

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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"CLASS, DEFINE 'BONEHEAD'"

That the United States is poorly served by its present immigration laws is evident to any who take the trouble to study the problems of illiteracy, of undesirable aliens who fail to understand or live by the standards of American life, or who follow the curious methods by which admission to this country is sometimes obtained—fraud, smuggling, or lack of care on the part of authority.

Any immigration law, no matter how justly framed and wisely administered will probably occasionally permit injustice and cause suffering, but there seems to be no real reason why sufficient discretion cannot be given proper authority to make humane exceptions to impersonal law, when the law interferes as between man and wife, mother and child, or son and mother.

A case in point is that of the mother of "Charlie" Chaplin. Mrs. Chaplin was admitted to this country as an alien, suffering from mental disease (due to shell shock) and permitted to remain for treatment for a year. When the year was up she became subject to deportation as an undesirable alien regardless of the fact that her internationally famous son, worth well over a million dollars, was doing all in his power to make her happy and comfortable, was providing her with a home, doctors, nurses, and treatment.

The case is being adjusted. It took legal lights in the government to do it. It should have needed nothing more than proper evidence before a commissioner of immigration. Those who think that "law is law," regardless of personal cases, might try imagining their own mothers in Mrs. Chaplin's place; perhaps then they will see more clearly the need not only of intensive restriction of immigration, but of humanizing the administration of such laws.

WHERE THE HUMOR LIES

John Flannagan, who heads the war finance corporation in Nebraska, is a genial soul. He weighs close to three hundred pounds, and although he is a banker in a comparatively small town, possesses a sense of humor and the ability to make an after dinner talk that is the marvel of all who hear him. John is quite proud of his sense of humor. To prove it he has recently given to the press some letters from farmers who have applied for loans and aren't quite satisfied with the treatment they have received. He calls them "interesting reading" and in his inimitable way, he is probably getting other people to agree with him. John has a way of telling a story that can't be resisted.

But is this matter of complaints such a joke? Of course, we read in the daily newspapers every now and then of the vast sums that are being distributed to ranchers and farmers and of the tremendous godsend to agriculture that the war finance corporation is these days, but when you stop to think it over, how many ranchers and farmers do you actually know who have been getting this money. You know a number of them who have applied, but how many have got their hands on it. Some of the prominent livestock men in Box Butte county aren't enthusiastic when the war finance corporation is mentioned—some of them the same fellows who were hailing the plan with delight a few months ago.

Letters like the following, while they possess a certain amount of humor to one who is "sitting pretty" with money in the bank, may be deadly serious to the smaller fry who are writing them, and who are thinking a lot of things that they don't write. Here are some extracts that Mr. Flannagan thinks are "brimfull of sarcasm and drollery." There's a laugh here, unless you happen to be in the same boat as the fellow who wrote it:

"Why in Hell don't you fellows do something about my loan or answer my letters? I have written you four or five times, and my wife says I might just as well mail them direct to the Dead Letter office for all the good they do me. Now you fellows get busy or you can bet your life you won't get a vote out of this precinct next election and you and Flannagan will be back working for somebody who can tell you where to head in at instead of sitting around them tables playing golf all the time while the country is going to hell on account of just such fellows as you.

"My neighbor, August Korcek,

wants me to write in this that you can change his application on account of the four calves he has listed you can make that read three steers and one milk cow now; and the sorrel mare you can cut her out as she died of old age; or the hoof and mouth disease which I wish your outfit had if you don't do something about these loans instead of letting the country go to hell all the time.

"Now you fellows get busy and answer this letter so I know whether I am going to get this money or not. If you ain't, say so, so I will try and get it someplace else. I got a hen setting in the mailbox and it looks like we would both be grandmothers before we would have any mail from your corporation stuck under our nose. If you or Flannagan ain't got time to write, have one of them fifty-seven varieties of blondes that the government is keeping around your office, answer this. If Flannagan writes, tell him for me to put his signature on the same side, with the date and "Dear Sir;" on the other he will have more room for details."

"That is a funny thing about my loan, which I wrote you about—as far as I can see I might just as well be trying to do business with the Austrian government as with the United States as far as satisfaction goes, as you only want to loan about enough on my land and stuff to get me a new set of ring gears for my Overland, and I guess if my daughter and her husband would put in what stuff they have I could get enough to put a whip socket in it besides. I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings or Mr. Flannagan's either, but it seems to me like you could do more business and help out the farmers considerably if you would have Mr. Flannagan cut down the size of his signature and increase the size of his loans."

ONE IN A HUNDRED

(The Lincoln Star)

One of the privileges which comes with mature years is the license to give advice to youth. In school house, assembly hall and auditorium countless words are spoken these days to young men and women who are about to begin the great adventure of life. The commencement day speaker is in full bloom. How seriously or how lightly the counsel of the orator is taken remains a matter for speculation. Usually the graduating student is pretty well filled up with serious thoughts and has his mind made up as to how he will go out and conquer the world.

