

**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.  
GEORGE L. BURR, Jr., Editor  
EDWIN M. BURR, Business Mgr.  
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.

**THE EXPECTED HAPPENS.**

We won't go so far as to say that what we feared has come upon us—but the expected has happened. Evelyn Preiss McElhaney, after serving thirteen months out of a thirty-year sentence imposed when she was convicted of the murder of Earl B. Anderson, is making efforts to secure her release. She has followed the line that was expected. She has issued a statement to Lincoln and Omaha newspaper men in which she declares that she is the scapegoat in this case—that she assumed the guilt and accepted the punishment for another. Her friends have been trying to clear her and it is reported that there are witnesses who will testify to her innocence. After more than a year, these witnesses, who dreaded the limelight so much that they stood by and saw an innocent woman condemned to a living death for another's crime, have come out of the brush, and will tell what they know.

So much for the surface indications. It is not impossible that the story told by Mrs. McElhaney may be true. It is not impossible that her innocence may be established and the guilt fastened upon another. If she has sacrificed herself, from any motive, to save another and now, forgotten and neglected, seeks to make another bear the punishment for his crime, well and good. No obstacles should be thrown in her way. If the courts, through her long negligence, are closed to her, she should be allowed to plead her case before the pardons board.

But until her innocence is established, let's remember that she was convicted by a jury in open trial, a jury which had every opportunity to learn such facts as she saw fit to give them. This jury, on her own confession of guilt, brought in their verdict. The county prosecutor, and his able assistant, sought to convict her to uphold the sanctity of human life and of law. They made the fight from a sincere conviction that they were doing their duty by the people of Box Butte county. The identity of the defendant or of the victim had nothing to do with it. The county authorities stand ready, when competent testimony is adduced corroborating her story, to help her as once they worked to convict her.

In the meantime, until some definite information is at hand, and the case has been reviewed by competent authority, it is no time for Alliance to get excited. This is about the proper time for the mob brigade to get on the job. Already there are evidences of its work. The state papers that have reported the incident are, almost without exception, coloring their reports in favor of the youthful and pretty defendant. The State Journal, over a dispatch from Alliance which says merely that the action of Mrs. McElhaney was expected, and that it is reported that affidavits from witnesses have been secured, places this sort of a heading over the dispatch: "Think Woman is Innocent." Portions of the articles show that they are in sympathy with the effort. Some sort of a protest should be made against manufactured sentiment of any kind. This is a case for impartial judgment by courts and men trained to separate fact from error. Mrs. McElhaney is entitled to strict justice—and no more.

**WISE COUNSEL.**

There has been so much talk about building good roads in western Nebraska—and so little accomplished—that the average citizen is beginning to show signs of weariness when the subject is brought up. Alliance is a western city, and it's fairly easy to stir up enthusiasm and to get results—on every activity but good roads. True, we have a booster trip every now and then which shows us up to our old form, but somehow or other something always happens to take the starch out of us before our objective is won. This is probably true of other communities.

As a matter of fact, we've gone up against the stone wall of state officialdom often enough, in road matters, to know that it's one thing to conceive a plan and another to get permission to carry it out. The money spent on roads comes largely from us, in either direct or indirect taxes—and we ought to have some means of making our desires crystallize into action. One of

icial turndown, a few months' failure to act, "takes the tuck out of us," as our grandfathers used to say. We may not like to admit it; we may refuse to see the situation in this light, but that's about the way the cards read. And so the good and timely advice of Harold Cook, who spends much of his time in the past with his fossils, but who is tremendously alive to present day problems and possibilities, nevertheless, ought to stir us from our present lethargy. We've been letting well enough alone just a bit too long. We've been content to drift with the tide instead of digging out the oars and taking the short cut. We are content with rumors, and half-promises and prospects, when we should get busy and get after what we want in earnest.

