

**The Alliance Herald**

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**THE REAL ROOSEVELT.**

Are American voters going to follow the advice of young Colonel Roosevelt, or the advice of the real Colonel Roosevelt, his father, the statesman of the family

The young colonel appropriately quoted words of wisdom from a letter written to him by his statesman father during the world war. Why not make the position of his deceased father plain on the League of Nations? Below are the exact words of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States:

"Merely to bring about a peace at the present moment without providing for the elimination of the causes of war would accomplish nothing of permanent value. The one permanent move for obtaining peace which has yet been suggested with any reasonable chance of obtaining its object is by an agreement among the great powers, in which each should pledge itself not only to abide by the decisions of a common tribunal, but to back with force the decisions of that common tribunal. The great civilized nations of the world which do possess force, actual or immediately potential, should combine by solemn agreement in a great world league for the peace of righteousness. I earnestly hope that we shall become one of the joint guarantors of world peace under such a plan. The league should lay down the rule that the territorial integrity of each nation was inviolate; that it was to be guaranteed absolutely its sovereign rights."

**THE SLUSH FUND**

Governor Cox says the republicans are undertaking to collect a minimum campaign fund of \$15,000,000, and that he can prove it.

Will H. Hays, chairman of the republican national committee, says his party is undertaking to do nothing of the kind and that Governor Cox is all wrong.

One or the other of these gentlemen has made a serious mistake.

It is hard to believe that Governor Cox would have made such a charge without being sure of his ground.

It is just as hard to believe that Mr. Hays would deny it without being able to substantiate his position. Still stranger things have happened in this country, and very recently, too.

There was the pre-convention slush fund in behalf of General Wood, for instance.

What strenuous denials came from the Wood management when its existence was first intimated.

It existed, nevertheless, and lost the general his nomination.

True, or false, Mr. Hays could hardly be expected to admit such a charge at this stage of the game.

But the truth is going to be brought out, although probably with so much confusion as to leave many people perplexed.

If Governor Cox makes good, and we cannot help thinking that he will, his election is practically insured.

If he fails, he will have lost ground unnecessarily.

Meanwhile the truth is of far more importance for the sake of its purifying value on the country than for any advantage or disadvantage it may be to either of the great parties.

We have had about enough of slush funds and bought elections.

If anybody is trying to pack another barrel, the sooner we know it the better.

Let the truth come out. The people will take care of the rest.—Houston Chronicle.

Girls wanted, Alliance Steam Laundry, 30c per hour. 801f

**SPUD DAY DRAWS A GOOD-SIZED CROWD**

(Continued from page 1).  
 \$5; second, Frank Uhrig, \$3; third, R. P. Walters, \$2.

In the parade the prizes for the best child's costume—Vesta May and Ruth Coll; second, "The Geese," \$3; third, Marion Danbom, \$2.

Adult's costume—First, Mrs. Alice Stewart, \$5; second, Leon Glass, \$3.

First prize on floats—"The Village Knocker," \$5; at the race.

Auto race—First, Lloyd Erskine, \$50; second, G. E. Slaughter.

Horse race—First, Scott Slaymaker, \$10; second, D. Mahoney, \$5; third, C. Eorstrom, \$1.

Potato race on horses—First, Joe Mahoney, \$10.

Ford race—First, H. W. Tschacher, \$30; second, J. Wood, \$15.

The premiums on the best potatoes will be given next week.

Wrestling match was won by Dutch Maurier, \$50.

Battle royal—First, L. Wright, \$35; second, H. Shelton, \$15.

**THE "EAGLE EYE"**

By ALVAH J. GARTH.

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Reuben Cleland walked to the door of his office and stared out at the wet and muddy street, then at the pool where the sidewalk sagged. He took a sniff of the air in a consequential expertlike way.

"If'n!" he observed, "it will probably keep on raining for twenty-four hours. Wind's right, and notice how the falling drops form bubbles—sure sign."

Silas Deane, seated comfortably inside, sniffed also, but secretly, and with a certain degree of contempt.

