

**The Alliance Herald**  
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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**HEMINGFORD HOSPITALITY.**

It seems a little difficult to believe that the exhibition of hospitality on the part of Hemingford to the big delegation of Alliance business men who went there to talk road compromise last Friday evening was a fair indication of that city's feeling toward the county seat. And yet there is no ground for believing otherwise. Try as we will, there can be but one conclusion on the part of any man who attended that memorable session—and that is that the Hemingford citizens were not only deliberately unfriendly, but did their best to make it apparent. Such efforts naturally were successful.

Alliance, it seems, is blamed for about everything that has ever gone wrong in the neighboring town, with the possible exception of the weather and the republican landslide of 1920. Explanations were hooted at, conciliatory talk was received with jeers. Insult was piled upon insult. It was a beautiful spectacle of petty jealousy and mean personalities. The end was what might have been expected—an uncompromising, rule or ruin spirit could be met but with one answer.

It is probably true that the city of Hemingford itself was not fairly represented. Unquestionably there are many Hemingford business men, most of whom were unfortunately absent from the meeting, who would endorse neither the sentiments expressed at the meeting or the method of conducting it, which, whether by design or otherwise, brought it to so unpleasant an end. But of those present, few took occasion to give even the slightest encouragement to their guests.

Alliance unquestionably holds the whip hand in the present disagreement with the neighboring city. There isn't a chance to slip anything over. There is even less chance to get a road approved against Alliance's will. The state authorities will not override the wishes of a majority of the voters of the county to please any coterie of men.

Alliance went to Hemingford bearing an olive branch. This city had held up approval of a road. There was ample excuse for their action. It was not a case of tampering with state officials, for when the Alliance delegation waited upon the state officials, it carried with it petitions signed by hundreds of men—three hundred of them living in Hemingford itself. Those petitions asked for the road Alliance has always favored—the route along the track. If influence was brought to bear at that time, it was Hemingford influence as well as Alliance influence.

The Alliance delegation was not insistent upon its favorite route. It came to talk compromise, and found an entirely different spirit. The Alliance road boosters have always been willing to compromise. A year ago, favoring the road up the track, they appeared before the commissioners and were willing to accept a longer route if a slight change be made in the Alliance end of it. They offered to submit the question to the state authorities then. They offered the same at the Hemingford meeting. They suggested two or three other compromises. Every offer made was spurned.

And so Hemingford has gained a reputation that is likely to stick for a time. Just as no amount of fine talking can efface the effect of Commissioner Carrell's remarks the time he opened his mouth to reporters and put both feet in it, so will it take a long time for Alliance to look toward Hemingford for co-operation. It's a most regrettable situation, but it has to be faced. Alliance wouldn't have had such a meeting in this city for a good bit of money—and some of these days Hemingford will realize her mistake.

In the meantime, the county will suffer. Roads are needed. With the board of commissioners split up, and the two ends of the county pulling against each other, road building becomes impossible. In the past ten years, seventy-five thousand dollars has been expended in Box Butte county, and today there is not twenty-five miles of first rate county road in all Box Butte. Four years ago there was about \$90,000 of federal aid money apportioned to the county. One contract for six miles, at a cost of \$22,000, has been let. Today there

is but \$54,000 remaining in this fund, and the rest has gone for administrative expenses or been diverted to other counties. The five-year federal road building period ends in 1922, and all this money reverts to the state if not used. Auto licenses bring in about \$11,000 a year, which must be used on state aid roads. It will maintain practically 110 miles a year, but today there are only thirty-two miles of state aid road to receive it.

Something ought to be done, and Hemingford ought to work with Alliance in seeing to it. But co-operation wasn't in sight Friday evening. That city needs roads now as never before and will suffer most from a road war at this time. Alliance, however, will make no more overtures. Turning the other cheek isn't a policy generally adopted by big brothers.

**A NEW SATURDAY NIGHT.**

One by one the old landmarks of civilization are disappearing. One by one the old institutions, honored by custom, are passing away. It is impossible for the onlooker to say where the axe will strike next. Cherished habits are banned by the march of progress. Sincere beliefs are attacked. The spirit of progress is change. Prohibition comes in the wake of saloon evils, and a new curse, the prohibition law enforcement agent, typified by Gus Hyers, is upon the land. The grape-juice highball has supplanted the issue of rum in the navy. Strong coffee is raging instead of strong drink. The deadly coca-cola is getting in its work.

And now, they tell us, the Saturday night bath tub must go. How many millions of people have placed their faith in the Saturday night bath in the enameled bathtub. How many millions of dollars have plumbers and the manufacturers that help them keep up their been made (not necessarily earned) by the nefarious trade. The bathtub is doomed. Soon it will be in the same category as the despised public drinking cup with which we were wont to slake our thirst on the varnished passenger cars.

For the spirit of reform is strong within us. And the bathtub has been condemned. Once we fondly thought that when we climbed into the tub and scrubbed briskly with soap and water we were getting clean. This was but an error of the imagination. The bathtub, they tell us after all these years, is not an institution to promote health or cleanliness. The word comes to us straight from the scientists at Northwestern university, and they should know.

