

The Alliance Herald



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Henry L. Mencken, the well known critic, rises to take a verbal punch at the Comstock society, which, he says, has a deterring effect on American literature. Be it known that the Comstock society is a sort of a literary "morals squad", and within the past few weeks have secured the suppression of two books published by highly reputable American publishers. Its true name is the New York society for the suppression of vice, but it is called the Comstock society because its chief factor, until his death, was Anthony Comstock. Anthony, while often misguided and most cordially disliked, was nevertheless not without authority, and the society is keeping up his work, lacking, however, the critics say, his judgment. Mr. Mencken is especially riled, to judge from his polysyllabic protest: "It is no wonder," he writes, "that the typical American maker of books becomes a timorous and ineffective fellow, whose work tends inevitably toward a feeble superficiality. The result is a literature full of mawkishness." All of us will grant the mawkishness, but why insist upon the feeble superficiality? Such writers as Robert W. Chambers, Elinor Glynn, Rupert Hughes and other popular favorites have never hesitated to call a spade a spade. The critics insist that true realism cannot exist unhampered, but the greatest realist of them all, Jane Austen, was able to be true to her art without making her contributions to literature disgusting. There are plenty of others beside the "Divine Jane" who have managed to write great prose without catering to the chambermaids. We're not particularly prudish, but lots of the slush served up by the magazines gets our goat. The Comstock society may be composed of narrow souls, but they are not causing any great loss to real literature.

A. J. R., who contributes to the Minneapolis Journal for a salary smaller than he deserves, recently wrote some good stuff on the question of manners. Among other things the article contained was the following paragraph, which is worth reading a couple of times: "Politeness to the boss is a foregone conclusion,—to the office boy or the porter it is the genuine mark of the bred-in-the-bone gentleman. So we may argue that the bred-in-the-bone gentleman, who is as polite to the office boy as to the great boss of the office, will extend the same consideration to the pavement or the sidewalks as to the floors of his own home." As one of the early sages remarked, "Manners maketh men." You may wonder just why this is worth reading twice, and we'll proceed to get it off our chest. There is a stretch of half-a-block on Box Butte avenue where women dislike to pass. In fact, they'll go three blocks not of their way to miss it. Why? Because, on fair days, there is always a gang of men congregated there who talk politics and crops and—spit tobacco juice eternally at the feet of passers-by. Instead of leaning against the buildings, these men could stand at the gutter and empty their insides in the gutter—but they don't. It's thoughtlessness, but it's bad for the town, for business, for the women and the men themselves. It makes a poor impression on visitors. And it doesn't help the men who do it a bit. It's been done so long and by so many people that it's useless to say that there are city ordinances forbidding it. The best way is for the offenders themselves to take the matter in hand. They can do so—but will they?

The state department of public works is to obtain the services of fifty or more prisoners at the state penitentiary for use in road making. They will, in accordance with the honor system, be placed on parole and one result will undoubtedly be that a number of them will walk away. The old-fashioned chain gangs may have been a relic of days of barbarism, but it took a mighty clever crook to make his getaway. However, the state needs roads more than it needs prisoners, and a few more thugs at liberty will make very little difference.

The election returns are more of a puzzle to the politicians than they like to admit. The strength of Hiram Johnson is especially puzzling. The republicans seem about as glad over the result as the democrats did when Jimmy Dahlgren was crammed down their throats as a gubernatorial nominee. Politicians say that the Johnson strength was derived from a combination of the German and labor vote, and hints are freely passed that somehow or other Johnson passed the word to union labor that he was in sympathy with them. Whatever the combination was, it worked, and one of the features of the republican national convention will be the sight of Wood delegates carrying out their pledges and standing by Johnson as long as there is the slightest hope. They like Johnson about as much as a dry democrat—and there were a few of them—liked the thought of Dahlgren as their standard-bearer.

Just how effective was Bryan's campaign against Hitchcock may be a puzzle, but there is no doubt of his effectiveness against Arthur Mullen. Bryan has run ahead of Hitchcock on the returns so far, but may not retain his lead. Mullen is out of the running. The presence of the commoner in the democratic national convention probably means that Senator Hitchcock's show for the presidency is mighty slim. The women vote will probably turn out to be the deciding factor, when the totals are compared.

—Senior class play, "Safety First," comes April 23.

SALLY'S VOCATION

By LULU M. PAULEY.

Sally finished tying a gorgeous pink bow on her long dark braids, and smiled at herself in the mirror.

"This is a great old world," she remarked to her room-mate, Anna Flarity, who was already in bed.

"It sure is," Anna agreed, then added wistfully: "I wish Frank and I were going to be married, along with Peter and you, tomorrow night."

Sally's face clouded. "I'm not going to marry anyone," she announced shortly.

Anna sat up in bed in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Not going to get married, and the time all set, and everything in readiness?" she gasped. "Why, Sally Day, have you and Peter quarreled?"

Sally shook her head in silence.

"Why aren't you going to marry Peter?" pleaded Anna.

Sally with half-shut eyelids turned and gazed thoughtfully at her companion. "Anna," she said shortly, "you think you love Frank, and expect to marry him some day. Well, suppose some big thing you had hoped for all your life should suddenly come to you. Which would you choose—this big thing or Frank's love?"

Anna did not hesitate. "Frank's love," she said simply.

Sally sighed. "I choose the big thing," she said—"a literary career."

"Literary career?" Anna laughed openly. "Why, Sally Day, you've never had a thing published in your life—not even gratuitously."

Sally smilingly drew a letter from the folds of her kimono.

"Read that," she cried triumphantly. Anna read with widening eyes.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it can't be true."

"It is," exulted Sally. "My story has won the first prize of one thousand dollars."

