

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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OUR GREATEST OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is knocking at the door of Box Butte county and Alliance, and it's knocking hard. During the past week, two visitors to this city have pointed out the way to get this county known all over the United States. Both of the agents of opportunity were men from the college of agriculture at Lincoln. The first was H. O. Werner, horticulturist, who spoke before the Alliance Rotary club last Wednesday night. The second was Leo Stuhr, state secretary for agriculture. Both of them had the same vision. Both of them knew their facts. Both men presented them succinctly. They have done their duty. The opportunity is presented, and it's now strictly up to us.

And this opportunity has been with us for the past three or four years. It isn't oil, although half the citizens of the county are hoping that the Lake-side well will turn out to be a gusher and, in some inconceivable way, bring prosperity to all of us—bring it in huge gobs on platters of silver and gold. But this opportunity isn't oil, or a revival of potash, or anything else, but it's in the earth. The answer is—Spuds. Plain, everyday potatoes.

All of us have known, in a general way, that Box Butte county dry land spuds are pretty good. Once in a while we have told someone that was the case. But it takes the men from the state agricultural college to tell us the facts about them. Whether we know it or not, and whether we like it or not, potatoes are our biggest crop and our greatest opportunity. We can make every part of the United States know Box Butte potatoes, and clamor for them for table use and for use as seed. It can be done, if we make the most of our opportunity. By thinking won't do it, nor wishing—even if we wish real hard. Wishing will have no more effect than it will on the Lake-side oil well. It means hard work, some faith and some money. It means co-operation between Alliance and its business men and the farmers of the county.

Here's the situation: For years Minnesota, Wisconsin and a few other states have gained a reputation for growing the best potatoes for seed and table use. They're having trouble in upholding that reputation. The mosaic disease is playing hob with them. Certain regions of the south, which have heretofore depended on Minnesota and Wisconsin for seed, have discovered, in the past year, that dry land seed potatoes from Box Butte county will yield as much as 150 bushels per acre more than seed from these heretofore favored states. In these portions of the south, the demand for Box Butte spuds is growing. There is a market for all the seed potatoes we can raise. It has even been demonstrated that our dry land seed produces better crops in the irrigated North Platte district than their own seed.

You will say that this may be true, but where does it concern the business man—where is his opportunity? The answer comes easily. Box Butte growers sold their spuds last fall, when they needed money, for 90 cents a hundred. Had they kept them a few months more, they would have received as much as \$2.50 to \$3. This much money, the difference between the two, goes out of the county, and it's gone to stay. The remedy lies in building an enormous municipal potato cellar, open to the whole county, managed co-operatively or otherwise. Then farmers could rent storage space, could secure loans on their crops from the banks and be able to hold for the winter rates. Box Butte county would get the profit instead of the commission men in the big cities.

The farmers are just beginning to see the magnitude of the seed potato industry. Only a few of them have gone to the trouble to have seed certified. A still smaller number have made any attempt to use all precautions to keep spuds from injury by rough handling. If there is only some way to convince the growers of the results that can be obtained by harvesting potatoes for seed with the same care that the apple growers harvest their crop; if business men will only start an organization to build a community potato storage warehouse; if there is real co-operation in advertising, Box Butte spuds can be known from one end of the country to the

other. More money will pour into Box Butte county, and more of it will stay right here. It will mean prosperity just as surely as the discovery of oil or the revival of the potash industry. And it's a lot more sure.

Opportunity, they say, knocks but once. This is Box Butte's best opportunity. Already growers are finding fault with the seed spuds from other localities. They are finding that climate, soil and other conditions are most favorable here. If the business men of this city and a representative body of growers will get together, advertise and make plans to deliver what they advertise, the ball of prosperity will start rolling again, and never stop. There is but one chief trouble with Box Butte spuds—dry rot. This can be prevented by proper care in harvesting and storage. This is the chance of a lifetime to enlarge the biggest industry in the country and make a national institution of it. Spuds aren't nearly so romantic as oil, but they are an even more substantial source of wealth. Box Butte county can become another Red River valley.

WILLIE GOES TO WORK.

Will H. Hays, who resigned a \$12,000 a year job as postmaster general and left President Harding's cabinet to become chief of the motion picture industry of this country, has now been on the job for a month. Will isn't so much to look at—he isn't nearly so handsome as Doug Fairbanks and not so popular as Mary Pickford—but his salary in his task as director of the movie industry is \$150,000 a year. This figure is something like \$3,000 a week, or around \$500 a day for each working day, assuming that Will take Sunday off for golf at the Country club.

The new chief, at the close of the first month and with \$3,000 in his jeans, has very little to show on the movie side of the ledger. The manager of the movies has posed for most of the news reels. He is shown smiling—any of us would smile under the same circumstances—or singing a \$150,000 contract with an ordinary fountal npen, when, somehow or other, we would expect it to be studded with diamonds.

There has been considerable speculation as to just what Will would do to the movies to earn his salary. The impression has gone abroad that he will be able to quiet all opposition to this form of entertainment, and confound the reformers and those who want censorship, or fewer kisses, or less exposure of bathing girls. Will was the man who managed President Harding's campaign and elected the first republican president in eight years, and it was evidently believed that no wonder was too great to expect of him.

But the ordinary man and his wife and children who attend movies—and part with the admission fee at the door—are wondering how Will can possibly earn his salary unless he gets busy. There has been a lot of speculation about it. Some have hinted that a national censorship bill may come up, and that Will Hays, through his influence over the president, may put the kibosh on it. Others have hinted at other possible developments by means of which Will can earn his money. The average movie theater patron has a right to be interested, because, in the long run, he pays the salary of Mr. Hays, every last nickle of it.

Mr. Hays has done nothing to solve the doubts or dissolve fears. But he has at last broken into print. He hasn't been on the front page since he resigned and began drawing real money but some of the daily newspapers last Friday carried, hidden away on inside pages, the information from Will that the movie industry has accepted the challenge made by the public. That's what Will said in a meeting last Thursday night which was attended by some thousand persons, including more screen stars than were ever assembled in any one place at the same time, unless you count the studios or the bars at Paris. Figuring the audience at a thousand, and charging Will up with a day's salary, he earned 50 cents apiece for accepting the challenge in behalf of them.

This was sort of an "inaugural address" for Willie, in which he formally accepted the duties of his new job—the one he's been at work on for a month. And below is the gist of his remarks, which must be valuable, because they cost the movie patrons so much money:

The industry accepts the challenge in the demands of the American youth that its pictures shall give the right kind of entertainment and instruction. It accepts the challenge in the righteous demand of American mothers that the entertainment and amusement of the youth be worthy of their value as the most potent factor in the company's future. The opportunity is great, and so in like measure is the responsibility. That responsibility is accepted.

There you have it—right in a nutshell. Will probably said a lot more, but this is what it amounted to. Seventy-five words contains it all—and the movie patrons are paying \$6.66 apiece for them. It is a nice sounding speech—but hundreds of

presidents of chambers of commerce have said about the same thing, and contributed this sentiment free.

The horrible fear seizes us that Willie may not make good in his new job and that President Harding will have to take him back into the cabinet. But, as the suspicious ones think, maybe he isn't expected to do anything.

LOSING OUR "KICK"

What's happened to us? Where's the old western spirit that used to do things simply because someone said it couldn't be done? It begins to look as though a vital something had gone out of us with the passing of the potash and the death of the packing company hopes. Time was when there wasn't anything too big for Alliance to tackle, provided it was for the upbuilding of the community. The boosters in this city used to hunt for a chance to simply "eat up" difficulties.

From all outward appearances, Alliance is just the same as it always has been. Its leading business men are just as public-spirited. There are plenty who will hooray and cheer till the rafters ring when someone suggests going ahead with a comprehensive program of civic and community development, but when the tumult and shouting die, there isn't anyone to be found who is willing to make a start.

It's been a fairly hard year that we've gone through. It's taken a bit of bumptiousness out of us. We're not so ready to tackle new propositions as we were in the days when it seemed easy to hang up eight or ten thousand dollars in purses at the race meet, or bet a couple thousand plunks on an ordinary baseball game. And that's probably a pretty good thing. Maybe, in our western enthusiasm, we went a bit too far.

But it's an excess of caution and a lack of initiative that is troubling us now. There's plenty of things to be done. All of us are agreed on a good many of them, such as road building programs. Not a man heard Harold Cook talk about the Agate Springs fossil quarries and the possibilities of drawing tourists through here to see them but was enthusiastic over the plan, but after loud applause with our palms, everybody waited patiently for someone else to start it.

Have we lost our "kick," or are we waiting for spring to thaw us out? It's important that we discover what's wrong with our fountain head of enthusiasm, for there is going to be lots of need for it this summer. This city has the opportunity to get on the tourist map this year that may never be presented again, for even though we're letting roads take care of themselves, other communities are getting busy. Unless we get some route through Alliance, and advertise it, and use every means at our command to draw tourists here, we're going to wake up some fine morning and discover that we've been left out in the cold.

