

**Comment--and
Discomment**

Some famous writer—possibly Shakespeare, possibly Oscar Wilde, possibly Beatrice Fairfax—once remarked that it is easier to catch flies with honey than with vinegar. We have always been more interested in killing flies than in catching them, but it's a good epigram, just the same. We are referring to the practice becoming all too prevalent among some of our country exchanges of roasting the merchants who do not advertise with them.

Just this last week we find in no less than ten exchanges harsh words uttered by editors who, lacking in powers of argument or persuasion, hope to secure patronage by means of the crowbar. Now, the crowbar is in some ways well adapted to argumentative purposes. We know of nothing that will weaken the resistance of an unregenerate mule like a crowbar applied where it will have the greatest effect.

But an editor can't get business that way, nor can any other merchant browbeat prospective customers into patronizing him. Suppose a strange grocer seized you by the coat tails when you passed his place of business and implored you to enter and purchase a can of his excellent string beans. You might argue that you didn't yearn for beans, or that you were going to have rhubarb pie for dinner and that one vegetable was sufficient. And he could insist that canned string beans were just what you needed, and yawn about calories and other uncomfortable things for half an hour. That's stretching the privileges of salesmanship a bit, but if he weren't too vociferous, you probably wouldn't mind.

But, for the sake of argument, suppose you resist his blandishments and wander along home to your rhubarb pie. That ought to end the incident. But this grocer's resentment has been stirred. He knows that his string beans are without peer, and instead of giving you credit for knowing what your desires are, he proceeds to start a campaign to make you buy, not only string beans, but the brand he sells. He starts out by hinting to other customers of his that a man of about your age, height and build, with eyes the shade of your own sickly blue ones, with freckles on his nose located about where your freckles are displayed, is a darned poor citizen, with an especially punk appreciation of quality groceries. If you heard this, it might cause you to feel like damning all grocers. Indeed, you might go farther, and particularize—but you could stand it, with practice.

But if this hypothetical grocer stuck up a card in his front window, over a stack of those very beans that you refused to buy, and inscribed

upon that card the fact that the Smith, Jones, Robinson, Black and Tucker families had all purchased them, and were delighted with the flavor, but that you had refused to buy, even when urged, wouldn't it get your goat? And would you not rather go without beans than patronize this particular grocer? You might simply yearn for string bean fritters, or string bean pie, or string bean fudge, but if that man was the only one in town who had them in stock, you'd buy cauliflower, now wouldn't you? Even if you positively detested cauliflower shortcake?

Now, if this imaginary grocer had had his wits about him, and really wanted to make a sale, he'd tell you enough about his beans to make your mouth fairly water for them. A real good salesman could make you forget that you were to have rhubarb pie for dinner. He'd tell you—all in perfect truth, mind you, for the successful salesman will never lie—that string beans, taken in time, will prevent freckles, and may remove them; he'd say that they will reduce your weight, or build you up; that they have the flavor of Arabian spices and that the taste of rhubarb pie is as flat as mashed potatoes in comparison with them. And if he knew his business, you'd take six cans home with you, and place a standing order for them.

Sooner or later, these newspaper idiots will reform or go out of business. They'll get into the habit of creating a demand for their advertising, rather than attempting to force it down the throats of those who don't appreciate it, but will, when they know what results to expect from it when rightly handled. These boys who don't advertise will advance a lot of arguments, and some of them will not be easy to answer. You've got to know your subject when you are in the selling game, whether it is face powder, chewing tobacco, string beans or display advertising. The more you know about it, the more you'll sell.

When we strike a man who says that he has never advertised, and cites the fact that he is still doing business at the old stand, with his books showing a profit on the right side of the ledger, we don't give up the ship. It's easy enough to show this sort of a man that he's simply losing profits that he might as well be getting. And if he refuses to be convinced, we try something else on him. You can't get business out of a man by sitting on the fence and calling him names.

All of which reminds us of one good thing that we read in one of these bellyaching articles on the gents who refuse to come across. You may appreciate the logic of the writer, just as we did, but is the writer using honey or vinegar?

"Of course there are some business men who do not advertise and who still prosper. They are like the small boy who crawls under the circus tent; they get to see the show all right, but forget that if everybody crowded under the tent there would

be no show. They are the gainers of an 'unearned increment' just as an unprogressive farmer whose land rises in value because his neighbors improve their places."

What we really intended to write about in this column was the new dancing regulations the American national association of dancing masters have recently adopted. Oddly enough, it's the dancing masters who now want the dance purged and purified, and made safe, sane and sanitary once more. The shimmy and the stranglehold must go, they say, and they have organized a sort of creed for the reformers in each town to start urging.

We hold no brief against the shimmy. In fact, since our weight began to accumulate, we've rather lost interest in the light fantastic toe stuff. It's probably pretty rank, to judge from all the resolutions passed against it. We intend to take the matter up with Rufus Jones, the next time we see him, and find out just how bad it really is. Rufus is our authority on matters terpsichorean, not alone because he can dance, but because he isn't tongued.

The dancing masters suggest ten plain don'ts for "cleaning up" the dance. After reading them over, you may decide for yourself whether they'd have the desired effect. If you are deeply stirred, write your sentiments to this or any other newspaper. It's an interesting subject, and we'd like to know how you feel. If the dance needs cleaning up, by all means let's do it, and be ready to start some other campaign. Maybe if we can keep the minds of our reformers occupied with these things, they'll let our pet vices alone. Here's the recommendations, which have a stringent sound, whatever that is:

- "Don't permit vulgar, cheap jazz music to be played.
- "Don't permit young men to hold their partners tightly.
- "Don't permit partners to dance with checks close or touching.
- "Don't permit neck holds.
- "Don't permit shimmying.
- "Don't permit dancers to take either exceptionally long or short steps.
- "Don't dance from the waist up.
- "Don't permit suggestive movements.
- "Don't permit dancers to copy the extremes that are now used on the modern stage.
- "Don't hesitate to request objectional dancing couples to leave the room."

