

**Comment -- and  
Discomment**

Lincoln has gained the reputation of being a "holy city" during the past decade. The chamber of commerce of the capital city exceedingly cherishes this sort of a title—and so does the remainder of the population, with the possible exception of the ministers and good old Albert Wetmore. Every now and then a tart tongue will appear in the Lincoln papers, aimed at the "detractors" of Nebraska's fairest city. Some of his word "holy" gravels to beat the band, especially when applied to a city or to a man—unless, of course, it is to do with the man's profession.

Lincoln, however, has earned the title fairly. It's one of those goody-goody places where the reformers have the upper hand. This is evidenced by the fact that it is the seat of a great university. When anyone has a grouch at anything, or desires to inflict his private convictions on the populace, he goes at it in the name of protecting the students, and it is a simple matter to enlist a big band of followers under that banner. Everybody is willing to help someone else from temptation.

From memories of our student days, we don't seem to recall that these efforts were ever any more than a surface success. We remember

the time when a bunch of prudish grew excited over the words—and they didn't like the music, either—of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Outwardly the crusade to stop the singing of this wicked song was a success. Unfortunately, the only place where the university could put its foot down was on the campus, and orders were issued that it must not be sung. We distinctly recall, however, of bands of merry students singing it and then mysteriously disappearing when anyone with authority hove in sight. Once a prof. in the law school led such a chorus. And another time this music was heard within the sacred and sleepy confines of the rhetoric department.

Then, as now, there was a bunch of reformers who thought that students should not dance but one night a week. And so, when they got to the ear of the powers that be, such an order was issued. Bullard never did a better business, and the joint at Sixteenth and O increased its patronage wonderfully. University dances are under the strictest sort of supervision, with chaperones in every corner and on every porch, but they didn't use to be particular at Sixteenth and O. And thus another glorious victory was gained.

There's a lot more we might say of the things that have given Lincoln the name it so dislikes—and deserves, from the absence of any sort of Sunday entertainment save the churches to the recent war over the licensing of cats. What struck our eye and called forth these remarks was a short article in the Journal

which told of the way the Lincoln city council sat down upon representatives of the American Legion, who wanted to sponsor a carnival. For the mention of a carnival is like flaunting a rag in the face of an infuriated gentleman Durham.

Nobody knows just when the opposition to carnivals in Lincoln first began, but probably it was about the time that the reforms began to object to the styles of bathing suits at Capital Beach, by which you can guess that it was a long time ago. Carnivals there were no worse—or better—than those which come to other parts of the state. In the words of Lincoln's master mayor: "The worst thing, it seems, that can be said of a man is that he belongs to a carnival. In the case of a woman, it is beyond redemption."

It's easy to find arguments against the things you don't approve of. Carnivals are a little more vulnerable than Sunday movies or baseball. A good many of the things said about them are true. Maybe some of the men who travel with them are the kind that burn orphan asylums and pick pockets. Maybe some of the women are of careless morals. The same thing can be said of more or less reputable citizens of any community. Not all the bad ones travel with carnivals.

But people are so constituted that they like carnivals. They like to see Zozo (the wild girl, who eats mud—black mud.) They like to have the kids ride on the merry-go-round, and some of the older ones don't object to a spin in the lovers' tub. The ferris wheel is an attraction, too, and the shows aren't as rotten, sometimes, as you think they are going to be. Some people would rather listen to a jazz band than hear an orchestra play "The Moonlight Sonata" and others prefer looking at the dance of innumerable veils to applauding wildly when some chautauqua lecturer perspires and performs. It takes all kinds of people to make a world—and while each of us could lay out a better course for our neighbor than the one he has, it's doubtful whether our course would be much of an improvement over his, at that.

Another interesting feature of this Lincoln story is the fact that the carnival company appealed to the American legion for backing. The managers knew that they didn't have the ghost of a show with the council. But they hoped that the council wouldn't turn down a request by the ex-soldiers. They made the service veterans a liberal (?) offer of five per cent of the net proceeds, and guaranteed them at least \$400—and the legion needed the money. They didn't have to do a thing to get this \$400—except put it up to council.