"The sure-thing wisecracker!" he muttered. "Of course there's bubbles where the awning drips."

"Seen my new manager, Deane?" inquired Cleland.

"I haven't," rather snappily retorted Deane. "Seems to me for old friendship's sake you might have given Norman a try at the job."

"Your son is too young and inexperienced for such an important position," observed Cleland. "Isn't he doing well enough? He is making a good record and money on the road and he's adapted to it. Besides, Deane, to tell you the truth he and Elice were getting pretty friendly. I have my ideas about the kind of husband she needs—some one a little older than herself. I think I've found my man in Ward Robinson, my new manager."

"So?" and Deane pursed his lips sourly. "When's he coming?"

"Tomorrow. I engaged him in the city last week. Tell you, Deane, I'm a man of intuition. Just as I have won the record of being a weather prophet, so I can read men. When I do business with one I study his eyes. I did it with Robinson. He's got an eye like an eagle. You know that the first thing an eagle does when it gets its young is to lift them in turn high up over its nest. It holds them in turn facing the sun. If any one of them blinks, then down it goes among the rocks. Robinson has got the right kind of eyes. Looks you straight in the face and never a quiver."

"Isn't a hawk that way, too?" queried Deane, a slight touch of sarcasm in his tone. "I say, though," and he chuckled, "if you don't hit the eagle eye business any surer than you do the weather, better shut up shop. Good-by," for a glow of bright sunshine told of clearing skies.

Silas Deane was glad to give Reuben Cleland a dig. They had been old friends for nearly half a century and Cleland had shown real neighborliness in taking Norman Deane into his employ. For one thing, however, Deane could not forgive him. As soon as Cleland discovered that his daughter, Elice, and Norman naturally terminated boy and girl companionship in the real love of maturer years, he made it a point to keep Norman on the road most of the time, and when Norman paid a flying visit home the watchful and politic father kept his own "eagle eye" closely upon him.

The new manager appeared next day and on the surface presented all the earmarks of the kind of man after Reuben Cleland's own heart. He suggested discipline in every lineament of his cold, unsympathetic face. His "eagle eye" was his stronghold. With its noncompassionate glitter he transixed the work shirker and cowed down the victim whose wages he had elected to cut into a sort of resigned despair. He was a neat, methodical, not altogether an unhand-some man, but the first time she met him Elice secretly shuddered.

Her father was proud of this efficiency ornament of his business and bragged about Robinson wherever he went, invited him to the home and at the end of two months intimated to Elice that Robinson had fallen deeply in love with her, had asked his consent as to telling her so, and plainly declared that he did not think he could find a more acceptable son-in-law.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Elice, "I have never dreamed of this. It distresses—it overcomes me. Please let me go and visit Cousin Ruth Gordon in Brocton and think it over before I give an answer."

"That's all right," nodded her father, reserving from his daughter his intention of writing their relative to encourage the match in every way.

But self-contained, autocratic Reuben Cleland knew gentle, sympathetic Ruth Gordon's heart as little as he understood that of Elice. He little realized how daring the latter could be when her life's happiness was at stake. At the end of a week Elice returned home, but not until Norman Deane had been summoned for a fleeting hour to Brocton to consummate a plan formed by Elice and her cousin.

The evening she returned home her father called her into the library. Ward Robinson was also an occupant. "My dear," spoke Cleland, "there isn't any need of circumlocution or delay. You have known Mr. Robinson for some time. You are aware that he loves you. What have you to say?"

"This will have to answer for me," replied Elice extending a folded document.

"What is it?" questioned Reuben Cleland in wonder.

"It is only my marriage certificate," replied Elice humbly. "Oh, papa! don't blame two loving souls who have been engaged for over a year."

Reuben Cleland collapsed. Those eagle eyes of Ward Robinson blinked for once in his life.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The McVicker Beauty Parlors will reopen September 22, with a specialist in many kinds of beauty work. We cordially invite the women of Alliance to call and make arrangements with

**Mrs. Angela Russell**  
 of Denver, Colorado

Mrs. Russell comes to us with high qualifications. She is a recognized expert in the following:

**NATURAL HAIR SWITCHES CHIROPEDY BEAUTY WORK**  
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**McVicker's Beauty Parlor**

ALLIANCE

NEBRASKA

**A MILLIONAIRE PAUPER**

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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The mellow glinting sunlight flooded past the open doorway of the forage shed and fell upon a sleeping figure lying prone upon the straw, that of a young man. His face was clear and open, though marked with bruises and scratches, and his clothing torn in places suggested a recent scurrage common to the lawless district lying beyond Joel Dalton's ranch.

The Daltons, father and daughter, had little to do with the rough and ready groups. The Dalton ranch had become a spot to avoid for the rovers, sters and miners when on a rampage. A wayfarer might be given a free meal, but old Joel watched him suspiciously until he was clear of the place.

"They are a swashbuckling, worthless set," he told Evaline. "Drink, gambling, and working the old worn out diggings instead of settling down to respectable farming."

Land and its accumulation was the hobby of Dalton and his great dream was to acquire the eight thousand acres known as Grass Valley.

"Some day this stretch will be a perfect paradise," he predicted. "Once rent workers get to coming, the man who has the land will reap a royal fortune."

Evaline had been sent for a hay rake and the discovery of the stranger had startled and then interested her. Her father appeared abruptly.

"What's this, now?" he demanded. Evaline flushed, for her glance at the handsome intruder was intense. She stepped aside with a certain degree of fear, for she knew her father to be naturally harsh tempered.

"A tramp, eh?" he observed gratingly. "Worse—a rustler, or looks it."

"Father," ventured Evaline gently, "don't be so rough with him, please. He is young and honest looking."

"He is battered up from a fight, and probably sleeping off a spree. Here, wake up!"

The slumberer struggled to his feet, seizing a heavy cudgel at his side. "You'll not get me again!" he shouted, "you ruffian crew!"

"Oh, excuse me," he added instantly, observing Evaline. "I fancied"—but he did not complete the sentence. He moved unsteadily on one foot and winced, and noticing that its shoe was bedabbled with blood Dalton went about a trifle.

"What's the matter with your foot?" he questioned.

"Only a bullet," replied the intruder.

"He looks half famished," whispered Evaline. "Be gentle with him."

"Since you're so taken with him, give him a meal, if you like," grumbled Dalton.

Evaline pitied the helpless condition and apparent suffering of the refugee. "Lean on my shoulder," she said, "and get as far as the house."

She got him to the shaded porch where there was a rocking chair, then going to the kitchen and returning with a warmed up, but appetizing meal.

She heard voices on the porch after returning to the kitchen. Then her father came to her. "That stranger has a bad foot," he observed. "I want some bandages and the tallow. You can fix up a shake down in the lumber room."

Evaline gladly set about providing for the comfort of their guest. He had evidently told Dalton his name, for the latter called him Hudson. At the end of five days the stranger was able to hobble about with a cane. He was pleasant, entertaining and helped Evaline peel potatoes and shell peas, set the table and altogether fell in with domestic ways as if he had once been a home body. Evaline mentioned this to her father. "Somehow he takes great interest in my land ideas," observed Dalton. "He'd ought to be on his way."

One morning there drove up to the house a party of four men. Both Evaline and her father recognized

them as members of the county constabulary force. "Looking for Arnold Hudson," spoke the leader.

"That's me," promptly announced Hudson, stepping forward. "Bound to guard me safe out of the district, eh?" he laughed.

"Got orders and pay to do just that," replied the official, tendering a letter.

"He is a son of a big land man at Denver," observed the officer to Dalton. "Worth a million in his own right, was looking around for investments, got in the hands of a gang bent on holding him for ransom, got away, escaped and we are deputized to get him back home."

A shade of disappointment and loneliness was in Evaline's eyes as Hudson left them. She watched the little cavalcade disappear down the road, like a breath of romance out of her life. A week later, however, Hudson returned with his father and several others.

