

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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ENTERTAINING OUR FRIENDS.

Columbus business men are considering a new plan in regard to the summer chautauqua, the winter lyceum course, and special winter concerts by the band of that city. It's an idea that may be worth looking into with a view to trying it out in Alliance. The secretary of the Columbus chamber of commerce has suggested, in his program for next year, that all of these entertainments be contracted and paid for by the city's commercial organization, and that all of them be free to every man, woman and child in the city's trade territory.

There are two or three beneficial results of such a procedure. In the first place, it would do away with the everlasting grief of guaranteeing a chautauqua, which makes the unfortunate man who is stuck for chairman by the men on the guarantee at least ten years older for every such experience. It would do away with the everlasting selling of season and single admission tickets, and the inevitable war which follows an accounting, which always results in unpleasantness. There are usually from forty to fifty men on a guarantee; part of these fluke out, and the rest feel owly. The man who is enthusiastic over chautauquas makes life miserable for his brother merchant who is lukewarm, or who happens to be opposed to guarantees. This feature of a chautauqua or a lyceum course is always a mess, and the city that can get away from it will find that it is worth several hundred dollars in added harmony within the city limits. Besides, think of the ineffable bliss of attending a six-day chautauqua without once hearing the suave platform manager make a nightly twenty-minute speech upon signing the guarantee.

All these are incidental blessings. The chief advantage would lie in the cementing of the friendly relations between the city and its trade territory. Let your mind wander back to the big fall festival of last year—one of the biggest things of its kind ever put over in the city. Not a merchant who contributed will say that it wasn't a good thing. The six-day chautauqua in the summer and the lyceum course and band concerts in the winter would be infinitely better.

The cost? Of course, it will cost money, but when the totals are figured up, it will be found that the merchants will have spent but little more than for the fall festival, and a whole lot less than the average race meet sets us back. The entertainment will, to speak frankly, be better. It may not please or profit the owners of the race horses, but if the right committee gets on the job and the right talent is secured, it will mean more for the city than half a dozen race meets. The fact is, that the race-meet game is beginning to be a bit overworked. Too many ambitious small towns are discovering that it will draw the tourists, and it's got to the point where a race meet don't go unless about two dollars in purses is hung up for every dollar taken in at the gate.

At any rate, the Columbus secretary has had a good hunch. The idea isn't copyrighted, and there's nothing to prevent the live wires in Alliance from trying out the same stunt. At any rate, it's got a race meet cheated to death. In this game, one knows how much he's in the hole before the fun starts, and there isn't any agonized worrying about the weather. Neither is there any general impression on the part of the city's guests that they have been held up in the name of being entertained. It's worth a careful consideration.

THE FLAPPER.

Purely in a spirit of scientific inquiry, let us turn our attention to the flapper. It is best to pursue our studies in this calm spirit, for the flapper, despite her faults and her vices is nevertheless, so we are told, a very fascinating creature, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

It seems to be the popular fad among the grownups, just now, to say all manner of mean things about the flapper. The women who are past the age where there is any hope for them in the romantic field are perhaps the most severe critics, although tired and—yes, let's say it, tiresome—business men and stern employers have also wielded the hammer. But the women are the worst critics, largely because

men are kinder hearted where the fair sex is concerned. Grandmothers and grandfathers, or people of the age to qualify in this class, are less complaining than the younger men and women.

Miss Mary Ide Bentley of Berkeley, Cal., former secretary of the San Francisco Y. W. C. A., in a talk to the girls at the University of California, told them the truth—or what she thought was the truth—about themselves. She said there were fully two thousand flappers on the campus. She defined a flapper as a "girl who believes personality is physical, who considers all advice as abstract, who loves continued change, who converses in generalities."

Miss Bentley says considerable more, and some of it, we are tempted to believe, is favorable if the language were only unraveled and made to say what it means. But of the indictment as quoted, what boots it? How many grown men and women converse in generalities? How many grownups believe that personality is largely physical? Believe us, Penelope, only those who have mind instead of more physically attractive attributes, lay so very much stress on it. Since the war, how many grownups desire continued change? And who among us, if we consider advice at all, do not consider it in the abstract? Miss Bentley has not been so very harsh.

Another woman, Miss Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, the only congresswoman, criticises the flapper a bit, but lays in all on mother. Mother's shoulders are broad—maybe too broad—and she won't complain. Miss Robertson says that while mother is flapping at an afternoon tea, daughter is flapping in an auto. If mother would stay at home and wash dishes or do some other distasteful labor, daughter would soon take the 'L', the Oklahoma lady believes.

