

## Maupin's Way of Thinking...

Prepared Specially for the Herald, By  
Will M. Maupin.

Thompson, John Powers, DeFrance, They'll make the republicans dance.  
The g. o. p. crew  
Will vanish from view  
With a kick on the seat of their pants.

Nebraska republicans can't get over their sorrow because the president had to go home with a sore leg. The sorrow is not that the president suffers from a sore leg, but because of the failure of the president to make a "non-partisan tour of Nebraska" in the interests of the g. o. p. state ticket.

Perhaps Moses P. Kinkaid is working on the supposition that we'll have to send him to congress to get rid of his importunings.

Elmer J. Burkett, republican candidate for congress in the First district, is making speeches in other districts in the state. The other night he spoke in St. Paul, and after the speaking a man approached him and said:

"Are you a candidate in the First district?"  
"Yes, sir," said Burkett.  
"What are you doing up here in this district?"

"O, I'm sure to be elected by an overwhelming majority," said Burkett, swelling up like a toad, "so I do a little missionary work for my friends in other districts."

The stranger gazed at the bloviating Burkett for a moment and then exclaimed:

"Well, b'gosh, all I can say is that I think it darned mean for a district to have such a brutal republican majority that it can let men like you roam around the country and pretend to be statesmen."

Now wouldn't it frost you to see a republican paper accusing Colonel Mosby of having democratic leanings? Mosby got his mouth over the republican teat in the early '70's and he's had it there so long his facial orifice looks like the letter O.

All Lincoln went wild last week because a team of husky young men went up to Minneapolis and defeated another team of husky young men in a football game. Everybody celebrated and became intoxicated with joy. And all because eleven Nebraska boys won victory of muscle. But a Lincoln man who received more votes for the highest office in the gift of the people than any man before him, who has carved his name on the pages of history and whose magnificent intellect has made him a commanding figure in American history is daily insulted by the greatest newspaper in that city and is the victim of the jealousy of a lot of smoothbore politicians who are unworthy to unlace his shoes.

Moral: If you want to achieve distinction in Lincoln, cultivate your muscle; if you want to be insulted by a majority of Lincolinites cultivate your brains and endeavor to be of service to the people.

But we whooped as loud as any of 'em when we got the news from Minneapolis.

Dave Mercer makes affidavit that his renomination cost him \$325. John N. Baldwin and other corporation managers, however, are not required by law to make affidavit to how much they spent in Mercer's behalf.

"Slippery Elmer" Burkett says the republican caucus met and decided not to support the Fowler bill. That's the way Annanias talked when he lied. The republican caucus has not considered the Fowler bill. That bill has merely reached the stage of having been recommended for passage by the house committee on banking and currency and placed on the calendar for discussion. Not until the bill comes up for consideration will the republican caucus consider it.

Every week I see from 3,000 to 5,000 newspaper from all sections of the world, and here just I want to say that the ALLIANCE HERALD is ranking among the top-notchers in points of typography, excellence of its news service and evidences of enterprise. The HERALD is the best advertisement Alliance could possibly have of its enterprise, thrift and progress.

Every time a republican undertakes to quote statistics concerning republican management of the state's affairs, Charley DeFrance pulls the records and proves that the republican either is woefully ignorant or wonderfully mendacious.

The Lincoln Star is propounding questions to H. H. Hanks. But the Star pays no attention to a question asked it. The Star is owned by D. E. Thompson, late republican candidate for the United States senate, and the question asked the Star is this:

"Do you believe it to be right and proper for a republican candidate for the United States senate to sign an agreement at the behest of populist and democrats to refuse to enter the republican caucus and to vote against your party's financial policy?"

The Star is weeping over the financial difficulties of Mexico. Yet the Star's owner is investing immense sums of money in Mexican enterprises. The Star promises to become the court jester of Nebraska republicanism.

Even at this late day you often hear some wild-eyed republican fanatic—not a thinking republican—declare that "nor all democrats were rebels but all rebels were democrats." And then we have to laugh because we think of Mosby the Guerilla and Chalmers, the memory of whom recalls the massacre at Fort Pillow. Mosby and Chalmers made a fine pair of republicans.

All this furore about removing the bible from the public schools is worse than useless. If the bible is taught at home it should be there will be no need to have it read in the public schools. When it is read in the schools a whole lot of parents who pretend to be Christians think that is enough and fail to read and teach it to their children in the homes. It would seem that the parents most disturbed by the supreme court's decision are the parents who want to shift the burden of religious instruction from their own shoulders to the shoulders of the public school teachers. I think the decision is far-fetched and calculated to do great injury, for the schools do not teach enough of morality. But the decision will be a good thing if it has the effect of stimulating parents to more thorough observance of the work of teaching the bible to their children.

The man who casually remarked that "There is no perfection in this life" never saw a fair sample of autumn weather in Nebraska.

The next time John N. Baldwin selects a standard bearer for the republicans of Nebraska he will doubtless keep the fact to himself until the scheme is worked to a finish.

In a recent speech Mr. Mickey declared that on the first of January the books of the various state institutions would show that none of them had a deficit. Mickey is mistaken. The penitentiary has been running on wind since March 1, and by January 1, will show a deficit of upwards of \$20,000. The Kearney institution is another that exhausted its appropriation long since.

Is there a man of property in Nebraska who trusts his private legal affairs to Frank N. Prout? Prout is a man of less than mediocre ability, the servile tool of the corporations and a man swayed by every varying breeze. He should be allowed to resume his residence in Beatrice.

The Atkinson Graphic sneeringly declares that Patrick Barry never rose from the rank of private, and that his title "General" is a mighty thin campaign card. Well, the records show that Barry made a mighty good private soldier. When John Allen of Mississippi was first a candidate for the democratic congressional nomination he was opposed by an ex-general in the confederate army. The general paraded his record and asked support because he had been a commissioned officer. Allen met his opponent in debate and after hearing the general's appeal for votes said:

"I, too, was a soldier, but I never wore shoulder straps. My opponent was a general, and many a night when it was sold and wet and disagreeable I have marched in the rain and sleet and snow in front of the general's tent, guarding him while he slept in comfort. Now, I only ask that all of you who guarded tents vote for me, while all of you who wore shoulder straps and slept in comfort vote for my opponent."

The result showed Allen's success by a tremendous majority. That's the way he got his title of "Private John" Allen. And as for Patrick Barry, we'll bet a four-dollar dog against a couple of two-dollar conaskins he'd rather be called "Private Pat" Barry than General Barry any day.

## Rev. Horn Reaches Utah

THINKS MOUNTAIN SCENERY GRAND.

Describes Trip from Denver to Salt Lake City, by way of Pueblo.—Visits Cave of the Winds, on Pike's Peak.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 14, 1902. Leaving Denver via the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, the route leads southward along the Rocky Mountain foothills, in plain view, however, of many towering peaks. This line is very properly called "the scenic line of the world."

Passing Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs is reached, where nature grows wild as evinced in the Garden of the Gods. Here strange freaks of nature's handiwork present to the tourist much that is quaint as well as grotesque, causing speculation as to how the formations were produced.

Not less than 1,400 feet up the side of Pike's Peak is the Cave of the Winds, a wonder which is the pride of Colorado, but a curiosity that becomes a dwarf when compared with Wind Cave of South Dakota. I told the guide he would be ready to change his adjectives used in his description as soon as his eyes beheld the most noteworthy cave in America, the northern wonder, From Pike's Peak, the view is never to be forgotten. The Rockies seem to roll away like the waves of an angry ocean, with white caps stationary and white caps rolling in the form of clouds, as if hurrying to some distant place of rest.

The next point enroute westward is Pueblo, the Pittsburgh of the West; so called on account of its numerous smelters, iron and steel works stretching along the Arkansas river. Having run over 100 miles southward from Denver, in order to break through the mountains, the track now turns to the westward, follows the canon of the Arkansas, thence, over the great divide into the canon of the Grand and on over the Wasatch mountains into the Utah valley.

For a considerable distance the road threads its crooked way along the Arkansas, where the walls tower on either side more than 3,000 feet high in places. This is called the Royal Gorge and here it is that the genius of the builder scores its highest triumph. Here the word-painter excuses himself and says, "let nature alone in her vastness." But what if a boulder should become loosened and come crashing down from yonder craggy height of more than half a mile? A boulder falling from such a dizzy height would crush a locomotive to worse than a scrap heap. One is thrilled and chilled as he contemplates the vastness of this deep rock-riven river-encompassed gorge. But why not let the river have full possession and not disturb its plaintive murmur by introducing the loud-screaming, panting and puffing locomotive? Such would have been well, but not the best. And now not only the D. & R. G. follows this natural thoroughfare, but the Colorado Southern also uses a part of this vale as an outlet toward the land of the setting sun. The day I made the journey the trains of both roads were very late and by some unknown cause two splendid passenger trains were making their way side by side. Now the opportunity was given for a race. Each road had boasted of its ability to make the best time. Here was a chance. The engineers saw the opportunity.

