

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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THE KING OF BOOTLEGGERS

Mr. August A. Busch of St. Louis, whose name will arouse memories among certain of our population, is again in the limelight, by reason of a letter from him which has been forwarded to President Harding and given to the press at the same time. Mr. Busch composed this letter while en route to France on the George Washington, a vessel controlled by the American shipping board, and he was amazed to discover, he tells the president and the world, that the American shipping board's vessels, under direct control of the United States government, are the wettest that sail the seven seas.

Thus Mr. Busch charges, and with some justice, it will be admitted, that the United States is the biggest bootlegger in the world. Passage on these government controlled vessels, it is charged, is sold with a positive money-back guarantee that the bars for the sale of intoxicating liquor will be thrown wide open as soon as they pass the three-mile coast limit. The former brewer—and we can imagine the smile with which he did it—enclosed a copy of the wine list, which is said to have read like old times. The shipping board, outside the three-mile limit doesn't give a hoot about the eighteenth amendment or the Volstead act.

Chairman Lasker of the shipping board has made reply. He makes no bones about the fact that United States ships are peddling liquor to passengers, and declares that the practice will be continued so long as foreign-owned ships are allowed to enter and depart from our shores exercising that privilege. The shipping board's stand, Mr. Lasker says, is based not only upon "legal right, but the life and security of our national merchant marine." If the sale of liquor be prohibited, not a voice on the shipping board will be raised in protest, Mr. Lasker declares. And then the shipping board chairman gets childish, and complains that Mr. Busch is bringing up the question merely to embarrass the government and the shipping board and to secure publicity.

No matter what Mr. Busch's object in making the matter public, the situation he describes is one to make a horse laugh. The federal government is spending millions of dollars to enforce prohibition; each state is spending additional sums. And yet, when American citizens book passage for foreign countries, the same government gives them a guarantee that once they are three miles from shore, they shall not only be permitted to buy liquor, but their own government will sell it to them.

The fact is that there is so much of a demand for liquor from those able to make trips abroad that unless the shipping board allows the sale of liquor, there won't be enough passengers on American ships to pay the salary of the crew, let alone return a profit. It's plain to be seen why the board makes a strong point of the three-mile limit. But Mr. Busch's point is well taken. If the heads of the federal government believe in prohibition, the three-mile limit should make no difference in the principle. If it is to be a mere matter of profit or loss, then some attention should be given to the poor citizens who are paying outrageous prices for moonshine. Mr. Busch, whatever his object, is eminently correct when he says that this example of the government violating, in spirit at least, its own law is "hypocrisy unparalleled in the history of the republic."

PATRIOTISM RAMPANT.

After a year or two of the soft pedal on the soldier stuff, following the return home of a victorious army, comes like a breath from council of defense days the rumors of what is described as a community disturbance at Waco, Neb. Despite all the opposition to the soldier bonus and the general tendency to limit the cheering for the veterans to one day a year, it must not be inferred that patriotism is dead, or the martial spirit lost in the mad scramble to get back to normalcy and not lose a cent of war-time profits.

The war at Waco is interesting, because it exemplifies the type of patriotism that so many people have. It seems that the Waco State bank purchased, from some smooth advertising solicitor, a series of advertisements

consisting of newspaper and window displays. Presumably the series, like so many that are being sold, was designed principally to get the money. It consisted of pictures for the window of the bank and a cut of the same picture to be printed in the newspaper. This is the sort of thing that is often hung upon banks and other enterprising firms that like to be different and are willing to part with money.

Now it so happened that the advertising service furnished the bank at Waco was started on Memorial day. The banker, who apparently held to the old belief that an ad is an ad, and that each ad is as good as any, sent the copy to the printer and hung up the picture in his window without taking the trouble to look at it. It so happened that the picture, which appeared in the local newspaper and the bank's window at the same time, was a likeness of Jefferson Davis, once president of the Confederate states of America.

Now, it has been a long time since the civil war, and probably only a few people saw the pictures of Jeff Davis, but by night the criticism and oratory were running high. The word spread to other towns, as word will spread. And in the dead of the next night, some person or persons unknown, on foot or in an automobile, sent a charge of buckshot through the bank's window. The gunner hurried on and failed to notice that he hadn't hit the offensive picture, but no matter. He had vindicated his patriotism. The next day explanations were made and the public extended forgiveness for a thoughtless act.

