

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners

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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.

A SECRET DISCOVERED.

Some few citizens of Alliance have discovered one of the most important secrets in existence—the way to secure co-operation. Unless this secret is lost, and we understand that this occasionally happens, no matter how carefully it is guarded, it should mean much for the future of the county. There are two ways to keep secrets of this importance from becoming lost. One is to guard it with excessive care, and the other is to let enough people in on it so that if one or more should forget, there will always be some who can remember. The way to secure co-operation is important enough so that everyone worthy of the honor should be informed how it is done.

After two or three years of scrapping, and differences of opinion, the Box Butte county commissioners, the Morrill county commissioners and the Alliance chamber of commerce have finally been brought together on a compromise road. It could have been done some months ago, when prospects were especially bright, but while there was an expressed desire for co-operation, there wasn't anyone who seemed to want to co-operate with the other fellow. The road that the Morrill county people proposed to build was not the one most desired by Alliance. Yet, Morrill county didn't have the money to build the one we did want. We had Hobson's choice of it—we could refuse to take any steps to connect with the road that ended in the middle of the sandhills, but we couldn't force our neighbors to come our way.

And so, after losing months of valuable time, and getting nowhere at all, a group of Alliance and Bridgeport citizens got together. They selected a route—one that Morrill county could build and not go bankrupt, and arranged for temporary connections. They secured a promise that when funds were available, the logical road would be built. And what's more, they got the county officials of both counties to agree on the compromise.

The Herald expected to hear some walls go up from the irreconcilables. We expected to hear a few kicks, at least. But somehow or other, they didn't materialize. After no road at all, any kind of a thoroughfare that can be traveled seems to be preferable. This is the sensible, the economical course to take, and the unanimous support of the road boosters shows that, with a similar spirit, there isn't any reason why we shouldn't have roads now, in all directions, instead of half a dozen rows with various people who can't seem to see our side of the argument.

Fortunately, the compromise comes in time to be of distinct service. As yet, there's no real connection between the Black Hills and the Lincoln highway. Another year of wasted time and effort might have put us out of the running, so far as capturing the lion's share of the tourist trade was concerned. Now, we have a fair show for our white alley.

But let's not rest here. There are other roads that we should have, and with the greatest stumbling block of all out of the way—with the "missing link" in Morrill county discovered, there is real encouragement to take advantage of other road opportunities.

THE DANGER LINE.

An editor at Durango, Col., has shot and kill a competitor. The battle took place on the city's main street. And it started, like all newspaper scraps, over little or nothing. The murderer wrote an editorial in which he made light of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. His competitor disapproved of the attack and said so in no uncertain terms. One thing led to another, the scrap grew more and more personal, until it developed into an old-time feud. The two men opposed one another on all issues, and made every difference of opinion a personal matter. The conservative editor, he who stood for law enforcement, one day went too far and the enemy of Volstead went even farther.

Editors have fought in this way for years and years, and yet the number of killings has been surprisingly few. As the years have gone by, and civilization has progressed, there have been fewer verbal attacks, and the killings have practically ceased.

The time has gone by in America when men will fight to the death for a word or an idea. It's so utterly needless. Editors are sometimes pretty intelligent fellows, but although the influence of newspapers is increasing; there is less and less of a tendency to look upon editors as oracles. Once in a while, one of these fellows can admit that he had made a mistake. And it is quite often the case that they are willing that someone should differ with them, honestly and forcefully.

The sad part of it all is that the thing over which the Durango editors fought was something over which neither of them had any control. One man's opinion on the Volstead act or the eighteenth amendment amounts to so little; his influence is so small. Newspaper men are like the rest of mankind, inclined to take their own opinions too seriously. The danger is that a growing sense of their own importance, and a disregard for the sincere convictions of others, they allow themselves to get into the oracle habit. It's bad enough when found in any profession, but doubly so with an editor.

