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Let the people say what they want, without electing or appointing someone else to say it for them.

If the people have a right to say by direct vote whether Alliance shall own and operate the electric light plant, they also have a right to decide other important questions by direct vote.

If a part of the time spent in discussing issues were devoted to giving the people a chance to vote on the settlement of issues, it would be much better for city, state and nation.

The insinuation made in a recent number of the Alliance Times that the editor of this paper has deferred an extended discussion of the initiative and referendum with a view to securing more votes for it is utterly without foundation. The fact is, the more that direct legislation is discussed the larger the majority for it. This is shown in the cities of Nebraska that have voted on its adoption and also in the states where it has been adopted for the entire commonwealth. When an effort was made some years ago to get a bill through the legislature of Oregon, authorizing the submission of the question of adopting the initiative and referendum to a vote of the people, the bill was defeated in the legislature by politicians who preferred to take chances on accomplishing their purpose by scheming and trickery rather than by an appeal to the voters of the state. After the defeat of this bill by the Oregon legislature, the Initiative and Referendum League of that state went before the people in public discussion and through the press of the state and succeeded in electing at the next legislative election an overwhelming majority in favor of submitting the question to a vote of the state. When the question of its adoption was submitted to the voters of the state, it was adopted by a majority of more than ten to one, the vote being 62,024 in favor, and only 5,668 against, although it was strongly opposed by ward heelers and politicians who were afraid to trust the people to govern themselves by direct legislation.

Our Lincoln Letter

State Treasurer Brian has refused to sign the supplemental agreement whereby the shirts made under the prison contract must not be sold in the state. Mr. Brian's friendship for Nebraska workers is evidenced by his remark when he refused to sign the supplemental agreement, "I don't give a darn what becomes of the goods after they are made." Governor Shallenberger and Warden Smith insisted upon the supplemental agreement before the warden would allow the work to proceed under the contract.

From now until April 11 there will be little heard in Lincoln other than the local prohibition fight. Lincoln has been a "dry" town for the past year, and on April 11 will vote under the referendum law on the same question, "wet or dry." Both sides are squaring off for the fight, and all other questions sink into insignificance. Both sides claim victory, of course.

The crowded condition of the state house is evidenced by the fact that the railroad commission has been compelled to seek additional quarters in the basement. The State Historical Society has been refused quarters in the big stone building. Some of the state bureaus are quartered in rooms originally designed for storage purposes. The whole trouble is that Nebraska is growing too fast for its clothes.

The last legislature passed a new divorce law. The new law makes material changes in the manner of securing divorces. It requires personal service in practically all cases. It requires that an applicant for divorce must be a resident of the state for two years. Recognizing the many abuses of the divorce system, this law remedies these difficulties by making it more difficult



News Snapshots Of the Week

The house naval subcommittee decided not to reward Peary until he furnished further proof that he found the pole. P. C. Knox, Jr., son of the secretary of state, eloped. Former Senator Platt of New York died. Jacob H. Schiff's prediction of a great commercial struggle between Japan and America resulted in much comment. The cutting up of Jere F. Lillis, Kansas City banker, in the home of John P. Cudahy, millionaire, caused a sensation. Mrs. Cudahy denied stories connecting her with Lillis. A national strike growing out of the Philadelphia struggle and led by Samuel Gompers was predicted. Mayor Reyburn was hanged in effigy in Philadelphia. The first regular passenger air line, on the Parseval balloon, will soon be established in Germany.

to secure a divorce, by so arranging the procedure that divorces will not be surreptitiously granted. Non-residents seeking venues in which divorces are easily obtained will pass Nebraska. Nebraska courts never have been bothered very much with transient applications for divorces. The last law absolutely prevents and prohibits matrimonial soldiers of fortune in other states from securing divorces in this one.

THE SHAMROCK CLUB'S ANNUAL

By BERNARD QUINN (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

THERE were three generations between the turf cottage in County Galway and the brownstone house in a quiet uptown street.

Margaret Flynn, slender and black haired, whose eyes were deep pools of blue fringed with thick black lashes, closed her book and gazed disconsolately into the peat fire on the hearth.

"So ridiculous of father to burn turf in the library," she fretted.

The door opened, and Michael Flynn blew gustily in, big and bluff, with sandy gray hair and freckled hands.

"Well, Peggy, girl, how goes it?" he said, crossing to the fire and dropping a light carbon on her dusky head.

"Same as ever, dad," returned the girl absently.