An Alliance man bought one of those mail-order cornets, and the minute the postman brought it he began to blow the insides out of it. He got so he could play "A Wild Irish Rose" with one hand and one lung, when difficulties arose. One of the valves stuck. His fifty-cent manual, "How to Learn to Play the Cornet in Twenty Lessons, Flat" had no section on making repairs. In desperation, he wrote to the company. The answer came back by return

mail: "Apply a little saliva." He wrapped up two bits in a piece of paper and sent it in to the company: "Please send me a quarter's worth of saliva by return mail."

The university girls discussed the momentous question: "What color was the hair of Lydia E. Pinkham?" at one of their banquets this week.

We can think of others that we'd rather have answered.

For instance, Where does a certain Alliance man spend his evenings?

We won't bawl out our friends.

However, our cigar box is getting nearly empty.

We hear, in confidence, that a foot specialist will attend the Yama Yama dance.

We advise the girls to beware.

Announcement

This week the Silver Grill Cafe wishes to announce to its patrons and the general public its change of ownership. The business has been purchased by the undersigned who will endeavor to conduct the establishment in such a manner that it will continue to merit a generous share of patronage.

The Silver Grill

will at all times try to serve the public wholesome foods prepared in an appetizing and sanitary way. We will appreciate any business you see fit to give us and assure you that we will do everything we can to deserve its continuance.

OUR MOTTO: "QUALITY, QUANTITY AND SERVICE"

The Silver Grill

ERNEST RADENBAUGH, Proprietor

ALLIANCE, NEBR. 214 BOX BUTTE AVE.

Random Shots

This is the night of the Yama Yama ball.

Did you see any of the costumes that Harp got for them. We'll say they're nifty.

But we know of one exceptionally skinny dancer who won't be disguised, even if he does wear a mask.

The suit he got was too small for him. It was marked with his name, and we think they chose it with malice aforethought.

Our own Priscilla Dean says: "When a person is fleshy, it is impossible to be either graceful or beautiful."

It's impolite and unwise to dispute a recognized authority, but there are at least two Alliance people that Prissy has never met.

No use to ask us for the name of the other one.

Speaking of the Seagull club, we nominate the defendant.

The latest invention is a popcorn tester, which has been purchased by most of the big seed houses. We have thought that almost any ordinary skillet was a pretty fair tester for popcorn.

There's only one thing worse than buying it of bootleggers, it seems, and that's trying to make it yourself.

Beware of these home outfits.

That's the first time we ever heard that apricot brandy had to be distilled. We had always supposed it was mixed, like Martinis.

We live and learn.

One of the school-teachers, up at the boarding house, was perturbed. She had received a letter from an admirer (at least we hope the writer was an admirer) and you should have heard her: "Why, how absent-minded! Here he's gone and scribbled a lot of X's all over the back page."

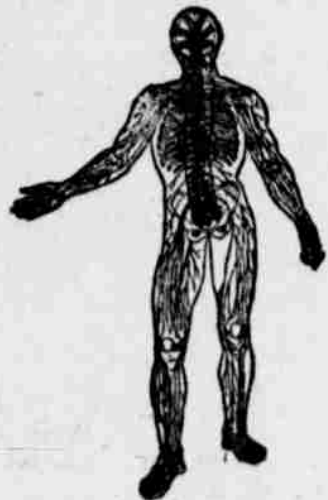
No, Harold, this is not the one who asked what it meant to stand beneath the mistletoe.

They can't kid us, even if they are experts.

Nerves and Health

THE net work of nerves which carries the normal flow of life-giving energy to every organ and tissue is responsible for the health of the body. These nerves are distributed through the spinal column.

If through accidents, blows, strains or unnatural curvature the moveable bones of the spine become slightly displaced, they press on the nerves and obstruct the free passage of the health-giving currents. The organs or tissues fed by the obstructed nerves naturally become weakened and diseased. Pressure on the nerves leading to the stomach, for instance, is often the cause of stomach trouble.



CHIROPRACTIC

by a method of scientific adjustment corrects these spinal defects, relieves the pressure on the nerves and removes the cause of disease. With normal conditions restored, the life-giving currents have full power to repair and strengthen, and health results in a natural way, without the use of drugs or surgery. No matter what the ailment, experience proves that it can be relieved through Chiropractic (KI-RO-PRAK-TIC) adjustments of certain parts of the spine.

The sick should not be discouraged, even though they have sought relief for years and tried every known method of health.

CHIROPRACTIC THE BETTER WAY TO HEALTH

has done wonders in bringing relief in long standing and obstinate cases. Investigate and learn what Chiropractic has done and is doing for others, and what it can do for you.

Annie G. Jeffrey
CHIROPRACTOR

Graduate Palmer School

Wilson Block

Alliance, Nebraska

Pay Your Bills by Check, Madam



Your Butcher, your Baker, your Grocer—in fact all your accounts should be paid by check. Then there will be no arguments about double charges or under charges. No troublesome bills to keep on file: Your cancelled check is a receipt.

Protection with Convenience

Besides being a convenience, a Checking account is also a protection. You don't have to keep a lot of cash in the house. Buy your money lies safely in a burglar-proof vault where it will be paid on demand to whomever you say.

System, Economy, Protection and Convenience—all can be had in a Checking Account. Once you have one you will never want to be without it. Call and let any one of our officers explain how simple it is to have a checking account and obtain its benefits.

First State Bank

ONLY BANK IN ALLIANCE THAT GUARANTEES ITS DEPOSITORS PROTECTION