

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

BURR PRINTING CO., Owners.

Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transportation through the mails as second class matter.

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

Official newspaper of the City of Alliance; official newspaper of Box Butte County.

Owned and published by The Burr Printing Company, George L. Burr, Jr., President; Edwin M. Burr, Vice-President.

HAS PUSSYFOOT WEAKENED?

One of the surprises in the days news is contained in a radiogram forwarded to "Pussyfoot" Johnson, worldwide temperance agitator, by the association against the prohibition amendment. The association, recently organized in New York city and numbering some of the country's foremost writers, artists, financiers and business men among its directors, is growing rapidly and expects to have half a million members by the time the fall elections roll around.

The surprise is contained in the wording of the radiogram: "Congratulations on your good sense in endorsing our platform for beer and light wines and elimination of the saloon," reads the message. "Our plan, when enacted into the law, will regulate the liquor traffic, abolish the saloon, and promote true temperance. Will you join us in our effort to put it over?"

"Pussyfoot" Johnson is recognized as one of the foremost antagonists of booze in the world. Years ago, in a riot following one of his speeches, he lost an eye, and since then he has done nothing by fight liquor. If, as this radiogram indicates, "Pussyfoot" has come out in favor of beer and light wines, the prohibition forces should pause and reflect. The moonshine flood is not diminishing, despite the fact that the law enforcement officials are steadily increasing the number of captures and convictions. The booze running from Canada on land and from the sea in all directions is still the most profitable business in the country. If the most implacable antagonist of booze has really admitted that beer and light wines may be the solution of the wet and dry problem, there is food for thought, to say the least.

AN END TO PRETENSE

Walter Rathenau, minister of foreign affairs in the present German cabinet, is dead by the bullets of assassins. He was a powerful figure in the reconstructed German government—a man who stood out head and shoulders above the politicians and demagogues who sought to restore the nation to its former rank as one of honor. The men who killed him are believed to have been monarchist sympathizers, loyal to the ex-kaiser and the old ideals of German supremacy. The assassins realized, better than Rathenau's friends, perhaps, that it was the capability and caliber of such men who would make it forever impossible for Wilhelm to ever return to Berlin. They hoped that his death, in this crucial period, would help their cause.

And yet Rathenau, while opposed to monarchy and all that it stood for, never deliberately antagonized the adherents of the old regime. Perhaps it would have been better for him had he done so. Sometimes plain words and utter frankness will bring the truth home better than soft words and evasions intended to placate the injured feelings of opponents.

A year ago, in an interview with the head of a great press association, Rathenau spoke frankly. He asked that what he said be kept secret until his death. The interview, released now, is refreshingly different than the words that have been coming from Germany, for it does not keep up the silly pretense that all Germany was behind the kaiser and his militarist policy. The world has realized that in a nation as intelligent as Germany, there must be some strong men who were opposed to the course of that government during the war. Rathenau, from the dead, gives the thoughts of the other side. It is regrettable, in a way, that he could not have nerved himself to speak thus plainly while among the living. Something is needed to bring the truth home to Germany, now of all times.

"The policy of frightfulness was the policy of cowardice," said Rathenau in this secret interview. "It was the policy of a man afraid, who makes a great noise in an effort to frighten his enemy in hope that he will avoid fighting. The kaiser rattled his sword until he frightened himself and all of his ministers out of their normal judgment."

All Germany knows this and there is no danger of the kaiser ever coming back to Berlin. The German people are cured forever of royalty, but of course there are a certain number of

royalists in Germany who will remain royalists as long as they live. Nothing can change them and they will make a noise as long as breath remains in their bodies, but they are an entirely inconsequential minority.

The greatest proof of this was in the Kapp coup when this royalist rule in Berlin was utterly destroyed by the silent protest of the people through the only effective general strike ever known in history. The people of Berlin simply stopped dead in their tracks and Kapp found himself the ruler of a dead city without food, water, light or any of the necessities of life. So far history has failed to appreciate the tremendous significance of this great event, which I am sure marked the end of organized royalist activity in Germany.

