

The Alliance Herald

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POTASH HIGHWAY MUST BE COMPLETED

Alliance is losing a large amount of tourist business by the delay in the completion of the Potash Highway and by the time necessarily consumed in building a good road through from the Lincoln Highway on the south. The sandhill barrier that encircles the city on the east and south has so far proven a formidable one to tourist traffic.

Last week a tourist, bound for the west, dropped into an Alliance garage to inquire the route westward. When asked from which direction he had entered town he stated that he had come up the Potash Highway "of course." When asked what car he was driving he stated that he had a Ford sedan. "Well, if you drove a Ford sedan through those sandhills to Alliance," said the garage man, "you can just start west and follow any road you wish, for the roads west and north of here will be gravelly to you."

The worst stretch of sandhills on the route of the Potash Highway is said to be between Lakeside and Bingham. One who knows that country well can, by winding around through the valleys, find a road which can in case of necessity be traveled, but the eastern tourist soon finds himself almost hopelessly lost in a maze of soft sand which seems to deepen as he goes forward and which has been so difficult to traverse behind him that he hesitates to turn back.

That sandhills can be made passable is proven by the sixteen-mile stretch of federal aid road from Alliance to Antioch, the first link of the Potash Highway to be completed in western Nebraska. It is true that there has been considerable objection to the "gravel" used for surfacing this road, which appears to be more like the sand through which the road passes than the ordinary gravel that is used for road surfacing.

Organized, well-directed, concerted effort is needed to get this work started. The route has been designated as

a federal aid project by the state highway department and an excellent road has been completed to a point west of Broken Bow. The towns along the route—Mullen, Theodorf, Lakeside, Hyannis, Seneca, and others are ready and willing to do their part, for it means opening them up to the outside world for auto traffic.

Of the 22,030 miles of federal aid roads which have been built or are now under construction, more than two-thirds are earth roads, sand-clay, or gravel, says the chief of the bureau of public roads. These have cost less than one-third of the total amount expended as compared with nearly 50 per cent of the estimated cost applied to 4,890 miles of hard-surfaced roads. A study of local conditions by an engineer of the bureau is necessary before a road project may receive federal aid.

The type of road to be used and the most suitable surface with respect to the traffic of the locality must be determined. Service must be satisfactory, while costs must be kept low, both for building and maintenance. There must be a careful analysis both of the engineering and economic conditions for each particular project. There are individual considerations in every case which affect the determination as to the best type of road materials for that locality.

The mileage of federal aid roads which have been built or are now under construction is nearly sufficient to encircle the globe. This is the record of work accomplished since July, 1916, when the federal government first stepped in to aid in the enormous task of building highways that are now called upon to carry more than 9,000,000 motor vehicles plus a very substantial horse-drawn traffic in forty-eight states.

YOUNG EDISON'S IDEA

(Lincoln Star.)

It will be a fine thing in ten or fifteen years for one to manufacture his own fuel as he motors about the city or across the country in the family flivver. No stopping at monumental filling stations, no wondering how soon the price of gasoline will go up after a recent gift by John D. to the flaxen haired boys under fifteen in Borneo. Each automobile will carry a still—not the kind that produces a well known beverage, but a fuel oil—which will be operated by the heat and motion of the car.

This is the prophecy of Thomas A. Edison, Jr., son of the famous inventor. "For ten years I have been working on a substitute for oil, a mixture of kerosene and some other ingredient that will have the combustible qualities of gasoline," says young Edison. "I believe that a mixture will some day be found. We shall be able to solve the problem by manufacturing stills for individual cars to distill a combustible mixture from crude petroleum and other chemicals while the car is in motion, just as cars generate electricity power while running."

But the inventor's son is no less ambitious than his father. Not only would he have each automobile distill enough combustible mixture to run itself, but there would be by-products which the thrifty automobile owner would sell and thus pay for the repairs, new tires and other costs incidental to the upkeep of the car.

We may not all glimpse Edison's vision, but we will certainly endorse his work. In fact we will hope that it is less than ten or fifteen years before every car is its own oil well.

HEMINGFORD

Keep in mind the big chautauqua beginning the 14th of July and extending over to the 18th.

The attendance at the tent meetings was good Sunday. The meetings continue for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jenkins drove to Alliance Sunday. Little Mary Margaret is still on the sick list.

The Hemingford ball boys scored another loss to the Hay Springs team last Sunday with a score of 7 to 10. Too bad.

C. F. Wahl moved into his new house on Friday of last week and is about located. He has one of the best and finest homes in town.

Rev. N. G. Palmer who is to speak here on the Fourth will arrive in time to be with us the previous Sunday and will speak at the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening. His many friends will be glad to hear him.

