

# THE ALLIANCE HERALD

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## TRIBUTE TO AN ALLIANCE CITIZEN

Lieutenant Governor Edgar Howard, in his editorials in the Columbus Telegram of October 5th, made some very complimentary remarks regarding an Alliance man who at the present time holds the office of postmaster. Postmaster Graham may blush a little when he reads the tribute of the gentleman who will soon be governor of the state, but it is well deserved. The editorial reads as follows:

I am a believer in and lover of men. I have often been styled a hero-worshipper, and the styling carries with it no shame. Yes, it is wickedly true that in the world are many men not worthy of worship, but also many in whose presence the very gods might appropriately stand uncovered. One day last week I visited ranch friends in the "potash" district in the sand-hills section of Nebraska. Much has been published about the marvelous development of the potash industry in that section. Indeed that new industry has been bringing to many people vast riches as quickly as a Wallingford might seek to acquire them. I know one rancher who is now daily drawing a revenue of \$2,000 from a sand-hills lake which four years ago was regarded as a dangerous nuisance, so dangerous that he had to fence his cattle away from its poisonous waters. But I started to tell the story of a man I love, rather than a potash story. This man owns a large ranch near Alliance. On the ranch are many little lakes, all more or less impregnated with potash and kindred minerals. My friend is a cow-man and not a miner, and so he paid little heed to the potash excitement which has so enriched and excited his neighborhood. But the potash prospectors continued to hound him for permission to exploit the potash lakes on his land, and at last he verbally gave permission to a local company to put up a plant and extract potash from the waters of two little lakes which assayed promisingly, the company agreeing to give him ten per cent of all potash values taken from the lakes. Last Wednesday evening I left the ranch and journeyed with my friend to his home town of Alliance. There he was approached by some wealthy potash operators from a distant city. They asked him if he had sold the potash privileges upon certain of his lakes. He said he had not, but also stated that he had told other parties he would let them work his lakes on a royalty basis. Thereupon the wealthy visitors informed him they would allow him the same royalty which the other fellows had offered, and addition would pay him a cash bonus of ten thousand dollars if he would give them in writing the same agreement he had virtually given to the other prospectors. And then the noble fellow replied: "Sure \$10,000 is a nice bit of money to pick up in a day, but of course I could not accept the money, because I gave my word to the other fellows." But the visitors insisted he had not signed any papers, and was entirely free to take the money and make a new deal with them. The only reply of my friend was: "You do not seem to understand me. I told you that I had given my promise to the other fellows." And so I am never ashamed when men call me a lover of men and a hero-worshipper, and in the category of living heroes I behold none more noble than my ranch friend, Robert Graham, who would not break his spoken word for \$10,000.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AN EVIDENCE OF GOOD NEWSPAPER

A newspaper or magazine is usually judged by its subscription list. A newspaper in a town the size of Alliance must be "there with the goods" or its subscription list will not increase. The Alliance Herald has placed itself at the top in this section of the state by avoiding sensational methods and by continuing week after week, issue after issue, to give its readers all the news. That this is a paying proposition from a circulation standpoint is proven to our satisfaction by the constant and steady increase in regular subscribers. None of the Herald's competitors even attempt to compare circulation any more—they were left far down the line long ago. But this has not caused us to lessen our efforts to give our readers all the news.

During the week ending October 13th a total of 109 new subscribers were added to our list. True, this was an exceptional week, but it is now a regular thing for the week's end to show a good, big list of new readers. We welcome these new readers each week into The Herald's family. We feel that every new reader adds to the field of influence of this paper. We know that it widens the market for our advertisers. And we intend to show our appreciation of our constantly increasing scope by continuing to give all the news each issue.

## TARRED WITH THE SAME STICK

The Kaiser is said to have "exiled" Bernstorff to Constantinople in punishment for misjudging President Wilson and the temper of the American people. The Kaiser's impotent rage can be readily understood, but when Bernstorff assured Berlin that the President would never do anything but write "notes" of a fine literary flavor and that the American people could not even be dragged into war he proved himself to be no bigger fool than the average German diplomat. Everywhere the same story has been told. In spite of the boasted "efficiency" of the German system, in all countries the Kaiser's diplomats have seen only what they wanted to see and believed only what they wanted to believe, their overweening self-confidence and conceit blinding their eyes to any point of view but their own. They seemed to be convinced that "Deutschland uber alles" was not merely a policy of military Germany but an immutable law of the universe.

