

WAREHOUSE LAW IN THE MAKING

Members Begin to Arrange For
Keeping Party Plodge.

DEMOCRATS FAVOR MEASURE.

Merton L. Corey of Clay Center Speaks
Glowingly of What He Thinks It
Will Do—Says Farmers Are the
Chief Beneficiaries.

Lincoln—After numerous defeats
brought on largely through the
misunderstanding of the objects
sought, it appears probable that a
warehouse law will be enacted at the
coming session of the legislature.

The Democratic platform declared
for such an act, the Democratic cam-
paign orators extolled it in their meet-
ings over the state and the Democratic
literature lauded it to the political
skies. Now that the Democrats are
to be in power—admittedly in a meas-
ure through their advocacy of this
legislation—they will proceed to carry
out their platform pledge.

Since election some of the party
leaders of the state have been putting
in considerable time studying the
problem. The warehouse laws of Min-
nesota, Kansas, Missouri and Illinois
have been carefully studied and the
best points of each of them have been
picked out for the proposed enactment
in this state. In the front rank of
this work has been Merton L. Corey
of Clay Center, the man who worked
the plank in the Democratic platform
and who, in the capacity of chairman
guided the state convention affairs at
Columbus last July.

Mr. Corey started life as a farm
boy, he obtained his education among
farmers and he has lived and worked
among farmers all his life. He be-
lieves that this legislation will apply
with striking force to farm conditions.
In an interview for this paper Mr
Corey gives what he believes to be
the salient points of the legislation
the effect it will have on the sale of
farm products and on general business
conditions in the state. His state-
ment is of particular interest at this
time and should be read by every
man who is interested in his own well-
fare and the welfare of the state.

"There are two pressing problems in
this state," said Mr. Corey. "One is
the problem of financing the tenant
farmers, and the other the problem of
getting up market conditions that will
enable all farmers, tenants and owners,
to obtain equitable prices for their
products."

"Statistics of the state show that of
the 120,000 farms reported upon
practically 50,000 of them were oper-
ated by tenant farmers. Those fifty
thousand men depend upon the coun-
try bankers for their finances. The
country bankers in order to protect
themselves must charge higher rates
than where a warehouse law would
enable them to loan upon warehouse
receipts as collateral. And under
present conditions, in order to make
payments upon money due these
banks, the tenants must sell on a de-
pressed market—at a time when the
prices are at lowest ebb and when re-
turns to the farmers are therefore
less than as if they were enabled to
hold their grain."

"This reacts against both the farm-
ers and the bankers, and finally
reaches the storekeeper and the re-
tail merchants in all lines. As the
farmer is held down in his operations
so are the balance of the business-
men in the state held down. And as the
farmers prosper so do the other lines
of business take on a brighter busi-
ness outlook."

"With public warehouses the farm-
ers could store their grain and set
on the rising market, a month later
than they now ordinarily do, or
two months or three, as the case might
warrant from the condition of the
market. The gain to them would be
enormous. On wheat alone it would
amount to enough to pay all state
taxes in a year. On other grains it
would total high. In a year on all
crops of the state it would pile up
enormously in the entire state. It
would spell the difference between
success and failure of hundreds of
the farmers of the state and no small
number of retail business men. The
good that such a law would do would
be reflected all the way up the scale
from the cross-roads store to the big
Omaha wholesalers, and from the
small bank to the biggest financial in-
stitutions in the state. It is some-
thing that has done much good in
these lines for the states where the
laws are now operative, and will un-
questionably do much good for the
people of this state."

"Government statistics show that
on Aug. 1 the federal authorities esti-
mated the winter wheat crop in Ne-
braska at 60,274,000 bushels. The in-
crease in the market from July 2
to Oct. 30 was 32 cents a bushel. An
october of the wheat, just how much
one can say, was sold on the de-
pressed market. Apply the warehouse
law, enable the farmers to have held
their grain and most of it would have
been sold at the top prices. Figures
the increase on half of the amount—
I would have been nearly \$10,000,000,
or enough to have footed all the appro-
priations of the state for the two
years 1913 and 1914. It would have

paid for 10,000 one thousand dollar
automobiles, or enough for an auto for
every family in the city of Lincoln.