Rum sort of an incident, wasn't it? Funny how people can get all heated up, in a second, over some fancied or unintentional slight, and yet pass over much more flagrant violations of patriotic ethics. The fellows who a few years ago assured the soldiers that on their triumphant return they could have the entire earth have by this time explained carefully that what they meant to say was that the returned soldiers might go any place on earth and look for a job, provided, of course, they had the money to go or felt like walking. Fellows who used to talk splendidly of the saviors of democracy now talk about the great crime wave and the unemployed soldiers who are floating around the country when they should be at work. All bosh, this talk of no jobs, they say. In one Nebraska city a German horn citizen is suing members of the one time council of defense, claiming that they forced him to buy Liberty bonds and subscribe to the Red Cross during the war. This fellow hasn't been curbed, although it ought to be done.

Patriotism endures, of course, and will endure, but there is need for a standardized brand. Too many imitations on the market.

EVOLUTION AND THE BIBLE.

William Jennings Bryan is again getting the first page, although the great commoner must, in his saner moments, feel somewhat ashamed of himself for the methods he is using. One by one his talking points have been disappearing, and at the last, this great soul finds nothing left of a controversial nature save prohibition and evolution. Prohibition, according to those with whom he would debate, is a settled issue. But in evolution he has discovered a fertile field. Years ago, Mr. Bryan acclaimed himself as the greatest lay authority on the Bible, and as his authority has never been questioned nor his flow of oratory dammed, this would seem to be the final chance of his lifetime.

Mr. Bryan is now stumping the nation "for votes for God and against apeism," he declares. "I believe the Bible from cover to cover—if I did not accept any portion of it, I would reject it all. I believe that Jonah was actually in the belly of the whale for three days. Who knows, there might have been a suite of rooms in there. I would far rather believe that Jonah, while young, contracted the habit of going in and out of the whale than the ridiculous guesses of the evolutionists."

And there is a lot more of the same kind of thing—not argument, nothing but a more or less heated statement of what the great commoner believes and what he does not believe. Probably he is sincere in it. That is one of his greatest virtues—Bryan always believed whole-heartedly what he believed—as long as he believed it.

Probably, if the truth were known, Mr. Bryan has never really gone into the theories of the evolutionists. He has simply waved them to one side. Had he done any considerable amount of reading of Darwin or others whom he execrates, he would discover that an evolutionist can be as good a Christian as any man. If some of them are driven away from the church, it is because of the mental caliber of Christians like Mr. Bryan, who throw all common sense to the wind. There is nothing in the theory of evolution that conflicts with a common sense interpretation of the Bible.

The trouble with Mr. Bryan is that he's getting along in years and that he

misses the limelight. Probably, if the truth were known, he'd rather have some other crusade to wage, but it has come to the point where his words are no longer considered oracular on every subject. People are beginning to demand that men know something of the subjects whereon they speak. In the field of religion, there is a wider latitude.

A DELICATE PROBLEM.

The Lincoln city council is faced with a rather delicate problem, and the way it gets out of the difficulty should be of interest to a good many Nebraska cities and towns. Lincoln has a municipal bathing pool. It was built at public expense, with taxpayers' money. It has been run, at a small profit, for a year.

The pool is, of course, a popular place in this kind of weather. It is used by all classes of citizens and all races save one. The colored people have not been allowed to bathe in the pool that their money helped to build.

A day or two ago, a delegation of colored folks waited upon the council in due form. They remarked that they resented the discrimination and asked the council to put a stop to it. The delegation included a colored minister and the leaders of two or three colored organizations. They said they didn't want to intrude upon the rights of other races and weren't seeking social equality, but they did want a square deal. The prejudice against the colored people is growing, one of them declared.

What do you suppose the council did about it? Why, one member told the committee that relations between the two races have been ideal. He deplored the agitation, and pointed out that it was not fostered by the older colored residents. If such matters were pressed, he said, it might destroy the present ideally harmonious conditions. And then he sat down and the council, despite the request for an immediate ruling, voted to wait a little while and do some pondering before rendering a decision.

