

THE ALLIANCE HERALD

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AN INTERESTING POLITICAL SITUATION

The legislation passed by the recent session of the Nebraska state legislature has caused much discussion as to its probable effect on the political fortunes of the Republican party of Nebraska. The Civil Code Bill, known as "Senate File No. 2", introduced and pushed by the governor, was passed and unless the referendum is invoked, will become a law within ninety days. This bill was the cause of much dissension and differences between members of the Republican party in the legislature. It is freely predicted that the referendum will be invoked on this bill, thereby holding it up until the people of the state have had an opportunity to express their approval or disapproval of the measure at the next election.

The Omaha World-Herald, leading Democratic organ of the state, has seen fit to severely criticize the action of the governor in this and other matters finally resulting in the exchange of the following letters between Governor McKelvie and Harvey Newbranch, editor of the World-Herald:

State of Nebraska, Executive Office, Lincoln, April 12, 1919.—Mr. Harvey Newbranch, Editor World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.—My Dear Editor Newbranch: I rarely find time weighing so lightly upon my hands that I feel that I can afford to waste it reading the effusions from your facile pen. Yesterday, however, some one brought to my attention your editorial entitled "Nebraska Bolshevism," and while I must admit I have not taken the time to read all of it, the temper of it seems to be very much opposed to recognize the rights of Nebraska farmers in extending their agencies of distribution, to the places which are, in effect, public markets. I am not surprised that you have taken that position, nor do I think the screams of horror which you emit upon this occasion will penetrate far into the ears of those who believe in a wise solution of the former's economic problems. Indeed it was not upon this point that I am prompted to write you, for I realize that any arguments which might be deduced in this matter would be like "wasting sweetness upon the desert air" when expended on you.

My real motive in writing you was to prompt you for just a moment in the matter of editorial ethics, and inasmuch as we are of the same fraternity in a professional sense, I think I may be permitted to offer a suggestion along this line.

You make frequent quotations from the editorial page of the Nebraska Farmer, and I want to thank you for it. I want to suggest, however that in making such quotations, you give credit where it belongs, namely, to the editor who signs the page, and in this connection I want to call your attention to the fact that the columns of the Nebraska Farmer recognize the rights of the readers of the publication by establishing a definite authorship in connection with each article published therein.

Denies Responsibility

The reason I call attention to this fact at this time, is that in your references to the editorial page of the Nebraska Farmer, you persistently attempt to convey the impression to your readers that I am still writing the editorial page for that publication. This is not fair to your readers nor is it fair to Mr. C. W. Pugsley, who writes that piece signed his name to it and receives a medium of reward for his efforts. Just as I want credit for doing the work in connection with the position which I now occupy for the state, I desire that the editor of the Nebraska Farmer receive credit for his efforts.

I preface my references to this subject by saying that this is a matter of ethics, and I refer to that fact again with the further explanation that it is ethical among ones engaged in the same business, at least to refuse to take an unfair advantage of each other. Furthermore, in the publishing business, truthfulness is recognized as fundamentally ethical and when I use this word "truthfulness," I do not refer to the camouflaged article but the plain old-fashioned kind which people recognize on sight. In fact, the kind that is used without evasion or which requires such explanation as none other than your able self might evolve.

Fleas on the Dog I want to add further that I enjoy your criticism of myself. You know Josh Billings says that "every dog should have a certain amount of fleas to keep him from forgetting that he is a dog," and I take it that every man in public life needs a certain

amount of knockers hanging on his trail to keep him from forgetting that his path is not entirely one of roses. Furthermore, I want to thank you for your criticism. I think it contributed a lot to my victory last fall, and I think it has been a very great aid in obtaining the enactment of beneficial legislation which you have opposed during the present session. I am especially grateful to you for your opposition to the Civil Administrative Code Bill. Inasmuch as I want to give credit where credit is due, I want to call your attention to the fact that I address this letter to you, even though you do not sign your editorial page, instead of addressing it to your publisher, who represents our state in the national congress at Washington.

Fraternally yours, SAMUEL R. M'KELVIE, Governor.

Omaha April 13.—Hon. Samuel R. McKelvie, Lincoln, Neb.—Your Excellency and Dear Brother: I am profoundly grateful that you have spared the time from your important and multifarious public duties to compose so excellent a letter devoted to the task of making me a better editor. I have worked unremittingly and ever hopefully to make you a better governor. But since that is a part of my profession duty while your effort is gratuitous and purely a labor of love, I feel that you have done me the greater honor and favor and that the burden of obligation rests heavily on my side. I can only promise that I will do my utmost to lighten it by rendering you all the further assistance within my power. And it is my earnest hope that the endeavors of each of us to improve the other may be crowned with glorious success. We have both noted, I take it, how much easier and more pleasant it is to better and regulate some one else by admonition and prohibition than to better and regulate one's self.

It pains me to learn, however, that you cannot afford to "waste time" reading the "effusions from my facile pen" and that it is only when one of my editorials chances to be "called to your attention"—happy and venerable phrase!—that you do me the honor to peruse it, and then only in part. How, your excellency and Dear brother, can you expect to devote yourself successfully to curing my grievous and manifold faults unless you study them a bit more closely than that? I wish, nevertheless, to compliment you upon the exceptionally high order of ability that enables you to criticize so closely and keenly so many of my poor lucubrations though you have had neither time nor inclination to scan the printed word.

Attitude is Peculiar.

I know just how you feel about quotations from the "Nebraska Farmer," your "personal and official organ" as Colonel Al Sorenson would say, but am at a loss to know just where you stand. You all but drive me to the conclusion that you wish publicity to disclaim all share of responsibility for what the "Nebraska Farmer" says. But surely that cannot be so! It is your paper, your property. The editor, as your friend Victor Rosewater has discovered and proclaimed in my own case, is only a "hiring editor." If he is sowing broadcast false and harmful doctrine the remedy lies instantly in your hands and so the responsibility, political, moral and legal, rests snugly against your door.

Senator Hitchcock is owner and publisher of the "Nebraska Farmer," as you are of the "Nebraska Farmer." Whenever there appears in his newspaper observations written by his "hiring" that appear to Mr. Rosewater and his staff editors to be faulty, susceptible of damaging criticism, Mr. Rosewater, et al., promptly and gleefully charge them up to the senator and proceed to belabor him lustily for giving them utterance. And the senator, because he is a man of heart and courage who just eats up punishment, and also because he knows it is his power and duty to fire me if I misrepresent him and mislead the public, cheerfully and properly accepts the responsibility. It is your privilege however, except in law, to adopt the contrary attitude and declare you disclaim an responsibility for what appears in the "Nebraska Farmer" to proclaim that you are not to be presumed to approve of it, and that you have no confidence in its editor.

Is Dangerous Policy.

Let me venture to say, however, that if this is to be your attitude as executive and responsible head of your own business, it would be most dangerous to adopt the same rule as the chief executive of Nebraska. In your official capacity, at least, you must be ready and willing to hold yourself responsible for the act and

utterances of your appointees and subordinates in the discharge of their official duties. But to adhere to one rule as a newspaper owner and publisher, and to a directly contrary rule as a public official would be confusing and inconsistent, and would lead dear brother, to all kinds of trouble. As your friend and well-wisher I would earnestly suggest that you stand by the manly rule in both instances. Mr. Pugsley is an able, conscientious and faithful editor. Let the public know that so long as he is in your employ, as editor of your very popular and flourishing paper, you stand back of him. Such a course will hearten Mr. Pugsley, it will heighten your own self-respect, and it will win the approbation of the people of Nebraska.

Light for the Groping.

In conclusion, permit me to say that whatever I have felt it my duty to write of your official conduct that was by way of criticism, was penned in mingled good natured and sorrow and hope, and not in anger. It is a cause of great pride and gratification to be assured, over your signature as governor, that you have profited and been helped by it. We hold two different political faiths, you and I, and so must necessarily differ on many issues. But you in your exalted capacity as governor and I as a humble newspaper man on whom you have for the moment turned the spotlight of your attention, are laboring in our own ways and according to the light that has been given us for the same end. We love our country and our state and we want to help safeguard the lives, liberties and personal and property rights of their people, so that, as a free people under a free and enlightened and democratic government, they may work out their own salvation. May the Giver of all good things give to both of us—and to you particularly—better light!

Cordially and fraternally yours, H. E. NEWBRANCH, Editor World-Herald

SCATTERED SHRAPNEL

He was looking for a chance to pop the question and the girl was not averse. "Did you pay my little brother to remain out of the parlor?" she asked. "Yes; I hope I was not presuming." "You were not. But if you paid him, I won't. They're engaged now."

A man was remarkable for the bad wines he kept. He was entertaining some rather important guests one evening, when he turned to his new butler and said: "Higgs, is this the best claret?" "No, sir," said Higgs, solemnly, "it is not, but it's the best you've got."

Somebody once telegraphed Horace Greeley, "Are there any news?" "Not a new," promptly wired back the great editor, who was a stickler for good English.

Dixie, the French poodle, was barking noisily and wagging his tail at the same time. "Oh, cried little Lucy, "Dixie is cross at one end and happy at the other."

A colored soldier, regretting audibly the impersonal character of being shelled from a distance, said to his officer: "If they just used my razors, only razors, then all you white folks would have to do would be to keep the books, just keep the books."