"Who got the advance? The oper-
ators in the big markets, the fellow-
who didn't have to turn their fingers
over in raising the crop. The Nebras-
ka farmer who did the real work got a
pitifully small share of what he
was entitled to.

"I want to see the enactment of a
workable bill, one that will put Ne-
braska even ahead of other states
where such laws are now on the sta-
tute books. And from what I have
heard from a number of the legislators
there will be such a law enacted and
the farmers of the state will be able
to proceed under it at least in 1916."

The board of control, having charge
of the fifteen state institutions, has
given out figures showing that in spite
of an increase of 12 per cent in the
inmates in the institutions, the cost of
maintenance and all expenses will run
\$346,000 less than was appropriated
for the purpose two years ago. This
is a most remarkable showing. It
means that if the legislators accept
the board's figures that the hue and
cry of increased appropriations will
die down in the campaign two years
hence. If the figure is not reduced
it will mean that the Democrats will
be to blame in entirety this session
—for last session the house was Dem-
ocratic and the senate Republican
and the people were constrained to ac-
cept the view that both parties were
responsible for the big gain.

If the legislature holds to the opin-
ion that the members of this board
have a thorough understanding of the
needs of the various institutions, and
if the solons realize also that the
board has reported everything that is
needed and nothing that is not needed,
then there will some ostentatious good
be done. The lawmakers will not have
to make committee trips to state in-
stitutions, the house sessions will be
greatly facilitated, and the members
of the legislature from the districts
where the state institutions are lo-
cated will not be expected to pull the
pork barrel movement in their activi-
ties of the session.

Legislators who have been in the
city and talked over the matter de-
clare that the board is in an eminently
better position to tell what is needed
at the various institutions than are the
legislators who make flying trips to
the institutions and whose knowledge
is limited to a day or a day and a half
investigation.

The personnel of the board, former
Governor Silas A. Holcomb, former
District Judge Howard Kennedy of
Omaha, and Henry Gerdes, for sever-
terms a state legislator, is such that
everyone may have the utmost confi-
dence in them. Lawmakers who
come down here and spend a few short
weeks trying to aid in the main-
tenance of the government could
hardly be expected to improve on the
recommendations of this body.

Late this week the speakership
contests will assume more definite
ground than they have in the past. F.
M. Broome of Alliance is due to ar-
rive in the city, Dr. G. W. Meredith of
Ashland will also drop in for a day or
so, and H. C. Richmond of Omaha will
not remain away from sight. These
three men, with George Jackson, are
those around whom speakership talk
centers at the present time. Broome
is the dark horse, while Richmond and
Jackson are the leading candidates
just now. The Omaha man apparently
has the edge on his rivals as far as
aggressiveness is concerned and ap-
parent friendships with former law-
makers out in the state. He is thought
to be well fitted for the place. Talk
has already started over where the
other entrants in the race could be
placed if they lost out in the race. In
this manner, George Jackson has been
referred to as a likely candidate for
the chairmanship of the house finance
committee. Mr. Broome for the insur-
ance committee and Dr. Meredith for
the cities and towns committee. Those
who have felt that another than Mr.
Richmond would be elected speaker
have suggested that the Omaha man
be given the latter place. It is one
of the important offices within the gift
of the committee on committees and
is generally filled by a man from either
Omaha or Lincoln, as legislator
affecting each of these cities comes
up at every session.

Amendment to the primary law is
quite sure to come up at this session.
Objections galore to the present law
have been piling up for some time and
it is probable that several schemes
will be proposed which will modify it
to a considerable extent. One of the
plans most advocated and which would
undoubtedly stand a fair chance of
passage contemplates the nomination
of United States senator and governor
railway commissioner and supreme
judge by the voters and the nomina-
tion of all other state officials at the
state conventions. The closed primary
law would still prevail under this
scheme. Delegates to the state con-
vention, it is proposed further, shall
be chosen by county primaries held at
the same time at which the state nomi-
nating primaries are held.

