

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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HOLD YOUR HORSES.

Exciting days are coming for Alliance, Box Butte county and western Nebraska. That magical word, "oil," will be responsible for what is exceedingly likely to happen. Prospects, if that word may be used seriously in the same breath with mention of a wildcat venture, are fair, and are improving right along.

Those who claim to be in the know in regard to oil formations, and who speak the lingo of the oil fields, will shortly begin talking in unfamiliar but sweetly sounding phrases of one stratum and another, of certain sands that bear the magical fluid that fills the pockets with money and makes the motors cars motte merrily and quite inexpensively, if one doesn't figure in wear and tear and tires. The song of the Lorelei didn't compare with the music of these sirens.

Before long, unless all our prospects go on the blink, we'll be hearing tales of the stenographer, slaving along on a pittance of \$125 a month, who invested \$35 in the Stinger Oil company and left for Europe with a cool million dollars after disposing of her stock. There'll be stories of the poor cobbler who took a chance and mortgaged his last peg and shot the whole works on the Golden Geyser and is now giving away Christmas presents fashioned of beaten gold, the while he rides about in his Rolls-Royce. There'll be tales to stir the imagination and open the pocketbook.

The strange part of it is that many of these tales will be true. It's the same story the world over whenever a new oil field is discovered. A thousand to one shot occasionally proves a winner. Of course, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine times that it doesn't.

So far as indications go, there is a chance for striking oil near Alliance. The prophets say there is a sheet of oil across the entire country, and that there is every reason to believe that a streak cuts through western Nebraska. Over at Rushville, at a depth of only 2,000 feet, oil has been struck. The wild-eyed and imaginative press has hailed it as a thousand-barrel well. Actually, no one knows what its capacity will prove. The drillers only penetrated into the oil-bearing sands for six inches. The well was then capped, temporarily, following a cave-in, and it will be some time until the truth is known.

Over at Lakeside, it is said, the oil well has been gassing for forty-eight hours. The inference is that a gusher may spring forth any minute. However, at Crawford, there were gas indications for two or three weeks, but no oil was ever found.

Every resident of the county hopes, of course, that the prospects may pan out even better than our present highest hopes. It will be the biggest thing that ever happened to western Nebraska. But remember, please, that so far there are only prospects, and that until the field is proven, the men who gamble in oil will be taking a long chance.

At Rushville, the syndicate that put down the well is composed of over four hundred small stockholders. The Lakeside well is owned by a much smaller group, each member of which is well able to lose should the project flounder. If you feel the urge to gamble, nothing we can say will be likely to dissuade you. Just bear in mind that even with indications that can be construed as favorable it's still a long shot, and if you can't afford to kiss your stock subscription good-bye, keep it in the bank. Once the field is proved, there'll still be an opportunity to get in before all the plums have been shaken down. Don't put your faith in headlines written under the stress of excitement. Many a thousand-barrel well has proven, when the excitement died down, to be in the thirty-barrel class. This is the time to sit steady on the seat and hold in the horses.

MUSIC WEEK.

The idea of setting apart a week for one purpose or another has spread almost too rapidly. The idea began with a Pay-Up Week many years ago, but since then every organization and hundreds of big business firms have adopted the suggestion until now, if we desire to observe all the weeks that have been set apart this year, it would take a normal lifetime. There's been everything from Carbon Paper Week

to a Home Town Paper Week, and a Simmons Beds Week to a Kiss Your Wife Week. There's no limit to it. With a good idea so greatly overworked, when a week comes along that should be set apart and observed, all the average citizen does is to cast one look at the headline and then turn rapidly to the place in the paper where it tells about the progress in the Ar-buckle trial.

Music week is one of the occasions that shouldn't be overlooked. Sponsored by a county-wide organization, a state organization and an Alliance committee, it deserves to be remembered and observed. As a nation we've been going too fast a pace to pay proper attention to music. The average man thinks of music only as the accompaniment at the time the plate is passed in church; the blare that goes up from the bandstand during the races, the assortment of canned music that comes from his phonograph; the tunes to which the musical comedy chorus cavorts, or something on that order. Always his musical impressions come to him from the outside. And the originators of Music Week, we understand, want music to come from the individuals, as well as brought to them.

I hasn't been so many years ago, when civilization in this country was not so complex and there weren't so many amusements, singing was pretty general over the country. An entertainment wasn't complete without songs from the company. Now there may be a solo or two, or several real sections on the vic, and that ends it.