George Jones drove to Alliance Sunday afternoon with a load of friends. Two of the young ladies who work in the Lockwood store were with him and when about ready to hither home they suddenly got hungry and while they

intended to be home in time for the evening church service the supper was of too long a duration for them to make connections, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Klemke, Alfred and Inez, were over from Bayard Saturday and Sunday visiting Mr. Klemke's brother west of town. Alfred attended the Methodist church Sunday morning and was greeting friends and acquaintances, and "others."

Plan to attend the big celebration here the Fourth. The ball game and the entire program will be free. The Hemingford band will furnish music for the day and so every provision will be made for your comfort. The pastor of the Methodist church announces that the basement of the church will be open for any who want to eat their basket dinners there.

A letter from Helen Andrew in Dunn's Station, Penn., states that they are roasting from the hot weather. They have been in Pennsylvania for

over a week where they will remain until some time after the first of July when they will return to their friends in Ohio. Mr. Andrew is hauling some lumber and mowing hay for the side issues in his vacation. They reported a big Andrews reunion there on June 19th and had a big "blow-out." They expect to be home about the first of September.

TO THE VOTERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 37

A special meeting is called in District No. 37, on July 11, 1921 at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of voting on a higher levy.

D. E. PURINTON, Director.

Mrs. J. B. Feyen enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gillette and two children who are motoring to the Black Hills.

Stop Your Fretting

You aren't going to be put to any extra work or trouble getting ready for that next picnic or motor trip if you let Thiele's prepare your lunch for you.

Our New Box Lunch Service

saves you all the work and worry of preparing a suitable lunch and can be had on a moment's notice.

Box Lunches Always Ready Special Lunches Prepared to Your Order.

The Cost—VERY MODEST

Thiele's

The Store With a Guarantee Without Red Tape



Sold only

by dealers

give tire mileage at the lowest cost in history

30 x 3 1/2

\$15.00

NON-SKID

Reduction in all styles and sizes

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product

WOULD GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

Tennessee Farmer Wants To Go From House to House and Tell Everybody About Tanlac

"If I were not so busy with my farmwork I would go from house to house and tell the people about Tanlac," said A. J. Livingston, a well-known farmer, living near Ashland City, Tenn.

"I had stomach and kidney trouble and suffered torment with my back and side. The doctors could do nothing for me so I wrote to a friend of mine in Nashville about Tanlac and he advised me to try it, saying he had heard so many favorable reports about it and sent me a bottle.

"After taking the first bottle I felt so much better that I ordered another bottle myself and the result is I am a well man. I told a friend of mine about it and ordered a bottle for him and he had good results. I can eat anything I want and it don't hurt me and can sleep like a log. To tell you the truth, I just simply feel like a new man and have more strength and energy than I have had in years. It is simply the grandest medicine in the world. I would like to see all of my friends and get those who are suffering to try it and I hope you will reach them through this testimonial, which I have gladly given."

Tanlac, the celebrated medicine, which accomplished such remarkable results in this man's case, is a wonderful tonic, appetizer and invigorant. It builds up the system, creates a healthy appetite, promotes digestion and assimilation of the food and makes you feel strong, sturdy and well as nature intended.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Maria Halstead was born on March 18, 1836, in Ohio, coming to Michigan at the age of six months and died June 18, 1921, at the ripe old age of 85 years and three months, at her granddaughter's Mrs. Ethel Nobles, of Minatare, Neb. She came to Nebraska in 1915. She was married to Amas Tallado in Alamo in 1854. She was the mother of four children, the oldest, Mrs. Martha Ross of Wheatland, Wyo. being the only one surviving.

She became a christian while young, putting all her trust in God. She brought up her own children to womanhood and manhood and also two grandchildren, making her home with one of them, and lived a useful life and was loved by all who knew her.

She leaves to mourn their loss four grandsons, two of Wheatland, Wyo., one of Racine, Wis. and one in Michigan; three granddaughters, two of Alliance and one of Minatare; sixteen great grand children and five great, great grandchildren. She has been one of five generations twice in her life. She was laid to rest in the cemetery at Minatare, Neb.

Donald Maloney left Sunday night for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills, where he will spend a short time after which he will go to Chicago to make his home.

Fresh films in stock. Van Graven Studio. 61

RANDOM SHOTS

Jesse Miller, proprietor of the Alliance hotel, and Lloyd Thomas frequently have a bunch of fun out of the common mistake of strangers in mistaking one for the other. Recently when Jesse was in Denver, standing in a hotel lobby, a tall stranger stepped out, stretched out his hand, and said, "Why, hello Lloyd." Jesse stepped back, doubled up his fists and appeared to be greatly offended. The tall stranger stopped as a look of amazement spread over his face. "Aren't you Lloyd Thomas?" said he. "No, I'm not Lloyd Thomas and if you don't want to get a punch in the jaw I warn you never to call me 'Lloyd' again," said Jesse. It took some convincing talk to persuade the stranger that he was mistaken, after which the two had a good laugh over the mistake. Lloyd boasts that he can stand around the lobby of the Alliance hotel for thirty minutes and cause Jesse more trouble than he can straighten out in a week, while it used to be a common occurrence, while Lloyd was editor of The Herald, for Jesse to assure Herald subscribers that it was "all right to take the paper as long as they wanted to without paying up."

