

Maupin's Way of Thinking...

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

They ran me for the Senate—
At least that's what they said.
Alas, the other fellow
Came out way you ahead.
I had my eye upon a desk,
My easy chair I'd picked.
Alas for my ambition,
I done
Got
Licked.

Eleven hundred fellows,
Republicans each one.
Said I would get their ballots,
But just look how I run.
When I believed their promise
I was completely tricked.
They voted their straight ticket
And I
Got
Licked.

Well, what's the bloomin' diff'rence?
I am alive and well,
No matter if my party
Got beat and beat like thunder,
I smile and take it easy;
And nary time I kicked;
I'm feelin' fat and sassy
Though I
Got
Licked.

Early in the campaign while, perhaps, influenced somewhat by partisan zeal, I passed some strictures on the quality of the editorials in the Lincoln Evening Star. I seize this occasion to apologize, to withdraw my assertions and to make public my error. During the campaign the Star was not only edited with partisan ability but with a spirit of fairness as acceptable as it was unusual in republican newspaper history. The Star's denunciation of the miserable, dishonest and disreputable scheme of the republican state committee—the so-called facsimiles of railroad passes alleged to be held by W. H. Thompson—should make the Star friends among those who prefer political campaigns made decent. I don't like the Lincoln Star's politics a little bit, but I do like its manifest disposition to be fair and decent. Let us have a little more of that sort of thing—on both sides of the political fence.

David E. Thompson has accepted the Brazilian mission. And the prediction is ventured right here that he will make a good minister to that South American republic. Why? Because he is a good business man, a pusher and a tireless worker. That's the kind of men we need to represent us in South America. That's where we need to cultivate business relations. We ought to sell South Americans everything they buy abroad, and we could do it if the right sort of men were sent there to teach them to recognize their own interests.

Election night I spent a couple of hours in the Journal editorial rooms listening to the returns. About 9 o'clock a man came in and said he had the returns from Bryan's precinct. "What are they?" asked Tom Munger, a republican understrapper and beneficiary who was tabulating the returns. "We beat Bryan by sixteen votes," said the man. "Bully!" shouted Munger. "That's what we've been working for. We spent over a hundred dollars to beat Bryan in his own precinct today!"

And with the usual glee of the narrow-minded, little-souled pot-house politician Munger and his satellites crowed for the rest of the night. Wednesday noon I was going home to dinner on the street car. A group of men in the car fell to discussing the results of election. They didn't know me, so I butted into the conversation at the right time. "Well, Bryan lost his precinct," said one. "Yes, couldn't carry his own precinct, b'gosh," said another. "He ought to be ashamed of that," said another. Then I butted in.

"A great national leader who can't carry his own little precinct ought to back up into obscurity and stay there," said I. "That's what he ought to do," said one of the men. "He don't deserve consideration if he can't win out among people who know him best," said I. "That's what. A man's worth can be judged by the way he stands at home, and the vote is a pretty good test," said one of the men. "I guess that's right," said I. "I notice that Roosevelt lost his precinct by thirty-one."

While that gang of pinchbeck politicians were gaping in surprise at my

remark I rang the bell for the car to stop. As it slowed up I started for the floor, and when I reached it I turned and said:

"You are a pretty fair sample of the cheap-screw republicans who inhabit this man's town. Good day, gentlemen."

It was a bushel of fun for me, and helped to salve the wounds of defeat.

And I guess I got off the car about the right time.

There are 1,111 republicans in the city of Lincoln who are unmitigated and colossal prevaricators. The proof is at hand. A certain candidate for state senate on the democratic ticket—nameless here forever more—has the proof. Eleven hundred and fifty-seven republicans swore they would vote for him. The election returns show that he ran just six votes ahead of his ticket. Of course all democrats voted for him. Therefore, 1,111 of those republicans lied like a republican platform when they said they would give him their votes.

There's nothing the matter with Douglas county. She displayed good sense when she turned down Dave Mercer and sent a man like G. M. Hitchcock to congress. It's high time we quit sending logrollers and petty schemers to congress and began sending men of brains and ability. The Second district has made a good start.

Fellow democrats, crow is not such an awfully unpalatable dish if prepared rightly and served with the proper condiments. No, thank you, we have no desire for a second helping.

The sanitary trustees of Lincoln deserve the thanks of all good fusionists. The sanitary trustees have straightened out most of the kinks in Salt creek and the distance is not nearly as long as it used to be.

