

The Alliance Herald

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners

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BACK TO NORMALCY

Indications are that the labor situation in the country will, some of these days, return to normalcy. It is conceded to be necessary for some wage reductions to take place, in line with reductions all along the line in wholesale and retail prices, before business will be again on its feet as it was in the days before the war, when scarcity of laborers had not placed a premium on the man not in the service who still had labor to sell.

Somehow or other, workmen in all lines have been waiting for reductions in the wages of railroaders. There is no doubt that in some branches of railroad work, wages are none too high, even at present levels, but fair-minded men will concede that other branches should be reduced. The trouble is, of course, that every class of workman is perfectly willing for wages in other lines to be lowered, but firmly believe that his own is just at the right level. The railroads' hands have been tied, due to the Adamson law and the practices of the railway labor board, but the latter last week issued some rulings which indicate that they are now disposed to assist the railroads in getting on their feet. There is no question but that something has hit the railroads a terrific wallop. The vicious circle of rising wages and rising rates for freight and passenger traffic has resulted in a loss of patronage that is more serious than most people will realize.

The old doctrine of "Live and Let Live" will have to be applied to the wage problems in all lines of industry. When carpenters and builders keep up wages in their lines, people simply build no more than is absolutely necessary, and business waits. This will be true in other lines. The printers, who two years ago, when conditions were the best in the history of the industry, secured an agreement to establish a forty-four hour week beginning May 1, 1921. Conditions have altered, and an increase in working hours is really more indicated than a decrease, but the typographical union, for the first time in history, is failing to listen to reason. There will undoubtedly be some trouble before the matter is successfully adjudicated. In the smaller cities, the union members, who have a closer relation with their employers than is possible in the larger establishments, are taking steps to see that the new system is inaugurated in such a way as will maintain present conditions.

The labor outlook, for the next four or five months, isn't the most pleasant in the world, but sooner or later it will be adjusted. Not without some strife, perhaps, and a deal of unpleasantness, but the average American workman is untainted by bolshevism and is able to realize that his employer isn't having the easy sledding that he had during the war, when wages began to skyrocket. If the proper relations between employers and employees existed, there wouldn't be any need of strikes and lock-outs, and some day, so the theorists tell us this will be the case. Until then, however, the clumsy machinery that has been devised will have take care of a situation too delicate for its use.

THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY

Perhaps the best indication of the value of advertising is to be found in the strenuous efforts of the large manufacturing concerns to secure publicity without paying for it. The average merchant does not realize to what extent the free publicity evil has grown during the past few years. There have always been those who realized that the newspapers were a strong factor in building up reputations and trade, but only in the past five years has there grown up a tribe of men who make their living by grafting from the country publishers. We say country publishers advisedly, for the large dailies long ago saw the drift and took steps to curb it. The press agents, however, are a slick bunch—if they are not their jobs go glimmering and those who are better equipped in the way of wits take their places—and every now and then they put something over on all of us.

Newspapers are, as a rule, anxious to print anything that will be of interest to their readers. Sometimes news is mixed up with advertising matter, and in a case where the news value is sufficiently great, the advertising is allowed to go unchallenged and unregretted.

The thing that gets our goats, to speak plainly, is the sort of stuff the present day press agents are attempting to palm off under the guise of news. Aside from the various government bureaus, the worst offenders are the big concerns who have ample money to pay for publicity, but who have been deluded by their advertising manager into the belief that they can get publicity free. The attempts of these press agents to make these advertising stories read like news are the most pathetic in the world. The International Harvester company is the last one to try out the free publicity stunt, and as a matter of curiosity we are going to keep an eye on Nebraska papers and see how many of the fall for it.

JUSTICE IN SCOTTSBLUFF

The late developments—or lack of developments—in the Guyton case, which aroused considerable of a stir at Scottsbluff a month or so ago, have caused considerable comment among the newspapers in western Nebraska, as well as some speculation as to what should be done. A young and comely waitress is persuaded by self-appointed public moralists to go upon the stand and tell a story of an assault alleged to have been committed upon her. Justice is speedily done the accused, and with nothing but the testimony of the girl against him, he is sentenced to six years in the state penitentiary.

A day or two after sentence is pronounced, the waitress signs an affidavit saying that she lied on the stand. Apparently she proves it to the satisfaction of the trial judge, as well as the attorney who prosecuted the alleged criminal. They talk of a prosecution for perjury for a time, but she is finally permitted to leave the city unmolested. The man is still held, apparently in the fear that it would

hurt the feelings of the good people who induced the girl to testify against him.

