur Mignot?"
"Three hundred and nine, when I counted them yesterday. The flock has had ill fortune. To that number it

has decreased from eight hundred and fifty." You have a wife and a home, and lived in comfort. The sheep brought you plenty. You went into the fields with them and lived in the keen air and ate the sweet bread of contentment. You had but to be vigilant and recline there Thom nature's breast, listening to the whistle of the black-birds in the grove. Am I right thus far?"

"It was so," sa'd David.

"I have read all your verses," continued Monsieur

Bril, his eyes wandering about his sea of books as if he conned the horizon for a sail. "Look yonder, through that window, Monsieur Mignot; tell me what you see in that

"I see a crow," said David, looking.
"There is a bird," said Monsieur Bril, "that shall assist me where I am disposed to shirk a duty. You know that bird, Monsieur Mignot; he is the philosopher of the air. He is happy through submission to his lot. None so merry or full-crawed as he with his whimsical eye and rollicking step. The fields yield him what he desires. He never grieves that his plumage is not gay, like the oriole's. And you have heard, Monsieur Mignot, the notes that nature has given him? Is the nightingale any happier, do you

David rose to his feet. The crow cawed harshly from

"I thank you, Monsieur Bril," he said slowly, "There was not, then, one nightingale note among all those

"I could not have missed it," said Monsieur Bril, with a sigh. "I read every word. Live your poetry, man; do not try to write it any more."

There, then, is the other pathway clearly pointed out. It is possible to be happy, however ambition be thwarted. But, as the story goes, David went to his home and blew out his brains. It has been said that one cannot agrue with the choice of a soul,

### THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

(Lincoln Star)

In these days of industrial turmoil and discontent, with the business depression, low prices for form products scarcity of jobs, high taxes, profiteering, high railroad freezing of the fruit buds and apprehension over what tongress may do contributing to popular pessimism, it may be well to consider how much better off Americans are with all their troubles, than people in most other

We have had an open winter, for one thing, and there has been no suffering from a fuel shortage. Wheat is starting out in fine shape, and farmers are having favorable weather to prepare for planting other crops. Prices have been somewhat reduced on many staples of life, and there has been little actual destitution throughout the country, even though many industries have been shut down or running on part time only and labor has not been fully

Here are a few things that Americans can be thankful That they are not living in England, where a strike of two million coal miners, railway employes and transport workers threaten to tie up all kinds of business and stop

manufactures, besides depriving the people of fuel in their

That they are not located in the deva-fore 'marginar e' Prince and Berg um, where surviving the ... or an in movies running night and day- I make Port

driven out during the war are trying to re-establish their mes under extreme difficulties.

That they are not in Germany, where they would have to contribute to the huge fund required to reimburse the allied nations for a part of the crimes committed and the damage done by the kaiser's army and navy during the

That they are not within the borders of soviet Russia or Siberia, where universal wretchedness prevails under a despotic regime many times worse than that of the czars. and human life is cheaper than anywhere else on earth at the present time.

That they are not in China, where hundreds of thousands have died of starvation the past winter; or in Korea, where they would be under the heel of the Jap.

That they are in a land of plenty and enjoying the privileges of American citizenship, instead of in Mexico devastated, impoverished and demoralized by ten years of civil strife.

It must be a gloomy person, indeed, who cannot find something to congratulate himself for when he surveys the conditions here and in other countries.

### TRY THIS ON YOUR CALCULATOR

(Omaha Bee.)

Under the head of light employment comes the job of the man who is always figuring up how far something would reach if placed end to end. It is quite possible that if all the spaghetti manufactured in Omaha were placed end to end it would reach to the moon, but after that were elbows and empty at the stomach, as the world has treated done, what then? No one could use it as a ladder nor would it be practicable to attempt to look through the hole, though one might try shouting through it to astonish the man in the moon. Spaghetti is not to be measured in feet, but by the amount of sustenance it provides.

