

The Alliance Herald

BURR PRINTING CO. Owners
 Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transmission through the mails as second class matter. Published Tuesday and Friday.
 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.

THE WAR IS OVER.

The war is over. Peace has finally been declared. For nearly two years the country has been struggling back to normalcy, and it has almost been achieved by the most of us. Even the great majority of the returned soldiers have managed to get back into their old niches or carve out new ones that fit them as well or better as the places they occupied before the world's cauldron of trouble boiled over.

The most of us, even those who were a part of the great conflict, have ceased to talk of the war, and are thinking of it as little as possible. The American Legion has practically ceased to fret about bonuses for its members and has attacked with a will the problem of caring for the wounded and disabled buddies. The girls who three years ago were knitting socks that wouldn't fit the feet and armless sweaters for the men in the service have either married one of them or have picked someone with money. Nobody likes to talk about the war or think of the horrors of meatless days and wheatless days and days when the soldiers for the Red Cross or salesman for the Liberty bonds called and spoke about "quotas" in a compelling tone.

As we said, the most of us have forgotten about the war. But there are some who will never forget, so long as life endures. There are the mothers and the fathers, the sisters, brothers and sweethearts of the boys who died doing their full share in the conflict. There are others who will not forget—the men who came back home, maimed, broken, blinded, their lungs partially destroyed by gas, their health destroyed in countless ways. The rest of us, those who stayed at home or those who came through uninjured or perhaps improved in health, will forget the war, save when some of these unfortunate brothers cross our path. And then, mayhap, we'll forget as quickly as possible, the minute they are out of view.

That's the curse of war—the neglect of the men who sacrificed all for us. It is physical pain to some to see the men scarred by war. It hurts some people to be reminded of an obligation that they can never hope to repay, and so, realizing the inability to repay in full, they evade all responsibility.

Just this week Alliance has had an opportunity to repay, in exceeding small measure, the sacrifices of a handful of these men. There is now in the city a "flying squadron" of government officials, making a huge effort to get all men entitled to government aid to ask for it, to correct some of the injustices and to get justice for every man who will apply.

Half a dozen committees of local people went out into the highways and byways and besought assistance for these men in various forms. After a grueling week they got what they sought—the time of thirty or forty people for a half-day or a day, the loan of ten or twelve typewriters and some personal aid. But the men who tried to get this will never tell you of the indifference they met in hundreds of places where, two years ago, they would have been received with open arms. Now, it seems, everyone is ready to pass on the obligation to the next one. Of course, there are plenty of legitimate excuses, as well as plenty of the other kind. But the men who went out appealing for aid in the name of the wounded didn't feel just right when the goal was reached.

Oh, well—the war is over. Let's forget it—those of us who can!

THE LEGION ATTACKED.

About every so often an attack is made on the American Legion, the leading organization of men who served in the great war. These attacks come from all sources, but the ones which have the greatest effect on public sentiment come from rival organizations of ex-soldiers. It is but natural, of course, that an organization containing a million or more members should have some power, and a powerful organization is bound to make some enemies, especially when it is a fighting, aggressive society like the Legion. The chief source of attack comes from disgruntled members. In every organization there are a number of radicals, or men who wish to grind private axes with the assistance of others. When recognition or aid is refused, the trouble begins. One sorehead finds other soreheads, and these in turn pick up a

following of their kind. When disgruntled men seek to make it hot for their enemies, it is a comparatively easy thing to accomplish.

The American Legion has had the most phenomenal growth of an organization of its kind in history. It has made strong, healthy friends, and healthy enemies as well. The enemies are men who have a reason to fear the power of an association of ex-service men. Ever since its inception, there have been attempts to weaken its influence and destroy its usefulness, but all of them have failed. Rival organizations have sprung into existence by the score, but each has had to admit itself defeated. The Legion is growing, and there seems to be no question that it will be surviving when all its competitors have passed beyond.

However, the last attack is so bitter, and is withal worded so plausibly, that all men should know and be able to spot it when it is made public. So far it has only been made a part of the Congressional Record and copies have been mailed to some of the ex-soldiers.

The attack is made by the Private Soldiers' and Sailors' Legion of the United States of America. It comes in the form of a petition to congress requesting that the charter of the American Legion be repealed. It declares that:

Ever since its organization the men in control of the American Legion have wrongfully assumed to represent the great body of veterans of the World War in matters of legislation, of public policy, and in many questions in which those leaders are personally interested, but about which the body of veterans as a whole care nothing. These leaders have become so overbearing and insolent in their assumptions that they are now, and for some time have been, presuming to give voice to the opinions of all former service men—those who do not belong to the American Legion as well as those who do.

