

The Alliance Herald

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WHY KID OURSELVES?

A number of very worthy people have found cause for congratulation in the fact that Nebraska has so few convicts, as compared with other states. This feeling of satisfaction received only a slight jolt through the announcement by prison officials that the penitentiary was overcrowded, and the request that sheriffs keep the prisoners in the county jails until accommodations can be made for them. "We still have less prisoners than most states," is the jubilant cry.

Nebraska has been operating under a parole law so long that previous legislatures can hardly be blamed for not making the penitentiary larger. The prison reformers have had their way almost undisputed until the past year, when public sentiment began to demand that prisoners remain in the state institution at least long enough to be able to give the food a good recommendation when they got out. Naturally, when the number of paroles are cut down, the number of prisoners will increase. If the change of heart on the part of the parole board bids fair to be permanent, and indications are that this is the case, the legislature should take steps to provide plenty of room for all comers. Only a few months ago the people of Nebraska were privileged to witness a sublime spectacle—the granting of several paroles because the penitentiary was overcrowded.

In our navy days, we had the pleasure of being in the only rest camp in the United States where there was not a single case of influenza. Our skipper, bless his heart, possessed only a stripe and a half, and he wanted very much to be ranked a couple notches higher. He persuaded Admiral Oman, in charge of the district, to let him take a thousand men to camp during the epidemic, and started out to make a name for himself. The first night, as we recall, six men out of eight in our tent were taken ill with the influenza, but as fast as any of them took sick, they were sent by automobile to the base hospital at Newport. By the end of a month, the thousand men had dwindled to five hundred, but the records showed, and probably still read that way, that there was never a single case of the disease at Camp Oman.

DO YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE?

It is a disturbing, yes, a horrifying fact, that 5,000 men, women and children were either killed or injured

across railroad tracks last year. In hundreds of cases, drivers had from two to six people in their cars with them.

The report also shows that in about 10 per cent of these accidents, the folks running the cars instead of getting on the crossing and being hit by the engine, had bumped into the side of the train. Just for once, may we not be permitted to use the slang phrase, "And what do you know about that?" In a great many cases, the parties in the automobiles were farmers. Many people who used to find life in the country a little dull and monotonous, have had a lot of pep and pleasure added to existence by the coming of the modern motor car. It is feared that quite a number of them have lost their perspective and no longer see things from a proper angle. If life is now more worth living, why not resolve to make it last as long as we can?

The railroad crossing is something different from any other spot. The engineer of a fast train exerts himself to get through on time. Among the passengers on that train are people going to all sorts of places, bent upon all kinds of errands. And some of them are going great distances. To them a little saving of time is a matter of consequence. On the other hand, the business of the average motorist is not very pressing. Many a driver rushes helter-skelter to beat his way over a crossing—perhaps just making it by "the skin of his teeth" as the saying is. Arrived at the other side, the hurry is all over, and Mr. Riskyman just stops to watch the engine and cars whiz past him.

There are many thoughtful men and women running motor cars. When he or she gets near the grade crossing, there is an instant coming to attention. This shows a correct estimate of the value of life. Most of the time, there is no train near enough to hinder prompt passage across the tracks. But all the same, close attention is given and no chances taken.

The pity is that not all drivers are careful and that the sad lessons of the result of too much haste and too little caution are written upon thousands of graves every year.

The Associated Press seems disturbed because ten thousand Chicagoans are following a life of crime. If it's permissible to count bootleggers, the western Nebraska crime wave is nearly that extensive.

PUT UP THE BARS

(Edgar Howard, in Columbus Telegram)

Often while visiting Lincoln last week I heard legislators say that they did not understand this Japanese question. I do not claim to understand the question fully, but I understand it far enough to convince me that it is high time for America to build some bars so high that no Jap acrobat could leap over them. I suggest to those Nebraska legislators who do not understand the Japanese problem that they might profit by calling a Columbus man—Mr. Edwin Chambers, down to Lincoln for a little talk on the Jap problem. Mr. Chambers recently returned from Japan. His testimony is that there is now in Japan an atmosphere of hatred toward Americans. Also he says the Japs are very friendly toward the English visitors. Quite naturally. There has been formed between England and Japan an offensive and defensive alliance. If the American government should foolishly cancel the ten-billion-dollar debt which England owes us, very likely England would quickly loan half the amount to Japan to be used in building a navy with which to fight the United States as soon as England shall give permission. The man who says he can see no menace in the Japanese problem needs eye treatment.

CAPERS NEW AND UNIQUE

(Sioux City Record)

This eighteenth amendment thing has certainly been furnishing some interesting parades for the fellow who is disposed to stand on the curb and watch the antics of this scion of the original yep, Mr. Adam. One rather hates to admit it, of his fellow yep, out in the middle of a crackless, treeless, sun-baked desert, but never were such capers observed in the movements of our men of affairs. A camel doesn't get mysterious when he runs out of water—he just toddles stolidly along, and if he don't come to an oasis in time, he turns his pink toes up to the stars that twinkle over the desert, the hot sand piles

up around his mortal remains—and in time he becomes a petrified camel. What does man do, out here in this eighteenth-amendment desert? Well, we ain't following him around to see what he does, but it don't take such an almighty sleuth to surmise what this fellow going down into a dark corner of a garage, or gumshoeing into a chicken coop, or inspecting an alley, is going down there for. Of course, under our benign government jurisprudence, you have got to haul the man to a police station and have a magistrate find him guilty of being soured to the gills—you have got to catch him with the goods either on him or in him, and it would certainly start a scandal in high life if our eighteenth-amendment sleuths actually and truly sleuthed.

Rumer Motor Co.



Agent

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TONIGHT
EILEEN PERCY
IN
"Her Honor the Mayor"
A Super Comedy in Six Big Reels.

--- SPECIAL --- SATURDAY, MARCH 5th --- SPECIAL ---

BERT LYTELL
In the
"PRICE of REDEMPTION"
A DRAMA SO VITAL AND GRIPPING THAT IT WILL HOLD YOU TENSE AND BREATHLESS
Comedy—"NORTH WOODS"

SUNDAY, MARCH 6th
Elaine Hammerstein
—in—
The Point of View
—Comedy—
"DON'T TICKLE"
5,000—LAUGHS—5,000

MONDAY, MARCH 7th
THE BIG NEW YORK COMEDY SUCCESS
"A Shocking Night"
EDDIE POLO King OF THE CIRCUS

IMPERIAL THEATER

Success

The father of Success is Work.

The mother of Success is Ambition.

The oldest son is Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are
Perseverance
Honesty
Thoroughness
Foresight
Enthusiasm
Co-operation

The oldest daughter is Character

Some of the sisters are
Cheerfulness
Loyalty
Care
Economy
Sincerity
Harmony

The baby is Opportunity

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

One of the greatest aids to success is a good bank connection.

FIRST STATE BANK

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA