

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS

At last it begins to look as though there might be an election in Box Butte county this year. Day by day a few more candidates are beginning to come out and by the time the idea of March are upon us, there should be a pretty respectable crop of citizens who have looked upon the court house and selected the offices they would like to have for their very own, providence and the people permitting.

The prospect gets better as the time goes on. This year, it seems, there is no grand rush to get in line for the offices, and friends have had to do a considerable bit of urging. Some of them are yet wondering whether their favorites will consent to make the race they are being groomed for. There seems to be a general impression that when the time comes to cast ballots, there will be so many candidates out that it will be difficult to see the polls. The average man who looks longingly at an office likes to feel, before he definitely commits himself, that he has at least a fair show for his white alley. It's probable that a whole lot of pretty good official timber is holding back waiting to see how the water is before they take the plunge.

The most interesting fight, judging by present indications, will be connected with the appointment of a successor to District Judge W. H. Westover, if he is elected to the supreme bench and resigns his present position. There will be two years of his unexpired term to be filled. No candidates are out openly for this place yet, although it was understood last week that a young Alliance attorney, who numbers some good local republican politicians among his friends, will be urged for the appointment.

It now seems probable that there will be two Alliance attorneys in the contest to see who will wear Judge Westover's shoes. Another prominent attorney, also young, is being urged by his friends to have a try for it. He's also a republican, and while he'll have a somewhat different set of backers than the first, he has had assurances from various attorneys over the big Sixth district that they'll be glad to recommend him highly if he'll only indicate that he wants it. Of course, there will also be half a dozen other candidates from attorneys in various parts of the district, and it's not at all a settled fact that either Alliance man will be selected, although both will be able to get some good recommendations and some backers with influence in the McKelvie court.

So far as county politics are concerned, there are a few new hats in or near the ring. Lloyd Thomas is believed to be casting covetous eyes on a seat in the state senate, although he hasn't said so where anyone could hear him. At least two other Alliance men are considering trying for this job. It is said that Rev. B. J. Minort, who has a large following among labor unions and farmers, has been urged to try for the state house of representatives, but he, too, has given no sign that the prospect appeals to him.

The first candidate to come out openly for county commissioner from the Third district is Deputy Sheriff Tom Miskimen, who has been persuaded by friends to stand for the office. Mr. Miskimen would be a leading candidate for sheriff, but has positively declined to consider this office. He's been in the court house for well over a year, and has a pretty definite idea of what is needed in the way of a business administration of county affairs. He has made no promises, save that if he is selected, he'll give the county the best there is in him. Mr. Miskimen should make a strong candidate, and a good official if he is selected. He has a wide acquaintance and should pull pretty strong support at the primaries and the general election.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

If you find pleasure in harking back to the old days—and some good people do—read Lord Chesterfield's opinion of women, and thank your stars that in some respects, at least, the world has moved, and women have moved along with it. Chesterfield wrote some thirty years before the American revolution. Some imp suggested to us that Alliance men and women will be interested in his views on the sex that has been maligned since the cave men were alive.

Of course, if father finds this first, he can have a quiet chuckle—he won't dare let it be heard lest the family question him. If mother or daughter should see it first, they may spill ink over the page or else philosophically bless themselves for an enlightened public opinion.

Here in the west, where the women work with the men and no false standards of labor exist, we can read this analysis and laugh over it. But there are places where it might stir up a riot. If the reader's home is one of them, we can assure him that we gave strict orders for the boys in the back room to leave this out. And now, here is a calm, dispassionate, eighteenth century view of lovely women:

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together. Some little passion or humor always breaks up their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct, that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming.

A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about or trusts them with, serious matters; though he often makes them believe that he does both, which is the thing the world round that they are proud of, for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which by the way, they always spoil); and being justly distrustful, that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore the man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them—I say, who seems—for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gracefully accept the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan.

