

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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GEORGE L. BURR, Jr., Editor
EDWIN M. BURR, Business Mgr

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THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE

Governor McKelvie, long suspected of being a shrewd politician, has proved his right to the title by his message, delivered this morning before the special session of the state legislature. The address, in its way, is a masterpiece, for it will do more to avoid dissension in the republican ranks than any act of the governor's since he announced that he would not be a candidate for any office next November, especially the United States senate.

The republican governor is well aware that nothing he suggests which may tend to increase his personal popularity or that of his party, will meet with favor of the democrats or the third party adherents. What he did not expect was that his proposal for an extra session would meet with such opposition from his own supporters. With all the enthusiasm of youth, he sprung upon an unsuspecting state the plan to tax gasoline to build roads. This plan had gone over big in eleven states, but it didn't make a noticeable hit in Nebraska. The republican legislators and voters were just as strong against it as were the democrats. Plainly, it wouldn't do at all.

And so Governor McKelvie conceived the idea of taxing the salaries of state officers. Once more he guessed wrong. The public saw but one phrase in his statement—it read "5 per cent over \$1,000"—and the fur began to fly. The proposed reduction, as applied to state officials whose salaries had been boosted from 50 to 60 per cent, was about as substantial as the proverbial snowball.

Once more the governor takes aim. This time he registers a bulls-eye. "The primary purpose for which this special session is called," he tells the belligerent legislators, "is to reduce the appropriations of the last regular session. The reductions I shall propose amount to \$2,730,505.85." Aside from the 85 cents, this is something like. And maybe it does not come too late. Had only the governor talked reduction of appropriations before he mentioned the gasoline tax, walls one of his prominent supporters, McKelvie might have left the state house the idol of his people.

Of course, there are those who will recall that the appropriations which are now to be slashed so mercilessly are the identical appropriations which Phil Bross, secretary of finance, boasted so high when the budget was made up, but after all is said, the state officials deserve some credit for not spending the money, even though they didn't need it. Such self-control is unusual, to say the least, and is a distinct victory for the great republican party.

With this masterly touch at the very beginning of his message, the governor proceeds. He makes the best possible defense and eulogy of his administration, and as many arguments as possible for the special session which he, practically standing alone, desired and forced. The message explains why the salary tax is not considered feasible, and how little difference it makes to the taxpayers if a small coterie of officials draw high salaries, anyway. It leaves the way open for again increasing appropriations when the good times come again. It defends and urges the gasoline tax, which the governor insists is a much-maligned plan for making the tourists help build the roads. It's an impressive expose of those wasteful democratic methods that we used to hear so much about, and a cheerier cry for everyone who voted the republican ticket.

The governor has undoubtedly convinced himself. All that remains to be seen is whether the legislators, whose course of action has been so clearly pointed out, have been either silenced or convinced. The curtain is up and the prologue is ended. The performance is about to begin.

EXPENSIVE BUNK

Some patriot, who might as well remain unknown, since his suggestion will be highbrowed into the discard has arisen to ask why on earth a state administration which is making such strenuous efforts to reduce the expense of government should persist in going ahead with present plans for the new state capitol. The patriot in question isn't fighting the building of a new

tate house. He is, however, registering a strenuous objection to the Goodhue plan, which has been accepted by the capitol commission. This plan provides for an immense tower in the center of the structure.

The Goodhue plan, from the moment that it was made public, has been the subject of intense debate. The debate, for the most part, has been among the elect—those who consider themselves competent to speak of form and line and all that sort of thing. The huge tower was looked upon, at first, as a daring bit of planning. Later, someone with a facility for stringing words together, conceived the idea that this immense tower expressed the spirit of Nebraska, whatever that is. The lesser architectural lights seized upon that phrase. They mouthed it lovingly; they paraphrased it, and, dressing it in new attire, hurled it at the heads of those who objected to towers. By sheer force of words they overcame the objections of those to whom the proposed tower meant nothing but a pile of masonry, somewhat higher than the rest of the building seemed to warrant, and costing much more than it was worth. There was talk that the entire Goodhue plan would be discarded rather than relinquish the tower. And so, after a good deal of argument, pro and con, the tower adherents won the battle by keeping up the fight long after their opponents were out of breath and otherwise discouraged, for the capitol commission favored this monstrosity, else it would not have selected the plan.