Their confident effort to control American politics, to elect an American Congress, to defeat a candidate for the Presidency, to make the United States an adjunct to Germany, by flattering aristocratized Germans and their children in the hope of becoming the naturalized of this country when militant Teutonism became all-dominating, by playing upon the European prejudices of other than German hyphenates, by stirring up every secretly anti-American element, by financing German-American societies, by raising successive corruption funds to "influence" Congress, by cajoling the weak-minded and stimulating the traitorously inclined of every name and order—all this was but a part of the game which they confidently attempted to play throughout the world.

## MORE DAMNING EXPOSURES

Did President Wilson know a year ago that Jeremiah O'Leary of New York was associated with the German plot to control our national election? Perhaps he did not know all that he knows now, but it is evident that he knew much even then, for when O'Leary, the pro-German Irish agent, telegraphed the President that he would not vote for him, he received the following sarcastic and withering reply: "I should feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them."

One of the most remarkable features of the successive exposures of German plots is the evidence of the complete confidence on the part of both Bernstorff and his agents that their plans would succeed and that their tracks would remain covered. It seemed to be assumed that the United States could be readily controlled by Germany and that all those who assisted, whether foreign, naturalized or renegade, would share richly in the great reward. Such confidence is evident in Bernstorff's telegram to his government on September 15 of last year, wherein, referring to the earlier "fruitful" operations of the "embargo conference," he stated that the same was "just about to enter upon a vigorous campaign to secure a majority in both houses of Congress, and requests further support." What the American public would like to know is the total of these successive corruption funds, just how they were employed, who agreed to do the Kaiser's work, and how many resolutions in Congress, like the one explicitly mentioned, were the direct result.

## THE SAFEST INVESTMENT

A boy in Denver earning \$10 a week has asked his employer to reserve \$1 of it a week and buy for him a \$50 Liberty bond. This is but one of many similar instances reported, revealing a patriotic desire among the poor and struggling to contribute a little toward the great fund for a vigorous prosecution of the war. But these inspiring examples of self-denial in the country's cause reveal also good business judgment. The bond buyer receives as well as gives; he not only comes to the aid of the government but makes a good interest-bearing investment, the safest that he could possibly choose. The bond he receives in due course is the best security in the world because the promise to pay is backed by the faith and honor of the United States, the richest nation in the world. A government bond is the direct and unconditional promise of the United States to pay upon a certain date a specified sum of money in gold, together with interest at a specific rate, payable at stated dates until the bond matures or is called for redemption.

The government of the United States has never failed to pay its bonds when due and never will fail. The great corporations and rich individuals are investing billions in war bonds, seeing the advantage of so good an investment as well as responding to the patriotic impulse. Their totals for the first few days are so enormous as to suggest that the rich are in a hurry to take the whole issue. But the second Liberty loan is practically unlimited, and there is a chance for all. Alliance, Box Butte county and all western Nebraska, for that matter, is responding to the call and will be in the running when the final count is taken.

## THE DISLOYAL PRESS

Even after they received due warning, many American newspapers published in German and some published in English continued their efforts to create anti-war sentiment and embarrass the government in its course chosen by the will of the people. Those papers have frequently made such assertions as that this war is not for the rights and honor of the United States, but was arbitrarily precipitated by the "English-American clique" in the interests of England, France and Russia, the "three greatest highwaymen in history." But the disloyal press is growing much more cautious as a result of the government's crusade against them. It is stated that hardly a day passes now without two or more publishers, mostly of German-language papers, being called before inquiring Federal officials to explain seditious editorial utterances, and, even if not indicted for treason, as in the case of the editors of the Philadelphia Tageblatt, in most instances their mail privileges are taken away.

In consequence many little known newspapers and magazines have quietly suspended, and this process will go on, for the postal officials are determined to continue a vigorous campaign against the seditious press. These suspensions of publications are said to be at the rate of two or three a day. All loyal America will approve of this good work well done. Let the seditious editors now out of a job go to their beloved Germany and publish their treasonable utterances there, or, more, appropriate still, let them risk their hides in the Kaiser's military service.