The house restaurant at Washington should lay in a supply of wheatlet, oatmeal and other "health foods." Uncle Mose will shortly be down that way.

Of course all the old soldiers voted for Mickey because he is an old soldier. And of course all the old soldiers voted Barry, because Barry is an old soldier. Hem!

There will be another state election next November. 'Rah for Judge John Sullivan!

Of course the tariff will be revised by its friends. It is to laugh!

The absence of roosters in these columns is easily explained. Somebody opened the chicken coop door and let 'em out. We'll have more by the time the next election contest is over.

When the influences that control the republican party permit the tariff to be revised, hell will have boiled down to a poultice and the sun will be merely a huge icicle hung in the sky.

Our congratulations to Mr. John N. Baldwin of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and renewed evidences of our distinguished consideration.

The republicans are cussing Rosewater some more. In less than a year they'll be licking his boots as usual. When Brer Rosewater wants to ride he throws a saddle on the g. o. p., dons his spurs, leaps astride and jabs the g. o. p. flanks till they bleed. Then he rides gaily away until he gets tired. He knows right where the stall is, too.

The next time the fusionists of the Sixth meet to nominate a candidate for congress let them select Rod Smith. Roderick has spent the past four years in Washington and knows the ropes. He is a shrewd, capable young man, a democrat who has affiliated with the populists, and is as smooth as they make 'em when it comes down to genuine political scheming. Rod Smith would make a campaign calculated to singe the range grass.

If Brer Morrissey and Brer Smyser will meet me at the Lindell hotel between now and Christmas we'll have a little weeping match and consolation meeting. Then we'll take on some democratic enthusiasm and up and at 'em again.

Notice—Hereafter no goods are to be charged to the Brockett saloon except on my order.—H. C. ARMSTRONG, Dated October 18, 1902.

Cash paid for hides.—CLOUGH & COLLINS.

NEW PROCESS WITH MALT.

Method Perfected at Pabst Brewery; That Assures Beer Perfectly Pure.

There is just as much difference between the plans of an architect and the sketch of a schoolboy as there is between the new Malt Process of the Pabst Brewing company and the old way of making beer.

There is more in that than you may think. Beer drinkers can't afford not to know what this statement means.

The Pabst Brewing company is not easily satisfied—good as Pabst beer has been and is, it is better now than ever before.

It will pay to know why.

This is why.

Capt. Pabst declares "that malt is the soul of beer."

The better the malt, the better the beer.

Perfect beer must come from perfect malt. The New Process at the Pabst brewery begins a new era in the brewing world.

It's a malt revolution.

NEW PROCESS PERFECTED.

Malt, up to this time, even in the Pabst brewery, was gotten from barley-grain by the best methods known. At immense cost involving the outlay of vast sums of money, the Pabst Brewing company has perfected a new malting process that is so far superior to the old method as to be beyond comparison with it. Always before, the malster spread the steeped barley on the malt-house floor, and was dependent upon the weather for results. Malt in the new Pabst malt-house is made in weather that is made in the malt-house—the only fire-proof, air-proof, germ-proof malt-house in the world. The walls are several feet in thickness; light enters only through triple windows, closed and sealed.

Malt is made from barley, step by step.

HOW MALT IS MADE.

First—Pabst obtains the best barley money can buy. Then it is cleaned, graded and stored, and at regular intervals cooled and freshened by the "air-bath" blower.

Second—To become malt, the grain must sprout or germinate in a moist condition. Right here is found the revolution in perfect malting. After steeping an average of fifty-four hours in pure water, the grain is conveyed to immense germinating compartments. The sprouting barley in these is stirred and turned by automatic stirring and cranes, not by shovel as in the old way. Each and every individual grain sprouts in the same temperature, at the same time and exactly to the same extent.

Third—After the sprouting or germinating, the compartments are emptied, and the grain is carried away to the kilns.

Pabst kilns are the only kilns ever constructed that kiln rightly and properly. Eight immense floors in two tiers lie one above the other over great furnaces beneath. All these floors are metal, punctured by small holes to admit the heat from below.

The wet sprouting malt goes to the top floor first, where it begins to wither; then the floor is opened and the malt drops to the floor below, nearer and nearer the heat, withering more and more, drying as it goes. Finally upon the lower floor the sprouts begin to fall from the grain, leaving the malted barley-grain dry.