There are other views, and all of them are interesting, it must be admitted. Business men crab about bobbed hair, and galoshes, and rolled hosiery, as a few years ago they complained that the flappers' mothers wore peek-a-boò waists, rats and bloomers, and chewed gum. The younger generation is always headed right straight to perdition, and yet, when the flapper stage is over they make pretty good men and women, and in turn worry about their offspring.

If you are worried about the future of the race, endangered by the flappers of both sexes, let your memory stray back to the days when there were such things as horsehair bustles, hoop skirts, charm strings, love potions, rats and ruffs, to say nothing of long ruffled pantaloons for the women and knee breeches for the men. Then you may heave another sigh, but it will be one of relief because the youth of today is satisfied with flopping galoshes and bobbed hair. These, bad as they seem, are infinitely to be preferred to any of the earlier manifestations of precocious youth.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

In these days, when everyone is worrying more or less over how long he will be compelled to hold the sack before conditions get back to normal and he can run the jitney for a ten-mile pleasure trip without feeling extravagant, there is more or less satisfaction in contemplating the fact that Alliance and Box Butte county are in a favored portion of the state. Both an Omaha and a Lincoln daily are devoting a column to writing up various portions of Nebraska. The Bee, in a recent issue, counts some of our blessings for us. Will you listen to this? After reading how good this country looks to others, it may be that some who are feeling just a trifle down in the mouth will feel more like grinning. This is only a small part of it:

Three waves of settlers swept into Box Butte county before the secret of mastering the dry and sandy, but fertile, soil was learned. Two generations drove away, disheartened, but the third is here to stay.

Back of this certainty is the fact that \$1,000,000 worth of potatoes was raised last year on the table land about Alliance and Hemingford. About a quarter of this crop is still unshipped. Prices for the table varieties are low, but the seed potatoes known as Red Triumphs are being sold as high as \$1.40 a bushel. The potato industry has been on a large scale out here only five years.

Far eastward from Alliance is the great cattle range known as the sandhills. There are now 100,000 head in the territory lying five miles in a half-circle about Alliance. That sounds big, but as a matter of fact it is just about a third less than normal. This is the aftermath of the deflation by which the ranchmen were compelled to ship a great deal of immature stock in order to liquidate their debts. The war finance corporation got under way too late to prevent this shortage. Even so, the situation is considered promising.

There will be an enormous calf crop this spring, and in three years the usual beef supply will be on hand. "Give us three years without a fall in cattle prices, even if they stay at the present level, and the ranchman will be satisfied," said Dr. H. A. Copsey. "By diversifying our agriculture we have the whole state skinned this year. Any district that raises only wheat or corn will find that one bad year can almost break it."

Alliance is part of the real west. Wyoming is not far off. The people on the streets do not appear to be as well dressed as in some of the rural communities to the eastward. They are not ashamed of patched clothing, nor was anyone seen trying to imitate the latest modes. Railroad men who have been laid off for some time, of course, have their reasons for thrift—and so have the farmers.

DIRTY WORK IN THE CABIN.

To Secretary of the Treasury Mellon must go the credit of being consistent, and of serving his class well. Mr. Mellon is an exceedingly wealthy gentleman, who has been and presumably is still opposed to a soldier bonus. Shortly after his appointment by President Harding, he declared that adjusted compensation would be too great a financial blow for the country, in its weakened condition. Later, when President Harding came out of the brush and declared openly for the measure urged by the ex-soldiers, Mr. Mellon seemed to soften, but it was only on the surface. His heart is not with the president or with the ex-soldiers who fought to keep his bonds and stocks at par.

Mr. Mellon's true attitude toward the bonus is best seen in his suggestions as to the means of raising the money to finance the plan. It has been suggested that a sales tax be imposed, or that the money owing by the allied nations be utilized for this purpose. Mr. Mellon says the latter is "impracticable," although it is a trifle difficult to follow his line of reasoning.

Instead, Mr. Mellon has suggested a number of special taxes, and he has taken good care to suggest only those which are most annoying and most likely to arouse public sentiment against the measure that makes them necessary. He has also suggested imposing more of these nuisances than are really necessary. Thus, he says there should be a one-cent increase in first-class postage; as well as an increase in second class postage. These two items will especially antagonize business men and publishers. He then suggests an increased cigarette tax, higher taxes on other tobaccos, more documentary-stamp taxes, and a tax of 2 cents on each bank check. His last brilliant idea is a license tax of 50 cents a horsepower on automobiles.