"They have come to talk business with your father about a great colonization scheme in the valley," Arnold Hudson told Evaline. "I've come to talk what's been on my mind ever since I first saw you."

"What is that?" questioned Evaline artlessly.

"Love," was the prompt response. "My heart is right here, where I lost it to you, and I want you to say you'll take care of it for the rest of our lives."

**Apostle of Liberty.**

Pattison considers that the great and special feature of Milton's prose works is the fact that through the whole series of them runs the redeeming characteristic that they are all written on the side of liberty. It may be religious liberty, or civil, or domestic, or the liberty of the press, or the liberty of the conscience, but liberty is the main spirit that distinguished them. . . . His tracts carried with them their own protests for the liberty of the press, for, as a rule, they were issued unlicensed, and unregistered, and whatever may have been the faults in their conception, they had about them a breezy fearlessness, no matter what the topic was to which they alluded.—George C. Williamson.

**Appreciation for the Potato.**

In this country the chief, and practically only interest in the potato today is as a vegetable for the table. We are greatly surpassed in this use by Europe, and Germany in particular. In that land the average annual per capita consumption was seven bushels in normal times, while our own was two and a half. The laborers of eastern Germany ate 17 bushels

per annum. The other European countries are, as a rule, far above us and the diet of many an Irishman is said to be potatoes and spring water—for breakfast, dinner and supper. In addition to this direct consumption, uses of the potato largely unknown to Uncle Sam are the flour, starch, dextrine, glucose and alcohol.

**A Good "Life."**

A good "Life" is a portrait of a man, and something more than that; and requires a union of qualities, by no means common, in the writer. With respectable abilities, a biographer can produce a judicious and sensible narrative of the career of a remarkable person; or with respectable abilities of a lighter kind, he may seize the picturesque traits of his individuality and achievements. But it is very rare to find a master in both these arts—one whose judgment enables him to discern what is really significant in the little accessories of biography (as anecdotes, etc.), and who has a genius at the same time equal to fine dramatic delineation.—From James Hannay's "Course of English Literature."

**Tactics That Ended the War.**

Benjamin Church of Plymouth called the "Miles Standish of the second generation," was the only white man who understood Indian fighting at the time of King Philip's war, and was chosen to take command of the colonists' forces.

Enlisting some friendly Indians and commanding an additional small force, Church immediately changed the whole character of the war by trailing Philip as a hunter trails a deer, and caught up with him in a swampy region at Mount Hope, where the Indian chief was shot by one of the red men who fought on the side of the whites. Anawam, Philip's most valiant assistant, was captured about two weeks later, the strength of the uprising being broken.

Girls wanted, Alliance Steam Laundry, 30c per hour. 801f

Ray Lappan, Burlington fireman, gave himself up to Special Agent T. J. Smith Wednesday. In justice court Thursday morning he pleaded guilty to a charge of having stolen goods in his possession, and was fined \$25 and costs.

Inability to wiggle your ears is a sign of weakness, says a physical director. Which accounts for a mule being so strong, eh?

Germany lost 1,350,000 killed in the war and not one of the six Hohenzollern sons is among the lot.

**The Man Who Advertises---**

Is the one who believes in modern business methods, who thinks there is "news" in his store for you.

Is the man who buys to advantage, and sells to advantage to you.

Is the man who knows that the more he sells the less margin he can sell on.

Is the man who wants his business to grow, to be of more service to you and your family.

Is the man who wants your business, merits your confidence and protects your interests.

And don't forget—

The man who advertises is the man who is working for a better town and who pays taxes that go toward a better town.

**The Burr Printing Company**

Publishers of the Alliance Herald.  
 Tuesdays and Fridays  
 Alliance, Nebraska

Neat, nifty, great and up-to-date, in rates not very high  
 Extra work I never shirk, in here I live to dyE  
 All cleaned and pressed and labeled, no suit will look more fair  
 Tailor-mades in highest grades, put up with skill and carE  
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