If all the railway lines in America were placed end to and back-it has all been figured out, but we have not the estimate at hand. If the Missouri river were straightened out it might reach to Pekin, China, and steamboats would

Now comes this same anonymous mathematician with the flat declaration that if all the motor cars in the United States were placed in a line with four feet intervening between each pair of cars, they would form a procession skeptical public rises to inquire why the four feet interval. This is not the way to compute these things; the only accepted method is placing them end to end, and until this calculator has revised his system, no one is going to listen

When this is done, there are a few other odd jobs that might be essayed: Take all the good intentions, add to it all the wasted effort and then place end to end all the meaningless statistics that clutter up the world, join to soon, for before he had gone through the grades, the open this the empty boasts that speak of immensity rather than utility, then coil the result up in a neat roll and let us know, Mr. Calculator, how far you can throw it off the ongest pier jutting into the Atlantic ocean.

#### HOW TIME FLIES!

(Nebraska City Press.)

In the files of an old newspaper which we read just he other day we ran across a little "item" calling attenion to the growing indifference of bicycle riders to the rights of pedestrians. The writer declared that a speed of 10 miles an hour maintained by a bicycle "fiend" mean the depopulation of the community and that the violators of the traffic regulations should be drawn and quartered for their disregard of what was considered to be a "safe rate of speed. That was twenty-five years ago. If he were alive today we wonder just how, as an editor, he would view the antics of the modern speed fiend who dashes across the intersections at 25 miles an hour, evilently depending upon his guardian angel to be good to him. The world has moved rapidly since 1896 when the bicycle "speeder" made life miserable for the folks here

#### THE ALCOHOLIC MELON. 型 搬出 一

(Minden Courier.)

A Colorado man declares he has the secret of propagating water-melons that will contain a 10 per cent content of alcohol. He says he can plug the melon while it's rowing, insert a certain chemical, replace the plug, make t airtight with beeswax and the melon will go on maturng while the chemical inside ferments and puts a genuine kick into it by the time it is ripe. We're not advertising the gentleman's claim with any desire to boost the price of melons in Minden the coming season, but we want to how to what extent some people are going to find something with a kick in it. It needn't worry the "drys' though, because we suppose we'll still be able to buy a kickless melon. But it will mean more work for the re-formers, and especially if it leads to the "whisky canteloupe" or the "brandy squash."

#### SOME GOOD ADVICE.

(Elbert Hubbard)

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for nim. If he pays you wages that supply bread and butter, butter, work for him, speak well of him, stand by him and stand for the institution he represents. If put to a pinch an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vellify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position and, when you are on the outside, curse to your heart's content.

An ex-soldier who went up 14,000 feet in the air recovered his speech; on the other hand, most people up in the air would be extremely lucky if they lost theirs .-Philadelphia North American.

We trust that postmasters will not interpret Mr. Hays' instructions to keep in touch with what is going on in their communities as permission to read any mail except post-cards.-New York World.

Some men who came to Washington talking about what they did for their political ticket are beginning to wonder what they'll do about their railroad ticket,-Washington Post.

Stefansson, the explorer, says there eis no "frozen north." Pretty soon somebody will come along and try to convince us that there is no solid south.—New York Evening Mail.

The Nashville Banner fears the ex-kaiser's book-writing will put him behind with his wood-sawing. The readers he puts to sleep will make up for that loss .- Arkansas

The daily paper published at Sing Sing prison is have ing labor troubles, it is reported. Well, at any rate, their labor can't walk out on them.—Nashville Southern Lum-

The Washington Post says the republican party made respectable showing last November. Is a mob respect-We were lynched; that's what we were.-Houston

The Democrats of the nation took the "kick" out of our lives, and then the kick of the nation took the Democrats out of our lives .- Columbia Record.

At this season one shouldn't waste much sympathy on the man with the hoe. He is probably digging worms for bait.-Worcester Gazette.