Women, who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings; but those who are in the state of mediocrity are best flattered upon their beauty or at least their graces, for every woman who is absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome, but not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due, but wants to shine, and to be considered on the side of her understanding; and a woman, who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is consequently (and probably in more senses than one) her weak side.

But these are secrets which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex. On the contrary, a man who thinks of love in the great world must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the beau monde, and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them; and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive; but in this they are not singular, for it is the same with men; who will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult.

AUTO LICENSE SLACKERS.

There is a feeling on the part of a good many automobile owners who have dug into their jeans and produced the necessary cash to secure a couple of license tags, that the law ought to be more strictly enforced and that every other auto driver ought to be compelled to immediately buy a license. It's more or less of a mystery why the payment of a license fee—even if it is done a month or so late—gives an automobile owner such an inward and outward glow of civic righteousness and arouses at the same time a feeling of tremendous indignation against others who are just a little slower. The feeling of exaltation produced is akin only to that resulting when a man makes a mistake and drops a dollar into the missionary collection when he intended to put in only a thin dime. The feeling of indignation toward the license slackers is comparable only to that experienced when a man is short-changed at a circus. It is a feeling of rage, accompanied by a sense of hopelessness.

Our automobile license law is enforced fairly well, take it the year over, but it's usually pretty late in the summer before the last man gets his license. All of us are more or less slack about it. The only exceptions are the fellows who want some certain number pretty bad, and get their requests and cash in early to avoid disappointment. The rest of us do it when we get around to it, or when the police or sheriff's force remind us about it. Usually the car is marooned in the garage the first of the year, and if we plan to take only a few drives before spring, we postpone getting a license and take our chance on arguing it out with the cops.

In the good old days, there was always an alibi. We could tell the officer, with a virtuous and slightly bored air, that the number had been ordered,

the fee paid, but the tag hadn't arrived. Since every number was sent out from the state engineer's office, this excuse was plausible enough to get over quite often. Alas, it won't go now, so beware about using it. Under the law now in effect, the tin tags are all in the county treasurer's office, and it takes but two or three minutes to secure delivery after the fee is paid.

However, the kickers are right, for once. It's unfair to have some auto owners pay their license fee promptly, and permit others to hold on to their money and postpone the agony for months. The law is a bit too strict. A fine of \$10 and costs is provided by the statute, but it's too strong a penalty for forgetfulness or neglect. When an officer sees a car with an old license, he reminds the driver. Sometimes it's necessary to remind him another time. The rule is always to arrest the second or third time, but it hasn't been necessary to do it for months.

But unless the forgetful ones are actually arrested, it's unfair to the fellows who do pay on time, and is an encouragement to others to wait the next time. Sheriff Miller and City Manager Kemmish were talking it over the other day, and they decided that in time the legislature would put a penalty of, say, a dollar each month for the fellows who delayed securing licenses. Something like this will undoubtedly come in time, if the license law isn't repealed, and any prospective candidate for the legislature is welcome to use the suggestion. As there are now a full thousand auto owners who have paid in their money, advocacy of such a measure will win, rather than lose votes.

WHY DO THEY LIKE 'EM FAT?

(London Opinion.)
Why do women like ugly men? At least as husbands. If you examine the average husband carefully, you find that his face resembles a turnip with the moth in it and the features have not been acquired, but have been thrust upon it, probably with the aid of a shovel.

A man suggests that it is because of the natural law that we all choose our opposites. All women are lovely, whereas the men they capture for their own personal uses are invariably ugly. But I doubt this. Women prefer ugly husbands because there is less chance of their being stolen by some other predatory female. A man with a face like a collapsed blanc mange can be left lying loose in any ball room and will always be found there when he's wanted again, whereas a husband with a profile like a Greek god would be snapped up as quickly as a blouse at a bargain sale.

A mere man has just asked me why so many women like fat husbands. Most fat men are married, and he says that possibly those who are fat first of all have no chance, because they can't run fast enough to get away. At the same time he has noticed that the men who are thin when they are single invariably attain a certain rotundity after their wives begin to take care of them. He thinks that it must be due to the fact that women prefer them that way and deliberately fatten them up like chickens.