"What's troubling you? Out with it, Peg! I know you like a book. Is it the usual grouch over the St. Patrick dinner or the special green livery I ordered for Timmy?"

Margaret flushed hotly. "You may laugh, dad," she said defiantly; "you may think me small and mean to

cover were favors appropriate to the day. Margaret eyed the table and its decorations with infinite scorn. How she detested the annual dinner of the Shamrock club, of which her father was the president!

Now a clock in the hall chimed 6, and a strange light came into Margaret's eyes. If she only dared! It would take five minutes before the dinner hour at 7, and it would be a

just rebuke to these men who vaunted their love and loyalty to Ireland before the eyes of true Americans.

"Because I am an American!" breathed Margaret an hour later, as she sat in her own room with a bundle of green satin ribbon in her lap and a basket of green favors beside her.

She heard the tramp of feet as the men went into the dining room, and she almost felt the little shock of surprise with which they greeted the table arrayed in a glory of red, white and blue ribbons, tiny American flags and miniature figures of Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty, all salvage from her recent Washington's birthday party.

There was a buzz of conversation, and she knew that there was a hurt look in her father's eyes—that father who had worked so hard, who denied her nothing and who so enjoyed his annual celebration of St. Patrick's day.

And there was Larry Grady—oh, horrible name! Of course he would guess that she had been the one to change the decorations, and she could fancy the scorn on his handsome face.

Something that Larry had once said returned to her with startling distinctness:

"Isn't the country big enough for all men and all nations she will adopt? What's in a name after all?"

Suddenly Margaret seemed to see herself in a different light. She sprang to her feet and rushed to her dresser.

Now, she could never cease to appreciate the love of the two men whom she cared for most in the world.

She dug out a green satin sash which she had worn on gala days before she attended Miss Henny's fashionable school and been finished beyond recognition of her old Irish friends.

Joke and song and merry quip were flying about the round table under the stars and stripes when Margaret opened the door and entered the room.

They rose from the table as she came forward in her white gown, with

waist, a huge bunch of shamrock, as her harvest. In her hands she carried a silver tray heaped with green favors.

"One of Ireland's daughters must help to celebrate," she said graciously while the color flickered in her cheeks.

Then she went from place to place and distributed the tiny pots of growing shamrock, the miniature black-thru sticks and the small golden harps, which each man stretched to his buttonhole.

She evaded her father's outstretched hand and flitted into the lighted parlor beyond, where she sat down before the beautiful harp, which was her de-



MARGARET EYED THE TABLE

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"ONE OF IRELAND'S DAUGHTERS,"

its broad green sash about her slender

To Memory Dear

By JAMES C. CORRIGAN

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THE sweetest spot of all is the green sod of old Ireland; The maddest, gladdest times are the ones we used to know When romping o'er the hills, by the streams and through the meadows. In merry, magic days of long ago.

I SEE my mother yet -- though so long she has been sleeping The shamrocks and the roses her grave are growing o'er -- I see my mother yet as, with basket at her shoulder, She stood beside our open cottage door.

THE happy winter nights when she knitted by the firelight. Her kindly, patient features alight with dancing gleams. The rattles on the hearth in minor cadence singing. Return to me and haunt my waking dreams.

THE low and thatched roofed cottage, the tree that stood before it. The hill behind that seemed to childish eyes so vast And e'en the pigs that played about the humble doorway, All go to make the picture of the past.

A H, well do I remember the joy of summer weather. With crinkly heat waves dancing on meadows near and far. As we jogged through the lanes and along the happy roadways Upon the jolly Irish jaunting car.

SO magic is the glamour by memory created. So softened are the scenes her mellow lights reveal. I ever love to dwell in fondest recollection On times I helped prepare the midday meal.

A HAPPY group we gathered about our little cottage From out the fields where we barefooted used to roam. When all the earth was sunny in life's unclouded morning. Enchanted land that bore the name of home.

THE years have slipped away, and that happy group is scattered. For some are o'er the sea, and some are laid at rest. So chide me not that now the green hills of old Ireland Seem like the fabled islands of the blest.

THE JOLLY IRISH JAUNTING CAR.



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Then she went from place to place and distributed the tiny pots of growing shamrock, the miniature black-thru sticks and the small golden harps, which each man stretched to his buttonhole.