Mr. Cook tells, for the most part, facts that are well known to Alliance men. He shows how North and South Dakota, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming and the Pacific coast states are alive to their natural possibilities and are capitalizing their scenic wonders. He tells us plain figures, just what gains we may expect when we draw the tourist travel of the country to our doors. He emphasizes what we have long known, that Alliance is the logical point for a cutoff from the Lincoln highway to the Black Hills. He confirms our suspicion that garages in eastern Nebraska and in other states are working against our interests. Again we hear the accusation from men and women who have traveled all over the United States, that the only real bad roads they struck were in western Nebraska.

Mr. Cook goes farther. We are told that in the Agate fossil beds we have an attraction unequalled anywhere in the world. Over one of the worst roads imaginable, thirty-five hundred people, in a single season, have come to view the wonders of nature. With a fair road—not necessarily an expensive state highway, the number of yearly spectators could be increased tremendously.

Let's hope that the business men who heard Mr. Cook caught the vision that he has. Let's hope that they will also find his energy infectious. Let's trust, also, that his remarks concerning the progress of North and South Dakota in road building—states not a whit richer than Nebraska—will sink home. And his last bit of advice deserves to be emphasized: "If your road officials won't co-operate, get together and make them."

This road game, be it said, isn't a task simply for Alliance—it's a job for all western Nebraska, for the whole end of the state is interested. Right now is the time to get busy—and to stay on the job. Other states, not nearly so advantageously located, are organizing and building roads to catch the tourists. The longer we delay, the more difficult will be our task when we do set out to win back the place that we have lost through our negligence. If Alliance has caught Mr. Cook's vision and only a small part of his enthusiasm, we'll be able to organize all the counties that should be interested. If the state authorities do not show the proper co-operation, we will do our best to convince them, and to prod them into line. That failing, we will build plain, ordinary roads, from county funds. Box Butte had thirty thousand dollars, aside from the state and federal funds, to spend on roads in 1921 alone. Other counties also have money. If once we get the will to build roads, we'll find the way. The one important thing is to do it before we've lost so much ground that it will be impossible to retrieve it.

**A PROBLEM IN PUBLICITY.**

Mr. Doherty, one of the star reporters on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, was sent to the Pacific coast recently to report "the murders and other social advantages" of that region, the favored habitat of movie queens, heroes and slapstick comedians of the silver screen and directors, who seem to be the czars in their particular studios. Mr. Doherty has been busy ever since, the Tribune's editorial writer records. "He was asked if he did not want to take a rest and come back home. He replied that he would resign first." Here we have the material for our discourse.

Mr. Doherty presumably ranks as a top-notch news-gatherer, one of the sort who are allowed to sign their names to their dispatches. Like all other reporters, he is in love with his work. Newspaper men have to be, or they would find some other position where their talents will bring a better financial return. But Mr. Doherty's desire to remain on the job in Hollywood and other crime centers isn't solely due to the love of the game, much as we should like to call it loyalty to our loved profession. Mr. Doherty is afflicted with the same thing that's bothering the rest of us, saint and sinner alike. He's waiting for the next movie scandal, and curious to know which spotless movie idol will be the next to be fair game for the publicity hounds.

It's a fascinating pursuit, this wait-

ing for something that's sure to happen. Alliance newspaper men have their eyes open and their ears to the ground for the first signs of two or three good scandals that ought to be "breaking" almost any day, now.

The whole country is eager for details of old and new movie scandals. They occupy a much greater place in our news columns and in our thoughts than they are worth. But advertising, that remarkable influence, has made us as well acquainted with Mary Miles Minter, "Fatty" Arbuckle, Minta Durfee, Mary and Doug, Mabel Normand and others who have figured in one sort of a scrape or another as we are with the family next door—maybe better. We don't fret a whole lot about Madelyn Oberchain, Lieutenant Wanderer or Mrs. Stillman and her Indian guide friend unless we hail from their home town, but Mary Miles Minter is different. Why, we've known her ever since the child wonder appeared in her first five-reeler.