The truth about the war was that it was a war brought on by cowards who were afraid to face the economic facts and the social conditions which surrounded them. Before they realized what they had done they had gone so far that they could not draw back from the inevitable results which they themselves feared more than anyone else.

The world should know this and the world should know that the last thing possible in Germany is the return of the kaiser. I wish I could make this statement public at this time, but there are obvious reasons why this would be unwise.

THE PARTY CIRCLE.

The Nebraska league of women voters, which is composed of women who thoroughly understand the privileges of the ballot and appreciate its obligations, are sponsoring an initiative petition to remove the party circle and the party designation from all official ballots. This step is taken, it is explained, to protect the direct primary, and that is exactly the effect it will have.

The women will probably be able to put this reform across. Truth to tell, the men politicians didn't want it done. Rather, they have done their best—men of all parties and political faiths—to weaken the primary rather than strengthen it.

There is grave doubt that the primary has resulted in the reforms that were hoped to come from it. It was argued, when the plan was adopted, that it would bring out a better class of candidates—men who were not under the party control. There were evils aplenty to the old convention system for making nominations, of course, but there are those who argue that the convention system is preferable to the primary. Arguments against the primary bring out the fact that better men have not been chosen, and that the expense is away out of proportion to the benefit gained.

The fact is, however, that the primary has never really had a fair test in this state. There has been entirely too much of party politics connected with it. The ideal is the open primary, without party circles or party designations, where the voters go to the polls and select the candidates they want. Nebraska had an open primary once, but when the republicans organized and went into the democratic primaries and foisted Jim Dahman on the democrats as a candidate for governor, only to turn against him and wallop him unmercifully at the fall elections, the open primary was doomed.

"Party circles and party designations on ballots exist only for the pur-

pose of allowing the lazy, the ignorant and the illiterate to vote. Abolish them and voters will at least have to be able to read intelligently," says a recent broadside from the women. They are eminently correct. If the primary is to be retained, it should be reformed, not with an eye to maintaining party supremacy, but for the purpose of making intelligence a requisite to casting a ballot.

UNHONORED DEAD.

Herrin, Ill., June 23 (A. P.)—Herrin's unhonored dead lay pale and stark tonight in the vacant store building pressed into service as a morgue since yesterday's mine battle. Past them filed an unending line of men and women, young and old, barefooted boys and little girls.

They lifted muslin cloths and peered at the pale faces, and at the wounds left by pistol bullets, rifle balls and buckshot.

They lingered avidly, then reluctantly pressed on to some adjoining horror, eager to miss nothing.

Never a word of pity from the crowd. These were the enemy slain in a labor war. These were the men who came to take away their jobs. Outsiders—enemies.

Well, it served them right. That was the attitude of the town as expressed by its men and women and its children.

Tears, none. Sympathy, not much. These were the enemy.

The dead of half a dozen nationalities, with sloping foreheads of the far- Europe, lay at peace for all the eign born, long mustaches of eastern crowds, the laughter and the sullen looks. Bricks beneath their heads for pillows, pine boxes for their beds, they lay waiting the call of friends and relatives who loved them once and have lost touch with them in the vicissitudes of transient labor.

Most of them, it is safe to say, will be forgotten in the potters' fields, their meager courses run, their stories finished. They came here because they wanted a living and because other men wanted to make money.

They died hurtled across the fields, stoned, shot at, tied and dragged down dusty roads because other thousands feared these men would take away their living.

The trees are green in Herrin, and the birds are singing, and the crops ripening in the summer sun. From the morgue the crowds drift to the bill boards in front of the picture show, to see what the posters promise; to the drug store for soft drinks, then home for supper.

Only the outsiders show surprise and horror.

People here say: "This is our business. Sorry, but it's done. Let us alone. We'll handle this all right. We're good people to get along with—good as anybody if you mind your own business. We'll attend to ours."