We can't hope to settle this prohibition controversy until we make up our minds to try it and see how it works.-Utica Telegram.

That they are not living in Ireland, where a deadly Hungary evidently realizes that she can't be cured by an heir of the dog that bit her.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

By CLARA C. HOLMES.

Lorette slipped into her hunting jacket and hurried out to the front plazza. It was not five o'clock, scarcely dawn, yet she had not needed the alarm to arouse her. Her usually pink cheeks were crimson, and her dark eyes were bright as stars as she con- too. templated the handsome creature which Hugh had assured her was to be her's that day.

At first, she demurred against Hugh's tactics. "It's not fair to bait 'em and then shoot 'em," she said. "I'd much rather get one honestlyrun him down-

When Hugh began to laugh, she decided to say nothing more,

Although Hugh was a law student in Boston, he was a native of the backwood's district, an expert shot, and he had taught his dazzling cousin to aim a rifle unerringly. She had never shot a deer; yet-she could.

When Lorette reached the plazza, there was nobody there. She uttered a cry of impatience; then, remembering the dance the night before, she sat down to wait.

As she shivered in the silence, her mind reverted to her parting with David. Again she was dining with him at the Landry cafe, restless under his reproachful gaze.

"Lorette, I've seen you out several times recently, in the company of someone else. In fact, I've done detective work on my own account. I've decided not to stand in that other fellow's way?"

It was true she had gone out many times with Cousin Hugh when he was attending law school; she had been proud to be escorted by Hugh. It was all right, too; she could have explained. for him had not Roy Belcher seen her home from the drama reheursals. No apology would do for Roy; so she wisely had said nothing.

Now she was dreaming about David; she thought she had met him in the library at home. She gave him only a cold, passing glance, but an expression of disappointment clouded his handsome face, which was so touching, indeed, that she had awakened.

"Out so early, Lorie!" Hugh's voice cattered her despondent thoughts. "What have you for a gun?" Hugh

next asked. "My shotgun. Oh." she added in surprise, "you have a rifle. We can't hunt with rifles in our state."

"We do back here," he returned. Lorette was intuitively uneasy, but again she said nothing.

Cautiously the two people moved or waited in the stillness, broken only by a crumbling leaf or a rebounding branch. At last a large deer was spied, but he saw or winded his purers and bounded away with prod gious leaps.

"We will go to the Bend," suggested Hugh, "I will patrol one side of the stream and you can watch the other.' Lorette had been alone only a short time when she plainly saw two deer. Evidently the animals had seen something or someone, but not her. Lorette caised her gun and its report rang out. She thought she saw one of the alert rentures fall, but the other, followed by the bullets of another gun, bounded into an alder thicket.

Then Lorette heard-she felt every bit of hope leave her-the sound of a man's moans.

Spiritless, she stood watching for a sign of Hugh across the river. With an effort at last she raised her frightened voice:

"Hugh!" all land a self-He answered from the log crossing, little way up stream.

He ran into the alder thicket, Lorette following him, but he turned to her with his face aghast. "Don't come, don't come," he plead-

He tried to wave her back, endeavored to tell her that they had made a mistake, but she pushed by him and passed on.

A hunter, wounded, already had removed his cont, and was trying to stop the flow of blood. Luckily, Lorette knew something about first aid. She got the gauze she thoughtfully had tucked into her jacket pocket. Hugh had a strong cord along with him. Together they bound up the flesh wound. Then Lorette felt her strength forsaking her again. She sank into an alder clump unconscious.

When she revived she heard Hugh's voice:

"You stay with her. I'll go for Doctor Bliss." She heard his retreating footsteps

and opened her eyes. A caressing voice reassured her. "Everything is all right, Lorette."

"David, how came you here?" "Hugh told me. Why didn't you say he was a member of your family, Lor-

ette?" "How came you here?" she re-

peated.