The Durango editors have been living in the past age, and now, too late, one of them realizes it. Competition in the newspaper business is keener these days than it ever was before. Other business men can compete, and do it honestly all the way through. Only once in a blue moon do we hear of two merchants in the same line of business declaring open war. Yet newspapers do it often. Editors can be fully as intolerant as any other class of professional men, even though they are able to see the evils of intolerance in others. They squabble among themselves over little things, and waste considerable energy that could be devoted to other and better things.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.

One of the late news dispatches bears food for thought and an opportunity to draw an interesting conclusion or two. Marshal Joffre, French war hero, is touring America. In the good days when the fighting was brisk, the marshal, after five terrific days of fighting without an instant's let-up, succeeded in forcing the Germans back at the Marne. In America, his experience has been almost as strenuous, and perhaps even more terrible. For he has attended one public gathering after another. He has wrung thousands of hands and made hundreds of speeches. And the iron man whose stamina and constitution enabled him to withstand the rigors of ceaseless fighting in modern warfare has shown his weakness.

At the Ritz Carlton hotel in New York city Wednesday night the marshal was an honored guest. He was seated on the huge platform, the cynosure of all eyes, the beheld of all beholders. Maurice Donnay, director of the French academy of arts was speaking in the tercentenary celebration of the French playwright, Moliere. The marshal gazed and listened then nodded and fell asleep. The news reports say that he awoke with a start, his astonished gaze saw and took in the audience. He yawned as might a tired child, brushed his hand over his face—and again sank into slumber. Ambassador Jusserand, seated next to him, leaned over and whispered. The marshal awoke, whispered back, sat straight a moment or two and relapsed into slumber.

The newspaper reporters, always gentlemanly fellows, have explained the slumber by saying that Marshal Joffre's sturdy resistance had been hard pressed by the round of constant entertainment. There is no hint that the lecture may have been unspeakably dull—and it probably was bore some.

This incident is but one of a score. During the recent limitation of arms conference a good many delegates—

brilliant men with records of achievement—were unable to stand the pace set by the Americans who yearned to make social lions of them. Another famous visitor, after the first three days of a tour, found his hand swollen and painful from too much handshaking.

Our system of entertaining distinguished visitors is seriously at fault, but neither the visitors nor the hosts seem to have the desire to improve it. Once a poor French hero gets into the clutches of those who would show him a good time, they'll have their way with him, even if it kills him. Marshal Joffre is discovering, as others of his caliber have discovered, that there are horrors worse than the battlefield. Some misguided souls call it pleasure. It is noticeable that once the heroes make their escape, no matter how fulsomely they praise their reception, or how heartily they promise to return, there be few of them who will put their necks twice into the same noose. It's no joy to be a celebrity in the hands of American admirers.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS.

From Washington, D. C., comes news that emphasizes the importance to the world and to scientists of the Agate Springs fossil quarries. Would that something would happen to awaken Alliance and Box Butte county to the importance of this fossil bed to Alliance, if it will but take advantage of the opportunity.

There are two things that Alliance should take immediate steps to secure, if it would realize its opportunity. One of them is to work for a road to the Agate Springs quarries. The other is to get behind Dr. Harold J. Cook in his plan to build a museum that will adequately house the precious fossils that are being discovered in such quantities.

If Alliance will take advantage of the opportunity to exploit this natural wonder, it will not be long until there is a steady stream of tourists coming through this city on their way to Agate. Already hundreds of scientists have braved the fearful roads and the hard travel and have come, drawn by scientific interest. It should be possible to draw a thousand people every year for one who comes now.

Other cities are taking advantage of everything that nature has done for them. The tourist travel, already large, is steadily growing in volume. All that Box Butte county needs is to get tourists to go through the country. We'll find that it's comparatively easy to induce some of the best of them to stay with us. We may have the first road connecting the Lincoln highway with the Black Hills, but there will be others in time. With the Agate Springs fossil quarries, one of two in the United States, as a drawing card, we will be able to more than meet competition when it comes.