The movie news is more interesting to all of us than we like to admit in our sober moments, provided we have sober moments. It has had its effect on the country as a whole. The arms limitation conference might have been the biggest topic since the war if it hadn't happened that "Fatty" Arbuckle was on trial for murder. The collapse of the Knickerbocker theater in Washington, the greatest disaster of its kind since the historic Iroquois fire, would have made a mighty stir, but the mysterious death of William Desmond Taylor, movie director, and subsequent developments in this most interesting case have driven it from the public mind. Besides, Arbuckle is to have a third trial. We doubt if even the Washington newspapers have much space to devote to their own disaster. Undoubtedly their readers want to know all about Mary Miles Minter and her pure love for the last man to be murdered.

The details are interesting, for a fact. Taylor prepared for a quiet evening at home. He laid out his favorite book, donned his dressing gown, took up his pipe and drew the blinds. On other evenings the blinds had been drawn when he planned to spend the evening differently, but no matter. A friendly movie actress calls, chats a while and leaves. There's a shot in the back. Rumors connect a valet with the crime. Then a pink nightie is discovered, with the initials of a well known, but carefully guarded name. Mabel Normand breaks down and is carried away at the funeral. An opened book discloses a love note from youthful Mary Miles Minter—a love note with a string of X's at the close, one of them two inches high and followed by an exclamation point a full inch high. Why, a presidential election or the repeal of the Volstead act couldn't arouse more curiosity!

A leading newspaper men's publication last week carried an article urging editors to minimize this stuff. The argument made was that a good review of "Main Street" or "an intelligent interview between an observing and lively visitor and an intelligent reporter" is a better front page story than any of these others. Maybe so; but which would be read by you first? It's a problem for the city dailies, primarily, for the country newspapers aren't in a position to serve these delicious scandals in anywhere near the portions of their big brothers in the cities.

It would be nice to believe that Eric W. Allen, dean of the University of

Oregon school of journalism, is correct in his assumption that "the average western home is a place of comfort and intelligence. It is a shame and also a business mistake to serve such a population as that with a type of journalism we imitate in any degree from that devised for the slums and subways of the east." We agree fully with Dean Allen that it is a shame—but is it a business mistake? Should a publisher hold fast to his ideals—and lose his readers, or should he conclude, in line with another utterance of Mr. Allen, that "what people are thinking about" is news, and endeavor to serve all these scandals up just a little more red-hot than the competitor down the street?

**MAC AND GUS WERE THERE!**

(Gering Midwest)

After the publishing of a scathing article in the Fremont Tribune, calling attention to the lawlessness in Norfolk during the convention, Gus Hyers sent deputies to the Madison county seat and their reports confirm what has already been said. A half-dozen men paid fines into court for confessed bootlegging and others have expressed a determination to fight prosecution. Norfolk appears to be one of the wettest spots on the map just now—Nebraska City Press.

O, piffle! Gus Hyers and a couple of his assistant booze hounds were in Norfolk from the time the firemen's convention started until it closed. Governor McKelvie was there a part of the time. Why did they wait until after the convention was over and all of the visitors had departed before they made the big haul? Why didn't they cinch the violators of the law right in their illegal acts? Why claim so much superior virtue while playing the political game?

Doubtless there have been many violations of the liquor law in Norfolk, and it is more likely that the violations increased while the firemen were there. But was it any worse for Norfolk to put up a little party for her visitors than it was for Governor McKelvie to take wine with his friend John Drew in an Omaha hotel in violation of the law? After the party was over in Norfolk, Gus and his booze hounds got awfully busy. But they were there during the convention, and it is more than likely that they winked at the violations in order to curry favor.

Marshal Foch survived his trip around the United States, again demonstrating the kind of stuff he is made of.

That Mexican volcano that has been throwing out smoke and ashes for two years is running itself up an awful coal bill.