An Alliance railroad man delights in telling of the complaint which was received by a claim agent of the Illinois Central railroad, at Vicksburg, Miss., from a Franklin county farmer whose hog was killed by an Illinois Central train:

My razorback strolled down your track A week ago to day. Your 29 came down the line And snuffed his life away. You can't blame me; the hog you see, Slipped through a cattlegate, So kindly pen a check for ten This debt to liquidate.

This reply received by the farmer: Old 29 came down the line And killed your hog, we know, But razorbacks on railroad tracks, Quite often meet with woe. Therefore, my friend, we cannot send The check for which you pine. Just plant the dead; place o'er his head:

"Here lies a foolish swine."

There was a time when mourners wrote This epitaph: "He rocked the boat." But now we read, on yonder stone, These few sad words: "He brewed his own."

If you can't be a pine on top of the hill— Be a scrub in the valley, but be The best little scrub by the side of the hill; Be a bush, if you can't be a tree. If you can't be a sun, be a star— Be the best little booster wherever you are.

Today's Best Story.

Overheard in an Alliance household: "Oh, Bob, you've let in a lot of flies!" "I'll get after them, dear." "You'll never kill them all." "Well, I'll kill these three, anyway—they're females." "How do you know?" "They made a dash for the mirror the first thing."

No Insult Intended. Jimmy (F. W.) Hicks, the popular Alliance postoffice employee, was accosted by a stranger recently in Bridgeport.

"Aren't you Jimmy Hicks?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied Jimmy, thinking the stranger might be trying to make a "touch."

"I'm sorry, I thought you were. You look uncommonly like him."

"I assure you," insisted Jimmy, "you are mistaken."

"Well, I certainly did think you looked like him," said the stranger. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you."

J. H. Owens, manager of the Bridgeport telephone exchange, was in Alliance Monday between trains. He came up to meet his family, who came in on No. 43 and who returned with him to Bridgeport to make their home.

Mrs. Robert Annabel and two children left Friday night for Grand Island. From there Mrs. Annabel went to Hot Springs and Chadron to visit, returning home Sunday morning.

Kate Graham came in from the ranch Friday and spent the day in town.

The Misses Lydia and Alice Foley went to Joliet, Wyo., Saturday.



SPLASH

DON'T worry or become annoyed at a soiled frock. No matter how delicate or perishable the fabric or color we will clean it for you like new.

We specialize in dainty summer frocks and you will be more than pleased with our work.

—OUR PRICES—

Ladies' and Men's Suits Cleaned and Pressed...\$1.50
Suits Cleaned 50¢

MODEL CLEANERS & DYERS

203 Box Butte Avenue WE CALL AND DELIVER



The whole scheme of service within Glacier readily lends itself to the out-door idea—follow the dictates of your fancy.

Better plan to go this summer and enjoy a real vacation

H. L. ORMSBY, Ticket Agent

GLACIER

National Park

The Gladdest Spot

—the most-talked-of place in America by out-of-doors folk, is a "hikers'" and "horsebackers'" joyland.

Up there in the Northern Rockies in Northwestern Montana, there are fifteen hundred square miles of breathing room—loafing space; forests, hundreds of sparkling streams which meander through valleys ablaze with wild flowers, and tumble over foaming waterfalls to feed two hundred and fifty mountain lakes of rare beauty. In the "high-spots" there are eternal, slow-moving glaciers, astride the pageant of carved and tinted peaks. The thrill, the majesty, the bigness of it all is wonderful.

To live for a time in this "high" land is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. You'll straightway develop an amazing appetite.

If you are a fisherman, you'll enjoy battling with the trout.

If you are a hiker, there's no end of trails to follow to your heart's content.

If you love to ride, a sturdy little mountain pony will carry you over skyland trails.

Mountain guides—chaps you'll enjoy getting acquainted with—are there to accompany the timid.

Rowboat and launch service, auto-stages on a mountain motor highway, are there for your pleasure and convenience.

If you like to "take your hotel with you" and camp, there are scores of ideal spots.

The chalets—little hotel villages in the mountains—are picturesque tarrying-places.

Two mammoth mountain inns, where unique indoor campfires crackle on evenings in the "forest lobbies" provide accommodations of a more elaborate character.