The firemen worked like Titans heaving coal that the engines might do their utmost. The iron horses puffed, straining every nerve and muscle; the passengers filled the windows of the respective trains; handkerchiefs waved in the air to encourage the enginemen, who glanced back now and then to see if their trains were coming, mail clerks noticed the situation and each wished for the success of his own train. It was a race. The trains flew ahead. Sharp curves were rounded, tunnels were threaded, steep grades were ascended, now one train is away below only a few feet from the angrily roar-

ing river, the next few minutes witnessed the same train crawling its serpentine way far up the mountain side, half hidden from view by the rolling smoke of the two iron steeds which poured forth black clouds which having now and then come quite close to each other, seemed to join into one mass and darken the race course. Brave hearts which had exulted until now, swooned when at an unexpected moment, the Colorado Southern train seemed to leap the track and plunge squarely at our train. But recovery was complete when it was noticed that the other track lead directly over our track and instead of plunging into our train, the engine sped across directly over the car in which I was sitting, and sped on, having tied our train for the honors. Thereupon our conductor manifested regret because our engineer did not win the race, saying: "If we should have had any other engineer on the road at our engine, we would have taken the lead, as our huge compound engine can outrun anything on the other road, even if we have the heavier train by three sleepers and a diner."

I was glad we had that very engineer, for a mountain pass with a river below and towering mountains above is not an ideal place for speeding a vestibuled train of human freight.

The poet Ferguson pays the following poetic tribute to the Royal Gorge:

In the Royal Gorge I stand,  
With its mountain forms around me,  
With infinity behind me, and infinity before me;  
Cliff and chasm on every hand,  
Peaks and pinnacles surround me;  
At my feet the river rushes with its never-ceasing roar.

Oh, the power that piled these wonders,  
As the mountains took their station,  
As the great red belt rose upward in a glittering zone of fire,  
Oh! the crash of blended thunders  
Shaking earth to its foundations,  
As each struggling cliff rose upward,  
climbing higher, ever higher.

Oh! the crashing and the groaning,  
And the deep and awful shudder  
As that great red belt was parted and the mountains crashed in twain;  
And the Arkansas came roaring,  
Raging with its dreadful thunder,  
Sweeping through the mighty chasm dashing madly towards the main.

Oh! this myriad crested canon,  
With its walls of massive marble,  
With the granite and red sandstone piled in peaks that pierce the sky;  
Where no bird dare dip its pinion  
In the narrow veil of azure,  
Where the solemn shadows linger o'er the river rolling by.

Mortal! ere you enter here,  
Pause and bare thy brow before Him,  
You are entering a temple which the Mighty One did rear.  
Put thy shoes from off thy feet,  
And with sacred awe adore Him,  
Throned in awful might and majesty,  
The Great One dwelleth here.

## Alliance Cash Meat Market.

ONE DOOR SOUTH OF OPERA HOUSE.

## Fresh and Salt Meats,

FISH AND OYSTERS

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Cash Paid for Hides

AN ALLIANCE INDUSTRY.



The above is from a photograph, taken by H. A. Mark, of the car of steel dipping tanks recently shipped to Texas by C. A. Newberry. It is an advertisement for Alliance as well as for Mr. Newberry.

## Two of Our Churches.

First Baptist Church  
One Block West and Two Blocks North of  
TIMES BUILDING.  
GEORGE COLLINS JEFFERS, PASTOR.

Sunday Services.  
Sunday School.....10.00 A.M.  
Preaching.....11.00 A.M.  
Junior Meeting.....3.00 P.M.  
C. E. Meeting.....7.15 P.M.  
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8.00 P.M.

A Hearty Welcome  
TO ALL SERVICES.

Methodist Episcopal  
...Church...

ALLIANCE - NEBRASKA.  
REV. E. O. HORN, PH. D.,  
PASTOR.

### SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday School.....10.00 A.M.  
Preaching.....11.00 A.M.  
Class Meeting.....12.00 M.  
Junior Epworth League.....3.00 P.M.  
Epworth League.....7.00 P.M.  
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8.00 P.M.

Everyone is Welcomed to All Services.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

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REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING  
INSURANCE COMPANIES.

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North American of Philadelphia.  
Phoenix of Brooklyn, New York.  
Continental of New York City,  
Niagara Fire Insurance Co.  
New York Underwriters, New York.  
Commercial Union Assurance Co.,  
of London.  
Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co.  
German American Insurance Co.,  
New York.  
Farmers and Merchants Insurance  
Co., of Lincoln.  
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.,  
Philadelphia Underwriters,  
Phoenix Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.

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Repairing in all its Branches. ★ Mail orders promptly attended to.

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SOLE AGENT FOR

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A One Flour, PER SACK.....\$ 1.10  
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Victor Lodge, Number 10, Knights of Pythias.  
Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at Bell's hall. Visiting members in the city cordially invited to attend.  
C. A. Rankin, C. C.  
J. T. O. STEWART, K. of R. and S.

The Herald has the best Job Office in western Nebraska, and turns out the best work.  
Look at that underwear window, at Norton's. It's a fine selection.