

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners

Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transportation through the mails as second class matter.

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Official newspaper of the City of Alliance; official newspaper of Box Butte County.

Owned and published by The Burr Printing Company, George L. Burr, Jr., President; Edwin M. Burr, Vice President.

WESTERN INGENUITY.

The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking hand in hand. They wept like everything to see Such quantities of sand. "If it were only swept away," They said, "it would be grand."

"If seven maids with seven mops Swept here for half a year, Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "That they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the Carpenter, And shed a bitter tear."

These remarkable lines by Lewis Carroll (no relative of County Commissioner George Carroll, we presume) are brought to mind by recent efforts of the street commissioners of Hemingford, who have started out to get rid of the sand nuisance. The Ledger has drawn a pathetic picture of the present condition of the streets there. It seems to be the wind that plays hob. Sand is unloaded on the streets from basements, and blows in with the wind. It collects on the walk, is swept onto the street, where it collects in the center of the road, is graded down and is then blown back to the walks. This vicious circle is kept up month in and month out. Sometimes the roadway is clear and the walks are covered; at other times the walks are clean and there is six or eight inches of sand in the road.

People in Alliance will never guess how the Hemingford street commissioners plan to overcome this nuisance, so we'll have to tell them. The Hemingford men are loading it upon wagons and taking it outside the city limits. They think there is little likelihood that it will be blown back. However, they are talking pavement of the main street, which, every Alliance merchant knows, definitely does away with the sand on the street, and furnishes a clear path for the wind to bring it more of it.

It is to be hoped that Hemingford will delay paving for two or three months—long enough to see whether the experiment of hauling the sand away in wagons is the same success that hauling snow away seems to be. If it is, here is a way for City Manager Kemmish to win the undying gratitude of residents from Tenth street back to First, and from the septic tank to the westernmost limits of the city. Then the county commissioners can tackle the Chadron road and two or three other thoroughfares. However, before spending any great amount of money, it would be well to reread the argument of the Walrus and the Carpenter.

RIDING TO A FALL.

It's beautiful poetry that Neihardt, Nebraska's poet laureate, has written. It's splendid music, with a wonderful swing and a sway to it. But the "Cry of the People" isn't a "Marseillaise," and those who are seeking to found a new party in Nebraska will find that it hasn't the pulling power to win votes that the great French song had to win soldiers.

"We are the workers and makers, We are no longer dumb, Tremble, O, Shirkers and Takers! Sweeping the earth—we come! Ranked in the world-wide dawn, Marching into the day, The night is gone and the sword is drawn And the scabbard is thrown away."

For the power of music or of words to sway men depends not alone on the words, but upon a number of things. If words were all that were needed, the class consciousness would long ago have been aroused in the toiling masses of the earth and they would have accepted the ringing battle-cry of Karl Marx, years ago, "Workers of the world, unite!" he cried. "You have nothing to lose but your chains—you have a world to gain!"

For a new party to rise at the rallying cry of even such splendid verse as Neihardt's there must be real, not fancied grievances. There must be leaders who are unselfish—who will use their brains, not to reap a selfish harvest from their blind supporters, but to lead their followers to higher and better things. Granted that Wall street is as odious as the orators claim, it remains to be seen whether a governing class composed of the workers could do better than the capitalists as a class. Many classes have attempted to rule, and where any one class has tried it—the workers, the military, the religious, the capitalists, or any others

—failure has resulted. The most satisfactory government is our own, where each class has a voice according to its strength and its ability to make an impression.

Any attempt to found a party in Nebraska on class consciousness—to elect only workers to the offices—to give capital no credit—will mean that the new party will ride to a fall. Even should there be temporary success, disruption will follow, for there is no jealousy like that of men who can work only with their hands. There'll be no crusade with this new party if it is founded on such an ideal—only a crowd of men who will seek to use the political advantage they may gain to advance their own interests and tear down others. There is always room for a great progressive movement, either inside or outside the old parties, and where lives the man who will say that progressive thinkers have not found the old parties taking up the best of their ideas? It's a slow process, but a sure one. Revolutions may be faster, but who wants revolution?

THE GREATER EVIL.

The newspapers over in the valley are considerably exercised over recent activities of Mrs. Emily Hornberger, chief of the state bureau of child welfare, who has made an inspection of the beet fields and has come out in the Lincoln dailies with a statement of conditions which, to say the least, is grossly exaggerated, the valley newspapers say.

Just why it is that a woman in a state position, with authority to back her actions, should be sure to rub the fur the wrong way and antagonize those with whom she should find cooperation, is one of those mysteries that will always remain unsolved. Mrs. Hornberger, as head of the old detention home in Lincoln, was one of the most pleasant women in the world, and there was never a complaint that she lacked tact, or was too small for her job. As head of the bureau of child welfare, there are enough complaints, from men who under the proper circumstances would be the first to support her, to show that she's out of her depth in the position she now holds.

That has been the whole trouble with the child welfare work in Nebraska—the people at the head of it. They haven't used good, common sense. Beginning with the time that the child welfare commission was appointed, they have adopted the attitude that no one in the entire state has the brains or the courage for the work they were doing, and public officials who have that attitude are riding to a fall. All the positions at the disposal of the self-styled experts were passed out to their friends, or to people who would listen to them. What Scottsbluff hears is not the voice of Mrs. Emily Hornberger, but the voice of a half-dozen of the people who framed the fifty-four child welfare laws, every one of which was so extreme that it would have been difficult to find courts willing to enforce them. That's the reason that so few of the

fifty-four varieties of child welfare legislation were ever enacted into law.

However, picking flaws in Mrs. Emily Hornberger and her faithful coterie of advisers doesn't materially change the situation in the beet fields. Mrs. Hornberger must indeed have been tactless, or she would have found it easy to secure the support of Editor A. B. Wood, or Editor W. M. Maupin. Both of these men are against her in her very laudable efforts to secure better conditions for the children who labor in the beet fields.

Editor Wood, in the last issue of the Gering Courier, says a number of unkind things of Mrs. Hornberger. "This saintly lady," says Mr. Wood, has vastly exaggerated conditions. "With her long title and sob story, she does not strike the responsive spark that will make Scotts Bluff county school or executive officers quake and shake with fear when she speaks." Mr. Wood admits that "in all good conscience, there is not such a strict compliance with the compulsory school attendance laws among a certain class of residents in the beet growing section that there ought to be."

A. B. Wood is a good writer, and a good American. He knows that it is

useless to attempt to make good citizens of the foreign element of our population without the aid of the schools. Like W. M. Maupin, Mr. Wood has children, and not for one minute would he consent that any child of his should work or live under such conditions as the Russians and others impose on their children. Mr. Wood knows that hard labor and long hours, such as these children know in the beet fields, is not good training for future citizens, physically or mentally, and that the conditions under which they live has a great tendency toward immorality.

Mr. Wood answers his own arguments against Mrs. Hornberger when he says: "Of course there are plenty of Russian children in the beet fields. That is why these folks are in the beet business and that is why they come here and that is why they value their families."

This much being admittedly true, it's hard to understand why A. B. Wood and W. M. Maupin, of all men, should be fighting efforts to give these foreign children the chance they are entitled to have as Americans. Instead of waiting for someone else to take the initiative, why aren't they in the forefront of the fighting line?

What difference does it make if Mrs. Hornberger does "rasp a little?" If they can't work with her, in heaven's name let them demand someone they can work with. Nebraska can't afford to have its foreign-born children reared under conditions that make for physical, mental and moral weakness. Others will tell of actual conditions beside Mrs. Hornberger—men who do not exaggerate—men who don't "rasp". Prof. F. A. Stuff, in our university days, told of watching the head of a large family make money in the beet fields. Arming himself with a long whip, this Russian set his wife and half a dozen children to work, each one having a row. He speeded up production by giving the last one to finish the row a lash with the whip. Where a family of seven sleeps in one room without windows, four in one bed and three in another; where housing and living conditions are indescribable, it doesn't make the best kind of a training ground for future citizens and the prospective mothers of Americans. Other states have got away from child labor that kills youth, shortens life and breeds criminals. Of all states in the union, Nebraska should be one where such conditions should not be

found. We can't afford it. If beets cannot be profitably raised without ruining children, there are other crops. In their vexation at the woman who takes herself too seriously, and "rasps," the eyes of men should not be blinded to the greater evil.

LET 'EM PAY FOR IT.

(Nebraska City Press.)

The attitude of metropolitan newspapers toward so-called "sporting comment" is changing. The Chicago Tribune, for instance, has decided that one-fourth of a column is enough for the most sensational baseball game in the world; that prize-fight "dope" advertising a coming bout is to be entirely eliminated unless it has real news value. The Tribune goes on the theory that prize-fighters, who are well paid for their work, should pay for their publicity as well as the merchants who advertise in the newspapers. Newspaper men the country over, wondering where the gift of free space to professional sporting men would end can endorse the Tribune point of view without straining their consciences in the least. If there is to be gratuitous mention of athletic contests, let it be restricted to amateur events, where the taint of commercialism doesn't create quite so much stench in the nostrils of the public.

Herald 'Want Ads—Results.

Saturday, Nov. 5

Mark the date on your calendar, it will be

Savings Account Day

On that day we will make it a special inducement for you to open a bank account

AT THIS BANK

Each year there are a fresh number of young people who reach the age when they should open a bank account and begin to save money. We set aside one day each year for this purpose and we make it a special occasion at this bank. We want to help you get started. Begin now to save your money and watch the newspapers for special announcement of this

Big Savings Event

We Will Have a Present For You

The First State Bank

FASTEST GROWING—MOST ACCOMMODATING

THE SPINAL COLUMN

The **SAFE** Way
SURE

"EASE and DIS-EASE"

When all the organs and parts of the body are performing their functions with the least apparent effort we are said to be in the state of EASE (health).

When, for any reason, an organ or part can perform its function only with great effort we are said to be in the state of DIS-EASE, at least insofar as that organ or part is concerned.

Now the question concerning us most, is the WHY of this dis-ease, or the WHY of this great effort.

We are told that to begin with LIFE presupposes a complete mechanism with a perfect adaptability to the changes incumbent upon existence.

Then why does this perfect adaptability fail us sometimes? In other words what is the predisposing cause of DIS-EASE?

These are the big questions which many are asking today and which we will endeavor to answer in this "Spinal Column" as we go along. Watch this column as it may contain a message for you, by touching upon the very thing that is troubling you most and by the application of Chiropractic philosophy present it to you in an entirely different light than has been done heretofore.

We deal with causes well knowing that effects will take care of themselves if the cause is removed—the human body is a self-repairing machine.

DRS. JEFFREY & SMITH
CHIROPRACTORS