

**The Alliance Herald**



BURR PRINTING CO., Owners

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There is now a new way to administer the "third degree." Oakland, Cal., has what is known as an "aerial patrol," which means, in plain language, that the police force has at its disposal an aeroplane or two. It would seem that flying machines would be of little value in ordinary police work at present, although in days to come safe-blowers may never be without a biplane to make their getaway. The idea in Oakland is to take suspected criminals on perilous flights, and wring confessions from them by doing all sorts of hair-raising stunts while in the air. Somehow, we feel that even a criminal has rights, and the new "third degree" doesn't differ a whit in principle from the old one, which was remarkably successful in getting confessions, although as often as not they were made by innocent men who had stood about as much torture as they were capable of enduring. Torture is torture, and a constitution which prohibits cruel and unusual punishments ought to mean something. So far as results were concerned, the old rack and thumbscrew left little to be desired.

**TIME TO CALL A HALT**

It is time for the sensible labor unionists to call a halt, or the whole movement will be tarred with the same brush that public opinion has applied to certain unions that have been especially unreasonable in their demands since the war. Even in the typographical union ranks, where sober judgment has practically always held sway, there is a bolshevik bunch that is running amuck. Our favorite printers' magazine has missed two issues and announces that it is in the fight to the finish. The New York printers, in the face of opposition from the heads of four international unions and the American federation of labor, have defied all authority, and the result is that thousands of men walk the streets while their families need their weekly earnings, and hundreds of printing offices have closed their doors. The strike, while confined to New York city, affects 3,500 printers and at least 5,000 pressmen and feeders. There has never been a greater demand for printing, but the employers, in this instance, have been willing to suffer real loss rather than give in to "outlaw unions." It is said that the union offices have almost unanimously shut down their plants, only a few week-kneed brethren,

with eyes open only to big profits for the present, having given in.

The typographical union has long been a model. It has been one of the few great unions which has voted to accept arbitration of disputes. It has always rigidly upheld its contracts with employers. Because of this attitude on the part of its members, the employers have been willing to sign closed shop agreements with the typographical union. Even now, in New York, the publishers are waiting, not until they can fill the vacated positions, but until they can be filled with union men.

We believe that contracts between labor unions and employers constitute the best basis for industrial security, but there must be strict adherence by both parties to the agreement. The closed shop, which excludes those willing to share in the benefits of organized labor, but are unwilling to share in the effort to secure them, is not only justifiable, but almost essential. Unless the unions see the handwriting on the wall and promptly stamp out bolshevism in all forms—sit down on those who wish to limit and discourage production—the time will come when the government will take over the function of setting a limit on wages. We believe that any set of employers and employees can better set the wages in their industry than the government can, but unless all unions and employers accept the principle of arbitration and begin to take account of the interest of the third party—the public—the entire matter will, sooner or later, be taken out of their hands.

**ADVERTISING BOLSHIEVISM**

Carrie Nation once made a visit to our home town, in the days following her hatchet raids, and promptly called on the newspapers. She told us, among other things—for she was fond of spreading her thoughts, was Carrie—that she had to have publicity. We didn't have any saloons in Aurora, and mighty few bar-fies, but she needed the money, and in order to collect enough she had to be advertised. Her words were, as nearly as we can recall them: "I want folks to talk about me—I want them to point me out as I go along the street. I don't care what they say, so long as they say something. If I can't attract attention in any other way, I'll stand on the street corner and swear. But if my lecture is to be a success, they must know I'm here."

Carrie didn't do so very much damage in Aurora, beyond selling a number of silver and golden hatchets at outrageous prices to those who came out to hear her rap the saloons. A friend of our bought one—one of the gold ones—and the gold rubbed off and turned a sickly green within the month. Carrie wasn't a handsome woman, but she was a peach of a publicity expert. She knew that more flies can be caught with honey than with vinegar. So she didn't take a handful of those little hatchets and sell them herself—she turned the job over to a remarkably pretty girl whom she introduced as

her niece. The girl sold them—and one melting look from her was good for a dollar, which was the price of the gold hatchets. Nearly every man present fell for it.