Of course he's wrong. Husbands who make the stairs creak as they come down are a nuisance. They wear out the carpets and break the best chairs. The fact is that husbands have such an easy time of it, while their poor wives fetch their slippers, load their pipes for them, and generally nurse them, that they can't help getting fat. And I suppose in a way that husbands are a good thing and that you can't have too much of a good thing.

THE REAL PROBLEM.

(Nebraska State Journal.)

The two things have no connection, apparently, but nevertheless they have set some people to thinking. At a large gathering of Lincoln people two or three weeks ago it was noticed that almost everybody danced and danced until they put out the lights. Six or seven years ago the same organization held exactly the same sort of a party. Only a few couples danced. Most of the people yawned and went home soon after 9 o'clock.

The thing that has no connection with this particular dance that anybody can determine is the increase in delinquency. But the strict moralists say that they are really cut off the same piece of goods. The study of the crowding of the state correctional institutions made by the state board of control makes the automobile a prime cause of the trouble, with the movies and the dance crowding along for second and third place.

Some of the dancers at this party were later discussing the change in their own habits and asking each other what it all meant. Some of them belong to a church organization that has always put the ban on dancing. "I learned to dance," said one staid citizen, "so that I can keep in touch with my children. I figure that they are going to dance anyhow. I want to keep in sympathy with them, and this helps. I want them to think their father and mother are not hopeless old fossils when we join in their parties. Maybe they will laugh at us behind our backs, and think we are funny freaks. Who knows? I would give a farm to be able to tell what to do to bring up my children to make the sort of men and women I would like them to be."

Wanted—100-lb. stock pigs. O'Bannon & Neuwanger. 18tf

Present fashions suggest that in the day of the Mother Hubbard there was less dog.

Next thing somebody will be prosecuted for passing Russian rubles for cigar coupons.

That man who says he has discovered a weed which cures the tobacco habit is behind time. We know of cigar manufacturers who beat him to it.

The farmer who raises potatoes isn't going over those hills to the poorhouse.

Any man who holds the view that talk is cheap hasn't had a shave or hair cut lately.

A writer says China's great need is some one in the saddle who will provide a stable government. Something suggests that at some time this writer rode a horse.

B-B

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On the Basis of Quality, Workmanship and Prompt Service.

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WORKMANSHIP—We have secured the services of a thoroughly expert repair man, who has spent 18 years at the game and knows his work.

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WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE AND ARE WAITING THE CHANCE TO SHOW YOU.

B & B Electric Shoe Shop

W. B. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

UNDER ALLIANCE NATIONAL BANK

ANNOUNCEMENT

Box Butte Market

will be opened Saturday, March 4th in the building between the Guardian State Bank and Woods Barber Shop.

Fourth Street Market

will still continue business at the old stand, and the same prices will be maintained, as near as possible, at both places.

We Call Your Attention to a Few Special Prices

GOOD FROM SATURDAY, MARCH 4th TO WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8th

Sugar, 100 lbs.	\$6.45	Oranges, Sweet California Navels, per dozen	26c and 31c
Flour, Pride of the Rockies, 48 lbs.	\$1.79	Peaches, per gallon	64c
Peaberry Coffee, per lb.	24c	Carnation Milk, tall can	9c
Blackberries, per gallon	86c	Fresh Eggs, per dozen	22c
Apricots, per gallon	74c	Creameyr Butter, per lb.	34c

These Prices Good at Both Stores

We now have one of the largest stocks of groceries in western Nebraska and are

Prepared to Meet Any and All Competition

We appreciate the business given us by the people of Alliance and surrounding territory during the past and will try to conduct the business in the future so we can still enjoy your liberal patronage. Respectfully yours,

Fourth Street Market---Box Butte Market

LEHR & HIRST, Proprietors

114 West Fourth Street

218 Box Butte Ave.