

**Comment--and
Discomment**

Do you remember the old Sunday school library? There may be such things yet, for all we know, but they flourished most in the days before Andrew Carnegie donated all those ten and fifteen thousand dollar buildings to the smaller cities and towns. And do you remember that choice assortment of books that you used to lug home after Sunday school was out—they were always urging you to "stay for church," but you never did—and the Sunday afternoons that you put in reading them, while you propped yourself up as close to the base burner as you could get. Those were the days—and those were the books.

It was a point of honor with the folks who selected the books in those libraries to choose none that had a possible gleam of interest, and only occasionally was there one without a moral on every page. Every volume was on the order of the Little Rollo series and the Elsie Books. Many of them were cunningly written with the aim of encouraging attendance at Sunday school.

We remember one of those volumes which helped to pass a rainy Sunday and strengthened our moral purpose. It dealt with two playmates, John and James. James was an exceedingly good lad, according to the story, and used to plow through snowdrifts almost up to his little shoulders so he wouldn't be late at Sunday school. He had won all the medals there were for good attendance. He was never known to play marbles for keeps, or to use coarse and vulgar language. In time he grew up to be a pillar of the church and a member of the legislature, which, somehow or other, the folks who used to write that sort of literature felt to be a great honor. All the heroes found their way, after many trials and lots of tribulation, to the legislature.

James, on the other hand, was inclined to be wild. He occasionally played hockey from school, and on one occasion, at least, had lied about it afterward. He had been known to withhold his penny when the plate was passed, and had afterward been seen at work on an all-day sucker. When the fish were biting, he would start out for Sunday school as usual, but would be found by the others down at the mill pond after the session was over. John felt it his duty to remonstrate with James, but all efforts to set him right failed. James persisted on his downward path and finally became a vile horse trader, from which, by easy stages, he trod a path that led ever downward. In time he smoked cigarettes. Our memory fails us at this point, but he probably proceeded from cigarettes to chewing tobacco; from chewing tobacco to beer; and once he reached beer, anyone could have foreseen the end.

The story of John and James is a fair sample of the average book in the old time Sunday school library. Some of them had plots that later were a boon to the nickel novel writers, who peeled out a part of the moral element and enlarged a trifle on the thrills. A few of our readers may have learned here for the first time that the paper-backed thrillers had a moral side. As a matter of fact, they were modeled on the same pattern that the Sunday school literature used. In either case, the hero was an extraordinary model young man who succeeded in doing impossible things, while the villain was a dyed-in-the-wool schemer who was baffled at every turn by the hero. The only difference was that the paper-backed thrillers stirred the imagination, while the old time Sunday school books embalmed it.

The use of that word "baffled" reminds us that an old word or expres-

You Must Do More

It is not enough that you stop the cough, you must go back of the effect and remove the cause. Thousands subject to colds and coughs find that

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

three or four times daily works wonders in building up resistance. *Scott's derives its power to strengthen by its power to nourish. Better let Scott's Emulsion help remove the cause.*

The Norwegian cod-liver oil used in Scott's Emulsion is super-refined in our own American Laboratories. Its purity and quality is unsurpassed. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N.J. 19-27

sion dies every day. What has become of the villain who was "non-plussed"? Or the hero who walked off in "high dudgeon"? What on earth was a dudgeon, anyway, and why did they make it high? No one ever heard of a low dudgeon.

You may have heard the story of the nice old lady who was reading her story by the fireside one night, when she came across a peculiar expression. "John," she called out to her husband, who was looking for his pipe in the parlor, "John, what's a halidom?"

"Well," said John, who wasn't quite sure of his ground, and wanted to gain a little time, "how have they use it there?"

"The book says," said the old lady, reading it out: "'By my halidom," said the marquis, "it is now nine o'clock!"'"

"Simple enough," said her husband, "halidom was the old English name for 'watch.' The marquis had just looked at his Waterbury."