And there are a lot of other grafts that are being worked through the legion. Most of the posts are trying to get money to equip club rooms or for some other purpose—and the legion will usually come across with an endorsement of any scheme whereby they get a few hundred dollars without doing any work. The Alliance post had such an experience a month or so ago, when an ex-soldier joined the local post and unfolded an advertising scheme that would net it several hundred dollars for simply endorsing the scheme. It was the best advertising graft we ever saw—and we've gazed on a lot of them. But less than a dozen merchants fell for it, and some of these went in because they wanted to help the legion. More than that, they didn't want to offend the legion.

But merchants are rapidly coming to realize that everything that is called advertising isn't. More money is spent in the average city on various fake schemes during the course of a year than is spent for legitimate publicity. The merchants who fall for this sort of thing wonder why they don't get results—and some of them decide that advertising doesn't pay, when they have never tried it. Some day every chamber of commerce will have a department devoted to advertising schemes of all kinds. And we don't care how soon it comes.

—For Sale—Nine room house. Best part of town. Modern. Priced right and good terms. See Nebraska Land Company. tf

Men's trousers pressed on the side rather than the front would never do in these days of revolving doors.

**HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES**

A wonderful treatment that heals leg sores for Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife is described in a new book which readers may get free by writing a card or letter to Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 19, 1109 McGee, Kansas City, Mo. (June 12)

The girl who uses a gold hook when fishing for compliments needs no bait.

—For Sale—Two six room houses. Price and terms right. See Nebraska Land Company. tf

When a woman talks nothing but

small talk she is almost as bad as the man who always talks big talk.

The fellow whose corns hurt every time he has a headache certainly goes to extremes.

—The Herald costs \$2.50 a year. You can't buy more news for \$2.50.

**125 CATTLE**  
to be sold  
**PRIVATE SALE**

AT MY RANCH, TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTHEAST OF LAKESIDE, NEBRASKA

All these animals are good, reliable stock; fit for anybody's ranch. Take advantage of this opportunity to supply your needs at reasonable prices.

See Me Personally—Don't Wait too Long

**Wm. PACE**  
Lakeside, Nebraska

**GLEN MILLER**  
Undertaking  
**PARLORS**

128 West Third Street

Telephone Day 311

Night 522 Red 520

**HOT SPRINGS CLINIC**  
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SPECIALISTS  
Internal Medicine, Surgery, Eye Ear Nose & Throat  
Kidney & Bladder, X-Ray, Modern Laboratory  
Two Splendid Hospitals • • • Medical Block  
HOT SPRINGS SOUTH DAKOTA  
The National Health Resort

**To Keep American Ships on the Seas**

For the first time since the Civil War we have a real merchant marine. It cost us \$3,000,000,000 to get it.

The farmer, manufacturer, laborer—every American is interested in holding our position on the seas.

As a first step in this direction it is necessary to modify those articles of existing commercial treaties which have operated to thwart the upbuilding of our merchant marine—

By giving the notice of termination for which the several treaties provide.

This action is directed in the constructive Shipping Bill now before Congress:

Which declares it to be the policy of the United States "to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage" a merchant marine.

This policy deserves the support of every American.

Lacking this support the present effort to maintain our merchant marine may suffer the fate of many ineffective attempts of the past.

Send for a copy of "For an American Merchant Marine."

Committee of American Shipbuilders  
30 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

**Alliance Houses and Lots**

We are offering for quick sale a number of Alliance residences at bargain prices and on easy terms. If you are a renter we would suggest that you investigate at once. We have bargains in cheap but desirable lots in choice residence districts. Alliance lots are a mighty good investment today. Houses for rent. We look after properties for non-residents.