Carrie's system of publicity was based on the old saw that a knock is as good as a boost—that any kind of publicity is beneficial. And there's a lot to that theory. For instance, you will hear dozens of merchants say: "I don't care what my competitors say about my product as long as they talk." Even The Herald will endorse that sentiment.

But newspapers, in their search for live news to fill their columns, occasionally aid in spreading bad doctrine. Take the case of bolshevism. Before the war no one had heard of the word. Now, due solely to the power of advertising—and free advertising at that—there isn't a worker that can read the language who doesn't know what it means. Its enemies have spread its propaganda and have actually converted more workers to it than the men who are behind the movement. Bolshevism originated in Russia, and, probably financed by German money, a few agents were sent to America. They couldn't have got very far with it, but the newspapers took it up. The word was soon used in every publicity medium in the country. And bolshevism has spread faster than the wildest dreams of its propagators could have contemplated. In Centralia, Wash., today there is open warfare between the bolshevists and the authorities, and the bolshevists are gaining ground.

Here's what one exchange has to say about it, and it's sound sense:

"Isn't it about time we stopped giving bolshevism so much free advertising? We have taken a word that meant nothing in this country a few months ago, and, in our newspapers and magazines and speeches and personal conversation, have done just what the leaders of the movement wanted us to do: We have advertised it into prominence for them!"

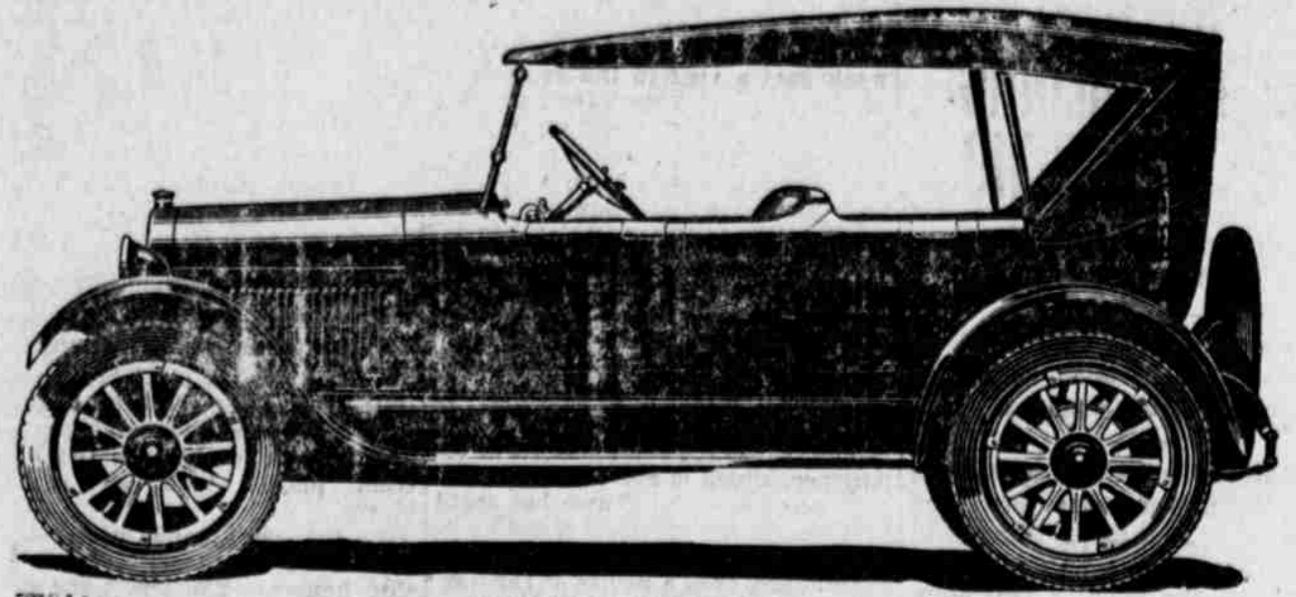
"Nothing could please these leaders better than to see the 'capitalist' press spreading their gospel to thousands of restless workers whom they could not reach for years with their slow mouth-to-mouth facilities for spreading news and ideas. They believe and work on the theory, 'I don't care what my competitors say about my product so long as they talk.'"