One of the university professors has devised a system for telling of the period a piece of literature came from by the expressions it contains. It's remarkably interesting and fairly simple, too. The first American authors wrote of young ladies who were extremely nervous, and given to fainting on every occasion when someone broke news to them, good or bad. This period is called "The Glass of Water" era, for invariably the heroine, when she feels herself slipping, calls out to the maid, or to her father, or mother, or the butler: "Bring me a glass of water, please," and then faints gracefully, or else revives suddenly and with a wan smile remarks: "I feel much better now."

Another period is "The Glass of Whisky" or "Brandy and Soda" era, for the men, and "The Smelling Salts" for the feminine characters. The symptoms were much the same. Someone tells the hero something, and he takes some whisky or a stiff brandy and soda to recover his nerves. He never took a simple brandy and soda—always a stiff drink; it seemed to make him recover self-control more quickly. The lady in this period of literature always called for her smelling salts—the word used was usually "vinaigrette" although it has always puzzled us to know how a fainting woman could get it uttered in time.

Now that there is no more whisky, and smelling salts are no longer carried in the best sets, what on earth are the poor novel writers to do? They can make a hero take his bath every morning. That in itself is enough to make him an exceptional man. We remember once trying to make "Rus" take seven baths a week, when it was easy as pie. There were nice hot showers, and we proposed to him that we'd take a bath every morning. He was with us for six straight days, but rebelled on the seventh. He said that six baths were enough for any white man. He liked to bathe, and all that, but his hair was so dry that it broke off when he tried to brush it, and his skin had whitened so much that four people asked him in the course of a block whether he wasn't getting ill.

Speaking of baths, Rufus Jones over at the Community club told one that we hadn't heard before. Some gentleman of leisure had been out late one night, exploring saloons—Rufe didn't really know the man, he'd only heard the story—and had accumulated a load. Late the next morning a friend called at his apartments, and held conversation with the valet.

"Is Mr. Smith about yet?" he inquired, genially.

"No, sir," said the valet, "at least, not now, sir. Mr. Smith got up about 7 o'clock this morning, drank his bath and went back to bed."

It's getting so a mere man is up against it. Women can now learn to read character in a course of ten lessons, sent on approval at a nominal cost of only five dollars. Hand-writing experts are willing to give you away for half that amount. And now comes a scientist who has discovered that a man's character and disposition can be told from the way he smokes cigars. Here are the characteristics, and if you show up in a bad light, there is yet time to change your smoking mannerisms before your wife or sweetheart gets next:

"The man who smokes is easily recognizer. His lips will show it without his speaking. He who fixes his cigar deeply in his mouth is of a nature resolute, skeptical and abrupt; one who bites off the end of his cigar is careless, thoughtless or listless. When the cutter is used to nip off the end, the smoker may be considered a man of caution. The user of the amber holder is a delicate person. The man who smokes his cigar to the end is a faithful friend, a constant husband, and of a persevering nature. If one is in the habit of throwing away the cigar when only half-smoked, he is in danger of being considered fickle, blase, and a trifler."

A strike is regarded as about as cheerless a form of holiday diversion as a man can select.—Record.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers in Box Butte county, Nebraska, for the week ending November 1, 1919, as reported by J. D. Emerick, bonded abstractor, First National Bank building, Alliance, Nebraska:

F. M. Knight, single, to John Dougherty, lot 4, block K, Sheridan addition to Alliance, \$275.00.

Jerusha E. Baxter, widow, to Effie A. Wells, SW 1/4 of 23-25-48, \$1,065.00.

George F. Atkins, single, and Richard Atkinson, single, to Louis E. Hood, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, 4-25-48, \$1,000.00.

W. S. Acheson and wife to Eliza S. Brown, S 1/2 of SE 1/4 of 25-27-48, \$2,000.00.

George A. Mellring and wife to Henry A. Rust, E 1/2 of lot 7, block 7, second addition to Alliance, \$7,000.00.