**The Thomas Company**

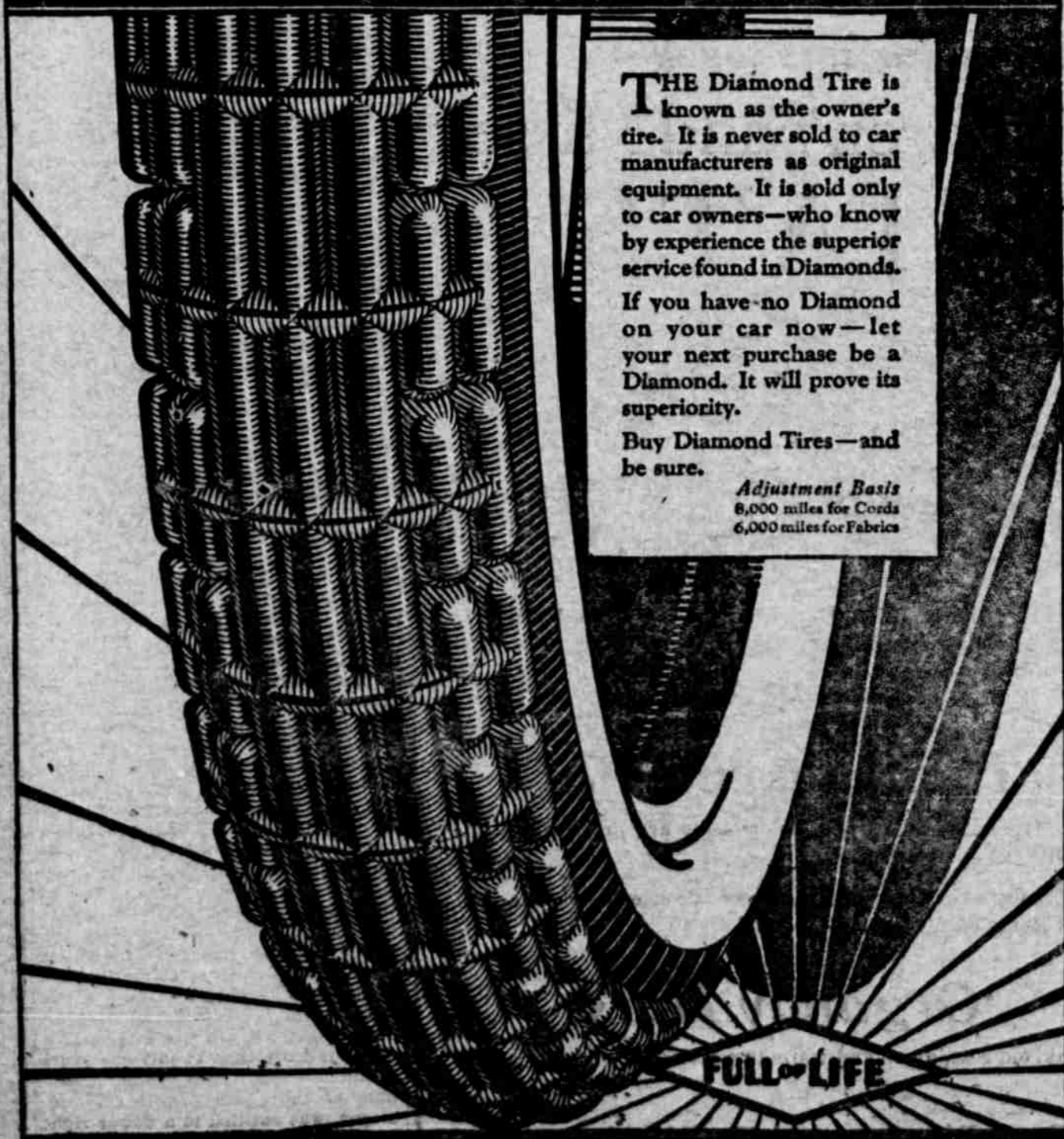
Lloyd C. Thomas Harold S. Thomas

PHONE 20

1830 1/2 BLOCK

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

**Diamond**  
Squeegee Tread  
**TIRES**



THE Diamond Tire is known as the owner's tire. It is never sold to car manufacturers as original equipment. It is sold only to car owners—who know by experience the superior service found in Diamonds.

If you have no Diamond on your car now—let your next purchase be a Diamond. It will prove its superiority.

Buy Diamond Tires—and be sure.

Adjustment Basis  
8,000 miles for Cords  
6,000 miles for Fabrics

**Buick Garage**