"What bolshevism needs more than anything else is to be absolutely ignored. Let's stop talking about it and writing about it, and devote our energies to swatting un-Americanism in any form it may take, simply as un-Americanism and not as this or that social theory."

"When these foreign disturbers start to talk their theories of discontent and destruction they should be told straight from the shoulder that, while we don't consider our country perfect, it is the best country in the world, and if they don't like it there is just one thing for them to do—GET OUT!"

"Meanwhile, let's promptly resign our jobs as press agents for this canker sore and stop its spreading."

**A Perfected Six!**



1920 REO LIGHT SIX

In bringing out the 1920 model REO Light Six, Reo engineers have surpassed any previous efforts in the manufacture of a perfectly balanced six-cylinder motor. The power plant of this car is a year or two in advance of anything that has yet shown itself on the automobile market. Four large bearings on the crankshaft, automatic force oil feed to the rocker arms and overhead valves, Lynite pistons, counterbalanced crankshaft, a carburetor that never needs adjusting whether at the North Pole or in the Torrid Zone, engine completely enclosed, are a few of the good features of this new REO.

The body lines of this model are superb. The color scheme is harmonious and attractive, causing the passerby to stop and take a second look at the car. For a six-cylinder machine, the car is light in weight, yet with sufficient heft to make for sturdiness of construction that the Reo has always maintained. "Fifty Per Cent Oversize in Every Vital Part," has been a REO slogan for the past five years, and that means a guarantee of supreme excellence to every Reo owner.

Reo Service and Reo parts right here in Alliance also mean much to the individual buyer, as he will have no needless waiting should he be in need of either. It is a car with a "Home." Why buy a machine that is an "orphan" in that respect?

We have just unloaded a car of these handsome models this week, and while they all go out to our local dealers over the territory, they will be here for several days on account of bad roads. Drop in at our show room in Masonic Temple and view these while they are here.

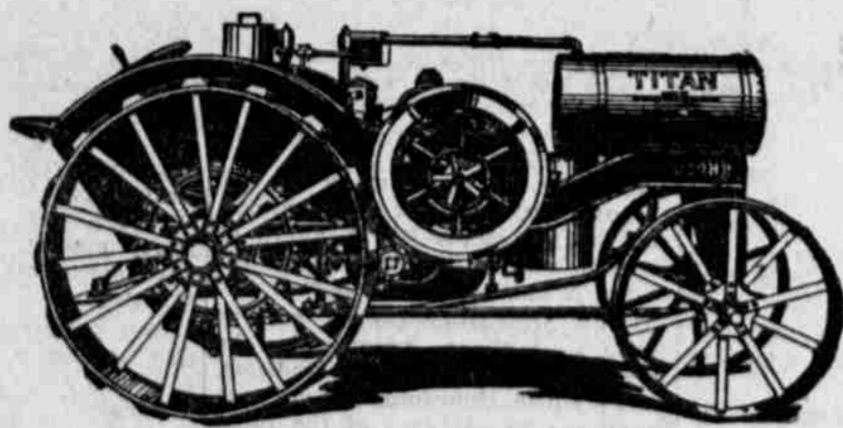
**A. H. JONES CO.**

Calvin D. Walker, Mgr.

REO CARS

AND TRUCKS

**TITAN TRACTORS**



*Newberry's Hardware Co.*

Sells Them

**640 Acre Farm**

AT

**Administrator's Sale  
Tuesday, Nov. 25**

AT 2 P. M.

This farm, the estate of Redmond Hand, Sr., and Mrs. Mary Hand, lying four and one-half miles northwest of Hay Springs, Neb., will be sold at public auction at the court house, at Rushville, Neb., on the above date.

**Dr. George Hand**  
Administrator