

The Alliance Herald

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THE POINT OF VIEW

The editorial writer on the State Journal comments on the selection of a city manager for Alliance in a style featured by a rather heavy wit, but a wit that is not so bad—or so humorous. After reading it carefully, the problem is whether it would be wise to attempt to set the brother right on the spirit that exists in Alliance, or whether it would be more pleasant all around if we were to point out that in reality the city council didn't go outside of Alliance for a city manager, but simply brought back an old-time citizen.

As a matter of fact, although there was considerable opposition to the adoption of the city manager plan, there has been not a single complaint upon the man selected. If there be "some people in Alliance with the ancient pride and principle to put thumb in vest," and exclaim as the editorial writer pictures, they have not done so in public. The city council chose the city manager without outside suggestions or interference; they decided what salary they would pay him, and they made it a good, competent salary, and not a citizen has been heard to raise his voice in protest.

The truth is that this sort of thing could not rightly be expected in Lincoln, but Alliance is a more progressive city than Lincoln, and its citizens are of a totally different type. The men and women who pay taxes in Alliance are not the sort that have retired and are trying to make the interest on their investments support them. That class of people grown on all public expenses and vote down public improvements with a regularity that is little short of marvelous. The spirit of western Nebraska is so totally different that it is regrettable that some of the editorial writers on the eastern dailies can't take a run out here now and then, and get a different outlook upon life. If the writer of the following editorial had ever spent three hours in Alliance, he would probably have written this differently:

Alliance, the one Nebraska city with the city manager form of government, is a shameless, prideless sort of place. It has gone two-thirds of the way across the state to get itself a manager. In the city of York it finds N. A. Kemmish, an engineer experienced in the management of public utilities, and lures him thence with promise of a substantial salary and a chance to do a good piece of work.

It is a shocking thing to do. Surely there must be some people in Alliance with the ancient pride and principle to put thumb in vest armpole and exclaim: "What! go outside of Alliance to get a city manager? Alliance, the home of the fairest women and the bravest men! Is there anyone outside of Alliance can do ought better than anyone inside? I wot not. As for me, Alliance jobs for Alliance citizens! Down with the importing of despoils to rule over us!"

If there weren't such in Alliance, then Alliance is different from any other city that ever was. Here in Lincoln men still remember with tears in their eyes the distress good citizens felt when Mayor Winnet went to Omaha for a fire chief. Oh, it was such an insult, such a degradation. To think of admitting that Omaha contained better material for a fire chief than Lincoln could boast!

Of course, it is a thing a town can get used to. When Chief Clement retired after many years of magnificent service there was no protest when the city went even to poor little St. Joseph for his successor. Once a community gets a taste of this employing its servants with a view to their efficiency rather than to their geography, it finds that it likes it. The schools, with their habit of going for teachers wherever the most promising teachers were to be had, rather paved the way for this kind of thing. Maybe that is where Alliance got the idea.

And, of course, Alliance may not be as shameless and prideless as it looks. It may have made up its mind to take pride in the way the city is managed, rather than in the geographical origin of the manager.

GOUGING THE SHIPPERS.

(H. D. Leggett in Ord Quiz.)

I am convinced that the railroads are striving to gouge their customers as much as possible on freight rates and advise every shipper to watch closely if he don't

want to be robbed. My reason? Well, last week I had a shipment of one box of rollers from Kansas City. It was weighed and billed as 200 pounds at Kansas City and had it not been for the watchfulness of my drayman who knew at a glance that it didn't weigh any such amount, I would have paid freight on that amount. He insisted that it weighed at the Ord end of the line and it weighed just 71 pounds. I was peeved and wrote the shipper, telling them the name of their employee who delivered the shipment to the railroad company and they came back with a long letter explaining that while their man delivered the box and signed the bill of lading, he had nothing to do with the weighing or fixing the weight, that being done by the railroad company.