But music is coming back. In every town of consequence in the country there are clubs where men, the sober-minded fellows in the banks and the stores, get together and let their lungs out. If they can't sing, they at least make a noise. It's good for what ails them, and the effect isn't so terrific as might be imagined. The national association is working for a revival of the old-time bands of Christmas carolers. One Nebraska town had them last year and there'll be more this December. This was one of the Yuletide customs that should have been retained with the Christmas tree and the Santa Claus myth.

The program in Alliance seeks to stimulate interest in the old songs, and to get all of us to sing them. It won't hurt any of us, and it may do some good. It's worth a trial. If there is only enough interest during the week of November 20 to 26, maybe, when Christmas comes, some enterprising soul will bring in a municipal tree and we'll have a huge celebration, with public singing, followed by a band of carolers telling the good tidings in a way that will make all of us glad that we are alive to enjoy the greater festival of the year.

NO DANGER SIGNAL.

In this issue of The Herald will be found some Armistice Day reflections of an ex-soldier. The editor of this newspaper, also an ex-service man, doesn't endorse all of the opinions that are expressed in that communication. There are plenty of other ex-soldiers who do not. But the fact remains that one man does. You have our assurance that he is a man who saw hard service. The tone of the entire letter shows that while he is proud of the sacrifices he made, he has in his heart little but bitterness for those who cheered him on his way to the front. It's surprising the amount of resentment there is on the part of the ex-soldiers. Their restlessness, induced by the change from the activity of the fields of war to the marts of trade and industry; the fact that others prospered while they suffered; the fact that the broken and wounded have not had adequate care; the fact that many of them are jobless, have all helped to swell the tide of discontent.

This soldier sees America threatened by a wave of bolshevism, it's life

hanging by a thread. He sees in these discontented soldiers a menace to the country they helped to save. He has undoubtedly talked with other ex-soldiers who talked as he talks. All of us have. And yet, mere talk never yet constituted a menace.

It is the sacred right of soldiers, from the days when men fought with battle-axes, to beef. All during the war we had it. Men beefed and complained because they were held in training camps and not put directly into the trenches; they beefed because they were sent to the trenches without adequate training. They kicked about the food and the rides in boxcars, the cooties, the discomforts—everything imaginable. And yet when they faced the Boche they fought like demons. It is axiomatic in the service that soldiers will complain—if they don't, look out for trouble.

There are a lot of soldiers feeling the stings of injustice, and there'll be more of them before the winter is over. But only the weak ones will do anything more than utter their discontent. It took all kinds of men to make an army. Some of them weren't worthy of the honor for which they were underpaid. It's hard, on the return, to find that fine words uttered at the time the troops marched away are now meaningless—that there is a desire to forget rather than to reward sacrifices. The soldiers that won the war may beef about it and say all manner of mean things, but they don't mean anything by it. It's just their way of letting off steam.

However, the fact that the ex-soldiers can be depended on, whether treated fairly or otherwise, to uphold the government for which they have risked their lives, doesn't change the fact that the nation is in debt to these men, and that the debt should be paid. The writer doesn't favor the bonus, but he does hold that unemployed, the wounded, the maimed and all these

men should be given an opportunity to get back to the place they were when they entered the service. We know what it is to come back to find a job filled; to receive a handshake as a welcome from the fellow who couldn't find words to express his gratitude when his employe left to fight his battles. If there can't be a return to normalcy, then by all means let's urge upon congress that there should be some way by which every community should be compelled to take care of the jobless men who enlisted from it until conditions get better. This is the least we can do.

Herald Want Ads are read.

PANNING YOUR COMPETITOR

(Nebraska City Press.)

An Indiana physician has just won a judgment of \$65,000 from four of his fellow physicians. In his suit, which was terminated in court in his favor the other day, the plaintiff alleged that his rivals in the profession had not only written black-hand letters urging him, for his own safety, to leave the community in which he was plainly prospering, but they also succeeded in getting his certificate away from him and forcing him to fight through the courts for three years before he could re-establish his right to practice. He sued for \$100,000 and the jury was so impressed with the justice of his claim that it gave him \$65,000 after deliberating only a short time. His four rivals,

country town physicians, will be required to work long and hard, it is believed, before they pay off the debt. Panning one's competitor in an unfair manner has always been poor business. Only newspaper men can swart each other editorially one day and be friends the next, and even that precarious and rather unmanly game has just about been played out.

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