The Sidney Telegraph comments as follows on the case:

This Marie, late of Scottsbluff fame, again proves the wisdom of if you are going to be a liar, be a good one. That is not a consistent liar, but a twisted one, if you know what that means. For instance, Marie goes into court and tells a nice plausible story about a young man wronging her. She plays all the changes of emotions and then when the story is joined and dovetailed, she takes her oath that it is true so help her God. The young man on trial gets a little matter of six years or so in the pen, which of course isn't much out of the life of any young man. (Nowadays most any young person might benefit by six years of quiet rumination in jail, and then when he got out think how much jazz and fox trot and kelly pool and hullabaloo he would have escaped).

Well, anyway, Marie went out and visited a little while, then she must have got to thinking how good fresh air is, and the chance to skip in the sunshine, so she goes back to Scottsbluff and tells the judge that Guy isn't guilty and she was just kidding or something to that effect. And the judge holds up his hands in horror and says in substance: "Marie, you are evidently a liar, probably most of the time; but this time your two stories are contradictory so one of them must be the truth. If it is to the court to decide which time you told the truth, it might as well be the first time, and that will save a lot of costs and more publicity and trouble of which Scottsbluff has too great a plenty all ready. We would have to have another trial and you would be the only witness. And you are a hell of a witness. So go your way and let Guy stay where he can have a job, which are scarce outside."

Therefore we say again, if one must lie, don't lie to match, but lie so you may not even be tried for your own sins but can go scot free for you can't convict yourself. That Guy may have been the goat is just unlucky for Guy.

KEEP MOVING

(Gering Midwest)

It is an old story, but it never was more applicable than right now. A milkman, not overly honest, started to town with a big can of cream in his wagon. On his way he stopped at the river to water his horses, and by some strange circumstance a couple of frogs got into the cream can. One frog was quickly discouraged and sank to the bottom and drowned. The other frog, however, began kicking and struggling and working and hoping. Lo, when the milkman got to town the industrious frog had churned the cream to butter, and perched proudly upon the ball of butter was singing, "No, I ain't got weary yet."

The trouble with this country right now is that so durned many of us have quit struggling and went kerplunk to the bottom. Not enough of us are kicking and struggling and wriggling and doing our best. Too many faces are longer than pump handles, and not enough faces as wide as barn doors. Too many men are standing around and whining about the things that used to be, and not enough men are working like beavers to make things what they should be. The circumambient atmosphere is filled with the sounds of lugubrious wailing, when it really ought to be filled with paeans of praises from the lips of people who have every reason to be proud and glad that they are alive and permitted to live in a land of such glorious opportunity.

"Boo-hoo," wailed a little girl as she ran frantically into the house. "What in the world is the matter, darling?" anxiously inquired the mother. "O, mamma!" wailed the little one. "As I was playing with my doll I happened to think that I might grow up to be a woman and marry a man and have a little baby and the baby might fall in the well and be drowned! Boo-hoo!"

There are too all-fired many of us who take long leaps into the future in order to borrow something to worry about. The hole in the doughnut is not wasted; the bigger the hole the more doughnut it takes to go around it.

Suppose we quit moaning about conditions while doing nothing to improve them, and set to work making conditions better. Get a spading fork and a hoe and a rake and a lot of garden seeds and get to work if you've nothing else to do. Anything to take your mind off present trouble. The sooner we forget this financial depression the sooner it will be over. The quicker we make up our minds that we simply can not resume the old-time pace of extravagance and expanding credit, the quicker we'll get back to a sensible, safe, sane business basis.

Let's try smiling a while!

JAPANESE AND OTHER ALIENS

(Lincoln Daily Star)

H. R. 138, which started out in the lower house of the Nebraska legislature as a purely anti-Japanese land bill, has been converted by the state senate into an Americanization measure, with every vestige of discrimination removed.

Under the new bill, no alien in Nebraska can hold agricultural property more than five years, the length of time sufficient for a well-meaning foreigner to obtain his citizenship and become an American.

Surely no loyal citizen can object to such a provision, in the light of the evils that were revealed during the war, growing out of our leniency toward those who sought to undermine our national welfare.

The amended bill, furthermore, does everything that the original house bill wanted to do—prevents those orientals who cannot become citizens from colonizing our farm land.

The federal government withholds homestead privileges on public lands from all aliens, and the new bill carries the same principle to private land. At the same time it provides orientals with no excuse for charging discrimination.