The bathtub, we are informed, is an exceedingly dirty and dangerous piece of household furniture. All it does, the scientists say, is to dissolve some eighteen million germs from the body, mix them, warm them, wash them, invigorate them and send them back into the open pores, there to do greater damage than ever before.

At last those who have joked about the Saturday night bath are routed. A bath once a week, in the light of these recent theories, is much to be preferred over a bath twice a week. It's less dangerous. The woman who climbs into a tub daily is simply taking her life in her hands. If all of her germs are washed and invigorated daily, it's a wonder that she can live longer than a week with such a health-wrecking habit.

The scientists have not left us wholly without hope. If the tub is dangerous, that does not mean that we cannot have our baths. The shower is safe; it is sane; it may wet the hair disagreeably, but these germs will all be washed down the drain pipe and disappear from our lives forever.

The bathtub is dead! Hail to the shower!

The report comes from "Stars and Stripes", a newspaper for ex-soldiers and a rival of the American Legion Weekly, official organ of the greatest organization of ex-soldiers, of a threatened split in the Legion ranks. A month or so ago, the national commander of the Legion and several other national officers engineered a trip through the battlefields of France. Some two hundred legionnaires and their wives were in the party. The men were honored and entertained during their entire trip, and outwardly, for the benefit of their hosts, the French government, an attempt was made to act as though nothing was wrong, but inside the legionnaires were seething with resentment. The report, which comes via the New York Tribune, charges Col. John G. Emery, national commander, and other leaders with exceedingly un-legionlike conduct. It appears that he made all arrangements for the trip with a high-handedness that is characteristic of colonels. The people taking the trip were separated into companies, and into one of them, called the "headquarters" troop, he placed himself and all the notables on the trip. On excursions the so-called "headquarters"

troop traveled in a special car, away from the others, and at no time mingled with them. The leaders made all arrangements, did all the dedicating there was to do and appropriated for themselves all the medals handed out by the French government. The members of the party rebelled, and after a series of meetings, at which the national commander was not allowed to preside, it was agreed to turn the medals over to the organization, to be retained at national headquarters. While nothing was said of the disagreement while the party was in France, there are a couple of hundred legion men, scattered all over the country, who are organizing to depose the present leaders at the coming national convention in Kansas City, and if they can make their accusations stick, it should not be a difficult task. This sort of stuff was all right during the war, with the military regulations to enforce the authority of the officers, but in peace times the fellow who tries to step on the ex-soldiers is running right up against a buzz-saw.

The state American Legion, at its convention this week at Fremont, will undoubtedly have something to say

on the subject of the Reed-Norval language law, the enforcement of which has just been perpetually enjoined by District Judge Button in the very city where the convention is to be held. The law prohibited the use of the German or other foreign language in private, parochial or denominational schools. The measure was sponsored by the Legion at the last session of the legislature and was passed largely through the influence of the world war veterans, who argued that exclusive use of the English language was necessary to assist in the Americanization of the foreign elements in the state. The Lutheran Evangelical synod of Missouri filed the suit for the injunction, which was granted temporarily and later made permanent after extensive argument. Judge Button based his decision on an alleged violation of the federal constitution. The case will be appealed, of course, to the federal supreme court if necessary. The argument for the state has been carried on by Mason Wheeler and Charles S. Reed, assistant attorneys general and members of the Legion. Mr. Wheeler, especially, handled the opposition roughly and openly charged that the suit was a pre-

text to promote the German language under the guise of religious teaching. Similar statutes are in effect in twenty-one states and this is the first time such a law has been found unconstitutional. More power to the Legion's elbow. Those who are willing to live in this country should accept its language or get out.

**SEEING THINGS.**

(Chadron Chronicle.)  
An Alliance paper quotes one of its citizens as having seen several drunken men on the streets of Chadron last week and he went on to say that he saw five drunks in a car and they were all eating green corn on a cob, the only peculiar circumstance being that it had not been cooked. Four of the men got out of the car and walked into a hotel and the fifth was too drunk to make the grade and remained in the car. The reporter for the Alliance paper does not mention the name of the party giving them the information.  
The only drunkenness that we observed in Chadron last week was that of a certain Alliance attorney whom it took four of his friends to help into a waiting automobile on a downtown street. It is not unlikely that this disciple of Blackstone was in a proper condition to imagine that about everyone in Chadron was under the influence of "bootch" but him.

# Laboring Men

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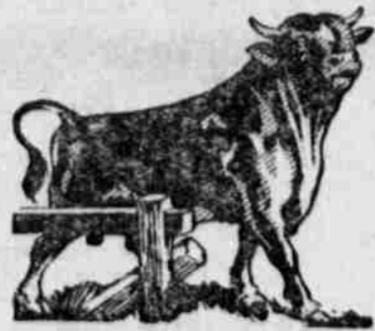
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