## WAR AND MATRIMONY

It has long been known that "a woman loves a soldier," the fascination which a military uniform holds for both the young and old of the opposite sex having been remarked for generations. But it seems to have been left for this war to show that there is a sort of secret co-partnership between fearsome Mars and gentle Cupid, for these, although so dissimilar in all their characteristics, now seem to be heartily joining in team work "with a view to matrimony" on a vast scale. Every American community at all in touch with the war movement has its expanding record of sudden engagements and prompt marriages between adoring young women and departing warriors-to-be. The girl who otherwise would demand to be wooed for months or years, or who could not be captured at all because she regarded the suitor as just an ordinary fellow, seems to capitulate without a struggle to the conquering youth clothed in the magic khaki. The observer is almost inclined to accept the view that Cupid soon more than repairs the ravages of the toll taken by Mars out of the world's population.

This determination to marry on the eve of war despite every obstacle finds novel illustration in the marriage over the telephone of a young lieutenant at Camp Mills in New York and the girl of his choice at Bainbridge, Ga. Lieut. Taylor could not get leave and Miss Knight was unwilling to be married far from home. So the lieutenant and his best man stood at one end of a long-distance telephone and the bride, her family and the minister at the other, the service being heard as read and the responses as spoken in both New York and Georgia. Love laughs not only at locksmiths but at a thousand miles, and Cupid smiles knowingly at the efforts of Mars to depopulate the world.

## PAYING RENT FOR TRENCHES

We are so accustomed to the picture of an utter desolation in the war regions of France and Belgium, with all the land owners and agriculturists driven away, that it is surprising to learn by the far-around way of Australia that French and Belgium farmers of the occupied territory are receiving or are supposed to receive trench rent. The Premier of New South Wales complains that Australia has not only borne the expense of equipping and transporting 350,000 soldiers, paying each of them \$1.50 a day, but is paying "land rent" to the British government for the trenches in which they fight.

"This method of settling land rent," the Australian official is quoted, "is one of the most foolish practices of the war. The Belgian and French farmers and land owners, instead of going to their own governments, personally come to the British officers on the ground and haggle about trench rents and rent for other occupied territory. It is a poor business method and ought to be regularly transacted between governments. I hope the American business instinct will put an end to it." A bad business method, no doubt, but it is good to know that though the poor French and Belgian farmers are getting something from their ruined estates pending the time when a sufficient indemnity paid by Germany will repay them for their losses.

## BRIEF COMMENT

Whether it be \$3 wheat or 30 cent cotton, the farmers want all they can get and are going to get all they can.

The Philadelphia "gang" makes the Tammany tiger look a rather mild beast. The latter may frighten by its roar, but it stops short of murder.

More hash and goulashes and other messes may eliminate much of the hotel and restaurant waste, but nothing seems to be able to stop advancing prices.

New York will be shamed if the pro-Germans and so-called pacifists are allowed to defeat Mayor Mitchell, who has done so much to promote the interests of the nation in this war.

Nine sons of Cabinet officers are to fight and it is not arranged for them to remain skin-whole either, as in the case of the Kaiser's sons. Secretary Daniel's son, for example, is a private in the marine corps and all the others are listed to see danger in either the navy, the artillery or the aviation corps.

Six months ago this country was distinctly on a peace footing and the showing of the government's Official Bulletin in every particular sustains its assertion that "the transition from conditions of peace to those of war—from the standpoint of rapidity and thoroughness—is without precedent in the history of democracies."

Our Ambassador at Paris warns his countrymen that "every word spoken in the United States which can be distorted into the semblance of disloyalty or willingness for an indecisive peace quickly reaches Berlin, where it is misrepresented as evidence of dissension, thus tending to prolong the war and increase its sacrifices." At all events the Germans, who are so easily fooled, will pay the heaviest share of the penalty.

It has been admitted in the Reichstag, with some objection, that Americans are being impressed into the Kaiser's armies. But there will be little concern at Washington or elsewhere in view of the fact these "Americans" are not only German-born persons who returned to their native land with naturalization papers as a mere war-service shield but persons who for several years past have denounced the United States and assured the bamboozled Kaiser that "Wilson and his press are not American."

La Follette is beneath President Wilson's notice, but the President has very effectually branded as false the Wisconsin pro-German's charge that the Lusitania was armed and that our government knew it. It is shown that La Follette merely repeated Foreign Minister von Jagow's earlier argument in this connection, which was later abandoned because the baseless pretense could no longer be sustained.

