

Official Publication
of the City and
County.

THE ALLIANCE HERALD.

Largest Circulation
of any Newspaper in
Western Nebraska.

VOLUME XVI.

ALLIANCE, BOX BUTTE COUNTY, NEBRASKA: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908

NUMBER 3

Bank
with
the
**First
National**

It
Pays

"The Old Reliable"

Its many safe-guards for the peoples' money:

Its large capital and surplus;

Its alert Board of Directors

Its conservative policy

are for

**YOUR
PROTECTION**

HOLSTEN

Headquarters for

**SCHOOL
SUPPLIES**

TABLETS
NOTE BOOKS
COMPOSITION BOOKS
NOTE PAPER
PENCILS
PENS, INKS
CHALK CRAYONS
COLORED CRAYONS
ERASERS and
PAINTS

RULERS GIVEN AWAY AT

HOLSTEN'S

**FOREST
LUMBER
COMPANY**

We always give
you the Most of
the Best for the
Least

W. C. Hibbs, Mgr.

BOOK SALE

\$1.50 Books, \$1.00
75c Books, 50c
35c Books, 20c

THIS WEEK ONLY

Shiels
*Prescription
Druggist*

**DR. KREAMER,
DENTIST**

Office in Alliance National Bank Bldg.
Over Postoffice.
Phone 391.

Rejoice Over
Their Good Work.

The members who comprised the soliciting committee to raise finances for the erection of St. Agnes academy were invited to meet with Father McNamara last Monday night at Holy Rosary parsonage and accept of his hospitality at a six o'clock supper. While the full quota of the committee was not present, there was a good turnout. A delicious banquet awaited the guests who arrived in time to take their places at the table at the appointed hour. The sumptuous repast was the result of the supervision of the housekeeper, Miss Bridget Burns, who surely has won a warm spot in the hearts of each of this committee. After supper, Father McNamara arose and explained the purpose of the gathering, that he felt like showing his appreciation of the efforts of those who assisted him in the erection of St. Agnes' academy, and in this small way desired to express his heartiest thanks. Each member was called upon to give his experience in the collecting of funds. These were most interesting and in some instances amusing stories were told that created great laughter among the assembled guests. But there was also another side to the experience of raising funds, which was most touching, and in some cases, pathetic. The widow's mite, so to speak, found its way into the contribution box of St. Agnes' academy along with the dollars of those better able to give to such worthy cause. Each speaker was profuse in complimenting Father McNamara in the herculean work accomplished for the cause of education in western Nebraska. There only remains a little more than one hundred dollars to be collected when the task of raising \$15,000 will have been completed. This is a grand showing for such a magnificent structure and we believe every person in Alliance and vicinity will join in thanking Father McNamara and members of the committee be so handsomely entertained last Monday evening, the anniversary of his birthday.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO
SISTERS' ACADEMY**

Weekly Report of Payments Toward
The Erection of the School Building.

HOW THE FINANCES STAND TODAY

Previously acknowledged	\$14,845.00
Cash	4.50
M. T. Keane	25.00
C. Kennedy	5.00
Mrs. Sears	5.00
S. Sears	5.00
M. Mangau	5.00
E. Judge	5.00
T. Regan	5.00
Oash	5.00
Total	\$14,905.00

The Dying Year.

The last day of the year is coming to a close, and the history of 1908 is about completed. What has it brought to you? In one household we hear the prattle of the infant, that found birth in the round of that fleeting year. In another reigns death-like silence, which tells us that a favorite one has closed his or her eyes in eternal sleep, one whose presence and influence is forever gone. One business man crouches over a page of deficits and losses, while his brother across the way rests contentedly over the profits that the year's business has given him. In one dwelling, health gives pleasure, and in another illness foreshadows the way to the grave. One is blessed with health and happiness, while another staggers under adversity. So closes the dying year, 1908, and so closes every year. It is simply a journey to the grave. One year we are enjoying the blessings of fortune, while in another we are reminded that each has his burden to bear. Realizing that we are all worms, and not the very best quality of worms either, let us mingle our blessings with our brother, and carry each other's burdens—even to the grave.

Mrs. J. C. Birdsell and daughter, Arlene, will leave soon for California to spend the winter.