Other charges are the usual ones—that the organization was formed by "silk-stocking officers" without giving the ordinary soldiers an opportunity to direct its destinies; that it was organized by using "tainted money" contributed by capitalists who expect to get value received from the men who controlled it; that the Legion is even now serving the interests of a "hidden group of men who furnish the secret funds" for the conduct of the organization; that the leaders have interfered and dictated to schools, colleges, churches, newspapers, public meetings, political assemblies and other activities which threatened to interfere with the interests of the secret financial backers, and that its attitude toward labor has been "virulent and hostile."

The key to the attack is found in the next to the last indictment in the complaint. The petition recites that Legion posts have interfered with such "patriots" as Kate Richards O'Hara, who has a most unsavory record among Americans who can remember back as far as the days of the war.

Practically all of these charges have been made before, and all of them have been completely refuted. It is to be presumed—it's too much to hope otherwise—that these old charges will be circulated by the friends of Mrs. O'Hara and similar speakers whose meetings have been broken up, sometimes by mobs perhaps containing a few Legion men, but never by a Legion post or with the knowledge or consent of Legion officials. There is, unfortunately, no way to put a stop to these slanders, but friends of the ex-soldiers will demand proof of anyone circulating these charges.

This is perhaps the thousandth time that the charge has been made that the American Legion is an enemy of organized labor. The endorsement by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, should be sufficient argument against this old lie. And the officers of any Legion post will be able and willing to answer any other fabrication in the indictment. Stand up for the Legion, and tell its detractors where to head in.

SHORT SPORTS.

Every community is inflicted with 'em—the short sports, who mooch instead of paying their way. The following wail from Scottsbluff will bring up memories only a few months old in Alliance of the automobiles parked outside the fence and far away from the ticket office when the race meet was in progress. It's hard work, of course, to get under the hides of the fellows who not only refuse to support public enterprises, but manage to put something over on them, for fellows worried even when they know others are saying uncomplimentary things.

Scottsbluff has a bunch of boosters who have put that city on the baseball map, at considerable expense to themselves. It has been good advertising for the valley city, and had all those who are interested in baseball helped the club with their admission fees, success would have been assured. If they fail, it is because of the short

sports among them, just as was the case with the Alliance race meet.

The Star-Herald says what it thinks of the boys who see the game from outside the fence, but the only real way to make an impression on them is by using a crowbar or a sawed-off shotgun loaded with salt and pepper. It may be that the reading of this sort of an article will reform them. Despite the fact that it isn't likely, the remonstrance is reprinted, in the hope that it may do some good here:

There are sports, and then sports, and then there are tin-horns. During the past season there have been those who, instead of buying a season ticket, or a single admission ticket to witness the ball games, would drive their cars close to the fence and enjoy the game free of charge. At least it was presumed that they enjoyed it, or perhaps enjoyed the thought that they were beating the baseball association out of an admission, either, or both.

The officials of the association would not have felt so badly about it, perhaps had not these aforesaid gentry allowed their cars to become "outside fence" grandstand and permitted all who could stand on the machine on take "grappings." The boys who constitute the Scottsbluff Baseball association feel that they have been trying to give the people good, clean sport, and naturally feel hurt that men who are perfectly financially able would take advantage of them in this manner. As stated at first, there are real sportsmen, and there are tin-horns, and the difference can be easily seen by a visit to the baseball park while a game is on, first making a circle of the fence and then noting those who have paid their admission and are enjoying the game as they should.

HOME PAPER WEEK.

Some weeks ago, in a spirit of levity while writing some dope for the semi-humorous "Random Shots" column, the editor of this newspaper called attention to the fact that there were getting to be entirely too many weeks set apart for the benefit of some particular business or profession. There was, for instance, a "carbon paper week," a "sewing machine week," and a bunch of others—more of them, in fact, than there were weeks in the year.

At the time, it was suggested there should be a "subscribe for the home paper week," in which everyone in the county would hasten to cross cut palms with silver and receive in return a paid-up subscription to this great moral semi-weekly. It was said in jest—but do you know that the powers that we have decreed that there is to be such a week, and already our foolish contemporaries are falling all over themselves to stage their drive?

The Herald thinks, of course, that every person in this community should, for his own benefit, be a reader of this newspaper. If he can't conscientiously read The Herald, he should read some other paper from Alliance. It's his duty to know what's going on in Box Butte county, and it's his privilege to get this news served up to him at a very low rate by his local newspaper. Newspapers, such as The Herald, are the best buy there is on the market today. In no other purchase does the buyer get so much for his money.

But, shucks, this setting apart any particular week for newspapers is pure bunk. In the first place, this is true because newspapers are supposed to be the leaders in matters of advertising. The "week" idea is as old as the hills, and has been run into the ground. It's been pulled so often that it hasn't very much pulling power left. We have great belief in the power of the press, but after three or four years of "drives," it fell down miserably in putting the interchurch world movement across, largely because the basic idea for getting the money was old fashioned and played out. If there is to be concerted action in boosting home papers, the newspaper men ought to

be able to figure out a better scheme than this.