Here, in substance, are the words of one university president which should make every young man pause and meditate: "At sixty-five years of age only one person out of a hundred is rich, four are well-to-do and five are self-supporting. All the rest are dependent upon some one else." It sounds like an insurance agent's argument, but facts are facts.

Whatever else a young man may plan as he leaves his alma mater, he should first of all adopt a policy of thrift which he shall adhere to all the rest of his life. It would be a happy circumstance of the young man began their lives with no higher ideals in mind than to amass a fortune, but it is equally bad to begin life without realizing the value of saving.

Men do sometimes succeed, men do occasionally climb to the top rung of the ladder who are negligent of their finances, but such men achieve in spite of their financial short comings and even then, their success would be all the greater if they had practiced the first principles of thrift. A high school education or a college education will mean little or nothing if the young man does not set down as his first rule in the school of life the necessity of saving.

In borrowing trouble, you never pay back as much as you get.

Fine thing about a 16-year-old flapper is she will outgrow it 20 years from now when she is 25.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

About the only bone-dry spots in the United States are some of the oil wells.—New York Tribune.



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THE CHURCH ATTACKED

(Capital News)

A single headline in the daily paper tells nothing beyond the context of the article it heads. But a dozen of them may tell quite another story. For instance consider this collection, made from four papers within two days:

"Charge Movies Ridicule Pastors; Higher Critics Take Church Unaware; Baptists Want Books Free of Evolution Error; Science Confronting With Revealed Religion; Clergy Declare Divorced America Doomed; Deacons Object to Church Unity; Pastor Leaves Church for Business; Explains Contradictions in Bible; Dancing Enemy of Church; Flappers Cause of Irreligion."

Evidently there is a cry in Macedonia, which comes from someone having toes heavily stepped on!

It would seem, on merely casual analysis, that the church which started with a carpenter and some fishermen two thousand years ago and managed to live through the destruction of Rome, the evils of the Dark Ages, the debauchery and crime of a few hundred years ago on the continent, the world war and the spirit of unrest of this year of grace, 1922, can probably continue to exist, whether the movies make fun of pastors or not, whether higher critics criticize or not, whether Baptists or Methodists or any other sect think evolution is an error or not, whether the various denominations are unified or remain divided, whether Americans get divorces or not, whether the Biblical contradictions be explained or not, and whether we have flappers dancing or staid!

There is probably something wrong with the church. There is something wrong with most things. Nothing human is perfect, and the church is a human institution, ministering a divine truth. But the "something wrong" would seem much more to be the man who thinks that a flapper or divorce, or higher criticism or unity or the lack of it can definitely interrupt the march of true religion, than the various, sundry and almost always puerile causes they assign for any failure of the church to be perfect!

KEEPING A NATION FRIENDLY

(State Journal)

A San Francisco man applies to Frank Harrison for a concession to take a jazz band to the exposition at Rio Jamerio next fall. Mr. Harrison tells him that there is no chance, and adds:

"I cannot refrain from the observation, however, that Brazil is a friendly nation to which we owe every demonstration of good will, and that our jazz is not known down there it would be nothing short of an unfriendly act to introduce such so-called music to an unoffending people. Certainly we would not want them to believe that such conglomerations of foolish sounds represents that musical taste of the United States."

It may encourage Mr. Harrison to hear that the demand for jazz is declining. It is now in such little request that the Chautauqua folks yawn widely whenever saxophone music is mentioned. Their programs have undergone a great improvement for the better in the last two or three years, according to local authority. Jazz and bunk and amateur music went out together in a bunch. The features that stay are the very best music, speakers who have something to say and know how to say it, and a limited number of novelties. This man says that the improvement of programs in the last five years would easily measure 100 per cent if any way could be found for measuring a Chautauqua program.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

That a cool kitchen in summer does much to make a happy home.

That you should pity the man who can't see anything good in his own home city.

That the only knocker you should have in your city, is Mr. Opportunity, who is today knocking at your door. Why not open the door and let him in. Do it now, some day he might get tired waiting and leave.

That business men should cheer up! There should be no room for pessimism this year.

That a dead fish floats down stream. It takes a live fish to swim up stream.

That there is untold satisfaction in knowing that you are one of the progressive citizens who are building your city.

That the merchant that advertises, knows the merit of his wares and must substantiate his every printed assertion.

That you should get the habit—boost your city.

That after the family reads your home papers, mail them to some friend or acquaintance in some other city or state. Try it for a month, that is one way to help advertise your city.

Now is the best time to negotiate farm loans. The federal farm loan association has reduced the rate of interest on their loans to 5 1-2 per cent. See D. E. Purinton, Route 1, Alliance.

"QUALITY LEADERS"

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IDEAL BEVERAGES FOR WARM WEATHER.



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