There ought to be some way for a community to get its pep back, but unless we want to get well, there's no need in discussing treatments and diets. Raw meat is a poor diet for a sleepy stomach, although it puts a good deal of scrap into some animals that eat it regularly. Alliance has learned its lesson in economy and caution. But we're carrying a good thing too far. Let's start something and put it over—maybe we'll get back into our old stride.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Commissioner, Third District.
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of county commissioner in the Third district of Box Butte county, Nebraska, subject to the approval of the democratic voters at the primaries, July 18, 1922.
I am a good roads enthusiast, and I know conditions in the county thoroughly. I believe in being guided by the will of the majority in all matters of road location. I pledge my best efforts for a business-like administration of county affairs, and have but one other plank in my platform—equality and justice for all.
J. R. LAWRENCE.

Burlington Plans To Increase Its Maintenance Force

Within two or three weeks, probably about April 1, the Burlington will begin to add to its maintenance of way forces in Nebraska. General Superintendent Flynn is quoted by the Lincoln Star as saying. Only a few men will be put on at first but the force will be built up gradually until the maximum is reached late in May or early in June, Mr. Flynn said.

It is impossible to say yet how many men will be employed. Mr. Flynn has asked each division superintendent to report on maintenance of way work to be done in his division during the summer months and make recommendations as to the number of additional men that will probably be needed. He expects to have this information complete within two weeks.

The great modern study is scientific economy. It is perhaps the more interesting because it cannot be classified as a fad or a theory.

Arrested for wife desertion, a husband says his wife compelled him to sleep in the barn. So just for a horse on her he ran away.

In The MOVIES

Tonight "The Dark Lantern," starring versatile Ailee Brady, will be the attraction at the Imperial. It's the story of a fun-loving English girl who, while visiting in Argovina, is presented to a prince, who is a bit of a heart-breaker. She falls for him, but before he finds it out, she is called home by the illness of her father, a dope fiend. Here she first meets Dr. Garth Vincent. The doctor has his own system—he is indifferent to the pretty girl. It's a new thing to the girl to be ignored, and it interests her. Then the prince proposes, but offers her only a morganatic marriage, which she refuses, heart-broken that he should suggest it. The doctor's system wins out in the end, although it is necessary for the girl to do the proposing.

The first chapter of the new serial, "With Stanley in Africa," will be shown Tuesday, along with the last episode of "Winners of the West."

Corinne Griffith in "The Broadway Bubble," is the attraction for Wednesday. The star plays a dual role, that of twin sisters. Adrienne, wife of a man of wealth and position, was dissatisfied because she wanted to become a successful actress, a thing which her husband was determined she should not attempt. Drina, earning her living as a stenographer in the office of a churlish lawyer in a small New England village, was dissatisfied because she disliked the work, hated the town and detested her employer. In asking Drina to impersonate her in the Landreth home, Adrienne believed she had made it easy by maintaining a manner of coldness. She and her husband seldom saw and spoke to each other. It required more than a casual glance to perceive any outward difference in the twin sisters. In character and temperament, however, the sisters were quite different, and Geoffrey Landreth soon began to feel that his "wife" had changed. Complications followed.

Thursday and Friday comes Betty Compton in "The Little Minister," from the famous book and play by J. M. Barrie. It's a delightful story of a high-spirited girl of the nobility who adventures as a gipsy maid and is involved in a strong love romance. "I-tow" was all upset till the gipsy gicame and—upset it some more! Bedevilled the bigwigs, minister and all! Then she showed them what a bit of love can do and set the whole thing right. Maude Adams' greatest stage success, made into a greater photoplay. With hundreds in the cast and a star who was born for the role of gipsy Babbie.

Modern dress may be the fault of husbands who have impressed upon their wives the necessity of going without.

"I have sold over 2,000 bottles of Tanlac and never had a dissatisfied customer," writes Simiser's Drug Store, Columbia, Tenn. F. E. Holsten. From coast to coast Tanlac is known and honored and millions have taken it and pronounced it the greatest medicine of all times. F. E. Holsten.

AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEYS



Juicy Fruit, Peppermint and Spearmint are certainly three delightful flavors to choose from.

And WRIGLEY'S P-K—the new sugar-coated peppermint gum, is also a great treat for your sweet tooth.

All are from the Wrigley factories where perfection is the rule.

Save the wrappers
Good for valuable premiums



What is Your Idea About This?

The man who spends his income as fast as he makes it, is gambling with his future in every sense of the word.

He may win present pleasures but he loses future independence. The friends who hail "the good fellow" now, will slight "the poor beggar" in days to come.

It is up to you, young man. Your Dependence or Independence is determined by what you save.

Start a Savings Account today and add to it every pay day. That is the surest way to win success and independence.

We Pay 5% Interest on Time Deposits.

Bring your Liberty Bonds in for safekeeping; no charges.

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