"It will start Peter off nicely in a business of his own, or fix a comfortable home for you both," was Anna's view.

"Peter is out of it," declared Sally, half impatiently. "Marriage would interfere with my future success."

Anna was silent.

"Well?" questioned Sally. "You know, dear, you always said my vocation was a home, husband and babies. What have you to say now?"

Anna met the amused look in her friend's eyes, unflinchingly.

"Since you ask," she retorted, "I will say that I think you a mean, unprincipled girl to throw the man who loves you over without just reason. You never loved him, else you would be glad to share this success of yours with him. Suppose all this—this won-

derful future you anticipate—should not materialize, and Peter is lost, too?" Sally yawned.

"What a pessimist you are," she remarked. "Do be quiet while I write to Peter. He will understand, perhaps; but if he don't—she shrugged her shoulders and drew forward her writing materials.

"There," she said when she had finished, "you can mail this for me in the morning. I'm going to take a good rest until lunch time, after which I shall go for my prize money."

It was raining the next day, and Sally with the wet from her umbrella making little pools on the concrete floor of the outer office, waited patiently for the great editor of the story magazine to receive her. Finally she was ushered into the presence of that distinguished personage.

Sally unfolded his letter and laid it before him.

"Ahem," he pursed his lips while glancing the letter over. "Sally Day is your name, I suppose?"

"Yes," Sally looked surprised.

The man opened a drawer in his desk and brought out a neatly typewritten manuscript. From a pigeon-hole he took another, which Sally recognized as her own. He placed the two side by side.

"Miss Day," he said, kindly, "my stenographer made a little mistake, for which I am exceedingly sorry. The winner of the first prize is a well-known writer, Miss Eliza Townsley, whose non-de-plume is sometimes Sally Day. Miss Townsley's address is 168 West, while yours is the same number East. Singular coincidence, is it not? I am indeed sorry because of the disappointment to you."

He held out her manuscript, which she clutched at blindly. Her voice choked, her head swam.

The editor followed her to the door of the outer office.

"Good-day," he said gently, and added: "Don't think me cruel if I tell you story writing is not your vocation."

How Sally found her way to the street again she did not remember.

Anna opened the door and Sally fell sobbing into her friendly arms.

"It was all a mistake, Anna," she wailed. "You were right; and now I've lost Peter, too."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, drawing the grief-stricken girl into the room and closing the door. "Things aren't so bad, honey. Come, cheer up, so we can get dressed and ready by the time Peter and Frank get here. A box of beautiful roses has come. Stop crying and look at them. You won't make a pretty bride if your eyes are red. Yes, Peter is coming. You see, I didn't mail that letter you wrote to him last night; I burned it."

"FAKE" ASPIRIN WAS TALCUM

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of Alvin Roy Haislip, Deceased:

Notice to all persons interested in said Estate is hereby given that A. Thomas Lunn, Administrator of the said Estate, will meet the Creditors of said Estate at the County Court Room in the City of Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 25th day of August, 1920, at the hour of Ten o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of hearing, adjusting and allowing claims or demands against said Estate. All persons having claims or demands against said Estate must file the same in said Court on or before the 23rd day of August, 1920, or said Claims will be forever barred. Dated this 14th day of April, 1920.

IRA E. TASH, County Judge. (Seal) Lee Basye, Attorney. —May 21

—Friday, April 23, is the date for the senior class play, "Safety First." A three-act comedy by home talent players. Don't fail to see it.

THE EARLY BIRD GETS FIRST CHOICE AT OUR STORE. YOU'LL BE SAFE IN BUYING

John Deere Farm Implements

from us. We sell nothing but the best and at reasonable prices. We're satisfied with a reasonable profit.

Come to us for POSTS, COAL, FLOUR AND FEED

The Farmers Union ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

That FAMOUS make of Shoes EDWIN CLAPP & SONS Are Sold Exclusively By THE FAMOUS Clothing House Alliance, Nebraska

Our stock is complete in Shoes and Oxfords and at a price \$4.00 to \$5.00 less than city prices. All leathers in black and tans to select from.

WE HAVE YOUR SIZE IN STOCK NOW

Advertisement for Hammill Cover featuring printed booklets and circulars. Includes image of a booklet and a circular with a portrait.

Advertisement for Lincoln Enamels featuring a woman and a child. Text: "I Am Proud of This Enamel Finish"

It is real Lincoln Enamel, almost like porcelain, and is always clean and sweet. It is such a help in my house work that I have had almost everything in the kitchen enameled—Cupboard—Kitchen-Cabinet—Shelves. It takes so little work to keep them clean. Of course I use the

Lincoln Enamels

I always keep the little surfaces about the house refinished regularly with Lincoln Paints and Finishes. Use and wear makes them shabby. A few brushfuls of paint or finish saves the surface and keeps them like new.

You can get color samples and find out what to use and how it should be applied by calling on the Lincoln Dealer right here in our own town.

F. E. HOLSTEN

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Buy the Most Suitable Material

No matter what your structure is that you have in mind for this Spring's improvement on the place, you can't afford to use any but the most suitable and the best material obtainable. If it is a hog house, a shed, a garage or a dwelling house there is a certain kind of building material out of which you will receive the greatest percentage of value.

It is Our Business to Assist You

In our every day business experience the question come sup very frequently regarding the long life, and suitability of the different building materials that we sell. Our aim is always to consider the problem from the standpoint of the customer. We figure the thing out from your side of the fence and give you our sincere opinion in the matter—regardless of the percentage of gain



there is in it for us. We know there is much building to be done in this territory in the years to come and we want our patrons to become "repeaters." We are making a play for "satisfied customers" and believe this to be one sure way to secure them. Can we not at least give you our ideas regarding one of your building problems?

Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.

F. W. HARGARTEN, Manager

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA