

The Alliance Herald  
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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OFF AG'IN, ON AG'IN

In the absence of definite information, the big Sixth congressional district is now holding its breath until Uncle Mose Kinkaid makes up his mind for keeps. Friday it was learned that the veteran congressman had decided, upon the advice of his physician, to give up the race for the eleventh term in the house of representatives. On Saturday, twenty-four hours later, after half a dozen aspirants had tossed their hats into the ring, or had taken them off preparatory to casting them in, it was discovered that Uncle Mose had changed his mind and decided to stick. A host of telegrams from friends, it appears, had caused Uncle Mose to disregard the advice of his physicians. The voice of the people is greater than the voice of the medicine men.

So far, this is not new. Away back in 1916, Mr. Kinkaid played the same game. At that time, due to the bull moose split in the republican ranks, it looked as though the democrats were due to make a cleaning, and Mr. Kinkaid's health failed over night. Later, when conditions were more promising, his friends urged him and he finally consented to make the race.

But, from rumors heard today, it begins to look as though Mr. Kinkaid were extremely uncertain, coy and hard to please. Secretary of State Amsberry, who claims to have had an understanding with Mr. Kinkaid two years ago that the congressman would not run again, and who has been holding himself in readiness for a call from the people, put in his filing the minute Mr. Kinkaid announced his withdrawal. When the news came that the fine old gentleman was back in the race, Mr. Amsberry decided to stay. The latest rumor to reach western Nebraska is that Kinkaid has again harkened to his physicians and is about ready to withdraw again, but some say that he will wait a while, in order to keep other candidates from crowding in with Amsberry.

While these maneuvers are causing considerable discussion in the republican camp, the democrats, as a whole, are inclined to feel greatly cheered. Mr. Kinkaid is conceded to be as nearly invulnerable as a congressman can be. As father of the Kinkaid homestead law, he has hundreds of ranchers and homesteaders who have sworn by him for years. One authority has it that there are a sufficient number of children named after him to insure his election. If Kinkaid is appalled at the prospect of making the race this year, then the democrats have a right to feel encouraged at the prospect. And even if it is only a political play, put on to rally his friends to his support, democrats enjoy knowing that the republican leaders are having a war among themselves. When leaders are at war, the task of the opposition is made easier.

Some of these days, when Mr. Kinkaid shall have definitely decided what course to take, life in the Sixth district will assume its normal aspect. In the meantime, dozens of little congressional booms have been born. Some of these will be nursed along and kept alive, even if Uncle Mose regains his health for good. Verily, it is good to see the enemy mixing bad medicine.

NOTES AND BEAMS

William Jennings Bryan, in addition to being known as the silver-tongued orator of the Platte, has another title, equally well deserved. He is conceded to be perhaps the greatest lay authority on the Bible. This being the case, he is probably well acquainted with the verse which emphasizes the desirability of keeping the right hand ignorant of what the left hand is doing.

This is important, in view of the fact that Mr. Bryan seeks, in his way, to be an oracle. All of his utterances have the deep solemnity that just naturally seems to belong to an oracle. Which is all right, and his privilege—even his prerogative—but—

In the last issue of the Commoner, there are a number of oracular utterances from Mr. Bryan, all duly signed and the trademark woven in the selvage, as it were. The silver-tongued orator is letting most of the world go hang right now, while he confines his efforts to two or three of the causes that lie nearest his heart. One of these is the downfall of Darwinism and evolutionary theories. Another is law enforcement, meaning

principally the Volstead act. There are others, but these are his principal responsibility just now.

Especially in his ecumenism on the Volstead act and his tirades against those who do not think as he does, does Mr. Bryan rise to heights of grandeur. He takes a fall out of two or three editors who do not regard the Volstead act as divine. Thus a Philadelphia editor warns the government against interfering with rum runners when beyond the three-mile limit. This makes Mr. Bryan froth at the mouth, although the editor's position is undoubtedly well taken. There is no man so intolerant as a very religious man when one of his crusades is victorious.

Newspaper men generally, although nine out of ten of them favor prohibition, do not bare their heads before the prophets who brought it to pass. They are quick to resent the authoritative airs that the reformers adopt the minute the opportunity is given them. They like to have their fun—and the antics of prohibition enforcement agents, men who evade the law and those who try to enforce it, all have a humorous aspect. If the Volstead act ever is defeated, it will be because it is laughed out of existence, and the destroying laughter will be largely directed against friends of the law. It can be saved, but the arrogance of its adherents and their disdain of all opposition are losing friends for the cause that is already won.

Mr. Bryan's caustic remarks against editors who do not treat the Volstead act as sacred literature, and who dare to have an opinion that does not agree with those of the reformers, are interesting. Mr. Bryan has much to say on how editors should conduct themselves, and how the dregs should discipline them if they fail to toe the mark.

Mr. Bryan tells other editors how they should conduct their columns and the high moral plane they should attain. Yet the last issue of the Commoner has an advertisement from an "oculist" who offers to fit, by mail any man or woman with glasses. All he seeks to know is the age and the number of years that glasses have been worn by the patient. This famous eye strain specialist, as he calls himself, must know that he can't fit glasses by mail without working irreparable injury to his patients, and Mr. Bryan must know it too. There's also an appealing ad from a radium appliance company, a home treatment for rheumatism, a cure for deafness, and mail order ads offering "free tires" for automobiles, and "four tires for the price of one." Over half the ads are off color in some way.

The lay authority on the Bible would do well to look up the verse about beams and motes, and then find out where the left hand, Brother Charles, is getting the bulk of the advertising income. Then he can come with clean hands into the presence of the men he desires to lead aright.

THE CITY PARK.

It is customary for newspaper men and other citizens to be chary of praise, especially with public servants. There are plenty of bouquets for the faithful after they have been decently interred, but for the living, brickbats predominate. Once in a while, however, the rule is broken, and it should be broken more often.

There is one Alliance citizen who has interested himself for years in the city park. Once in a very great while someone has noticed the improvement and has remarked upon it, but few know to whom the major part of the credit is due, and few are sufficiently interested to inquire. The Herald, unknown to the man who is responsible, is going to give his name—T. H. Barnes.

Almost every Alliance citizen has, at one time or another during the year, walked past the city park, or taken a look about. The improvements that are being made are not accomplished over night. The park board has had only a small sum to work with, but none of it has been wasted. Every member of the board has been interested, but to Mr. Barnes should go the chief credit. He has made the park a hobby for years, and little by little and bit by bit is making it into a beauty spot.

If you haven't realized what is being done, make it a point to stop for a minute the next time you go by. You'll find literally hundreds of trees, of a dozen different varieties, in all stages of growth. Only this spring was the water extension constructed which gave the east half of the park the benefit of water. Before that time, Mr. Barnes and the assistant have had to do the best they could with meager facilities as well as small appropriations. You'll find some shrubbery. There are birds in the park, too, and after school and on holidays a host of children in the playgrounds that are a part of it.

With a little more money available, the city park and the tourist camp, to the south of it, can be made a spot of remarkable beauty that will give pleasure to Alliance and to tourists and people from the surrounding country. Some day there should be

built a public pool and some additional conveniences for the tourist camp, but it will surprise you to know how much progress has been made. Mr. Barnes doesn't draw a salary from the city. Much of the work that has been done has been done by him. The growing of trees is especially important, for he is trying out various varieties and is rapidly getting a lot of young stock that will some day be used to beautify not only the park, but the entire city. It's largely a labor of love, but it's tremendously worth while, and should be given every encouragement.

MORE GRIEF FOR WARREN.

Our sympathy goes out in liberal measure to President Harding. Normalcy has been so difficult to achieve. The coal strike is troublesome. The arms limitation conference didn't pan out as hoped. Ex-soldiers are clamoring for action on the bonus, and Big Business is clamoring for inaction. The trouble-some democrats shot the claims of budget economy all full of little holes. The railroads want to increase rates and the president wants them lowered. It's an unpleasant mess, all the way through. Warren must begin to realize how Woodrow must have suffered.

But this isn't the worst of it. Warren's brother is achieving the front page, and if he is right about it, all this labor is futile. Warren's brother is Dr. George T. Harding, a physician of Worthington, O., and a member of a certain religious denomination which believes in the second coming of Christ. Brother George has read all the signs, and his interpretation of them is that the end of the world is nigh. He doesn't say that it is coming during his brother's term of office—that is, not positively—but he intimates that the probabilities are that it will.

"The indications from conditions in the world today all point to the fact that we are living in a time predicted by the prophets," says Brother George. "This time will immediately precede the second coming of Christ. The end of this phase of our existence is so near at hand that we must work rapidly, for our time is short."

Now, we have brothers—sometimes we think that we have one or two more than our proper share—and although they are occasionally troublesome, we have embarrassed them fully as much as they have embarrassed us. But a man in President Harding's position, with such a burden as he has to bear, should be protected from his relatives. He has grief enough without them.

AID FOR CATTLE GROWERS

(Journal-Stockman)

The Canadian government evidently believes the best way to develop the agricultural resources of the country is to help the farmers and stockmen to help themselves. There is no disposition toward paternalism on the part of the government, but the fact is recognized that the war and the recent deflation in cattle prices have denuded the country of breeding stock and all but ruined the live stock industry in that territory.

Immediate and effective action was needed and a message from Calgary states that four hundred pure bred bulls are to be distributed in western Canada soon by the federal government as a part of its general campaign to replace scrub animals with blooded herds. The animals have been purchased by the chief of the live stock branch of the department of agriculture at auction sales held recently in the prairie provinces. These sales were a part of the government campaign. In distributing the pure bred animals the government arranges easy terms of payment.

Such action may not be necessary right now in this part of the country, but the fact will soon be forced home on the cattle feeders of the corn belt that the recent disastrous years in the range country have seriously depleted the supply of steers available for the feed lot the coming winter.

BREVITY

(Arthur Brisbane)

The Episcopal church suggests boiling down the Ten Commandments for the sake of brevity. But everything, no matter how condensed, can be condensed still more. For real brevity you might get along with two commandments:

First Commandment: Be just.  
Second Commandment: Don't be a fool.

The just man would not commit murder or steal. Nobody but a fool would envy his neighbor's wife, or commit crimes that would make him suffer. The just man would honor his father and mother, remembering what he owes them.

No man, unless he were a fool, would take the name of God in vain, for whatever his own belief he would not insult the belief of others.

Only a fool would fail to rest on the Sabbath day. The Episcopalians suggest shortening the last commandment to "thou shalt not covet." In the space saved by condensation they might add a few words on the difference between covetousness and ambition. Do not covet your neighbor's ox, but have enough ambition to go out and get an ox of your own.

We shudder to think what the bootleggers will use to make substitutes when cigars are outlawed.—Fort Smith Southwest American.

A man is not eligible for the hall of fame until ten years after his death. That's another thing to worry college seniors.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Box Butte Taxes  
Compare Favorably  
With Some Others

A statistical sheet showing the distribution of the 1921 taxes has been sent out from the office of the State Tax Commissioner Phil Broos, showing that Box Butte county is burdened lightly compared with some of the other counties. McPherson county is taxed \$3.30 per \$1000 valuation, while Box Butte is let off with \$3.60.

The average taxation of the counties throughout the state averages \$3.84, while the smallest taxation is that of Phelps county, with only \$1.70 per thousand. Eleven other counties of the total ninety-three are under \$3 per

thousand, while Box Butte stands forty-fifth in the ninety-three counties in the amount of taxation. Box Butte is 24 cents under the average.

Dawes county taxes its residents \$4.50 per thousand, while Morrill county is only slightly above Box Butte with \$3.80. The total valuation of taxable property in Box Butte county was \$15,421,848.79. The total general taxes amounted to \$349,471.00, of which slightly over \$50,000 goes to the state, \$25,000 to the county, \$173,000 to the school fund, and \$69,000 to the city.

Over one-third of the total taxation is used for education purposes, while the smallest slice goes to the state. The city gets \$14,000 more than the county, while the county leads the state by \$5,000. As an average over the entire state, the state gets 19 per cent of the entire tax, the county 20

per cent, the school fund 42 per cent, the city or village 16 per cent, and the township, in those counties where this is regarded as a separate division, 3 per cent.

That New York pugilist who has taken up the writing of poetry ought to be able to write popular stuff with a punch.—Nashville Lumberman.

The only evidence that the Soviet government is a government at all is the fact that it has been disapproved by Emma Goldman.—New York Tribune.

It is not surprising that the printers in the German bureau of engraving have struck. They had to work for three days in order to make enough marks to pay a day's wages.—New York Tribune.

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The Ford Sedan with electric starting and lighting system, with demountable rims with 3 1/2-inch tires all around, is a family car of class and comfort, both in summer and in winter. For touring it is a most comfortable car. The large plate glass windows make it an open car when desired, while in case of rain and all inclement weather, it can be made a most delightful closed car in a few minutes. Rain-proof, dust-proof, fine upholstery, broad, roomy seats. Simple in operation. Anybody can safely drive it. While it has all the distinctive and economical merits of the Ford car in operation and maintenance. Won't you come in and look it over?

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Alliance, Nebraska

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**S A V E**

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