

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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

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MORE TYRANNY.

Heaven help the poor working girl, and the poor workingman, if this goes much farther. Already labor's condition excites pity—but the worst is yet to come. The man or woman who has read the magazines and the newspapers for the past ten years has been able to see for himself or herself the gradual encroachment of employers on the so-called rights of employees. This has been bad enough when it included supervision during business hours only, but the modern employer is more and more grasping. He wants to regulate the conduct of those who are on his payroll at all times of the day. It's nothing short of capitalistic tyranny, and we shall expect Marie Weekes of the Norfolk Press to jump all over the government, when we have divulged the full truth, and Edgar Howard will fall several notches in our estimation unless he makes it appear that Wall Street is, somehow, responsible.

Most of us can remember the good old days when an employe put in so many hours a day for his or her boss, worked faithfully during set hours, and maybe some overtime, and then went home to enjoy the hours of leisure. Some of the young men played in the band, others sought the white lights, and still others walked in the evening and the park with the lady of their choice. Girl employes darned father's hose, helped mother with the dishes, played with little brother or sister, or drolled up and went buggy riding, or to the opera house, or the dance with some freckled young man. This was, ten years ago, considered perfectly proper. Maybe the young man employe wouldn't leave the club or the corner saloon until the lights went out; maybe the fair stenographer would not get home until the small hours of the morning, but if both of them were on time at the office the next morning, and put in a good day's work, or made a show of it, everything was jake with the boss.

One day, however, someone put it into the boss' head that he was paying for the service of his employe, and then the trouble started. Probably the war was responsible for it—at any rate it's popular and usual to attribute unpleasant things to the war. Then the employers began to hunt for things to criticize in those who worked for them. One by one, the personal liberties of the workers are disappearing. The first fierce onslaught was made to stop gum chewing by the girls. The employers argued that the regular movement of jaws jazzed up things in the office. The next step was to stop the young from going out for an occasional drink. The employers argued that the fragrance of breaths and the muddling of minds resulting from booze made the services of employes less valuable. One by one these points were conceded by employes, because they seemed reasonable. But the employers weren't satisfied.

From the moment that the employers tasted the first sweet fruits of directing the private lives of their employes, they have stayed awake nights to think of new ideas for regulating the conduct of those in their employ. The peek-a-boo waists, the thin silk stockings, bobbed hair, short skirts, colorful clothing—all these are fast disappearing. Male employes may no longer, for the most part, smoke or chew during office hours. Already the drink outside of office hours has been banned, and soon it will be a case of firing an employe when the scent of tobacco is on his clothes. Perfumery, hair oil, fancy clothes, noisy neckwear, purple socks and fashionable haircuts are on some of the barred lists. The bosses object to their employes dancing, playing cards or the wiles. A man working on a salary must conform to the boss' idea of propriety at all times, or his pay envelope turns blue. The woman in labor is just as unfortunate. The lot of the worker is not a happy one, these days, unless he happens to be as pliable as a dishrag, and willing to think of nothing but his job.

But, as we said, the worst is yet to come. The government is getting to the point where it assumes a paternal attitude toward employes. Presumably, the petty bosses in the government service have been exerting the same authority on those under them as other employers. Now, if the example of W. B. Hamilton, collector of customs at the port of San Francisco, is followed, and all employes are constantly seeking for new worlds to con-

quer, the poor working girl will have to get a permit from her boss to ride in an automobile or pet the neighbor's baby. Mr. Hamilton's reasoning goes this way:

A married man or a married woman must be happy while he is at work or he will not do his work well.

A married man cannot reach his full efficiency in his work if he comes to the office after a fight with his wife.

A married woman—a woman being more temperamental than a man—isn't any good all day long if she quarreled with her husband at breakfast.

It is not alone a humanitarian duty, it is a service to the government itself, by patching up troubles at home, I can make the four hundred married folks in the United States customs service here all happy. They will work more efficiently.

There's a limit to all things, good and bad, and it's time for workers to rise up in protest against carrying this thing too far. Hang it all, if a man can't drink or smoke or play poker, attend a dance or a show, because his boss doesn't approve of it, that's bad enough. But to deprive him of the pleasure of quarreling with his wife—why, it's outrageous. That's the only inexpensive amusement we have left. And if this outrage is allowed to pass unnoticed, where will it end? First (thing you know, the boss will be claiming the right to select the phonograph records for his employes, because some of them have the wrong effect on his emotions. The boss will be making up menus for his workers; he'll prescribe their amusements, and the places they are to go. So far as we are concerned we are going to fight for the old system. Let's cut out all this nonsense. If an employe doesn't suit, instead of remodeling him nearer to our heart's desire, let's tell him once just where we think he errs—and if he doesn't deliver the goods, tie a can to him. Employers can't be bothered with forcing their employes to eat liver for breakfast or seeing to it that they take Walter Camp's daily dozen exercises before they retire. And the employes should be allowed to decide such momentous questions as whether they'll buy a pink or blue hat, or put the kitty out at night or leave him in. This is the last straw. From now on we may be classed with the insurgents. Down with paternalistic tyranny. Down, down, down!

Vive la liberte!

THE BOOZE COMPLEX.

When authorities differ, the average man is forced to rely upon his own observation, which is often quite as good as that of the authorities. In the matter of the enforcement of prohibition, it's probably better, for the zeal with which enforcement is pressed differs so much in various parts of the country that no authority really covers much more ground than his own bailiwick.

Thus, Mayor Zehrung of Lincoln, who was ever fond of the publicity afforded by news columns, although not so much that way as his two immediate predecessors, Brother Charley Bryan and J. E. Miller, breaks into print on the subject of hooch. Mr. Zehrung says that he believes that the number of booze law violators in Lincoln is less than a year ago. The reasons, he declares, are two—first, the fact that the penalties are getting to be more severe, and second, that the novelty of trying to beat the game is wearing off. The chronic inebriates will disappear with this generation, in his opinion, and the young fellows do it mostly to be "smart." They don't really get very much of it, Mr. Zehrung thinks, and they lose interest as soon as the novelty wears off. Only the old-timers, he opines, will continue to buy pop bottles full of it in the dark alleys, and in time these fellows will die.

On the other hand, Samuel Blythe, Washington correspondent, in a recent magazine article under the title, "The Booze Complex," has a somewhat different idea. He doesn't go so far as to "view with alarm," but he intimates that people who in the saloon days would scorn to be seen in the same room with liquor are now paying extravagant prices for it, and getting it in case lots. Women who were once firm white ribboners are now, according to Mr. Blythe, making home brew. His conclusion apparently is that the law is unpopular, and from the trend of his argument light wines and beer, at least, are to be expected in the future.

So far as Alliance is concerned, there isn't any doubt that bootlegging is less popular, either as a pastime or a money maker, than it was a year ago. Heavy fines and jail sentences have had this effect. The watchfulness of the law enforcement officials, who are ready to make arrest at the first sniff of mash, has had a whole lot to do with making hooch-peddling a dangerous industry. However, the chief evil seems to be that those who want to buy booze buy it easily. In the old days, the man who patronized a bootlegger or a blind tiger used to have to be vouched for and know the password, but now, in practically every city and town in the state, even a stranger can connect with some "moonshine" vender within half an hour. People are drinking the stuff who never drank before,

as well as those who always drank, but the occasional reports of horrible deaths from wood alcohol poisoning are more and more driving the amateur boozers from the moonshine marts. Prohibition is far from being a reality, but the last year has seen tremendous strides toward law enforcement, and it isn't unreasonable to hope. However, if any national movement for light wines and beer, headed by someone aside from the brewers and distillers, should come this way, there'd be a lot of contributors toward the campaign, and some of them would come from people, a few years ago, who would have sooner been shot than half-shot.

"STYLE" IS PARAMOUNT.

(Norfolk Press.)

"NORFOLK, Neb., March 2.—Norfolk Press.—Gentlemen: The invitation committee of the senior class, Norfolk high school, wish to announce that they have awarded the contract for 1922 commencement invitations to the Inter-Collegiate Press of Kansas City, Mo. The paramount factor in selecting the invitations was the style, the price being secondary. Thanking you, I am, LEO J. SCHULA, "Chairman."