All the evidence goes to show that the British are scoring through superiority, not in airplanes, but in guns.

## Nebraska State Volunteer Firemen's Association

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A Department Devoted to the Interests of the Volunteer Firemen of the State of Nebraska  
Edited by Lloyd C. Thomas, State Publicity Chairman.  
**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED**  
Address envelope to: State Publicity Chairman Firemen's Ass'n, The Alliance Herald, Alliance, Nebraska

### SANDERS' SUBMARINE

Sanders came from Canada, long before the war.  
Sanders was a river-rat, catty to the core.  
Sanders never really felt much at home ashore.  
Put him on a cedar post, slippery and green,  
Seven inches all there was life and death between,  
And he'd ride Niagara, if you'd bet a bean.  
Back again to Canada when the trouble came  
Sanders beat it on a freight; gave the man his name;  
Soon put on a uniform—and immortal fame.  
"Shove me in the navy, sir," Sanders said to him.  
"Sanders," said the officer, "Sanders, can you swim?"  
"I could swim to Europe with an artificial limb."  
"Fitted for destroyer work," so the captain wrote;  
Shipped him over in a month with that little note;  
Two months' drill, a London week, then aboard a boat.  
Not a royal battleship, just a little runt  
With a pair of two-inch guns putting up a front;  
Searching after submarines was the Spider's stunt.  
Well, they went one—running low, with a forward gun.  
"Bang!" They missed. The Dutchman's shot was a lucky one.  
Seven minutes by the watch, settled by the Hun.  
Like a stone the Spider sank. Every British tar  
Grabbed the nearest thing afloat. Sanders, swimming far,  
Paddled to the submarine, shaped like a cigar.  
Sanders climbed aboard the brute, stood upon the deck;  
Forward from an open hatch stretched a German neck.  
That a rope should stretch instead, payment for a wreck.  
But a watery grave was near. Sanders, on the verge,  
Saw the hatch clang closed again, felt a sudden surge;  
For the German, with a laugh, started to submerge.  
When he saw the German trick, he was good and sore;  
No one else had ever rolled Sanders off before.  
(Sanders had his caulk-boots on that he always wore.)  
Sanders started in to birl that old submarine;  
Sanders' legs began to work like a big machine;  
Slow and sure that U-boat started to careen.  
Half a dozen lively steps, while the Germans cursed,  
Over keeled that submarine. As she was reversed,  
Upward now she popped again, as she was at first.  
Down below, the German crew tumbled here and there;  
Someone shut the motor off; Sanders, planted square,  
Had that German submarine birling now for fair.  
Oil and Dutchmen, guns and food, mixed at every turn,  
While the party on the top churned them in a churn,  
Made a mess of sauer-kraut, kraut enough to burn.  
Such a ride that German crowd never yet had known,  
Slamming this way, ramming that, bruising every bone,  
Till a senseless heap of Dutch lay without a groan.  
Sanders' legs at last grew tired, Sanders' feet grew sore;  
Sanders stopped and laughed and laughed, Sanders' anger o'er.  
Then he pointed on a hatch for an hour or more.  
Captain Heinemann came to, opened up the hatch.  
Sanders grabbed him by the throat, gave his gun a snatch.  
Prisoners of war he made that whole shooting-match.  
Picked his comrades from the sea, then, with gun in hand,  
With some cusswords even Dutch seemed to understand,  
Made the Germans steer their blamed submarine to land.  
England rang with Sanders' praise, London blazed with lights;  
Said that it reminded them of the Nelson fights;  
Said, with Sanders, that they had the Kaiser dear-to-rights.  
Sanders got a furlough home for his blistered feet,  
So he's back here in the camp on the deacon-seat;  
But the story of his life gladly he'll repeat.  
Some folks seem to doubt it some, sometimes there's a guy  
Who is sort of skeptical, winking on the sly;  
But Sanders tells the tale himself—and woodsmen never lie.  
—American Lumbermen.

### GAST IS NOW AT FORT RILEY

C. T. Nelson, secretary of the Plainview Volunteer Fire Department, advises us that Wm. F. Gast, former fire chief there and an exempt member in good standing, has been drafted into the new army and is now at Fort Riley, leaving for the latter place on September 24th. Members of Nebraska departments will confer a favor by advising us the names of any members who have joined the army or navy in any capacity.