Grand Jury Will Be Called to Act

Word was received by the county clerk this week from Judge Harrington to call a grand jury for the coming session of the district court, which will be held in this city January 19. The instruction makes it most positive that the complaint of violation of the liquor laws in this city will be thoroughly looked after. The county attorney will have to push these cases and there is every indication of fun (or trouble) ahead. Each witness, according to the letter of the law, subpoenaed to testify, will be sworn by the clerk, and then taken into the presence of the jury to give his evidence. There will be no bunching of witnesses so that there may be framing of evidence, and every one who is called to give testimony will have to rely on his own merit in the matter. If the anti-saloon league succeeds in scaring up as much evidence as there is indication of violation there will be blood on the moon in a short while.

A. H. Morris, who is employed by Geo. Darling, went to Denver to spend Christmas with his family. Mr. Morris will bring his family with him on his return and become a "permanent fixture" among us, so to speak. We are pleased to welcome them.

The New Year

calls forth new resolutions. Among them is one to save. This can only be accomplished by depositing your SAVINGS in a bank, and those who appreciate conservative banking naturally select a bank with ample resources, long experience, and a fixed policy of investing only in approved and marketable loans and securities.

Our growth is evidenced by the following statement of DEPOSITS:

November 27, 1904 \$136,001.03
November 27, 1906 211,129.03
November 27, 1908 283,429.26

A liberal rate of interest allowed
on Certificates of Deposit.

ALLIANCE NATIONAL BANK

**As the Years Mark
Time for Mankind**

The old-fashioned sun dial, after all, was the true time piece. That little pocket sun dial that we are told counted all the hours "when the sun shone" made the perfect record of human days. The noisy clocks and remorseless calendars that told off the worst and weariest of time's movements literally spoiled the reckoning. History began to build itself upon

wretchedness of a people, and all creation to take note of time by its loss instead of its golden gain in the hours of perfect sunlight.

But the reaction has set in. It is the glad hours and not the sad ones that are to be made to count.

Let us tarry awhile
At the sign of the smile

is the watchword which even pious pilgrims are sending out to upset the ancient reckoning. "Let the smile become the Christian's rather than the devil's sign" they cry in chorus, and the joy of the spirit become the measure of its days. Good Isaac Barrow's picture of the child of heaven "smiling always with a never-ending serenity of countenance and flourishing in an immortal youth" has at last taken hold of the Christian world and, spurred on by the new thought rhapsodies, promises to turn back the calendar of all our days. Counting time by heart throbs is no new method, to be sure, but the kind of heart throbs that "always find man young and always keep him so" were rather lost with the sun and nature worship of the early world.

When men went to nature for their reckoning it was as Wordsworth tells us:

They felt
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Centuries young were those children of the morning, before even the sun dial had begun to tell them of the flight of time. It remains true still that whether nature or the soul strikes the joy-note in the human breast, the poet's question rises instinctively to the lips:

O what have I to do with time,
For this the day was made.

Man Has His Choice.

Good or bad, the years come out of the bosom of the infinite bearing some boon from the eternal for man to lay hold of if he will. To choose the permanent from out the mutable and fleeting is the life secret they carry, and how much hangs upon the choice eternally alone can tell. There are watchmen at the gates who assure us that each year brings gifts peculiar to itself, and one year or one world does not restore the lost offerings of the other. "Long after we have passed away out of men's sight and out of men's memory the world with something that we have left within it, will be going on still," says Phillips Brooks, "and long after the world has passed away we shall go on somewhere, somehow, the same beings still, carrying into the depths of eternity something that the world has done for us that no other world could do."

Alexander Mocked.

New worlds, with each new year, to conquer, mock the cry of Alexander and declare indeed a new kingdom wherein to reign. Closer and closer comes the promise of that awakening hour when man shall in truth become "a living soul," and "with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy," shall "see

into the life of things." How many a rose of morning and ripe fruit of the golden noon shall then return to him the science of life, which permits no lost good, nor wasted atom even, in all creation's bounds, may gloriously declare. "Where are the snows of yesterday?" whispers the tender poet, but the green of spring and the bloom of summer are nature's answer to his yearning cry.

And shall man be less blessed than nature in garnering the treasures of the year? Is that evil genius, that the ancients beheld standing at the door of the new year, forever to give leech to drink that he may wander blindly into the unknown way, shorn of the best boon and talismans of the past? Ah, the poets who try life and love know better.

Each new year is a leaf of our love's rose;
It falls, but quick another rose leaf grows;
So is the flower from year to year the same,
But richer, for the dead leaves feed the flame.