Of course, a number of the publishers are taking up the idea and are doing the best they can with it. Some of the more canny publishers, fearing that it will take some time for the idea to sink in, have made it a home paper month, instead of a week, and we wish them luck.

But the idea doesn't appeal to us. To begin with, the men who are writing the publicity for the movement, seem to have the same old idea that so many other people have—that the newspaper is a public institution and ought to be supported by donations of various kinds. Too many publishers do not have the right conception of their mission. The average newspaper is worth every cent it costs either the reader or the advertiser, and the man who, wittingly or otherwise, allows the impression to go abroad that he is willing to be supported by public-spirited citizens on the ground that he is a help to the community, will need good luck to help him out. Some of these days, the truth is going to be known about country newspapers, and that is that they aren't objects of charity, but just business institutions. Some of these days conditions are going to be such that they'll have to be run on a business basis. The churches have attained this plane—or least the best of them have—and some glad day newspaper men will be apt to get as vexed as a preacher does now when he's offered a half-fare ticket, when some well-meaning friend gets the wrong idea of the way he makes his living.

ANOTHER LOOPHOLE

So constant and insidious are the encroachments by the various state officers, commissions and boards, that very often the county officials do not realize that their efforts may be nullified by state authority until it has been accomplished. The dry law has been an object of solicitude by the state authorities ever since its passage, and it is in the enforcement of this law that state encroachment is most apparent.

Originally, the enforcement was in the hands of federal officers and county and city authorities. The state, however, created a special corps of booze hounds and presented Gus Hyers with a job and an annuity, as well as a big bunch of assistants. From time to time, work has been added to Gus' department, until it is now practically the whole thing in dry law enforcement circles. The reason for the state's taking over this work is said to be because the county and city officials did not enforce the laws rigidly enough, and on a recent occasion, Governor McKelvie told an Alliance audience how he had found it necessary to jack up various county officers for failing to enforce the law.

The latest encroachment, which seems to nullify the work of county and district courts, has just come to light. The last legislature, passed a law defining the powers and duties of the state board of pardons,

drafted by Attorney General Davis. A clause in this act gives the board authority to "remit fines and forfeitures." Two applications are now before the board to secure the return of automobiles declared confiscated by county courts on a showing that the machines had been used for the transportation of bootleg liquor.

It is said, of course, that there is no way of knowing whether the machines have been sold under court order, or whether the purchasers could be forced to give them up, the law being quite plain on that point. But just why should the legislature, wittingly or otherwise, give the state board of pardons power to remit fines and forfeitures? Evidently there is need for closer inspection of legislation formulated by state officers, or else some representatives of the legal profession in the attorney general's department should be operated on and have a portion of their verbiage removed. If the little clause isn't intended to mean anything, it should not have been put there—and if some-

thing has been slipped over, the fellows responsible should be required to explain.

One can hardly blame county courts for getting discouraged. There are plenty of bootlegger and booze convictions reversed in district court on technicalities without making the county judges have to run the gauntlet of having their work reviewed by the state board of pardons.

Somebody has found out that in Babylon the rent tyrants were active 4,000 years ago. And look what happened to Babylon.

B. G. BAUMAN, O. D.

 OP-TOM-E-TRIST

Under New Management

The Alliance Billiard Parlor has been reopened under the special license granted by the city council, and the new management will endeavor to comply with all the required regulations.

We will conduct a thoroughly sanitary lunch counter and respectable billiard and pool business.

You will be able to pass a pleasant afternoon in unobjectionable surroundings. Come in and make yourself at home.

CIGARS, CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS

Alliance Billiard Parlor

JOHN VELOUS, Proprietor,

It Takes More Than a Sign Over the Door to Make a Bank

It takes experience, brains, and above all the proper organization for the protection of depositors.

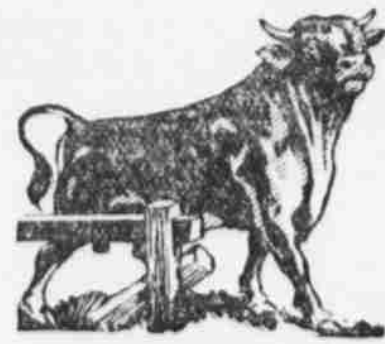
This bank is under State control. Its books are regularly examined by the proper officials. Every transaction must meet the approval of their rigid requirements.

And in addition to that, our Directors are the most conservative and experienced men—men who have made a study of the banking business and financial conditions, and put the welfare of the depositors above that of themselves.

Your money is absolutely safe in this bank. It is here until you need it—and it's yours when you want it. And remember it draws 5% interest, compounded semi-annually.

You can start an account with \$1.00

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 good cigarettes for
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