Then comes the fanning, which blows away and entirely removes every particle except the perfect malted barley-grain itself.

PURE BEER BY PABST METHOD.

Malt under the new Pabst process germinates in atmosphere that is tempered to the fraction of a degree. Eight days that work continues. Pure filtered air of exact temperature is drawn by suction at regular intervals through the grain, the malt being always in a perfectly fresh, clean atmosphere.

There is never any change in the malting climate of the Pabst malt-house.

Change is often fatal. Pabst new malt-house is the only one where change is impossible.

Pabst malt is good malt; best malt ever produced.

Malt made that way, and it is made that way only in the Pabst brewery, that's perfect malt, that means perfect beer.

The rest of the process of brewing beer is familiar to those who have visited any good brewery. The brew-house of the Pabst brewery is the best brew-house in the world—best equipped—most equipment.

After the infusion of the hops, the cooking, cooling, the fermenting and the storing, the barreling and the finished product reaches the consuming public at last—the best beer ever made, because it's made by the best method from the best malt.

If the malt isn't right, the beer is bad; if the malt is good, the beer is good; if the malt is perfect, the beer is perfect.

This tells why Pabst malt is perfect malt; the way its done, the new way, the best way, the Pabst way.

11-7-31.

Horses Wintered.
Good pasture and hay, stabled at night. Four miles southwest. Inquire Mollring Bros.' Store.

Newberry's Hardware Establishment.

RANGES STOVES

The largest line of Steel and Cast Ranges ever shown in Western Nebraska. Ranges from \$25.00 to \$62.50.

Newberry's

Largest Stock of Glass in Alliance.

Cattle Wanted to Winter.

I am prepared to winter about forty head of cattle on my ranch near Dunlap. Plenty of feed and water and best of care.
W. BAME, Dunlap, Neb.



TIME TABLE Alliance, Neb.

LINCOLN, OMAHA, CHICAGO, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, DENVER, HELENA, BUTTE, SALT LAKE CITY, POI TLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, and all points east and south.

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS, MOUNTAIN TIME

No. 41 Passenger daily, Deadwood, Billings, all points north and west, 10:35 a.m.
No. 42 Passenger daily, Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago and all points east, 1:40 a.m.
No. 301 Passenger daily, for Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake, San Francisco and all intermediate points, departs at 1:40 a.m.
No. 302 Passenger daily from Denver and all intermediate points, arrives at 10:10 a.m.
No. 43 Local passenger daily from Omaha, Lincoln and intermediate points, arrives at 5:55 a.m.
No. 44 Local passenger daily, for Omaha, Lincoln and intermediate points, departs at 4:00 a.m.
No. 305 Daily, except Sunday, for points south and west, departs at 8:30 a.m.
No. 306 Daily, except Sunday, from south and west, arrives at 3:30 p.m.
No. 45 Freight, daily, Deadwood, Billings and intermediate stations, 7:30 p.m.
No. 46 Freight daily, for Lincoln and intermediate stations, 6:30 p.m.
No. 47 Freight daily, except Sunday, for Deadwood and Billings, 10:50 a.m.
No. 48 Freight daily for Lincoln and intermediate stations, 8:05 a.m.
No. 49 Freight, for northwest, 1:00 a.m.
No. 50 Freight from northwest, arrive 12 p.m.
Denver freight, daily except Monday, arrives at 9:15 a.m.
No. 204 Denver freight, daily except Saturday, leaves at 5:20 a.m.
Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada. For information, time tables and tickets call on or write to J. KREIDELBACH, Agent, of J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

Two of Our Churches.

First Baptist Church

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

Sunday Service.

Sunday School 10:00 A.M.
Preaching 11:00 A.M.
Junior Meeting 3:00 P.M.
C. E. Meeting 7:15 P.M.
Preaching 8:00 P.M.
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8:00 P.M.

A Hearty Welcome TO ALL SERVICES.

Methodist Episcopal Church

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.
REV. E. C. HORN, PH. D., PASTOR.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday School 10:00 A.M.
Preaching 11:00 A.M.
Class Meeting 12:00 P.M.
Junior Epworth League 3:00 P.M.
Epworth League 7:00 P.M.
Preaching 8:00 P.M.
Prayer Service, Thursday, 8:00 P.M.

Everyone is Welcomed to All Services.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NELSON FLETCHER Fire Insurance Agent.

REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
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.
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A One Flour, PER SACK \$ 1.10
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