Thus they read the riddle and the "million-centuries" sweetness that goes with it to-day. Neither is man dragged by any god or genius but the one within him, that he may "tell no tales" and carry no tokens from the departing year. What he tells to cheer or depress his comrades, what he carries to help or hinder both them and himself, is in the power of his own open-eyed choice. Perhaps the best hint that was ever offered to guide him is the brief and pointed one given by the sage, when he writes: "A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born." It is the one pre-eminent in the air at the present moment. It would fill all the newspapers in the land and drive the quotation-abhorring editors mad if one-quarter of the stout maxims of this nature which the times offer should demand place in their columns. Already their humorous writers are trying to demoralize them and send some of the cheerful and cheering-up people over to his Satanic majesty, where no doubt they are needed since the dry season set in.

Life's Logic Quaint.

If there be such a Satanic monarch, probably he loves the cheerful sinner just as heaven must love the cheerful saint. Yet the logic of life is against him. The smile is not legitimately the devil's sign. It is the pessimist who is playing into his hands, treating his sovereignty as if it could overthrow heaven's and all the powers of the Eternal Government. To act as if they had a faith worth smiling over would seem to be the attitude of men, who believed in a sovereignty of love and omnipotence rather than one of mal-evilness and black arts, and it may be that the Christian world is at last finding it out. Certainly the Gospel evangel "Rejoice, rejoice!" is sounding anew through all the realms of Christendom and becoming a part of culture and philosophy everywhere. Fuller's counsel: "Be happy in the present moment and put not off being so to a time to come, as though that time should be of another make from this," prevails in the intellectual and philosophical world, and promises to show "life whole" to more than a handful of seers and sages.



Turning the New Leaf

With reverent heart we turn anew
An untouched page of time.

'Tis ours to fill with noble deeds
Or stain with sin and crime;
Then ere we mar its surface pure—
Ere we begin anew,
'Tis well that o'er our last year's work
We take a short review.

Alas! we scan through tears the page
We meant should be so fair—
The blotted page where records live
Of hope and toil and care;
The page that ends the finished year
Of loss and gain and strife,
Of love and home's sweet happiness,
And peace that blesses life.

So much there is of pleasantness
Our record has to tell—
And so much done unworthily
We might have done so well!
Though mental retrospection shows
That shine exceeds the shade;
Too late we would erase the blots
Of past mistakes we made.

Then turn the new leaf. Look not back
To grieve o'er loss and pain,
But view the future's spotless page
Where we begin again;
And here resolve, by God's own grace,
That we will do our best
To keep life's record clean and pure
And trust Him for the rest.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

Will Support Alliance for State Normal School.

Wm. Ritchie, county superintendent of schools of Cheyenne county, was in Alliance yesterday. His home is in the north part of the county out of which the new county of Morrill was formed and he has tendered his resignation as superintendent of Cheyenne county. Mr. Ritchie, who is a democrat, was at democratic headquarters when the returns were coming in during the recent election and he says there was much comment on the splendid showing made by Box Butte, which, by the way, was one of the two counties in the state making the greatest gain for the democratic ticket. The other county is Dawson. Mr. Ritchie has great faith in the future of the new county of Morrill and Bridgeport, the county seat, where he lives. Concerning the state normal school, he is strong for Alliance, believing that this is the logical point for it, that no other place in the western part of the state could secure the school, and that all other towns in this part of the state should work to secure its location here in preference to see it located in the eastern part. Mr. Ritchie expects to be in Lincoln when the legislature convenes and he will boost for Alliance.

Pathetic Death of Mayor of Sheridan.

The whole city of Sheridan, Wyo., is in mourning over the sudden and tragic death of their beloved mayor, John S. Taylor, who was found dead in a ravine near that city Christmas morning. Mr. Taylor had been down to Denver and returned to Sheridan Monday afternoon. He was not in his right mind, as the testimony before the coroner's inquest showed, and the doctor's testimony was to the effect that Taylor had been suffering with nervous prostration. When the mayor alighted from the train he was welcomed by several people at the depot platform who noticed his pale face and peculiar manner. He carried a box containing presents for the members of his family, and a grip. These articles were found by the searching party Friday morning, and later the body discovered in a lonely ravine near the state hospital, in the northeast part of Sheridan. Death being caused by hunger and exposure.

Mayor Taylor was most popular, and his official career has been commended by all. He leaves a wife and two children. Deceased was 38 years old.

Be sure and go to the Crystal Friday night and help swell the library fund.