Sickening sort of a description, isn't it? Seems hard to realize that this can be America, and the people of Herrin, those calloused souls, Americans. Congress, it appears, is taking the matter up. Senators are talking a whole lot about "the right of American citizens to work where, when and for whom they please, at whatever price they choose, without seeking the consent of an invisible government, an organized minority." We are told that these martyred strikebreakers were "guilty only of the crime of exercising their constitutional right of earning an honest day's wage."

Senator Myers of Montana spoke after this fashion: "We call this free America, and as free American citizens these men were attempting to sell what they had to dispose of—their labor. They found men who wanted to buy that labor. The price was arranged. The men went to work. They have a constitutional right to be protected in the work. Their employers have the right to be protected in hiring them."

It's easy to rhapsodize over the inalienable right of man to sell his labor. It's easy to talk of the protection they and the mine owners deserve. And yet it isn't at all as simple as this.

Put yourself in the place of these striking miners. They haven't been working on full time for months. Their demands were presumably just, for arbitration was denied them. Strikebreakers were imported to run the mines. These strikebreakers aren't the heroes that our senatorial friends seek to show. We've seen a lot of them, and we must confess that they are not simple, honest laboring men in search of a job to save their starving families. Not much. They come in gangs; they draw high wages; they

get more protection than ordinary laborers, and much higher salary. They are not the kind of citizens that any town wants permanently. Gunmen, bad men, terrorists, men without principle—that's your strikebreaker. When he is killed in a battle which he himself precipitates, he is deserving of no sympathy. When the strike is won, will he stay and work? Not a bit of it. He'll do his dirty bit and draw big money for lowering the wages and the standard of living of his fellow men, and then he'll shove on to repeat the infamous process elsewhere.

Questions of law aside, conceding that the striking miners should never have allowed their resentment to rise to the massacre pitch, it must be admitted that there are two sides to the question. Maybe if we put ourselves in the places of the miners and their families, we might not show an attitude more admirable than they in the same situation.

Just as soon as we learn to spell the name of the Chinese president, he resigns, and the whole job has to be done over again. — San Francisco Chronicle.

SUNDAY BASEBALL

(Harvard Courier)
Cecil Mathews of the Blue Hill Leader has undertaken to give his views of the Sunday baseball question in answer to the announcement of a Red Cloud newspaper that it will refuse to write up ball games that take place there on Sunday. Cecil asks if the Red Cloud paper refuses personal mention of any church member found "joyriding" on Sunday and says that he considers himself strictly within the confines of an orthodox religion that spurns baseball on Sunday, when he cranks old Liz and leaves a cloud of smoke and gas behind as he sallies forth into the country, honking at cross roads and with a cut-out wide open.

"Hundreds of people," he argues, "cannot afford cars. They can only find the opportunity of witnessing a truly American sport as their Sunday portion, labor days and labor hours denying them this privilege on other days." Then he clinches his argument by saying: "Ask the preachers in America. They know that Sunday baseball isn't threatening the church half as much as some other kinds of amusement."

We suppose Americans who go to Russia seeking for work are lured by the prospect of no competition. — Philadelphia North American.



Making Friends!

Who answers the telephone at your place of business? How is it answered?—Important questions, you'll agree.

Whether the telephone answer is pleasant, polite, and intelligent, or whether it is curt and snappy, has much to do with what people think of a place of business.

We suggest that you give the matter of your incoming telephone calls your careful attention.

It is important that your telephone be answered by an intelligent and courteous person, who is thoroughly familiar with the details of your business.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

Banks Help Make Business Good

BANKS are reservoirs into which thrifty people pour their surplus earnings and from which business enterprises borrow capital.

Bank loans make possible industrial and farm development.

The larger a community's bank deposits the greater its prosperity. Your money banked here works for you and your community.

First National Bank
Alliance, Nebraska

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