She evaded her father's outstretched hand and flitted into the lighted parlor beyond, where she sat down before the beautiful harp, which was her de-

light, and in her sweet, strong soprano, with its haunting Irish richness of expression, she sang "The Weir of the Green" and "Killarney" and "The Kerry Dancing" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Lawrence Grady stole softly in and sat down beside her. He cast a glance at her flushed and downcast face, and his own brightened.

"Margaret!" he whispered softly. And she turned a radiant face to his. Later in the evening Michael Flynn addressed the assembled Shamrock club. "Gentlemen," he said, with a

CLAIMING YOU, EVERY ONE WAS ASKING me awhile ago could she change her name?"

"Father!" Margaret's hand flew to his lips. "And I said," resumed Mr. Flynn in muffled tones, "I said, 'If you change it to Grady it's all right,' and, gentlemen," he beamed upon them, "it is all right!"

The Shamrock club arose to a man and cheered lustily—as only an Irishman can cheer when his heart is stirred by sentiment.

ROOSEVELT'S MEET

Round of Receptions and Sight-seeing Trips Begins.

BIG CROWD SEES HIS ARRIVAL.

Former President Hastens to Railway Station to Greet Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel and Family is Reunited After Year's Separation—Party is Now Quartered in Sirdar's Palace—Official Functions Planned.

Khartoum, March 15.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his party arrived here. The former president received a most flattering reception. The steamer Dal, upon which the American members of the Smithsonian African scientific expedition made the trip from Gondokoro, was delayed somewhat by the unusually turbulent waters of the White Nile, but the party was able to keep within one hour of the scheduled time for the arrival here.

When the Dal was sighted the American, British and Egyptian flags could be made out flying above the vessel. As the craft turned its nose into the harbor the thousands on shore were quick to recognize the figure of Colonel Roosevelt standing on the bridge.

He was dressed in a khaki hunting suit and wore a white helmet. Surrounding him were the members of the sirdar's staff. Recognition of the American was the signal for an outburst of cheering that continued as the vessel slowly found its pier. Colonel Roosevelt acknowledged the greeting, raising his hat repeatedly and smiling. A steam launch filled with newspaper correspondents, who had been sent here from all parts of the world, accompanied the Dal in the last part of the trip.

Upon the pier Colonel Roosevelt was pressed by an enormous crowd, all anxious for the nearest possible view, but his escort saved him from any possible discomfort. He was at once escorted to the palace of the sirdar, at the steps of which he was received by the high Sudan officials.

Within the palace Colonel Roosevelt received all the higher officials of the government, after which tea was served. The stay at the palace was brief, Colonel Roosevelt hurrying away to the railway station to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt arrived at the station in time to meet his wife and daughter upon their arrival. The officials of the city had so arranged affairs that this family reunion, after a year's separation, was in strict privacy. After a few moments of seclusion a very happy appearing family emerged from the station and proceeded to the palace. Last evening no one was permitted to disturb the privacy of the Roosevelts. Today the round of entertainments and the sight-seeing began.

TAFT ATTENDS FUNERAL

Chief Executive Mourns at Bier of Wife's Brother-in-Law.

Pittsburg, March 14.—President Taft attended in this city the funeral of Mrs. Taft's brother-in-law, Thomas McK. Laughlin, and left on an early train for Washington. The circumstances of the president's visit to Pittsburg were perhaps the saddest that have ever confronted a chief executive of the United States. The tragic ending of Mr. Laughlin's life, who committed suicide by shooting, the gloomy day, with fitful falls of rain, the silent home on fashionable Woodlawn road, the quiet ceremonies and the little procession of carriages to the Allegheny cemetery, where the interment was made, all constituted a picture of mourning deeply impressive.

POSTAL CLERKS ON STAND

Mabry Identified as Man Who Rented "Box 4."

Council Bluffs, Ia., March 14.—The prosecution of John C. Mabry and his fellow defendants of the "big store" gang in the United States court in Council Bluffs centered on the postive connection of the alleged conspiracy with the use of the mails for the purpose of fraud.

Sylvester R. Rush, special assistant attorney general for the United States, took up this portion of the evidence and put on a number of postoffice employees from the several cities in which the gang is known to have operated to show the use of the mails.

Oil Case in Supreme Court.

Washington, March 15.—Found by the lower federal court to be a combination in restraint of trade and a monopoly of a branch of interstate commerce, the Standard Oil appeared at the bar of the supreme court of the United States to make final argument against its dissolution under the Sherman anti-trust law. The government was present to insist on the decree of enforcement of the dissolution.

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