

**Comment -- and
Discomment**

The news for the week has been fairly dull, but there are a few bright spots. In international circles there is the death of Venustiano Carranza, erstwhile president of Mexico, who was throttled or otherwise maltreated by a Mexican brother who disliked his whiskers or had other valid grounds for helping him to shuffle off this mortal coil. It doesn't take much excuse or encouragement for a Mexican to commit murder—or anything else.

In the United States, the public interest has been divided between the fall of McAdoo, the fall of prices and the profiteer probe. Politics will be of middling interest all summer long, and will be used as column filler when other stuff is shy. The price cuts won a place on the first page for a day or two, but no one seems to want to give them undue prominence, despite their importance. The profiteer probe is old stuff, though appearing in a new form, and while everybody hopes that something is done, they don't look for Mitch Palmer to do it.

There has been a little excitement in the state news, the chief feature being the tieing of the can to Anna Anna, whose last name is Yockel, has been separated from the office of chief bookkeeper for the state board of control, and the board, in dispensing with her services, issued a statement charging her with incompetibility, which is a logical ground both for divorce and for decorating with the royal order of the tin can. Miss Yockel was a candidate in the recent primaries for the office of the secretary of state. She now seems to have a disposition to pick a fight with the board, which, holding the upper hand, is paying no attention to her. Unless they wish to make her very angry, they should know better than to ignore her. However, it's their war—and Anna's. From published reports, it looks as though both were to blame, which makes us wonder if the Lincoln press is really impartial.

There have been the usual grist of freak news dispatches. Among these is a report from Chicago, where Mrs. Lizzie Terwell complains that her husband is the stingiest man on earth. It seems that he allowed her only 13 cents a meal for the family table, thereby making the army allowance seem luxurious. Lizzie received only \$1.50 for a hat every seven years—and nothing at all for gowns. Either Lizzie had a great many clothes when she was married, or—but you can figure it out for yourself. The trial judge stopped over and ordered Mr. Terwell to cough up \$50 a week from now on. Of course this pays for feeding the family too, but a woman who has learned to feed a family at 13 cents a meal ought to save quite a sizable sum. The only thing that sounds fishy about the story is that she stood it for seven years. Probably her shoes wore out or she wouldn't have complained then.

We hear only echoes of the over-all clubs now, though presumably they are still marching on. The news nearest home comes from Sidney, where fifty high school students went on strike because the faculty refused to permit them to join the fad. It seems that the girls decided to wear cotton hosiery and gingham aprons, and the boys the regulation overalls. The teachers, who had not been consulted, vetoed this plan, and the strike followed. The last and only report we have heard was that the striking students had loaded into automobiles and were heading for Sterling, Colo., where they were to open a bolshevik campaign. The Sidney newspapers haven't discussed the matter at any great length, and we are tremendously anxious to learn just what happened.

Of course, it's a reprehensible and lawless thing for students to do—this waving of the red flag in the faces of their teachers. Hardly a year goes by but in some manner the conflict starts, and the students are usually expelled or otherwise forced into submission. The threat to withhold credits is usually sufficient to bring them back in a penitent mood. The Sidney affair must have happened the last week of school, and students are indeed desperate when they get gay during commencement week.

We said at one time that the only two classes of people who dislike to accept advice are the teachers and preachers, and that, of course, is because it is their business to deal in advice. They carry standard lines, and seldom if ever make any changes in stock. Far be it from us, in the face of our own dictum, to offer advice to either, although it should be done occasionally.

Take the matter of dancing. It's true that there is a difference of opinion on the subject. Some parents would rather see their daughters in a neat row of caskets than to see them gracefully wriggling on the dance floor through the mazes of the fox trot. Other parents have said they would rather have their sons in the same fix than to have them learn to smoke. But boys will pick up smoking and somehow girls manage to learn to dance. Now and then ill advised parental opposition makes them even more envious. Most mothers of boys of high school age would rather see them dance than not, for boys in their teens are awkward, and ill at ease in the presence of those of the feminine sex (not all of them, of course) and dancing improves the carriage and in time will overcome shyness. Certainly the modern dances have that kind of a tendency, and the old ones improve the carriage, anyway.

But teachers, years ago, decided that dancing was improper, especially for children of high school age. They have plenty of logical arguments which prove, beyond reasonable doubt, that students should be chiefly interested in their studies. But students aren't as logical as the teachers. In the spring of the year, they study in stuffy classrooms and drag through recitations trying not to remember that the grass is green outside. And in the evening, it's natural that they should want a little change. The school authorities, horrified, declare that they shall not dance, and having so decided, fondly believe, the oracle having spoken, that there's an end to the whole matter after they have coldly and flatly turned down a request for dances in the school gymnasium.

What happens? Do the gentle students wend their way to prayer meeting, or to the humble movie, or do they remain at home and cram more knowledge into their heads? They do—not. They go to a dance. There are public dances, and those who will may see dozens of students on the floor, unchaperoned, dancing fast and furiously till the last dog is hung. Would the school authorities sponsor weekly dances at the gymnasium, they could supervise this amusement, see that it is kept within due bounds, that the girls dress modestly and that the boys are the right sort, and that the bell ring at the right time to go home.

The far-famed ostrich, you will recall, sticks its head in the sand and think that no eye sees it. The school authorities refuse to permit students to dance in the place where it is best

for them to dance, and believe that the agitation is ended. In a city like Alliance, where there are but two principal amusements, the theater and dancing, it is unreasonable to believe that normal youngsters will be content always to choose the least attractive. And it is just as unreasonable to believe that the teachers themselves, working at a lesser wage than that drawn by a section hand, does not need some recreation, or that she will forego her right to choose her amusements simply because they do not happen to meet the approval of her superiors or the parents of her pupils. There's a problem here, and no just solution will ever be arrived at so long as the solvers keep their eyes tightly closed.

HEMINGFORD ITEMS

M. E. Church
The memorial services will be held at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The pastor, Rev. A. J. May, will deliver the sermon and the joint choirs will furnish the music. Several of the instruments will play for the occasion and there will be a splendid service in honor of the memory of our soldier dead. All are invited to this service.

There will be a special meeting at the evening hour, 8 p. m., when the pastor will conduct a public installation service for officers of the local chapter of the Epworth league. This will be an unusually good service and all are welcome and urged to be present.

The First Sunday in June there will be a big all-day service at the Methodist church and Rev. N. G. Palmer will be the speaker. There will be special music and a morning service at 11 o'clock; a basket dinner for everybody; an afternoon service and an evening service with the preliminaries in charge of the Gospel team. Everybody plan to attend this big meeting. Remember the date, June 6. It is all day.

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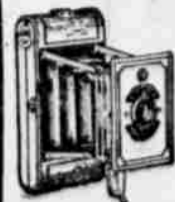
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