"At the club, one day, I was congratulating Hugh on his fair lady. He said, at length, that you were coming here gunning. Naturally I wanted to come, too. I am sorry for this accident. I've got a clean rifle shot right through my arm."

"Oh!" gusped Lorette. "I — I thought—" "What did you shoot at?" David interrupted.

"I was sure I shot a deer," she replied, laughingly. "Let's go see.

They found him, just where he had Another colution of the housing problem is to keep the fallen, a magnificent, big-antiered deer,

## E. G.'s Column

"Modern Clothes For Men" 308 Box Butte Ave. ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

Is the topic of an editorial in this

which is no doubt true.

States has the highest percentage of

He also knows another man who knows one line so much better than any one else knows it that he can exchange his knowledge of that one line for a salary of a hundred thousand dollers a year, and yet this man is rather dull, to visit with, in all but un's one line, but taken altogether one line is enough if one knows it well enough.

All of which brings us to the point own business so hard that we have forgotten to ask what the price of meat is, and couldn't tell anybody in Alliance what is the value of a dozen eggs, but we can tell you that the price we have on overalls this week, is the best value that you can find in all this big broad land of ours, in the same quality. Just think-these overails are the big roomy kind, and two twenty weight denims, in the high back kind bearing the union label, and for the price of one dollar and seventy-five cents.

On our price on overalls is reflected also in our price on the good spring union suits at the price of one dollar and a quarter, which is a good one in the balbriggan in the ceru shade with short sleeves and ankle length, closed

### A GOOD FATHER-IN-LAW.

Was the one who asked his new

and started in to build the home for the old gentleman.

But the old gentleman was called to-California for several months, and the young man seeing a chance to skimp the work and save a little money could not resist the temption, and accordingly began a series of material manipulation, so that he would make quite a hit with the old gentleman, and yet THE COURAGE TO BE IGNORANT he knew that his father-in-life had told him to make this house of the very best of materials, and finish it month's issue in the Red Book by with the best of materials, with the Bruce Barton, and a good one it is, hard wood floors and equip it with the best of mahogany furniture. Of course he did not tell him what the He boosts Mr. Socrates quite a lot house was being built and furnished about knowing almost everything for, but the young man followed the there was in that day to know, and he same tactics throughout the whole even cites Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as house, and skimped and manipulated, one of the later ones who knew a lot and frauded the goods and material, about most everything, but says that even using oak veneer for the hard these kind of men are real scarce, wood floors, and veneered furniture, but saved some money. When finally the old gentleman came home he Mr. Barton says also that he knows looked the house over, and it looked a man in New York city who knows a fine, he complimented the young man lot about lots of things, even knows highly, and asked if he had money what play is playing at every theatre enough to finish it and was told that in New York City, and what part of there was some left, whereupon the the United States chews the most old gentleman seemed a little disapchewing gum, and where in the United pointed but only said: "Well, I wanted it to be as I told you when I left, the unhappy marriages, and other things best that money could buy, for it is too numerous to mention, and on top to be the home of my daughter, so it of that he draws a salary of \$40,00 is now your, and I hope it is as good as it looks."

Such also is the difference between good merchandise and the skimpy. shoddy manipulated, reconstructed merchandise that is offered to the public, and oftentimes is bought by the public for almost as much money as the good clean first class virgin wool merchandise, that we have here for sale, and what we sell is always backed up by the label of a boni-fide manufacturer, and we have lowered our prices to meet any competition on the same quality of goods, and we are of saying that we are studying our only waiting to show you to prove it to you.

Yours as always,

"Modern Clothes For Men."

After the big wrestling match come to the theatre. a peppy college comedy-it will start about the time the match is over.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express my thanks to the many friends who have assisted through the illness of Mrs. Coleman, and to the teachers of Emerson school, Royal Highlanders, ladies aid of the on-in-law if he would superintend the Baptist church, and all friends, for building of a good home for him, and their kindness and beautiful floral of the young man accepted the position, ferings. W. A. COLEMAN.

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