F. E. Reddish and wife to John L. Ward, 50x140 feet, lot 1, block V, Sheridan addition to Alliance, \$1,250.00.

Ursula Tuttle, single, to E. T. Kibble, 140 acres in NW 1/4 of 25-25-48, \$11,025.00.

James R. McKinney and wife to J. W. Carroll, lot 4, block 14, Wyoming addition to Alliance, \$3,000.00.

Elizabeth L. King and husband to C. L. Hill, lot 6, block W, second addition to Alliance, \$2,800.00.

W. S. Acheson, et al. to Charley L. Finch and wife, lot 3 block 21, Box Butte addition to Alliance, \$500.00.

JONES BUYS NEW LOCK

Rufus Jones, secretary of the Community club, had a large sized grouch on the other day when approached by a reporter for The Herald, and it would seem that he has a perfect right to the grouch.

Someone has been effecting an entrance into his office at night. Several times he has come to his office and found an empty whisky bottle left on the floor, and once or twice the marauders had left other signs which Mr. Jones did not care to discuss.

The lock on the Community club is an old one, just about worn out. Sometimes it works and sometimes it does not. Whether this is responsible for the fact that outsiders have been able to get into the place during the night, or whether some person unknown to the secretary has a key to the place, Mr. Jones is not sure, but he has solved the problem by getting rid of the old lock and having a new one installed in its place.

As a Counterbalance

At the present time, when values are high and possibly going higher, when the adjustment of post-war conditions has not been completely made, it is a doubly wise business principle to think of the strength and stability one gains by

A BANK ACCOUNT

In addition to affording the material financial aid at the time you are in need of it, it develops in you the habit of economizing in small things. You learn the great results that can be obtained by small beginnings strengthened by regular additions. You can start a savings account with One Dollar and the first step toward methodical savings has been taken.

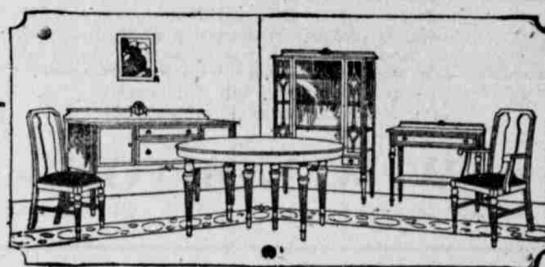
It is a particularly advisable habit for parents to give their children. Advance them the money to commence the account and endeavor to teach them to save their pennies and nickels. They, too, soon learn how simple it is to accumulate an appreciable sum in the bank

In order to encourage the opening of savings accounts in the community of Alliance, The First State Bank has, since the First of November, been adding

One Dollar With Your First

We invite you to open a savings account with us, and assure you that you will receive—in addition to the Dollar we give as encouragement—every courtesy and convenience that modern banking houses afford their patrons.

The First State Bank



**Do You Believe
In Atmosphere?**

We don't mean the pure air circulating about but the invisible effect produced through harmonious arrangements.

Atmosphere will produce success or failure—smiles or wrinkles—happiness or discontent—even though it be an invisible force.

There is a Business Atmosphere for example which through the manner an office or concern is managed will produce good office force results or grumbling.

Then there is Home Atmosphere which has effects that reflect on happiness, success and the enjoyment of life in general.

Good furniture, nice rugs, well chosen silverware, neat furnishings, all tend to create Proper Atmosphere. Poor and gaudy effects produce results and feelings just the opposite—breed discontent, as it were.

There is a feeling of satisfaction that comes when YOU relax in a home furnished well. This does not mean a home elaborately or expensively furnished—but one arranged with taste and GOOD FURNITURE no matter how little.

GOOD FURNITURE helps produce an atmosphere that is highly beneficial to YOUR personal success, family comfort and all around environment.

May we have YOUR consideration when YOU plan to make new FURNITURE purchases or to replace old ones? You will find our furniture good, worth while and not out of reason in price.

GLEN MILLER

Alliance, Nebraska