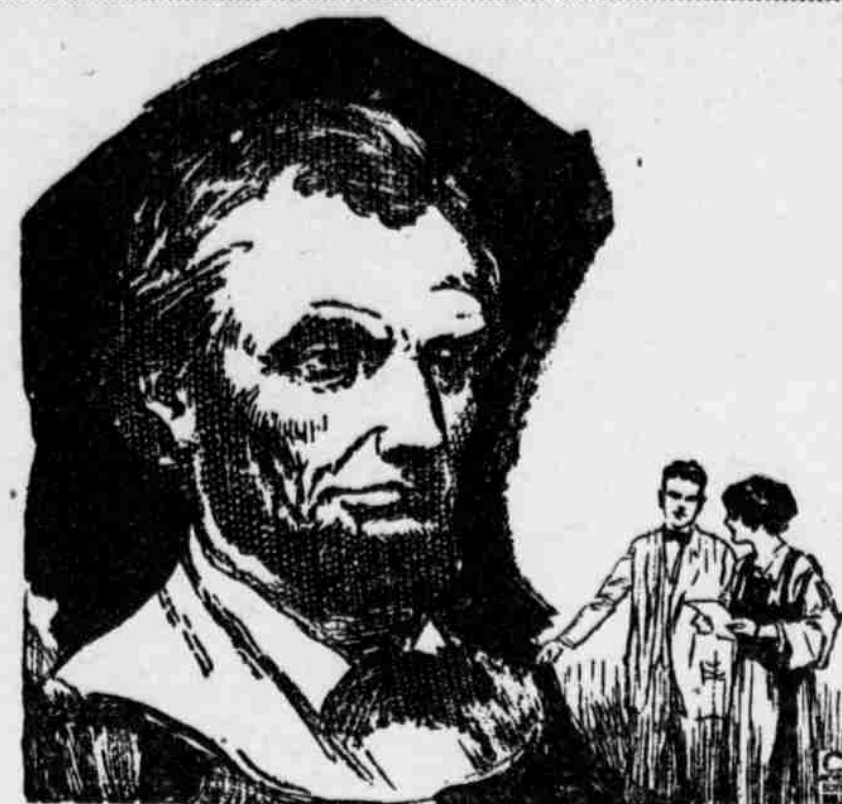
Leagues and associations manage to get along together all right in baseball. Why not in nations?

All the wise ones, writers and others, who can tell others exactly how to farm, become silent when corn falls to 26 cents a bushel.

Moonshine whiskey glows with unusual brilliance in the statistics on suicide, homicide and other forms of violent death.

**SQUIBB'S** Alliance Drug Co. 214 Box Butte

THE ASSURANCE OF TRUE PURITY AND RELIABILITY.  
A complete stock of household products and pure drugs.



This Bank, like our Government, is an Institution

**"OF THE PEOPLE  
BY THE PEOPLE  
FOR THE PEOPLE"**

**Our Aim Is:**

- To protect the interests of our depositors and see that their funds are kept safely and securely.
- To give sound advice to investors, and assist them in making such investments as will yield greatest returns, commensurate with safety.
- To assist and advise the business people of Alliance in their business affairs.

MAY WE SERVE YOU?

**Alliance National Bank**

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$130,000.00



**Spring Is Coming!  
Get Quality Tools**

**TOOLS** that stand up under the strain are the kind you get here. Constructed solidly, every tool is made of only the best materials. High grade tool steel and the best of wood enter into their construction.

We guarantee satisfaction to the users of our tools. We can safely do so, knowing full well the superiority of materials and workmanship that enter into them.

**MAYDOLE HAMMERS, ATKINS SAWS, AND STANLEY TOOLS.**

*Newberry's Hardware Co.*

**Specials For The Week End**

10c **IVORY SOAP** two for

**11c**

40c **Rikers Ilasol TOILET CREAM** two for

**41c**

\$2.00 **HAT WATER BOTTLE** two for

**\$2.01**

Fifty **Lord Baltimore Envelopes**

One pound **Lord Baltimore paper** both for

**89c**

\$1.00 bottle of **Rexall 93 HAIR TONIC** two for

**\$1.00**

**HOLSTEN'S**