But now, in the midst of a general uproar about reducing state expenditures, with a special session of the legislature called to lop off appropriations, one unremembered and despairing patriot has arisen in final protest to suggest that the state could be saved hundreds of thousands of dollars by eliminating this one feature. His protest has gone unanswered. The victory of the highbrows is complete. Nebraska will build this fool tower, and her sons will pay the bill. That is nothing. The state has squandered more money than this in times past for other and worse reasons than the clamor of the intellectual elite.

The worst feature is that from now until we pass into the great beyond, Nebraskans and others will be writing guff like this, which is taken from "Foresight," a house organ published by a Lincoln investment firm:

Here on this matchless plain a tower shall pierce the sky surrounded at its base by graceful, spreading trees and blooming shrubs, its pinnacle encircled by passing clouds or bathed in brilliant sunlight.

Like a whitened watchtower its stately, classic form will rise high in the darkness of the night and send forth gleams of light far out like a beacon bidding the traveler come home.

Before the rising sun is visible in the east its yellow glow will kiss the face of the towering shaft and at the close of day the last rays from over the gilded western horizon will be reflected from the uppermost reaches of the structure, lengthening the golden day.

Only the Washington Monument beyond the Alleghanies will reach its marvelous height, and westward to the Golden Gate only the mountains themselves will surpass it.

Boulevards banked by flowering shrubs, shaded by overhanging trees will radiate from its base—beautiful avenues along with the traveler will desire to make his approach that he may gaze in admiration upon this wondrous shaft with its appealing, graceful drappings, that has beckoned him and will beckon others of passing generations from far across the plain.

Alongside this slush, Schrecklichkeit from Germany is blissful.

A USEFUL PRESS AGENT.

We are tempted to break a lifelong rule. We are about to say something pleasant about a publicity department. Now, publicity departments, or press agents—the two are one, save that the former title has the more impressive sound—are anathema to the average publisher. They have but one purpose in life—to put over on the newspapers, under the guise of news, publicity material which ranks as advertising and for which the publishers should be paid. We say "put over" advised, for publishers have been cutting their eye-teeth the past few years and have become competent to spot free advertising, no matter how well-sugar-coated with a veneer of news, from as great a distance as an old-time barfly could smell a free drink.

The Burlington railroad, following in the steps of other corporations, some time ago established a publicity bureau. It is a model of its kind, but once in a while, just because it is the nature of the beast, apparently, it essays to slip something over on the publishers. The remarkable thing is that it so seldom makes the attempt.

There have been bulletins from the Burlington's news bureau about once a week, and yet there are but few instances where the story wasn't genuine news. Thus, on the occasion when the Burlington's dining cars cut the price of meals, an attempt was made to get the publishers to carry this as a matter of news. The cut in price meant more business for the dining

cars and should have been given to the world as so much a word. If Alliance people got it, they stumbled upon it by accident, for it was not printed free.

It comes like pulling teeth to say it, for the average publisher loves a press agent with the same degree of adoration that the bartenders used to welcome a visit from Carrie Nation, but the Burlington's publicity department is the sort that justifies its existence on earth, and is of value not only to the railroad company but to the publishers. The news dispatches it sends out give information that is of value to newspaper readers. There is no attempt to have the publishers fight its battles with labor (another department sees to that), or to get too much for nothing. We remove our fedora to the fellow who plans those articles. More power to his elbow. Would that he might work for a bunch of automobile, tire companies and movie producers that we might name, to say nothing of the government, a few national church organizations and several societies. We only trust that the railroad officials, if they should chance to read this tribute, will not fire him because he has not devoted his whole attention to hoodwinking the publishers.

OPPORTUNITY AHEAD.

Roger W. Babson, eminent business authority, has pointed the way to business success in the year of our Lord 1922. Mr. Babson, who is the first man to talk prosperity and give definite reasons for his beliefs, has a message that should prove of intense interest to every live business man in Alliance. He says:

"It is very apparent that the executives of America have been busy since January, 1920, even if the businesses themselves have not."

"In fact, American business men have probably done more real thinking since the depression set in than they did in the whole period of prosperity which preceded it. Almost every man I talked with has a plan for a new building, a new product, or the development of a new sales field. The project is on paper, the details have been worked out, and he is just waiting for conditions to get settled. All of these plans mean potential business for next year or the year after—actual orders will be placed just as soon as prices and markets reach stable levels."

"This situation, apparent as we reach the bottom of the present area of depression in 1922, offers the first real chance of the coming period of improvement. Future business is now on the production counter. You can buy it cheaper now than you will be able to buy it at any time during the next four or five years."

"It takes no little courage to go counter to the popular current and spend money for advertising when immediate returns are smaller than actual, but I am convinced that the man who has that foresight and courage will gain an advantage—a running start—that will carry him through the coming periods of improvement and prosperity."

"Nineteen hundred twenty-two is the year to use the reserve set aside during the fat years. Cut production costs as much as possible, but don't skimp your selling appropriation during 1922. Defer expansion of plant until next year, but this year—increase your advertising."

"Take the aggressive course! There will be considerable business this summer, more the coming fall and winter, more still next year. But the man who goes after it now—is the man who will get it."

SAVING A CITY'S FAIR NAME

(Columbus Telegram)

Discrimination in favor of one friend over another friend is always a mistake, if we desire to hold the friendship of both friends. I regret very much the complaint made by some of our visiting firemen last Monday. Some of them complained that they had to pay fifty cents a glass for hooch in the Columbus hooch saloons, whereas other visiting firemen were charged the ordinary home price which is thirty-five cents per glass. All of those visiting firemen were friends of Columbus. Moreover, they were our guests. It was shameful on our part, in capacity of host, to treat some of our guests better than others. I hope Mayor Carrig may investigate the charges of discrimination. It does not give Columbus a good name to permit the hooch saloons to soak some of our guests for fifty cents a glass for hooch when the standard price is only thirty-five cents per glass. Mayor Carrig has the power to revoke the license under which our hooch saloons are now operating. The good name of Columbus is at stake. I demand that the mayor shall revoke the license of every hooch dealer who charges more than thirty-five cents a glass to any thirsty guest of the city. Of course the dealers do not dare make profiteering prices to our home people, because we all know that the standard price has been fixed at thirty-five cents a glass for the highest grade hooch.

I AM YOUR TOWN

(American Legion Weekly.)

Make of me what you will—I shall reflect you as clearly as a mirror throws back a candle beam.

If I am pleasing to the eye of the stranger within my gates; if I am such a sight as, having seen me, he will remember me all his days as a thing of beauty; the credit is yours.

Ambition and opportunity call some of my sons and daughters to high tasks and mighty privileges, to my greater honor and to my good repute in far places, but it is not chiefly these who are my strength. My strength is in those who remain, who are content with what I can offer them, and with

what they can offer me. It was the greatest of all Romans who said: "Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

I am more than wood and brick and stone, more even than flesh and blood—I am the composite soul of all who call me home.

I am your town.

TWO GIRLS PREFER THE STATE PENITENTIARY

YORK—Myrtle Hetrick of Raymond, Neb., and Ruby Fox of Scottsbluff, inmates of the state reformatory for women at York until last summer when they escaped and by aid of some man were taken by auto to Casper, Wyo., want to give the penitentiary a trial.

"Why do you prefer the state prison to the York reformatory?"

Two well dressed girls thumbed the leaves of a book containing pictures of criminals, black and white, who are serving time, shrugged four trim shoulders.