Now either the railroad people didn't weigh the package at all and took care to guess plenty high or else they deliberately tried to rob me. They can take either horn of the dilemma that they choose. In writing the shipper I told me they had similar trouble all the time and mentioned a shipment that came the same morning from Oklahoma on which the expense bill calling for 325 pounds while the actual weight was only 128 pounds. Rates on freight are surely enough now without having to pay freight on more than double the actual weight shipped. It is easy to see what a wonderful graft the railroad people have if they are doing this kind of thing on all the shipments for in many cases the robbery will not be noticed.

THE MISJUDGED WELFARE WORKERS.

The Independent-Democrat comes to the defense of the public welfare movement, somewhat ridiculed by the Harvard Courier, and mentions the thousands of good people who work for uplift movements without pay. It never occurs to the editor that these people are not the movement. They do not draw up any of the laws so many of which are foolish that take up the time of the legislature at five dollars a minute, and provide for expensive boards to do nothing of especial value at big pay.

We have been reading proof on the activities of the state welfare commission which is not nearly so much of an ornamental folly as the later efforts of the people plan for, but we really cannot see that anything these officials have done has been any particular benefit to anybody. They seem to have devoted their time to sending out questionnaires by mail, and getting in replies, so one knows how accurate from about 21 per cent of the people they write to. From this they compile what they are pleased to call statistics, but what their value, and just what they expect to do with them when compiled is not clear.

To read their literature, one would think that a child that is a little hard of hearing or which has a physical defect is not safe in the hands of his parents; is not safe in the hands of the neighborhood; will be neglected by the people of his county, and that there must be a high-priced board to prod these people to do their duty, and tell them how to proceed. We are skeptical indeed whether they are of sufficient benefit to justify continuance of what we have and are opposed to increase until they have demonstrated some benefit for outlay already made.

WHY IS A LEGISLATURE?

(Emporia Gazette.)

William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, asks: "Why is a legislature?" He answers: "Take 175 men out of all walks of life. Give 75 per cent of them a 7th grade education and 15 per cent college degrees and let the rest struggle from the 3rd grade to the high school. Round them up in a strange town, under strange influences, all of the bunch strangers to each other. Put them in two rooms, where one-third never does get acquainted with the other two-thirds. Organize them into committees, and in the backs of their heads of about forty of them inject a mean, nasty selfish yet sneaking ambition to hold a state job and move to town. Then bang! Slap down on them from the outside about 100 questions on statesmanship, questions the most of them never heard of; things involving millions of dollars, and the good fortunes of a million people. Then let the outer circles of the strange place in the strange town be filled with greedy wolves seeking special privileges of various sorts. And on top of all this give them 90 days in which to solve these questions. What infernal nonsense to expect good results. What damnable scheme that is to guarantee misgovernment. If the devil himself planned it, he could not have done better. It was designed for another age, and it worked well in the country that was fifty years ago. But it does not work now. It only plays hell. The first thing to do with the legislature is to abolish it."

"CHEAP" INSURANCE.

(Nebraska City Press.)

Every time a fraternal insurance company talks of raising rates there is a storm of protests from a large proportion of the membership which had been led to believe when policies were taken out that the rate then in force, considerably cheaper than the "old line" scale of prices, would be indefinitely collected. It would be a "grand and glorious" thing for the average man and woman in this country if life insurance could be sold on the basis of 50 cents a month, but it isn't possible unless the membership increase is kept at the same regular level month after month. It is for this reason, as we understand it, that the "old line" rates are so much higher than the scale adopted by the fraternal orders, but in the long run—and that is what should interest the buyer of insurance—the "old line" scale is really the cheapest. Aside from its benefits in the way of fraternity, equality and sociability lodge insurance has its drawbacks. It has frequently been called the "poor man's insurance," but is it?

The Allies got money out of us so easily that we are surprised that they don't have better luck with Germany. —New York World.

RANDOM SHOTS

Gene Majors once said of us that we had tact. "That guy," Gene said, "has lots of tact. He's just full of it. In fact, I believe he's the tuckiest man I ever met."

A Good One for Today.

A woman entered the Golden Rule and asked the first clerk that dove to: "Where is the lingerie?" "We mean the rest room?" queried the new salesgirl.

And Isn't This Pathetic?

The dusty tramp stood without the kitchen door making his appeal to the landlady within. "Please, mum," said he in a plaintive voice, "G-could yuh gimme a drink—not much, just a little,—I'm so—hungry I—I hardly know where—where I'm a-goin' to stay—stay over night."

It rather spoils the story, but if pressed for a truthful answer, we'll admit that we gained two pounds during the last week.

Strictly Business.

Foresight is authority for this one: A twelve-year-old Lincoln school boy submitted the following to his teacher in English as a sample of a business letter.

June 21, 1921
5 ave. New York, N. Y.

Dear Reginald:
I did not realize until I got your letter how lazy you are. I sent you out there to work, to work like hoeing corn and digging potatoes. It may be very irritating. You must get up at 8 o'clock instead of 10:00. You must get to work because you are about

to get married. I will send you five-thousand more dollars.

Your Kind Father,
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

The bride-to-be was urging a relative to play the wedding march, and the relative was trying to get out of it. "Why," she said, "I haven't played for years, and the only piece I know real well is 'Every Little Movement!'"

Abe Martin says he'd buy his wife an electric washing machine "ef he cud be serin the noise wouldn't wake him mornings."

Richard Morton, writer of the famous song, "Ta-ra-ra Boom de Aye," the forerunner of ragtime, jazz and all other forms of popular music, died in London. As Mark Twain would say, "This is old news, but good."

The republican newspapers concede regretfully that the amount of appropriations made by congress this year will be fully as large as were made by the extravagant democratic administration last year.

Can you tell us where is this fair land of Normaley?

And does anyone ever go back to it?

At any rate, the economy plea got the votes—and votes are always desirable.

Speaking of governmental economy and efficiency, will some kind friend tell us why it was necessary to tear out several hundred yards of perfectly good sidewalk around the federal building when necessary repairs could

have been made for a fifth of the money that new sidewalk will cost?

Col. Bob Waxe, at the annual meeting of the bar association of Arkansas, responded to the toast, "Water." He said:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been asked to respond to the toast, 'Water,' the purest and best of all things ever created. I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleepy eyelids of infancy, I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth; and go in torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age; I have seen it in tiny dewdrops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees, flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun bursts in resplendent glory over the eastern hills; I have seen it trickle down the mountain's side in tiny rivulets, with the music of liquid silver striking on beds of polished diamonds; I have seen it in the rushing river rippling over pebbly bottoms, purling about jutting rocks, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the Father of Waters and, in the mighty Father of Waters I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweeps to join the ocean on whose broad bosom floats the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world, but ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now, that as a beverage, it is a damn failure."

The average man will undergo a considerable amount of hardship in order to hunt the wild duck, but when it comes to chasing golf balls over the prairie, the Alliance golf fan hasn't developed the same amount of enthusiasm.

Yet over in Scotland, they tell us, the golfers wear fur coats to the links

and play in the snow with black balls.

As near as can be ascertained, A. F. Harper and Brad Minor were the only two players last Sunday, and they quit after making one hole.

Oh, well, that was enough to settle the question of who should buy the dinner.

So far as we are concerned, we can't see the advantage of driving four or five miles in the rain to snatch nickles.

The millennium is at hand. Three exceedingly tender steaks already this week, and not a single dose of carrots in the bill.

GIVES WIFE GLYCERINE MIXTURE

A retired merchant whose wife suffered for years from catarrh of the stomach finally gave her simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Akler-ika. ONE bottle produced great results. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel it removes all foul matter which poisons stomach. Relieves ANY CASE our stomach or gas on stomach. Often CURES constipation. Prevents appendicitis. Harry Thiele, druggist.

EVERLASTINGLY TOO LATE.


Doctor—"Hang that telephone—I was too late."
Wife—"What was the patient dead, darling?"
Doctor—"Dead? No, he was all right again."—London Opinion.

Of course the women wear funny-looking things, but a celluloid collar is not one of them.—Dallas News.



ALLIANCE DRUG CO., SCOTTEN & HERSHMAN
314 214 Box Butte, Alliance, Neb.

Now let some genius give us a new song, entitled "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Taxpayer."—Baltimore Sun.




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