NEBRASKA'S BEEF SHORTAGE

(Omaha Bee)

There is a shortage of cattle on the western range of Nebraska. Credit is needed to stock the sandhill ranges, utilize their grass and encourage breeding. The conference of Governor McKelvie with Eugene Meyer, Jr., managing director of the War Finance corporation, in Washington, it is to be hoped will result in more relief than has thus far been available.

Unless this financial assistance is forthcoming, many cattlemen who have labored for years amid kaleidoscopic losses and winnings, may be forced out of business. New capital will later come in and perform their functions, for the world must have its beef.

The main reason why there is little credit available for these cattlemen must be sought in the fact that the fluctuating market made cattle paper a risky investment. Many who lent on live stock operations in the past have lost heavily, until capital is afraid. Once some assurance of profit in the range business is found, credit will come.

The breeding of cattle is an important industry. Certain changes, however, may have to be made to meet conditions. Out at Alliance, where steers are brought in from the sandhills and put in feed lots on the table land to be fattened, promise of this improvement is seen. Too many thin, grass-fed cattle are shipped to market when they might better be fattened or corn in their own neighborhood. There is a great deal of needless shipping of feeders and stockers back and forth.

Ranching, like farming, is a manufacturing industry, and the more finished the product is, the better the chance for profit.

CHURCH CROOKEDNESS

(Rushville Standard)

It is a laudable cause for churches to enter into contests and offer as a reward to the one enlisting for a period of time the largest number of pupils attending Sunday school, providing the contesting parties go in the highways and by-ways and gather in the "Lost Sheep" or those who are not in the habit of attending Sunday school. But when one of the contesting parties invades the portals of other Sunday schools and coaxes, beg or coerces pupils to leave their Sunday school and come to the other, in order that it might be winner in the contest it is far from being a credit to the invaders. God will not look upon such hypocrisy with favor, neither will the church that practices such unfair and underhanded work prosper. It is coercion of the lowest type and no credit to the ones who practice it. The promise of suppers, picnics or other inducements may have a bearing on the children, but in the sight of the Great Redeemer it is damnable.

The tumult and the shouting die, the captains and the kings depart; still stands thine ancient sacrifice, a taxpayer with a bleeding heart.—Baltimore Sun.

The reformer who says all scandal should be made public probably doesn't know the price of print paper.—New York Evening Telegram.

A man is never down until he is down in the mouth.—New York Evening Telegram.

The Irish are still trying to take Dublin.—New York Evening Post.



Compare flavor and crispness!
KELLOGG'S against any
Corn Flakes you ever ate!

Takes the rough edges off hopping out of the covers these snappy mornings just thinking about that luscious bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes waiting down-stairs! Big and brown and crispy-crunchy flakes—a revelation in appetizing flavor, wonderful in wholesome goodness—the most delicious cereal you ever tasted!