The girls were returned from Casper Friday in custody of Deputy State

Sheriff Fulton.

Ruby Fox, smaller of the two and of ladylike demeanor, made this statement in regard to her preference.

"We could tell a plenty concerning the institution at York if we cared to."

"And you prefer the penitentiary to the reformatory for women?"

"We certainly do."

When asked by a reporter to be more specific in regard to their reference to the York institution, Myrtle Hetrick tossed her head in the general direction of Hyers' private office.

"Let the state tell you," she said.

The girls were sent to the reformatory because of incorrigibility. The board of control expects to obtain convictions under the new law pertaining to the escape of prisoners from an institution or from custody of an officer.

The law provides a penalty of from one to ten years. If the attempt to send them to the penitentiary proves successful, Ruby and Myrtle will be glad.

The small son of L. S. Tuttle was operated on Monday for appendicitis.

THE SPINAL COLUMN

THE SAFE, SANE AND SURE WAY

"Snizzles"

The English vocabulary is to a certain sense limited.

There are only about 450,000 words in the dictionary. "Snizzles" isn't one of them.

Further, there are not enough words in the language to express adequately how a person feels who is afflicted with the said "SNIZZLES."

Most people, when they have "snizzles" speak of having a "cold."

It doesn't make much difference, neither word means anything. When you have "snizzles"—or a "cold"—it merely means that your bodily machine is out of order. It means that your body resistance is low. So, when a chummy colony of germs, who implicitly believe in marriage and the raising of large families, came along, they took up residence in your nose and throat. And your body welcomed them instead of throwing them out on their ears—if germs have ears.

The right name for a "cold" is "lowered bodily resistance favorable to germ colonization." But that takes too long to say. Hence "snizzles" is descriptive.

The way to avoid "snizzles" is to keep your bodily machine in perfect running order all the time. Also, the way to get rid of "snizzles" when you have them—or it—is to get your bodily machine back to normal running order.

The motive power of the bodily machine is nerve force. If nerve force is interrupted in its flow, normal bodily resistance is lowered.

The main artery of the nerve system is the Spinal Cord. Branching away from it are the trunk nerves going to every part of the body. These trunk nerves pass through and between the movable bones of the spine.

When one or more of these bones gets out of place, even a little, nerves are squeezed. They cannot transmit the normal amount of nerve force. Then your body is below par in its functioning.

The Science of Chiropractic concerns itself with adjusting spinal bones to normal. Then the body functions normally and throws out the germ colonies which produce "snizzles."

If you lean toward hot lemonade, mustard foot-baths, quinine and calomel, that is your privilege. But chiropractic adjustments prevent and remove the CAUSE of "colds."

TRY CHIROPRACTIC IT "WORKS"

DRS. JEFFREY & SMITH

Chiropractic Health Service. Over Harper's Dept. Store.



DON'T WORRY

About Hard Times and Misfortune That May Come to You—Get Ready for Them.

Start a savings account TODAY. There are dozens of things that could happen to you, that will stop your earnings. The sensible thing to do is:

GET READY FOR THEM WHILE YOU ARE WORKING.

Why not come in TODAY and talk it over? We can show how your earnings will mount up.

WE PAY 5% INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

FIRST STATE BANK

Deposits Protected by Nebraska Guaranty Fund.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

To the business man, retail or wholesale; to the manufacturer; to the commission man; to the trucking company, the Ford Model T One Ton Truck makes an irresistible appeal because it has in its chassis all the merits of the original Ford car; the wonderful Ford Model T Motor, the dependable Vanadium steel chassis, and the manganese bronze worm-drive. A strongly built truck that serves satisfactorily and lasts in service. If these statements were not true, the demand for Ford Trucks wouldn't be so constantly on the increase. We will be pleased to take your order for one or more Ford Trucks, will see that you get reasonably prompt delivery, and will give you an after service that insures the constant service of the Truck. But don't wait too long. Get your order in promptly.

Coursey & Miller