The proposal to raise property val-
uation for taxation purposes to the full
value and to lower the maximum of
levies will quite likely be agreed to
by the coming legislature. The pro-
posal conforms entirely with modern
tax canons and will enable the state
to be less easily undertaxed in the
future than it has since 1903, when
the basis was altered to one-eighth.
The proposal has few enemies, as far
as can be learned and it is probable
that no better measure can be passed
any great amount of money.

Simpson's Christmas

By KENNETH RAND

"Idiot!" he added. "Even if they are my own relatives!" he supplemented with a dogged shake of his partially bald head.

The souvenir postal card which called forth his opprobrious language had just arrived.

"Look at this, will you?" He turned the card over in his fingers.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!" Mr. Simpson read the inscription. Then he turned it over.

"We want you with us day after tomorrow for a good, old-fashioned family reunion around the festive Christmas board!" he read in three lines of handwriting on the other side of the card.

"There you are!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "There you are, doggone it!"

He waved the card violently around in the air at arm's length as he continued muttering.

"They send you one of these paper dollies from a madhouse dining room," went on Mr. Simpson to the listening walls of the room of which he was the only occupant—"with 'Peace on earth, good-will to men' on one side, and on the other an invitation to take a six-hour trip out into the slushy country for a rotten meal with a gang of people who drive me crazy at the thought of 'being related to, every time I see 'em.'"

"Here I am," he said, regretfully shaking his head over his hard lot in life, "here I am, planning that I'll be comfortable for at least one Christmas, anyway. Family away in Florida for the winter; me here all alone, to do just as I like—and now along comes this—this summons to spend a day being miserable!"

Suddenly Mr. Simpson sat up straight in his chair.

"By jerry!" he ejaculated suddenly. "By jerry—what's to hinder me from being the martyr in the cause? What's to prevent me from putting an end to this dad-dinged practice—huh?"

"Suppose I don't go to this Christmas reunion? Suppose I stay home here and enjoy my day of peace on earth in the way I want to? What will happen?"

"Why, next year there won't be a single, solitary soul of my relations that will get together in an affair of this kind. I'll have pointed the way—I'll be the example they've been waiting to follow away from custom—and, by jerry, I'll bet you the thing will spread, too!"

"And I'll be responsible for it!" added Mr. Simpson joyously—"if I



stay away, just this once, from this Christmas party I've been invited to!

"And think of the good I'm doing to other people, too!" he added. "How grateful the public will be to me for pointing out the way to their own release from this idiotic custom of sacrificing themselves!"

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if there would be a statue erected to me as the first man who stayed away from a family reunion at this holiday! I can see it now, labeled: 'The People's Santa Claus—He Gave Us What We Wanted Most for Christmas!'"

And so, in pleasant reflection upon the perfection of his plan as he had carried it out, Mr. Simpson's thoughts ran until Christmas morning.

It was Mr. Simpson's idea to eat his Christmas dinner, ordered in from a nearby restaurant, in the solitude of his own home, bare as it was of his family.

At one o'clock the waiter brought in the heavy tray. Mr. Simpson superintended the arrangement of its contents on the table in the dining room.

And it was just one-fifteen, as he stood rubbing his hands at the prospect of eating alone on Christmas for the first time in his life—when the doorbell rang.

"Doggone it!" burst out Mr. Simpson. "What's that?"

For a moment he decided not to open the door. Then he changed his mind and went downstairs, two at a time. It might be some bad news from his absent family.

He threw open the portal—and staggered back into the hall.

And after him trooped a gayly shouting and laughing party of sixteen—Mr. Simpson's relatives!

"We came to eat our Christmas dinner here!" cried one of his aunts. "You poor man—we knew you'd be all alone!" gushed a first cousin.

"We didn't want you to eat your Christmas dinner all by yourself," chortled another female relation, "so we brought ours here in baskets to eat with you!"

Mr. Simpson looked over the crowd still streaming into his front hall. His lips pursed tightly as he led the way to the dining room.

But all he said, unintelligibly to his unexpected guests, was:
"Well, I guess they won't put up that statue of me as Santa Claus this year!"

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Rosie's Santy Man

By IRENE BEACH

"OH DEAR! I wish he'd come," sighed Rosie Perona.

"Maybe he be sick," said the brother, as he dusted carefully the array of fruit arranged with such a holiday air in the narrow window of his shop. "He come if he not sick. You wait, Santy man no forget."

But Rosie in spite of her brother's encouraging words became very impatient. Finally she started in search of the kind friend, who was none other than the Santy of her street. Not the real Santy of Christmas eve, but a man who just pretended he was the same jovial friend of holly and cheer and wore a cloak and hat of red, faced with fur, and carried instead of a long whip to urge tired reindeer, a sign which told of a wonderful toyshop just around the corner.

A week before Pietro had seen from his little shop windows this same Santy man stagger and fall. Then both he and Rosie had helped the stranger into the fruit shop, where food and sympathy had been generously given. Now, it was the day before Christmas and the stranger who each day had stopped at Pietro's little shop had failed to appear.

"Maybe—he up the street somewhere," the brother had called to Rosie. "When you see him, tell him, tomorrow we look for him to eat with us. Yes?"

Rosie nodded and went on down the long avenue. There was a gentle snow falling, just enough to add to the street the touch of Christmas. But nowhere



could Rosie see the kind Santy man of her street, who had told her such wonderful tales of toys, fairies and of the real country of deep hills and red sunsets.

Suddenly she thought of something, a something so different that it made her heart go thumpy-thump. She would go to the wonderful toyshop, just around the corner and see for herself, if her friend was there.

But not a tired, hurried clerk of the shop had time to answer Rosie's questions. Finally she approached a tall gray-haired man standing in the center of the long aisle. She felt certain he would know something about the Santy of her street.

"Please, do you know our Santy man?"

"Who?" asked the man.

"The Santy man, who wore a red coat, cap and carried a sign?"

"No, I don't. What is it you want to buy, little girl?"

"I don't want to buy nothin'. I'm just lookin' for the Santy man of my street. He—" Then Rosie could say no more. The lumps would stick in her throat, no matter how hard she swallowed.

Just what might have happened is hard to say, if a lady standing near hadn't heard what Rosie said and wanted to help her. She knew exactly what to do.

An hour later, after seeing Pietro at his little shop, Rosie rode away with the lady, who was very beautiful, by the way, in her big automobile, to the hospital, where the poor Santy had been taken the night before.

It was a wondering, curious little Rosie, who followed her friend down the long, cool hall to the ward where the sick Santy man lay. Timidly she walked to the man's bedside. He saw her. He held out his hand. Rosie grabbed it and held it close and fast in her own little hands.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're found. Me and Pietro love you so much. I never



would have found you if the beautiful lady hadn't—"

But Rosie didn't finish the sentence, for Santy hadn't heard a word she was saying. He was staring with deep, strange eyes at the lady, who had drawn nearer the sick man's bed.

"Sis," he whispered.

"Bob," she answered.

There Rosie sat with shining eyes and a little heart thumping and listened to the wonderful story of her Santy man and the lady. Santy was none other than the lady's brother, whom she hadn't seen since the day, years and years ago, he ran away to sea. And the lady? She was the beautiful fairy of the toy-shop.

"And did you know all the time she owned it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go and see her?"

"Because I was too poor, sick and proud."

Now, of course, like all stories where fairies and Santy hold forth, everybody was glad and lived happy ever afterward. It was a wonderful day for Rosie and Pietro.

And up and down Rosie's street, too, there was gladness; for the good news had spread to the children. Rosie and the sparrows told, that the Santy man of their street had found a sister.

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WARNING TO CITIZENS

Apparently many citizens of Alliance allow trash to accumulate on their premises with an idea that a "clean-up" day will be designated for the city to remove it. There is no official clean-up day for the city of Alliance but every day is clean-up day for the citizens to whom we want to issue a final warning. The city ordinances with regard to these matters are very plain and the health conditions of the city are more to be considered than anything else. Re-

fuse, accumulating, is almost certain to spread disease, especially typhoid and other malarial diseases which make it an offense punishable by fine to permit refuse or filth to accumulate on vacant lots or in alleys.

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