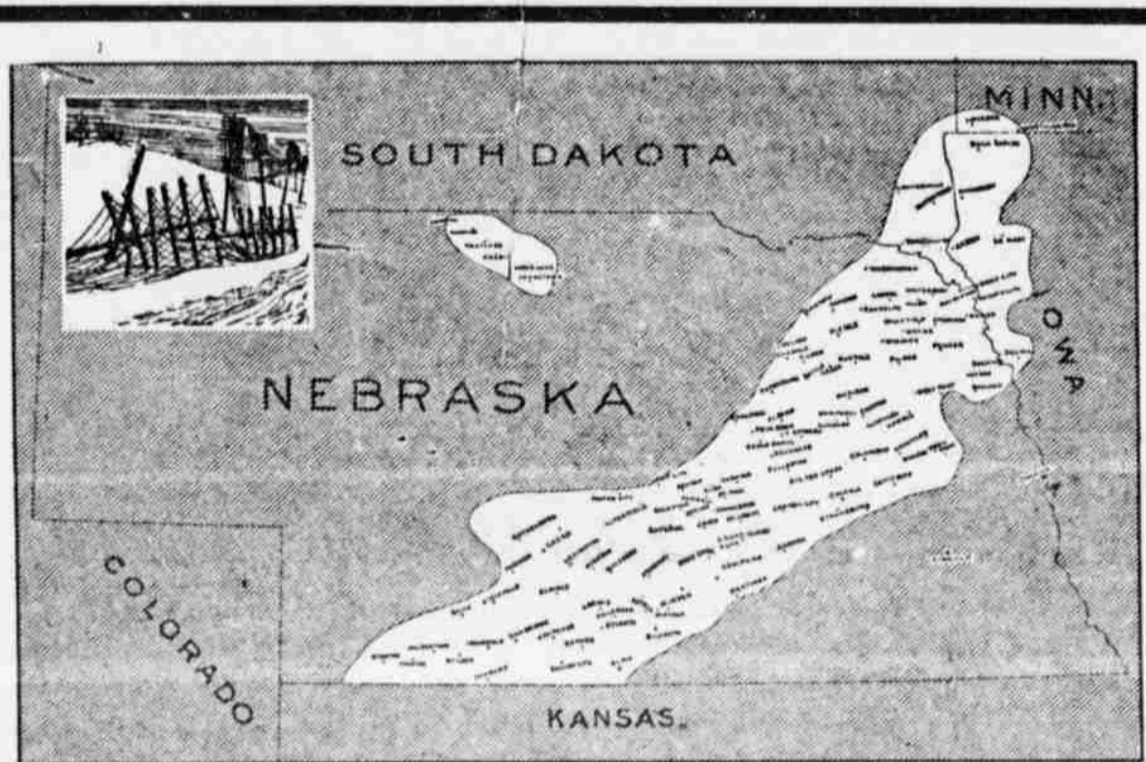
Instantly you like Kellogg's, not only because of appealing flavor, but because Kellogg's are not "leathery"! Kellogg's are a delight to eat, as the little folks as well as the big ones will tell you! And Kellogg's ought to be best—they're the original Corn Flakes! You have only to make comparison to quickly realize how perfect they are!



KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes for tomorrow morning's spread! They get the day started right! Insist upon KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes in the RED and GREEN package—the kind that are not leathery!

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLES and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled



The above map shows the territory swept by the sleet storm on April 10th

\$950,000 of Telephone Property
Lost in a Night

The chilly afternoon of April 10th a light rain began to fall over a strip nearly a hundred miles wide, from southwestern Minnesota to southwestern Nebraska.

As evening came on the rain began to freeze as it fell on the telephone wires. Before midnight the wires in many places were coated with ice nearly an inch thick. Under the weight of the ice, and whipped by a rising wind, mile after mile of telephone poles and wires swayed back and forth, and then crashed to the ground.

A survey of this company's damage from the storm shows the following result:

- 26,944 miles of wire out of service
- 21,200 poles broken down or destroyed
- 71 exchanges in the storm area
- \$950,000 property loss

Nearly all of the long distance lines damaged by the storm have been restored by more than 1,200 telephone repairmen who have been on the job constantly since the storm. And in those cases where the local lines were damaged, the repair work is going forward as rapidly as it is possible to do so.

It is a man's size job to reset more than 20,000 poles, to re-attach the crossarms and wires to them, and to re-establish communication over telephone wires that if extended in a single line would reach more than around the world.

We take this opportunity to thank our customers for the splendid spirit of co-operation with which you have accepted the unavoidable interruption of telephone service, and we want to assure you that we have been doing everything possible to hurry the reopening of communication.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY



A FREE LECTURE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

WILL BE GIVEN IN
Alliance, Sunday, April 30

IMPERIAL THEATRE
4:00 p. m.

By **SAMUEL W. GREENE, C. S.**
of Louisville, Ky.

Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church,
The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED