

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners
Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transmission through the mails as second class matter. Published Tuesday and Friday.
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Official newspaper of the City of Alliance; official newspaper of Box Butte County.
Owned and published by The Burr Printing Company, George L. Burr, Jr., President; Edwin M. Burr, Vice President.

A TASK WELL DONE.

John O. Bayne of Aurora, Neb., who for the past three months has been making a personal canvass of the farms of Box Butte county, writing up the farms that he has visited for The Herald, last Thursday completed covering the territory, and Sunday morning left for Aurora, where he will rest for a week or two before beginning a similar trip for the Columbus Telegram.

Mr. Bayne was most successful in his work for The Herald. He is himself a practical farmer and was one of the first to enter the thoroughbred stock game, specializing in Duroc-Jersey hogs. Some of the animals he raised were in the grand championship class, and sold for thousands of dollars. He has served as field man for some of the leading Nebraska farm papers, and got so that he drifted into work of this nature in his spare time.

His writeups of the farms that he visited and the crops that he saw won favorable attention, not only from the farmers themselves, but from a number of others, who were greatly pleased and surprised at the showing made by the county. A number of real estate dealers were especially interested, and made use of the reports of his travels in interesting outside people to come to Box Butte county.

The Herald, of course, was largely interested in increasing its family of readers. New settlers have been coming to the county so fast, that it has been difficult to keep track of them. Mr. Bayne discovered that only a very small per cent of them, even in the most settled districts, were reading any Alliance newspaper, and he found they were, for the most part, simply awaiting an invitation.

Mr. Bayne's trip has been a good thing for the county, as well as for The Herald. All over the state and into many neighboring states have gone these reports of the extensive farming and stock-raising operations here. The real estate dealers are making good use of the facts presented and this should be of benefit to every man who owns land. More farms will be operated in Box Butte county as the word is noised abroad.

As for the effect of the trip on The Herald, Mr. Bayne has greatly increased our readers among the farmers, and now that his work is finished, we have the satisfaction of knowing that this newspaper is in over 90 per cent of the farm homes in the county. There were a few scattered portions of the county where he did not go, due to bad roads, the scarcity of homes and the lack of time. But wherever he did go, he made friends for us, and it shall be our task to keep them with us. Our constant aim is to improve this newspaper and to make it as indispensable to the farm homes as it is in the city of Alliance. We have already secured a number of new correspondents, and it is our desire to increase the number of writers on our staff, so that our aim of giving all the news that's fit to print shall be realized.

Buyers of advertising will find it to their advantage to see what The Herald has to offer in the way of circulation. We don't claim to have all there is, or that our readers sob themselves to sleep if an occasional copy is missed, but we have a circulation that cannot be overlooked if you desire to reach the prospective purchasers in this trade territory.

PLAIN PIFFLE.

This "hard times" talk that may be heard these days on every street corner must be a source of amusement to the pioneers who are still with us. Bless our dear hearts, nine out of ten of us do not really know what those two words mean. Any man or woman who lived in Box Butte county twenty-five or thirty years ago is qualified to speak on the subject, and willing to do it. If you're worried, talk it over with one of them.

To the most of us, hard times means that business has fallen off slightly; that prices of corn and spuds or livestock have fallen; that profits are less than they were during the days of the war and the ensuing era of high prices. Hard times means that money must be saved instead of squandered or spent with a reckless flourish; that the automobile must be used less for pleasure; that the trip south must be given up; that less clothing, or less expensive clothing, shall be purchased—in short, that economies must be thought of seriously.

The pioneers will tell you that none of these things is a hardship. The

wise man will proceed to make peace sturdy men and women who faced the cold winters in Box Butte county twenty-five or thirty years ago counted themselves lucky if they had enough to last through the winter. Those were the days of real hardship and poverty that was sometimes grinding. It's a terrible misfortune to be forced to give up a luxury or two, but if some of those who are talking and grieving over hard times were really faced with want, they would know the talk they are passing out now is plain piffle.

From Blair this week comes an instance in point. The state historical society has received a cancelled note, and in the indorsements in payment thereof is written a true story of actual hard times which should bring relief to those who imagine they are sorely distressed by present conditions. This note was given to the Castetter banking house in Blair in 1858 by Jeremiah Young. It covered a loan of \$5, and called for interest at the rate of 4 per cent.

A number of indorsements on the back show the manner in which the note was paid off. The issue date was July 23, and on October 2, 1858, Young paid to Castetter two chickens valued at 50 cents. On December 29 two more chickens were credited with 50 cents. On February 3, 1859 one peck of white beans were paid and credited with 57 cents, and on April 16, four dozen eggs were credited for 50 cents. The last payment noted is six small chickens, credited with \$1.25 for the whole lot, and a notation on the bottom showed that an extension of a part of the loan was necessary until 1860.

NO BUNK ABOUT IT.

Alliance people will do well to heed the warnings in the advertisements of the coal dealers, and begin buying their Christmas coal now. Here's the situation—there's no place to store the coal that will be used this winter, unless the consumers do it. The local dealers haven't a combined storage capacity larger than for a month's supply. The coal mines do no storing, but ship out the coal as fast as cars are provided for it. Aye, here's the rub.

There are plenty of cars during the summer months to furnish coal to the consumers. When the winter demand sets in, the railroads are confronted with slower trains, with harder shipping conditions and with a greater demand for cars to move grain and livestock. Even if cars were available, the mines could not supply the demand. The coal operators can hardly be blamed for refusing to pay high wages to mine coal that must go into storage. They are digging it out of the mines only as fast as they are furnished cars to ship it.

The ultimate consumer, remembering the coal shortage of last year, will do well to read the handwriting on the wall, and the ads of the dealers in the newspapers. This isn't the ordinary hue and cry to move coal during the summer months—there is serious danger of a shortage. Secretary Hoover has been shouting about it for some weeks, and it's time for the average man to stop to think about it. Paying for coal before it is needed will be an awful jolt on top of all the other jolts of the last few months, but the with his coal dealer.

THEN AND NOW.

(Gering Midwest.)
Something like four years ago we lined up behind the bands and the waving flags and marched to the depot to bid our soldier boys good-bye and God-speed. Then they were going away to join the colors and offer their lives in defense of our property and our lives. We patted them on their backs and promised them pretty much of everything when they got back. Nothing was good good for them—in the way of promises and pledges.

But not all of them came back. Nearly a hundred thousand of them went to sleep on the bloody soil of France, never to awaken again on this earth. More than a hundred thousand of them came home broken, maimed and blind. Hundreds of these broken and maimed men are now inmates of poor houses, charity hospitals or insane asylums.

The other day Jack Dempsey, champion heavyweight pugilist of the world and a shipyard hero, passed through Omaha. Ten thousand people were at the union station to see him and cheer him. A few days later a special funeral train bearing the bodies of 111 American soldiers who had died in France, fighting beneath our own flag for our own principles and liberties, slowly pulled into that same union station. No there were no waiting multitudes, no frantic crowding. Just a pitiful little handful of special representatives of organizations whose membership was too busy to pay any attention to the arrival of a more trainload of dead soldiers whose sacrifices had made it possible for their business to continue.

Four years ago we threw our hats in the air when the flag went by, and we stood with misty eyes when the bands played "Star-Spangled Banner." Now we never bat an eye when the flag goes by, and the only thing we notice about the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" is that it interrupts our conversation or bothers us in the task we have on hand. Then we cheered the soldier boys to the echo and promised them everything under the shining sun. Today we tell them that they'll have to wait for a year or two before we give them a fiftie of what we promised, because right now we are awfully "hard up" and taxes are mighty high. "We'll do something after while," is still our promise.

We promised them then; we are promising them now—"in the sweet bye-and-bye."

Cheers and adulation for Jack Dempsey, the pugilist; a passing glance and a muttered, "Isn't it too bad," when the bodies of a hundred dead heroes are carried by in their flag-draped caskets. Cheers and praise and promises when the boys marched away; "taxes too high" to permit even a partial keeping of those promises now that the boys are home again, crippled and maimed and blind.

GOLF AS A DISEASE.

(New York World.)

Is golf to be recognized as a factor in the alienation of marital affections? The "golf widow" has been taken as a more or less jocose figure of speech, but the suit of a Montclair wife for divorce on the ground of her husband's alleged addiction to the game gives another aspect to the matter. According to her bill of complaint, golf has become "a mania" with her husband, obsessing him to such a pass that he devotes an undue part of his time to play on the local links and makes frequent winter golfing trips to Pinehurst and Atlantic City. His crowning offense was a voyage to England to witness the international golf matches.

Golf has all along been regarded merely as a sport and its pathological aspects have not as yet received attention. Has the time now arrived in the popular development of the game when it should invite the scrutiny of the alienist? Is a condition of de-

mentia indicated when bankers and lawyers lay out putting greens in their drawing-rooms? Are there symptoms of obsession in the rush from the office to the links, the subordination of all week-end and most mid-week interests to the practice and glorification of the game? And as respects the conversational phase of addiction, the abnormal loquacity of the addict, are there no evidences in this of the dangerous "fixed idea"?

With a large element of the population under the spell of golf and living, moving and having its being by preference only on the links it is high time these manifestations were seriously regarded. If golf has degenerated from a sport to a disease something should be done without delay to diagnose and treat the malady to restore its victims to a state of sanity and prevent the spread of the mental contagion.

THE PUBLIC FORUM

Community Threshing.

HEMINGFORD, Neb., August 3.—To the Editor of The Herald: I notice in The Forum in one of your issues a comment on the high prices for threshing. Why not try the community plan of owning and doing your own threshing? In our neighborhood men took shares to buy a new separator last year. Another one owns the tractor. They did the threshing for the members and a few other neighbors it took to help make the crew. When the grain was ready, they started to work and in a couple of weeks were done and put the machine away, then were ready to tend their fields or do any other work. They charged the regular rates for threshing as if they were paying to an outside machine, and paid for the separator the first year.

Now, this year they have the machine to go to work again now and do not have to wait until someone comes this way. They are ready to thresh and when done can put in their full crops at an earlier date than if they

50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO. Includes illustration of a bull.

had to wait for some other machine. Each member is interested to see that the grain is threshed properly so there is no waste.

Bulletins on "Community Threshing" can be gotten from the Extension Department to show the plan of working the community threshers. Why not pay yourself for the threshing and have the satisfaction of knowing the work is done right and at an earlier time or at a time that is suitable to the farmer.

A READER.

EXPENSIVE BUSINESS.

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop. "How much will you give me?" "Three dollars a week; but what can you do to make yourself useful?" "Anything." "Well, be specific. Can you dress a chicken?" "Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.—O. E. R. Bulletin.

Clocks are wiser than men. They stop to rest when they feel run down.

Keep-U-Neat Cleaners Is Now Official Agents for Railway Uniforms

The Keep-U-Neat cleaners and tailors, at 207 Box Butte avenue, have recently received official notification that they are the authorized agents of L. S. Singer & Co., manufacturers of railway men's uniforms.

Hereafter railroad men may get their uniforms through the Keep-U-Neat cleaners at the same prices as were formerly paid when uniforms were purchased through the Burlington company. This change affords the patrons of L. S. Singer & Co. a convenient place to come, where their measurements will be taken accurately and alterations, if any are needed done with the least delay. 71-74

NOT PARTICULAR.

Farmer: "Will you dig some potatoes for a good meal?" Hobo: "Oh, no matter. I can enjoy one without them."—Exchange.

FISK TIRES advertisement featuring a large FISK logo, text 'Cords Fabrics', 'Low Cost Mileage For the Big Car', and 'Every Fisk Tire is a guarantee that you will get mileage at a low cost.'

Save Time and Labor Liberty Grain Blower Unloads Your Grain in Less Time and Does It Better. Bring us your small grain, and see how simple, how quick, and how much better the Liberty unloads your wagon or truck. TAKES 3 to 8 MINUTES TO LOAD. JUST NEWLY INSTALLED. COME AND SEE IT OPERATE. This Convenience is Just Part of the Service You Receive at the FARMERS UNION. R. J. TRABERT, Manager. Phone 501 212 Laramie

Are You Preparing for Old Age? Spending your last dollar each week is no way of preparing for the future. There may come a time when you will not have a last dollar to spend. Then where will you turn for aid and comfort? Surely those with whom you spent your last dollar will not assist you. Better that a man practice Thrift and lay aside part of his income, even though it be only two or three dollars each week. Then he can rest assured that the road of the future will be easier to travel when adverse conditions come upon him. He will have the necessary wherewithal to tide him over the rough spots and smooth the pathway of his later years. Stop in today and let us show you how a Savings Account with us will safeguard your future. FIRST STATE BANK Alliance, Nebraska