If the elders of these young people were to make their personal desire for "style" paramount and were to send to Kansas City for dresses, suits, coats, shoes, jewelry, millinery, musical instruction, medical attention, dentistry, barbering, automobiles, meats, groceries, et cetera, there would be no Norfolk and no Norfolk schools, hence no need for commencement invitations.

The invitation committee of the senior class of the Norfolk high school is not as well grounded in the matter of economies or in loyalty to home institutions, as they seem to be in "style" ideas, which fully explains the awarding of the 1922 contract to a distant mail order printing plant. There are six printing plants in Norfolk and presumably each of these plants pays its share of the school and city tax. The Norfolk Press paid \$103.35 school tax last year. The other five printing plants paid theirs. How much did the Inter-Collegiate Press of Kansas City, Mo., pay? And echo answers—none.

The 1922 class is not abnormal in its style desires; indeed, we believe it is and has been the custom for the various classes to choose to turn their faces away from the institutions that help make the Norfolk schools possible and to spend their money with mail order houses in distant cities. We comment on it, not as news, but as a marked weakness in our schools, which are turning out young people with so small a sense of loyalty to home institutions, so lacking in gratitude for those who have helped them receive an education. It does not promise well for our future citizenship. Young people trained to buy of distant mail order houses will make a poor home-buying clientele as the years go on. Norfolk has three newspapers. Local high school students sometimes think these newspapers lax in their news reports of schools affairs. We wonder if they find their names and affairs more frequently in the Kansas City newspapers?

CLASS RULE IN POLITICS.

(Scottsbluff Republican.)

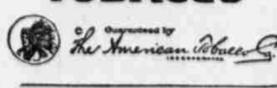
Over at Alliance the railroad men and the farmers have combined forces and will enter the political field at the coming primaries with the intention of capturing all the offices at the coming election. This will work all right as long as both the farmer and the labor element can agree upon who will be favored with the offices, and if either side is well pleased with the number of places allowed them, everything will go smoothly.

But our experience in politics leads

Chew fresh tobacco. Try Penn's the next time. Fresh! Airtight in the patented new container.



PENN'S CHEWING TOBACCO



us to believe that when fusion is practiced, it is but a short time until one faction or the other predominates—then look out. The first thing that will happen is that John Jones, farmer, and Bill Smith, a fireman, both want to be county clerk. Then there is going to be something doing that will bid fair to destroy the friendly relations which start out so harmoniously.

Some thirty years ago, the populist party sprang into existence down in Custer county, and in a few years spread all over the state and was bidding fair to become the ruling element of politics in Nebraska. But with the rising of the populist movement, the democratic minority in the state was threatened with complete annihilation

and they forthwith made a fusion agreement with the populists in order to beat the republicans, and did it, but when the votes were counted it was found that the wily democrats had captured all the important offices and that the minor ones had been given to the pops. Right then things began to happen, and a demo-pop convention became an event worth going miles to see, and many times one was lucky enough to get away from it without the aid of a doctor.

The democrats gradually swallowed the pops, however, chin whiskers and all, and the pops refused to stay swallowed, and eventually disorganized.

There is no class of people who can run a political party and when labor and farmer join to the exclusion of all

others, there will sooner or later be a division on the ground that one faction or the other is hogging all the corn.

A POLITICAL STROKE.

(Gering Courier.)

Judge W. H. Westover does much to make himself stronger in the public estimation when he specifically disavows the petitions which were in circulation some time back to nominate him for congress on a wet platform. Not only that, but he disavows his approval of such a platform. He does say, however, that he would be glad to accept a nomination for the supreme bench this fall.

Herald Want Ads—Results.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Here is the Ford Runabout, a perfect whirlwind of utility. Fits into the daily life of everybody, anywhere, everywhere, and all the time. For town and country, it is all that its name implies—a Runabout. Low in cost of operation; low in cost of maintenance, with all the sturdy strength, dependability and reliability for which Ford cars are noted. We'd be pleased to have your order for one or more. We have about everything in motor car accessories, and always have a full line of genuine Ford Parts. We'd like to have you for our customer. Remember if you want your Ford to give continuous service you must keep it in good condition. We will do it for you.

COURSEY & MILLER
Alliance, Nebraska

Listen!

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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