And that harmony speech was just about as good as any of us could have done on short notice. The old time colored people wouldn't have made a howl about the discrimination. They would have done just the same as white people do when they discover their presence is not desired—stay away. But the younger colored generation isn't satisfied with continually turning the other cheek. They want to know why—and it's hard to explain without hurting somebody's feelings. And so it will be interesting to see just how the Lincoln council gets out of the difficulty. It may give some good pointers to other communities which may find themselves in the same situation.

DENIED A LIVING WAGE

(Exchange)
Figures recently presented leave no basis for the supposition that clergymen in great part are startlingly underpaid, in a time of high living costs, because church attendance has fallen off and church membership decreased. It is shown that church membership has increased by more than 4,000,000 during the last five years. There are now 46,000,000 church members in the United States, of whom 24,000,000 are Protestants, and they include the rich and moderately well off families as well as the poor. Ministers could be paid as well as any other class now serving the public, yet in the year of 1916 the 170,000 active Protestant clergymen in this country were paid an average of \$735 a year or \$14.13 a week, on which they struggled to maintain families usually of a good average size. The actual situation is



EAT MORE ICE CREAM

Keep well on good Ice Cream. That's the doctor's advice. And how seldom the doctor prescribes something for you that is really enjoyable and tasty! And if it's good for the sick it's doubly good for the well.

Get Your Box or Bulk Candies Here. BUY THE BRECHT LINE It's Made Better—and Tastes It.

Lawrence Candy Store E. L. Lawrence, Prop Phone 27 210 Box Butte

said to be in great part even worse than those figures in dicta, for if the salaries of clergymen in the cities and a few "popular" pastors elsewhere were omitted from the reckoning, the majority would be found receiving a much smaller average salary than even \$735.

Writing in the Ladies' Home Journal

of how in many churches the pittance given the minister is supplemented in ways that deeply humiliate him and his family, and of the hard necessity compelling sensitive families to accept cast-off clothing and what not. No wonder the number of candidates for the ministry is decreasing and many pastorates are vacant. In very many

churches the minister can manage to live in even limited comfort only by remaining a bachelor.

A nature magazine editor estimates that there are only two birds to every acre in the United States. This may be because there are more than that on every hat.—Washington Post.

A Certain Young Man

A certain young man, at 25 years of age, is getting \$100.00 a month salary. He is not married, but would like to be. He has not saved a cent. The future looks blank. All he has earned, all these years since high school, has somehow, "gone"—nothing to show for it. He is not "getting ahead" at all.

Ten years from now he will be in just the same condition, unless the following appeals to him:

Let us take \$7.70 out of his next pay check and the same for 120 pay checks, once a month, and deposit it in an

Insured Savings Account

If he lets us do this, he will have in ten years, \$1,000.00. Much less has been the foundation of many a family fortune. Carnegie started with less. With \$1,000.00 "nest-egg," a careful man can work wonders.

Suppose this certain young man dies before the ten years is up? Before he has realized his ambition of \$1,000.00 saved? Before he reaches his goal? Under this plan IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. The coveted \$1,000.00 is paid to his folks just the same, and in addition the savings balance at death. For instance, should he die the eighth year, the total paid would be about \$1,750.00.

If this young man lives, therefore, he WINS. If he dies, he also WINS. He cannot lose.

Up to advanced ages this plan, for anyone, virtually amounts to free life insurance, as the interest on the savings and the insurance dividends pay for the policy.

—ASK—

The First State Bank
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.



Why Not Write "Finis" to Your Dreary, Weary Wash Days

Those little joy-killers—backache, worry and discontent—are absolutely unnecessary when you call upon us to haul away your weekly washing—any morning you select—and return it to you within a comparatively few hours, fresh and clean, with all of the backbreaking toil taken from it. Certainly you will appreciate this service during such hot weather as we have been having recently.

And you'll find it a pleasure to see our wagon man drive up to your door and carry away with him that troublesome bundle.

There's one thing certain: We will handle your finest wearables as carefully as you do yourself. Such a service is to be desired. You may have "Wet Wash," "Rough Dry," or "Finished Bundle."

THE COST IS COMPARATIVELY LOW.



Alliance Steam Laundry