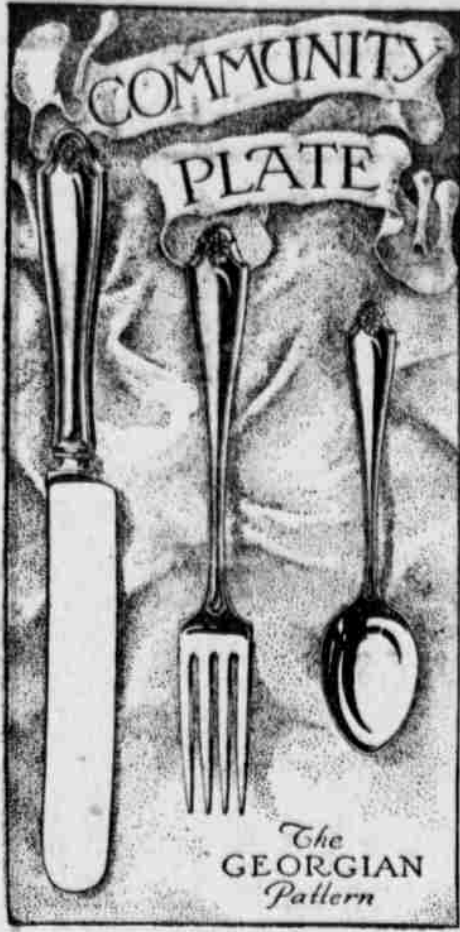


Newberry's



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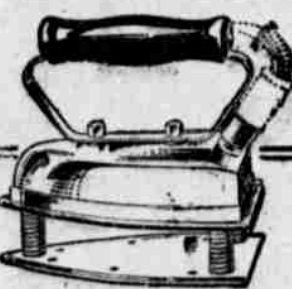
Casseroles



Universal Casseroles and Baking Dishes are of such distinctive patterns and attractive design as to win the enthusiastic approval of all who see or use them. They add to the table service just that modern touch which tempts the appetite and satisfies the most refined taste. A Recipe Book free with each one.



Benjamin Two-Way Plug, \$1.25
Three for \$3.50



IRON STAYS HOT
YOU STAY COOL

In the torrid summer days when the thermometer stands at a hundred in the shade the

UNIVERSAL
Electric Iron

comes to the relief of the busy housewife with a comforting sense of work more easily done in the very coolest way. Efficiency and economy account for the popularity of UNIVERSAL Electric Irons.



Newberry's

Comment--and
Discomment

Good old Doc Bixby is working himself into a sweat over the failure of the American school system in its bounden duty of promoting good English. He holds no brief against slang, seemingly, but cries out against what he calls "a deplorable slovenliness of speech and written composition." He prints a number of excerpts from letters received by the bureau of war risk insurance in Washington from relatives of men in the service, which were good for a laugh before every newspaper in the country printed them, but which are getting pretty stale now. Here are some of the more familiar examples—and by "more familiar" we mean that we have seen them in print at least seventeen times:

"You ask my allotment number; I have four boys and two girls."
"Please send me a wife's form."
"Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and one child."

"I was discharged from the army for a gouter which I was sent home on."
"He was inducted into the ser-face."

"I have a four months baby, and he is my only support."

"It is bad English, if in the use of it you fail to make yourself understood." This is Doc Bixby's definition, and according to its terms, only one of the above is an example of bad English, which shows that the good doctor is a poor hand at making definitions.

The doctor maunders on at considerable length after pulling this definition. He advises those who would attain better English to read Emerson, Carlyle, Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books and even Robert Ingersoll. It's an inspiring prospect—but if we might venture a suggestion to the doctor, we would say that it were better to hitch the wagon a trifle lower than the stars. The people who write the letters which he cites could gain very little from the authors that he mentions. To them these same authors would, under the Bixby definition, be guilty of bad English.

The daily newspapers tell of the arrest of six sailors at Boston on a charge of rioting, and, further, that they have received a sentence of six months' imprisonment as a punishment for their attempt to muss up a few officers. Things have changed since the editor was in the navy. For a few weeks the writer was stationed at Boston, and there were nightly riots in the South station in which every man in uniform joined. The Boston American howled for law and order and demanded that the sailors be confined to their barracks unless they behaved themselves, but the newspaper's demands had no more effect than the gentle east wind.

For the people of Boston like the sailors. They have a warm spot in their hearts for the national guardsmen from Massachusetts—in fact, they will tell you in Boston that it was the Massachusetts division that really made possible the winning of the war—but any sailor is welcome. It used to be no uncommon thing for some Boston gentleman to seize a sailor by the arm and march him into a big limousine, force a huge cigar into his trembling fingers and take him for a ninety-mile ride, ending up with a big feed at which the sailor was the guest of honor. Why, in Boston it used to be that when the citizens found a drunken sailor they'd put him to bed, place cracked ice on his brow and say soothingly: "Poor fellow, he's been led astray." When they found a soldier in the same fix, you could hear: "There's another one of those drunken bums."

Of course, there were a good many towns where conditions were reversed, and where the soldier would be put to bed and the sailor permitted to cool his heels in the bastille. But Boston has put up with sailor antics for so long that the arrest of these cheerful rioters comes as a blow. When Boston, where even the police have gone on strike, takes so stern a stand for law and order, what's a poor sailor to do for amusement. It's getting so a man has to join the striking miners in order to have excitement and have it safely.

