

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners

Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transportation through the mails as second class matter.

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Official newspaper of the City of Alliance; official newspaper of Box Butte County.

Owned and published by The Burr Printing Company, George L. Burr, Jr., President; Edwin M. Burr, Vice President.

A NEW DAY IN POLITICS.

Opinions will very likely differ as to the importance of the political meeting held at a local church last Friday evening, and despite a rather larger number of public entertainments than usual, drew an attendance of seventy-five or more men, made up almost wholly of labor unionists and farmers. There will be democrats and republicans who will laugh up their sleeves at the thought—and the probabilities are that it would be wise to do any laughing that is to be done now, for perhaps after election they may not be able to see the humor of the situation. Humor, you see, depends so much in the point of view.

The fact is, that when seventy-five men, thus early in the political season, get together and seriously consider the problems of local government, it is a matter for serious reflection on the part of party leaders. This is especially true this year, when the spirit of revolt against party dictates and political lines is rampant. In the state of Nebraska there is being organized a third party—headed, it is true, by a few good men and lot of disgruntled politicians—which will, in spite of the selfishness of its leaders, draw thousands of votes from men who were once party wheel horses.

The political meeting in Alliance is noteworthy for what it did not do, as well as what it did. It was the sentiment of this gathering, representative of two important classes of the county's citizenship, that they would not for the present, at least, consider the organization of a unit of the new progressive party. This action was taken despite the appeals of men who came to the meeting fully intending to form a county progressive branch. The men present were given to understand that if the farmers and union men united, they could carry every office in the county. Instead, they determined not to seek class domination of the county, but to use their influence to see that the right candidates are nominated.

There is little doubt that these two classes of Box Butte county voters hold the balance of power. By remaining in their respective parties, they can assure this county of proper officials in every office to be filled. As a third party, it is doubtful if they would exert this much influence. If every union man and every farmer held together and voted together, undoubtedly they could accomplish anything they set out to do. It's problematical whether such an efficient organization could ever be formed, but there is no doubt that, working through the two leading parties now in the field, they will have their wish.

If they keep the same vision with which they have started out, the entire county will be the gainer. If they attempt to use their votes simply to see that men of either class is elected, they may be successful, but the county stands to lose. For in all the world's history there has never been any one class of citizens, or any two classes, which contained the material most fit for leadership or for public servants. The religious class, the military class, the professional classes, the tradesmen or the tradesunions, the farmers or the intellectual class have all had a try at running some ship of state without assistance, and all have failed. But where voters seek only to find the men most fitted for the jobs they fill, then there's no government that can equal it. Fitness for office should be the chief qualification of any candidate, and these seventy-five men, who undoubtedly speak for their fellows all over the county, have caught the idea. If they go ahead on this plan, Box Butte county will have the best public servants it is possible to get.

Future meetings on this order will be watched with great interest. With taxes a burden, it's time to weed out the incompetent and get some men in their places who will lead us back to earth. If farmers and labor unionists, the two classes which are by nature opposed to each other's interests, can get together and resolve on better government, there isn't any reason why this good news can't be spread. The business men, natural allies of the farmers, and with them the chief sufferers from high taxes and incompetence, should be glad to endorse such a move for better county government, just as they endorsed the move to put the municipal affairs on a business

basis. If there is any desire for cooperation in securing the objects the farmers and labor union men have indicated they want, they'll find it unnecessary to ask twice.

A NEW HUMORIST

The world is pretty well filled with writers who essay humor, but few and far between are they who really achieve it. America, considered the stamping ground of the world's great humorists, has produced comparatively few of them on which to base her claims to the honor. Mark Twain and Artemus Ward stand out as the most shining examples of the last generation, and Irvin Cobb, Finley Peter Dunne and Ellis Parker Butler compete with a few lesser lights for prominence in the present day. Humorous writing, which must fairly bubble and sparkle with wit, is the most difficult. All of us have lighter hours, and here and there a man may leave a trace of a light touch, but ordinarily it's pretty heavy stuff.

We've been slipping down hill, so far as great humorists are concerned, since the days of Armetus and Mark. None that has followed has been worthy to fill their shoes. Once in a while, there comes an author with some brilliant piece of work, but he can't sustain the effort. Strickland W. Gillilan who achieved fame overnight with his "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Finnegun," has been trying all his life to duplicate the feat. Finley Peter Dunne, who made a great success of his Peter Dooley stories, has never been able to come back. After "Pigs Is Pigs," Ellis Parker Butler has never been able to ring the bell again. 'Tis a hard world, my masters.

Within the last month a new star has arisen in the humorous firmament, "Uncle Henry," of Collier's Weekly. Uncle Henry preserves his anonymity. His style savors just the veriest trifle of Finley Peter Dunne, but there is more meat in the words. It has the whimsical quality that distinguishes the writings of Samuel Blythe. Withal, it has the substance that comes only from an intimate knowledge of men and affairs, a knowledge of weakness as well as strength. The insight is marvelous, the satire keen and witty.

Uncle Henry at the close of the disarmament conference, gives his version of the meeting. Regrettably, it's too long to be reproduced here, but a few bits will be sufficient to show that America has another Mark Twain in the making. This genial philosophy exposes the bunk and the sham in connection with the conference and in a few minutes dispels illusions that columns of solemn and sensible editorials couldn't touch. Says Uncle Henry, in an interview with the Cub Reporter:

"I don't mind admittin' that I was considerably enthused when Charlie Hughes pushed through his windbreaks an' declared that, in the interest of humanity, not to mention our own—which, goodness knows, is long overdue—there must be no more battleships."

"But that was before Charlie went into the back room. The minute I saw 'em leadin' him away, with Bal-four's arm affectionately thrown about his throat, an' every Jap suckin' up more'n his share of air, somethin' seemed to tell me that the next communique would say it with flowers. Y'see, me boy, we Americans are peculiarly a race of open diplomats—wide open."

"Say," said the Cub Reporter, "I don't want to be knocker but just what does America get out of this anyway?"

"The freedom of the seas, of course. Absolute and unconditional on a line stretchin' from St. Louis to El Paso, with exclusive rights to a marine band at Topoka. Could more be asked?"

"Brenkin' right down, though, an' confessin'," cautiously admitted Uncle Henry "when you consider how fine everything started out, I can't help feelin' that if the President had only—But what's the use! Never happened to see an elephant cross a bridge did you? The intelligent pachyderm, as Joe Tumulty would call him since becoming an author, advances slowly an' puts down one ponderous foot on the first plank. After testing it thoroughly, he brings up another foot. Then he gets on the extreme outer edge with his whole bulk an' gives a series of jiggles. Finally, when convinced that the structure is perfectly safe, he retires to a near-by hill and waits for some venturesome cuss to go across first. That's Warren! The trouble with the disarmament bridge was that none of the nations really wanted to get over on the other side."

"No, sir, as long as you leave it to gold lace an' Prince Alberts, you'll never get rid of armies and navies. It's not that they love peace less, but honor more. You an' me, playing our childish game of 'Dollar, dollar, whose got the dollar?' give a look at America's honor now and then, and are satisfied with seein' it's still there. But only those who sit up with it at night, taking its temperature from hour to hour, an' puttin' on a mustard plaster now an' then to relieve the inflammation, know how delicate the thing really is. War's the only thing that does any good."

"Then there's old Human Nature," mused Uncle Henry. "I was talkin' only yesterday to young Doc Smith. A fine patriot an' a great soldier if his feet hadn't kept him home. According to Doc, there's always been war an' there'll always be war. Ever since man

discovered that the human head was softer than the granite of his humble hatchet, he's been a fightin' animal. If he's at peace, it's only because he's out of breath. 'You can take away navies,' says Doc, 'an' armies an' submarines an' airplanes an' every other scientific device for the promotion of death, an' people'll still go at it with hands an' rocks.'"

"Maybe so. But if a man's dead set on handin' me a wallop, you can just bet I'd rather have him do it with his fist than a hand grenade."

"But don't you think the President—"

"Now you jes' let Warren alone." Uncle Henry commanded. It's a new car he's drivin', an' he's jest mistakin' the foot brake for the gas."

THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

Omaha has been entertaining a girl marvel, a seventeen-year-old seeress who apparently possesses some great psychic powers. In her home town of Atchison, Kas., several years ago she is said to have developed an uncanny ability to locate lost articles. In time she became so proficient at this pursuit that she could locate articles that had been lost for as long as ten years. By easy stages she branched out into the realm of psychic phenomena; from inanimate articles she began locating dogs, cats and livestock. Then she tackled missing persons. The news reports credit her with many astounding successes. An eminent psychologist is testing her powers and she may be given a more elaborate test in the New York psychical institute.

The girl's life story is interesting, and her powers, to say the least, are mystifying. In some instances her predictions have been verified. Just how her forecasts concerning love, marriage and business turn out is not stated. But her powers, in her own estimation, are apparently limitless. She tackles any difficult question and hands out an answer in less time than it takes to record it.

The ancient Greeks used to put considerable faith in their oracles, which were supposed to give advice on all doubtful matters. Eugene Dennis, the "wonder girl" is also oracular in her utterances. Reporters at Omaha put five questions to her—all of them being sticklers. It so happens that there is no way of verifying the truth of the girl's answers, but they will be interesting to everyone who takes comfort in hoping. Thus, Miss Dennis says that national prohibition will never be repealed, but hedges a trifle by saying that enforcement will be much less rigid within a year.

Other answers include this one, in regard to the possibility of another war: "There will be another great war in three or four years. All the great nations, including the United States, will be involved."

"The Wall street bomb was planted by a dark complexioned foreigner. He came to this country by ship, and after the crime, left by ship. He was heavy set and wore a moustache. His name is foreign—I cannot quite get it. It begins with Z, and the third letter is R. He was the representative of more than one person." A delightfully indefinite description, which would fit several thousand people.

And so with the others. Joseph Elwell was killed by "a big man, middle aged, with light hair and blue eyes," hired by a business rival. And Dorothy Arnold, whose disappearance back in 1910 was a country-wide sensation, "is traveling in France, but may go to the orient."

All of the answers quoted have the same vagueness that characterizes the majority of spiritualistic utterances. The conclusion usually is, in such cases, that the spiritualistic medium is bluffing. Noted mediums frankly admit that they are lying, but only when caught at it, giving as their excuse that they can get the truth, but it is such a tremendous mental strain that it's easier to bluff. Miss Dennis, not having been caught, insists that she is duly inspired, and in the face of past experiences, her pronouncements may be taken for what they are worth. Just what that is, this editor hesitates to tell the lady.

And now that our readers are fully informed as to what may be expected if the "wonder girl" has the right connection with the infinite, we are disposed to admit that in all probability her predictions are fully as reliable as those of the old Greek oracles. Further than that we dare not go, even if we wanted to.

Predictions of world disasters to come in 1926 are markedly weakened by the entire failure of predictors to foresee what happened between 1914 and 1918. Such a magnificent opportunity missed that time.

Luther Burbank is said to be at work on a watermelon in which the seeds will be so placed that they can be easily removed, as in a muskmelon. More power to him.

It appears to be no longer necessary for wealth to safeguard tiaras and necklaces. Burglars are disdaining jewelry and specializing on liquor and automobiles.

While waging war on bee diseases, those bee keepers might also endeavor to obtain a reduction in sting armorment.

In The MOVIES

Tonight the Imperial will present for the second time the photoplay "Conflict," with Priscilla Dean. This has been called the "picture with a thousand thrills," and Monday audiences declared that the description is justified. The story concerns Dorcas Remalie, a society girl forced by her father's death to go and live with her uncle, a mysterious reclusive and lumber baron. A crafty and queer house-keeper rules his prison-like home in the deep woods. Menaced by the house-keeper and driven to desperation by the ominous atmosphere of the place, Dorcas runs away. She has fallen in love with Jevons, an educated young lumber man, who has challenged her uncle's supremacy in the timber country. When Jevon's life is threatened she takes up his fight, outwits her uncle's hirelings and brings the timber baron to terms.

"Straight From the Shoulder," a Buck Jones drama, is the attraction for Wednesday. If you were a cowboy, and were admired by a pretty waitress and by the equally pretty daughter of the wealthy owner of a gold mine, which would you choose? In the film, Buck is placed in this position. The way in which he decides makes an interesting story.

Thursday and Friday comes "The Vigilantes," a romance based on the California gold rush days. It's a liberal education in the history of the far west—a thrilling picturization of one of the most romantic and exciting periods in American history. In its preparation a fortune was expended an army of actors and actresses were engaged for months in enacting its five hundred scenes, hundreds of miles were traveled in securing the "locations" and in the preliminary preparation on a big corps of experts were engaged for weeks in collecting historical data in order that they might truly reproduce the atmosphere and scenes as they actually were in those portentous days of '49 when the whole world went mad with the lust for virgin gold after the first discovery at Sutter's Mill. Its seven reels are crowded with magnificent spectacle, heart-gripping thrills, sentiment, tragedy and comedy.

Rents, it is claimed, are going down, doubtless because the public has learned to swallow anything.

Many men are convinced that it is easier to raise taxes than it is to raise the money to pay them.

Wanted to Buy—Your fat hogs or ship them on commission. O'Bannon & Neuswanger. 17-1f

Buy Groceries Carefully

And Save Your Money

Below we give a few of the items that represent a saving to you. Look at them and see what you can use.

Our Regular Prices

Forest City Pancake Flour, 4 lb. sack	25c
No. 1 APRICOTS, per can	15c
No. 1 PEACHES, per can	15c
No. 2 1/2 SLICED PINEAPPLE, per can	30c
QUAKER OATS, per package	25c
No. 2 1/2 FRUIT SALADS, per can	50c
GALLON PEACHES, can	70c
GALLON APRICOTS, can	75c
GALLON LOGANBERRIES, can	90c
GALLON BLACKBERRIES, can	95c

Try this for Economy

MAKE YOUR OWN FRUIT

You can, with very little work, prepare one gallon of delicious fruit from one package. It's worth trying.

16 ounce package of EVAPORATED LOGANBERRIES, at

52c

Lee Moore

119 West Third Street.



'What is SHE going to Do?'

Statistics from a reliable source tell us that nine men out of 1,000 die every year.

In many cases families are left in comfortable circumstances, but in others the widow and her children are nothing more than paupers—public charges.

IT IS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Have you provided for the contingency: "What is she going to do?"

Our suggestion is: Start a Bank Account TODAY. It won't take long to accumulate quite a sum that can be used nicely until your family adjust itself to the new conditions imposed upon it. Don't put it off until it is too late.

COME IN AND SEE US TODAY!

The First State Bank