If Mr. Mellon's suggestions are even considered seriously, there is going to be a big wail from the populace and Mr. Mellon knows it. If he is sat upon as he deserves, and friends of the ex-soldiers allowed to figure out a plan to pay the bill, there will be little cause for complaint. But Mr. Mellon is quite shrewd, and if he isn't pretty closely watched, he'll queer the deal the minute he gets his hands on the deck.

A COMING CRUSADE.

From time to time, this newspaper has taken a swat or two at the reformers. The majority of them need it. Even when their object is praiseworthy, their methods are ordinarily of a sort that give the sober man a deep-seated pain. Of course, it is understood that our objection to reformers includes only the professionals—the men and women who make a good living out of passing the hat, and by influencing good people to take up the cudgels in their behalf as well as to drop some spare change into their palms.

The best brand of reformers, in our opinion, are fair-minded and open-minded, honest and industrious citizens—average folks who bear something quietly for months and months, and then, when the stench becomes too offensive to their nostrils, arise and clean house. These people take up the business of reforming in earnest; they seek neither compensation nor glory; they have convictions, and they mean business. This class of citizens cleans up politics, cities, counties and states—it gets somewhere.

The finest work of recent real reformers is the attack against half a dozen twenty-five cent magazines, pocket size—you know the ones we mean. In Denver and in Cheyenne these people have started a campaign to do away with them. They are making it, in each case, a purely local affair, and are directing their fight against the news dealers. So far, they are wrong. The news dealer sells only magazines for which there is a demand. It's unfair to hold them responsible for a perverted public taste. Even were the news stands prohibited from selling this filthy reading matter, news dealers in other towns would not desist. It's likewise futile to attempt to reform the public taste. Such magazines, in the hands of growing boys and girls, can poison minds faster than decent influences can overcome the harm that is being done.

The handling of this situation is something that should be put up to the federal government without delay. The state laws on the subject vary greatly and punishment is uncertain. The Denver reformers have found this out. Should the federal government start out to stamp out this nuisance, there would be no question as to the result.

No one who has ever read one of the little magazines would think of passing it on to a child, or of admitting to any but the most intimate friend that he or she was in possession of a copy. A Denver preacher from the pulpit has discussed these rotten little publications in plain language, and for the morally indolent the following excerpts from his address are given:

I want to raise my voice in earnest protest and in indignant condemnation of the publication and sale of such alleged magazines. Magazines they are, but magazines of deadly iniquity, magazines of high explosives, magazines dangerous to handle, especially by the youth.

One needs a thorough moral disinfection after a perusal of these pages. The language is so coarse, the suggestions are so raw, the quips are so nasty, the whole proposition is so utterly vile and indecent that only the prurient mind would find satisfaction in the reading of the pages.

However, curiosity is very marked in youthful minds and poison is probable to those who are more curious than corrupt, more daring than dangerous. Of course, it is unthinkable that these publications could find defense on any moral grounds, by upright citizens. They stand condemned before the bar of a community's ethical conscience. That they could be published at all, that they could be sold upon the street, that they could see the light of day, is the wonder.

The Herald has never been in sympathy with censorship. It is against any coterie of men or women, however well educated or well intentioned, seeking to impose their own moral standards upon others. Art and literature should never be placed in a position where anyone's prudish or narrow-minded ideas should constrain them. But these filthy magazines are beyond the pale. The ordinary rules of civilized warfare should not apply to skunks. This newspaper is not particularly advocating a local crusade, but it does believe that if there are any of the right kind of reformers out of a job right now, they couldn't begin on a better task than to organize public sentiment against these outrageous and indecent publications.

Breaking Any Records?

How is your business showing up this year? Are you getting anywhere? We have an

LOOSE I-P LEAF
Bookkeeping Outfit
that will help you to answer these questions.
The Alliance Herald

Ford
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE ANNOUNCING
New List Prices on Fordson Tractors
\$395.00 f. o. b. Detroit
EFFECTIVE FRIDAY, JANUARY 27
GET YOUR ORDERS IN EARLY.
Coursey & Miller

AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEYS P-K
WRIGLEYS CHEWING SWEET
This new sugar-coated gum delights young and old.
It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.
There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:
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WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT
WRIGLEYS JUICY FRUIT
C28

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WELL KNOWN EXPERIENCED SALESMAN IN CHARGE.
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