Some blood brother to the ancient house of Borgia has been at work in Alliance the past week or two, and several harmless, tail-wagging dogs have been the victims of his operations. There are a lot of people in this world that we can't work up any great enthusiasm over, and the fellow who will offer a friendly dog a piece of meat soaked with arsenic heads the list. All of us will admit that the city is not the best place in the world for a dog, and occasionally we have cursed some lumbering pup which yelped at us from the porch, nipped at our heels or chased our automobile. But the dogs that have been poisoned in Alliance have been, without exception, the play-fellows of children.

It is the inalienable right of every boy to call some dog his own, to teach him to chase sticks and to roll

over and play dead. A dog makes a better companion for a kid than a preacher. If the average dog could speak, he could tell more interesting secrets than any schoolgirl. It's the ability of the dog to fit into moods that makes him so great a success—and if we had our way about it, there would be one in every home where there is a child growing up. And even in homes where there are none but grownups, a dog often makes a difference.

One of those whose dog is now chasing butterflies in a happy hunting ground where bones are buried every half yard has real blood in his eye. The Herald carries an advertisement this week offering a fifty-dollar reward for information on which prosecution may be based. The dog probably wasn't worth any such sum in his palmist days—at least he was never taxed on a third that valuation. But the children in that family wouldn't have taken a thousand cold dollars for him, and it will be years before something will be found to fill his place. Just what crime could that kind of a dog have committed that would make him deserve a dose of poison? What sort of a man must he be who would take pleasure in so contemptible an act?

It will probably be argued by friends of the dog poisoner—maybe by that estimable gentleman himself—that the dog annoyed him or barked at his chickens, or snapped at his heels, or was up to some other disagreeable trick that dogs occasionally are guilty of. What of it? Lots of children are pert and sassy—throw snowballs at you—are guilty of crimes that only impudent and heathenish hoydens can imagine. But you don't poison children who annoy you. You may be itching to wring their necks, but you never even turn them across your knee and paddle them in the place made and provided. There are even insolent and disagreeable grownups—some of whom you would enjoy watching attempt to digest ground glass—but you let them live. It takes a brave man to poison an unsuspecting dog—friendly creature which is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of cats and fleas.

All of us grow old too fast—and some of us have never had the right sort of a childhood. The writer can't remember a time since he was old enough to dress himself when he didn't have at least one dog—and oftener it was two or three. Every day or so we'd meet a friendly pup uptown and coax him home and swipe meat out of the refrigerator to feed him. One time Eddie and I found an awfully nice dog which was just as friendly as could be, but wouldn't follow us. We tied a rope around his neck and dragged him for thirteen blocks, and then told mother that he had followed us all the way home and we couldn't make him go back. We had another dog, but she let us keep him. She didn't particularly like dogs—they tracked mud into the house—but she found out early that when a kid was playing with a dog he was out of mischief. Somehow, we feel sorry for the man who can't find something to like about any dog. He must have had a lonely childhood and youth.

TWO STORIES

The first story illustrates the point that price usually determines the quality. It is about an Indian named Big Smoke who was employed as a missionary out in Oklahoma.

A tourist once asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preachum."

"Tat so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," commented the white man, "that's d—n poor pay."

"Umph!" replied Big Smoke, "me d—n poor preacher."

The second story is about a Scotchman, and shows how you may sometimes get the same, or better, results with less cost.

Three men went into the smoking compartment of a Pullman. They got to talking and relating their experiences in various parts of the world, and one, seeking to make an impression on his companions, lit a cigar with a dollar bill.

NATURE'S WAY

Alcohol and dangerous sedatives are fast falling into disuse. When the body is debilitated the effectual means of restoring strength is

SCOTT'S
EMULSION

which does what your regular food should do but all too often fails to do—nourishes and strengthens the whole body. It is the results that follow the use of Scott's Emulsion that have made its multitude of friends.

The Norwegian cod-liver oil used in Scott's Emulsion is super-refined from pure American Laboratories. Its purity and quality is unsurpassed. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J., 1919

Not to be outdone, the second of the two used a two-dollar bill for the same purpose.

The third traveler, who was a Scot, filling up his briar pipe again, took a check book from his pocket and wrote out a check for a thousand dollars. Then, scratching a match, he applied it to the check and calmly lit his pipe with it.—The Northern.

Worse and Worse

Miss Greene had been invited to be a bridesmaid at quite a smart wedding, and spent much time in planning her new frock.

At last it was ready, and when she tried it on, she asked Mrs. Jones, from next door, to come and see it.

"It's sweet, my dear!" said the good lady admiringly. "And certainly you look a lady, whatever you

are."

Mrs. Greene's face told her she had made a mistake, so she corrected herself hurriedly:

"No, I mean you are a lady, whatever you look!"—London Answers.

There are some things in my past that I wouldn't care to have advertised—and I have lots of company in that respect.—Buckshot.

This Year if Ever

Thanksgiving should be celebrated, in fitting style. And it can't be done right unless you please the kiddies. Ask them what they want and they'll not hesitate a minute. Right out they shout:

IT'S TURKEY!

You can satisfy that demand in a savory style by securing a live Turkey from us. We have a generous supply that have been fed especially for the occasion. Come in immediately—select the one you want. Make a day of it for the children.

And if it to be "done right" you need the trimmings. We can supply you with the little things that put the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving Dinner. All the

Nuts, Fruit and Celery

you will want can be purchased at Our Store. You know we sell only the best, so if you want your Thanksgiving Dinner an unqualified success fill your needs with us.

The Final touch is Flowers—Our Thanksgiving Specials will Merit Your Special Consideration.

We Will Be Open Thanksgiving Morning—To Take Care of Your Eleventh Hour Needs

Alliance Floral Co.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Tanned bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimdandiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joy'us jimmy pipe every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smoke!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.