Just before they arrived in San Francisco the "Grizzlies" listened to a little lecture from Colonel Mullally, during which he said, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Ohs, if you're looking for good cooks to marry, my advice is that you pick out homely girls. My observation is that as a rule all that the pretty girls know about dough is how to spend it."

A middle-aged man was examining the phonograph record catalog in a local store recently. "Why is this opy called 'Samson et Dalila'?" he asked. "As I recollect the story, Dalila darn near et Samson."

An actor-manager of continental experience had taken down to dinner a lady, a stranger to him, and indeed a nouveau riche, who had recently returned from France. "And what did you most enjoy in France, madam?" he inquired. "Well, I think it was the French peasants singing the Mayonnaise."

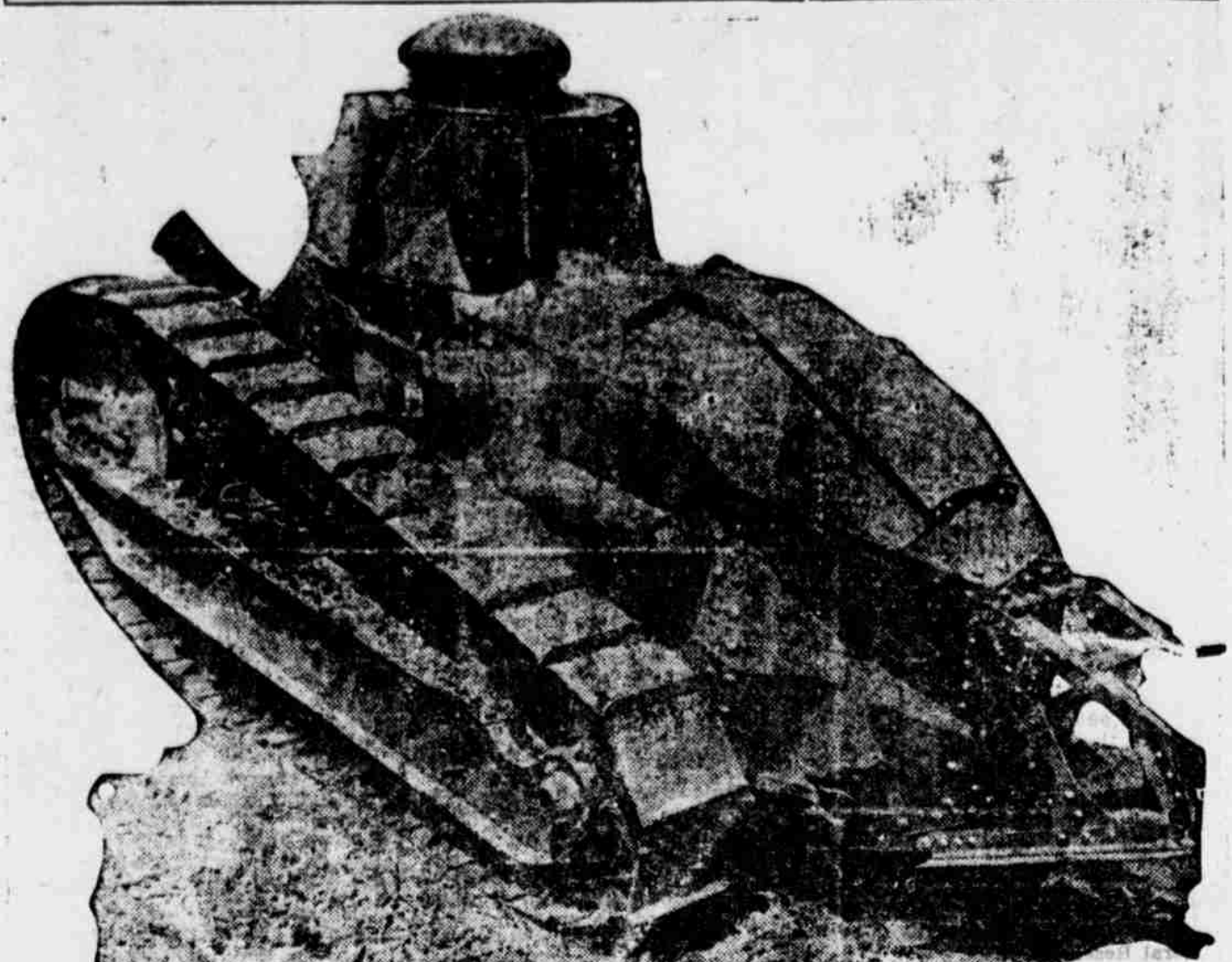
The minister was filling in the marriage certificate. "Let me see," he murmured to the bride, as he came to the date, "this is the 7th, isn't it?" She flushed hotly. The impertinence of the man! She stammered. Then she found tongue. "No," she answered, sharply; "it's not the seventh! This is only my fourth!"

Efficiency is an admirable quality, but it can be overdone, according to Representative M. Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania. "Last election day," Mr. Kelly explains, "the city editor of my newspaper in Braddock sent his best reporter out to learn if the saloons were open in defiance of the law. Four days later he returned and reported: 'They were.'"

All who have visited Epsom, England, have seen the big gates on which are perched two stone dogs. An American officer saw them recently for the first time. He approached a native with a joke on his lips, expecting to see it fall flat. When do they feed these dogs?" he asked. "Every time they bark," said the Epsomite, and now this particular American is more of an admirer of Englishmen than ever.

An English schoolmaster promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer. After many had tried, a bright youngster said: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The schoolmaster puzzled his wits in vain and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "It's because I am waiting for the crown," said the boy.

Battle Scarred Tanks in Victory Loan Drive



This is one of the formidable tanks being sent throughout the Tenth Federal Reserve District by the Bureau of Publicity in the interest of the Victory Liberty Loan. Six of the tanks are equipped with machine guns and six with 37-millimeter guns. Blank ammunition is carried on each tank. These tanks are making big hits wherever they go and demonstrate one of the reasons why former Liberty Loans made the Hun lie down and why the Victory Liberty Loan should be oversubscribed and the victory properly celebrated with a finished job.

"I don't take much stock in spiritualism," said Representative Sisson of Mississippi. "Most of their arguments remind me of Uncle Jasper Holt. 'Uncle Jasper,' asked the general store keeper, 'do you believe that people walk after they're dead?' 'Yes, siree. Didn't you all ever hear of the Dead March?'"

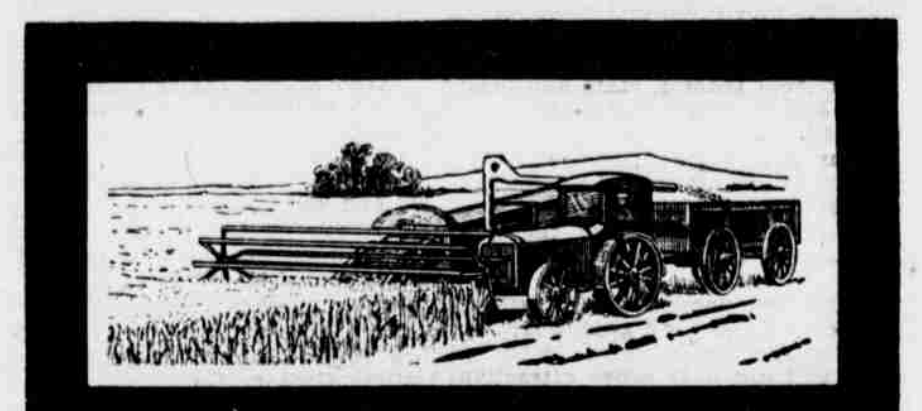
A colonel going up in one part of the Argonne met a negro soldier coming back precipitately. "Here," shouted the colonel: "you're running away!" "No, I ain't, boss," protested the soldier; "deed I ain't." "Yes you are. You're running away." "Deed I ain't, boss," he said earnestly; "I ain't runnin' but I passed some that was."

Appropos the whines for mercy that keep coming out of Germany—Rhine whines, as they are called—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia said recently: "Germany reminds me of a woman who, entering her little boy in a new school, said to the teacher: 'Leedie Fritz he is delicate, and so, if he is bad—and he will be bad sometimes—joost lick der boy next to him, and dat will frighten him.'"

Sir John Porter Frazer was talking about the intense heat the British encountered during the Mesopotamian campaign. "One officer told me it was so hot there he sweated two gallons a day." "My dear sir, only horses sweat," I chaffed him. "Well, I was a horse then," he replied promptly. "Really it was too beastly hot to perspire like a gentleman."

Uncle Sam Hodge came down from the Kentucky mountains with his yearly produce to market. His team of oxen was somewhat weary with a two days' pull. But when Sam reached the city limits he was confronted with the sign: "Speed limit, fifteen miles an hour." He pulled his whiskers a moment in silent meditation, and then drew out to his oxen: "Well, I know darn well we'll never make it but we'll do our doggone best."

Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, president of the Kentucky W. C. T. U. and a former national officer of that society, came to Nebraska Tuesday, April 15, to fill the dates made for the late Katherine Lent Stevenson in connection with the W. C. T. U. million-dollar drive. Mrs. Mamie M. Claffin, state president, has present at the opening luncheon in Fremont for the visitors. Mrs. Beauchamp has visited Nebraska several times on the chautauqua platform.



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