ANOTHER IDEAL SHATTERED

(New York Life)

"The cow is the crudest machine in the world."—Henry Ford.

It has long been suspected that there was something the matter with the cow. Her system of circulation is a complex and tedious affair and she moves along on low gear continuously. She is not equipped with a self-starter and her chassis leaves much to be desired. She carries no vaporizer, this process having to be completed outside of her. Her steering apparatus is always out of order and she is continually lying down on the owner.

But then, what can anybody expect? The cow wasn't evolved in Detroit. She is only a product of nature.

According to a head-line, the government will prosecute coal-profters. Too bad, too bad! All along we have been hoping that they would be punished.—Marion Star.

Scientists say that the mountains in California, are moving slowly north. This undoubtedly is to make room for eastern tourists.—New York Herald.

The only parallel for Mexico we can think of is the behavior of a small boy for the two weeks just preceding Christmas.—New York World.

"Food Prices Break," says a head-line. The line seems incomplete without the addition of the word "Father."—Moline Dispatch.

The roar of the big guns has been succeeded by the roar of men who think they are big guns.—Richmond News-Leader.

The unpardonable sin in a person of a different race or religion from ours is to be smarter than we are.—Ohio State Journal.

There isn't anything in America worth as little as a ruble, unless it be a corkscrew.—Louisville Post.

We had loose management; now we have tight money.—Washington Post.

It begins to look as if New York's crime had a permanent wave in it.—Washington Post.

Nebraska Law Enforcement of the Auto License Law

George E. Johnson, secretary to the department of public works, has been doing everything possible to co-operate with the various officials in the different parts of the state since the first of the year in the collection of

automobile license tax.

Since January 16, Mr. Johnson has had special agents in eighty of the different county seats over the state. The special agents report that many cars are being laid up and not used because the owners of the automobile license numbers and on account of the shortage of funds at home they prefer to wait until they get ready to use their automobiles in the spring before they invest in an automobile number.

In some counties, the county treasurers report that there are more auto-

mobile numbers sold in their counties than at this time last year and in other counties sales are running very short. The shortage seems to appear mostly in the western part of the state and in the sand hill country. Mr. Johnson intends to keep the money in the hands of the different county treasurers and has instructed all of his special agents to file a complaint against any operating an automobile on a delinquent automobile number and to file a complaint against any operating without any number.

The Hole In Your Pocket

Are you troubled by having money "burn a hole" in your pocket? That is a common fault of money. If you have your money in the bank, whether it be much or little, it will not burn any holes and it will be there when you need it.

Money carried on the person is a temptation to spending. Money in the bank does not offer this temptation. You may hesitate before writing a check where you would not hesitate to spend if you had the money with you.

We offer you the advantage of our banking facilities and invite you to open a checking account with us.

Five Per Cent. Interest Paid on All Time Deposits.

THE First State Bank



OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

Open Car \$1395, Roadster \$1395, Four Door Sedan \$2065, Coupe \$2065
F. O. B. Pontiac, Michigan. Additional for Wire Wheel Equipment, \$85

Oakland '6' Smashes 4 Records

A strictly stock Oakland Coupe with full equipment sets four new speed records over the most difficult route in Southern California. Leaving the Western Union office in Los Angeles at 6 p. m. Saturday and checking back in at 7:51½ a. m. Sunday, April 3d.

L. A. to SAN DIEGO—2 Hrs. 52 Min.

Beating every stock and racing car record ever made over the 132 4-5 miles from the business district of Los Angeles to San Diego—excelling the racing speed of Barney Oldfield in the Phoenix Road race.

L. A. to BRAWLEY—7 Hrs. 25 Min.

Over the tortuous Mountain Springs and Descanso Grades from San Diego, made as part of the L. A. to San Diego run.

BRAWLEY to L. A.—6 Hrs. 26½ Min.

Covering 214 miles of desert road and high centers that dragged the axle, via Mecca and Indio. This beats any time ever made from Brawley proper to Los Angeles.

L. A. to BRAWLEY to L. A.—13 Hrs. 51½ Min.

749.4 miles of every kind of boulevard, mountain, desert and detour roads. The hardest test to which a motor car could be subjected. Going by way of San Diego, returning via Mecca.

THE GREATEST STOCK CAR DEMONSTRATION EVER MADE

We always knew the Oakland could out perform any car in its class, but to excell every existing record over this course conclusively proves the power, speed and endurance of the Oakland "6"—which is all the more remarkable because it was a COUPE, stock in every respect.

Sturgeon Garage