

RANDOM SHOTS

One of these professional paraphernalia remarks that personality will help you on your way, but that personalities won't.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Sheriff Miller is looking for someone with a knowledge of distilling, who has had experience and knows the game, to take charge of a fifty-gallon outfit recently captured and get ready to supply the Thanksgiving and Christmas trade. If the fifty-gallon still is too large, there are two or three smaller stills available. The sheriff insists that the applicants be able to manufacture a first class product, such as this city has been furnished in the past, and has already contracted for a supply of dead rats to be delivered daily.

The King of the Ad Alley points out that while there is no scratch on the bookkeeper's right cheek, there was a long blonde hair on his right shoulder this morning.

Now that the women are getting their hair bobbed, it's no longer a crime for a man to have a hair on his coat. Maybe he got it where he got his dandruff—at the barber shop.

And maybe he didn't.

It'll be all right with us if the new neighbors have a phonograph, but there's one record we hope will go out of print.

We overheard an Alliance man telling a friend this week that it had been three years since he'd missed a meal. "But," he said, "I've gone to six banquets."

Don't discourage your wife if she wants to associate with you, is a bit of advice from one of this year's crop of theatrical productions.

Viola Dana, movie star, sees cause for rejoicing all around, according to her press agent. She recalls that a time ago the cry was "No beer, no work!" "Isn't it glorious?" she queries. "Now we've got both."

THEORY—AND PRACTICE.

The esteemed Times, discussing the Lakeside oil project: "The Times has not been given to 'blowing' about the oil operations at Lakeside. Rather, it has preferred to print the facts as the facts were known and to let each individual draw his own conclusions. To do otherwise would be sheer folly."

Two columns to the right, a headline reads: "Brings in 1,000 Barrel Oil Well Near Rushville."

If it's sheer folly to blow about the Lakeside project, what sort of folly is it to romance about the Rushville project?

When is a rumor not a rumor? When it comes from Rushville?

All wells are 1,000-barrel wells when the report first comes out.

The reformers who have been worried about the love-making going on in the court house may now be reassured. It isn't being done by any employee of the county, even if it is going on during working hours. The only love-making anyone there knows anything about takes place in the county judge's office whenever there's a wedding, and if it's ever permissible, that's the time.

Jesse Miller was giving some good advice to a young lady who told him that the rats were killing papa's chickens something terrible. "Why," said Jesse, "come down to the office tomorrow and I'll give you the name of some dope that will kill every rat within four blocks." "Will it hurt the chickens," asked the young lady, with an interested air. "I never thought about that," confessed the hotel man.

TODAY'S BEST STORY.

A young fellow and his girl companion entered a soft-drink parlor and took their places at one of the wiggly tables. There were many persons

DRESS MY TOP

The top protects you from the sun, the rain, and all other weather.

Now you should protect your top.

Tops cost money, and wear out fast, but,

Tops can be protected. I have a dressing of my own make that will put, and keep your top in perfect condition, providing you bring your car in a couple of times a season, and let me give it the once over.

My charges are so small for this service, that you cannot afford to let it go another day.

When it comes to SERVICE see AL.

ALS AUTO SERVICE

Between Drake Hotel and Elks Club.

grouped about the room drinking sodas, lemonades, etc., through straws. After scanning the drink list, the young man proposed drinks of modest cost, fumbling the small coin in his pocket at the time. The waitress returned presently with the order, taking the proffered coin. Then the couple began drinking through the straws. All at once the young lady in a spontaneous and somewhat voluminous voice exclaimed: "My sucker's broke." Whereupon the young man admonished her, "What if I am? You needn't blab it all over the house."

Some fellow was taking about applejack yesterday, and the tender tone in which he described the stuff brought tears to our eyes.

ABIE IS BACK ON THE JOB.

Abe Martin II. of Bridgeport, is back on the job this issue with some more. "While the light holds out to burn"—and all that sort of thing. We'd kill the fatted calf, but we have none. If killing the errand boy will fill the bill, we'll sacrifice our father on his glorious occasion. Abe II writes:

Going home yeste'day after the rain from the bakery, Napoleon Muzzy stooped down and picked up a perfectly good, fresh, bright new ten-penny nail. In doing so he lost in the water a perfectly good, fresh, bright, new thirty-cent pie.

"I sometimes wonder," said Dr. Cyrenus Batt day before yeste'day, "if the reason why the bench sox it to the feller who conducts his own case, is to drive home the lesson that the legal profession is a closed shop. If so," Cy sighed, "I see the truth of the old saying, 'He who acts as his own attorney has a fool for a client.'"

It is a good thing big Sunday papers head the funny pages with the words, "The Comic Supplement." But for this precaution the chance for a laugh might in many cases be missed through oversight.

"Harry Welkinring had trouble a week ago coming Saturday with his landlord. They were about to parcel out their parts of the corn, all husked and in one big pile. Crabb proposed to begin at the top, but Harry insisted working from the base to the peak," related Kin Gidley. "Well," said Basil Grump, "I can't see what difference that would make." "But," repli-

ed Kin, "you see Harry is a socialist, and he believes in dividing up."

A citizen of Missouri who in self-defense threw a Ben Davis and hit a neighbor on the solar plexus, the blow resulting fatally, was not indicted. The coroner's jury decided death resulted from apple-plexus.

Said Jeff Fundy: "Speaking of jokes, a man crossed the street this mornin' carrying a peach-basket half-full of pertatoes." After a moment's reflection, Prof. Eliot Herring raised his head and remarked, "I am unable to discern anything in that incident to excite merriment. What's the point? Kindly elucidate." "That's just it," replied Jeff: "there ain't any point."

Duke Barrytone next day wanted to know of Jeff if the Prof. bit as easy as the boys was tellin' around. "Yes," Jeff declared, "Herring bit and I ketch-ed him." "The poor fish!" exclaimed Duke.

"Then," said Jeff, "the Prof. turned on me. He quoted something like this, that he said he laughed at thirty years ago when he read it in the paper:

'It is a venial sin
To steal a menial pin;
But greater woes shall smite him
Who steals a comic item.'

The Prof. said he enjoyed the jingle exceedingly when he read it. "Well, I can't see any point to that," volunteered Duke. "Just what I remarked to the Prof. 'So you can not locate the point,' he asked. 'Apparently,' he said, 'you think the pin is sawed off.'"

A REVIEW OF "MAIN STREET"

(By Joseph Warren Beach, Assistant Professor of English, the University of Minnesota.)

"Main Street" is not the story of a Minnesota small town. It is the story of small towns anywhere in America, of big towns anywhere; it is the story of American culture. Mr. Lewis has put into a long novel what Carl Sandburg has put more briefly in his poem, "The Sins of Kalamazoo." "The sins of Kalamazoo are neither scarlet nor crimson. The sins of Kalamazoo are a convict grave, a disintegrator." Kalamazoo is any American town. Its children grow up with a desire to see the world; and they go to the railroad station and buy tickets for Texas, Pennsylvania, Alaska. "And when they have looked the world

over they come back saying it is all like Kalamazoo."

But why stop with America? What Mr. Lewis found in Gopher Prairie, Matthew Arnold found everywhere in England fifty years ago. See "Culture and Anarchy." Heine found it in France. They called it Philistinism. The Philistine is the enemy of ideas. People with ideas he regards as cranks; and he thinks they should be put in prison and denied the privilege of the mails. Dr. Will Kennicott was a good doctor and a good physician, but he was a Philistine. Above all the Philistine objects to those ideas which go under the name of beauty. The Philistine likes comfort and he likes a show. He wants steam heat and he wants cut glass. But simple beauty makes him uneasy. And if he could, he would pass a law against it.

America is the hotbed of Philistinism. But there are hopeful signs. Not the least of these is the popularity of "Main Street." It is little short of a miracle that this book should be

a best seller. It is much too good for that. Mr. Lewis only knows the temptations resisted by him in his making, what he denied himself in the way of the sentimental, the "comedy," the "sob-stuff." And people are reading this sober tale and quarreling over it, low-brow and high-brow, up and down the land! Conviction of sin is the first step toward reformation. That is where we see light. "Main Street" is the guilty conscience of America.

THE NEXT BEST THING

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?"

"Johnny Smith hit me."
"I hope you remember what your Sunday school teacher said about heaping coals on the head of your enemies."
"Well, ma, I didn't have any coal, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."—Boston Transcript.

Any good movement will succeed if it is put over before it has a chance to become a political issue.

INHUMAN TREATMENT

Heroin (in the melodrama)—"What are those shrieks?"
Villain (relentlessly)—"They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch."—London Passing Show.

It's a sad world. About the time a man gets rich enough to afford a fine automobile, he can't get his waist line behind the steering wheel.

There are two classes of public men, those who have nothing to conceal and those who think the press should be cursed.

The marriage will probably be a permanent arrangement if the bride's trousseau includes a few gingham aprons.

Still, it's a lot easier to love our fellow men if they are women.

After all, the best way to elevate the masses is to raise children properly.

Prepare Now for the Winter of Life

BE ASSURED of comfort and plenty when your earning capacity is limited by feeble and dimming eyesight.

The young couple who save part of each week's earnings are building securely against want and worry in their declining years.

Sacrifice the small pleasures of youth and practice thrift now, that independence may be yours when old age overtakes you.

Open a savings account at this reliable Bank TODAY.

We will gladly help and advise you in all money matters.

5% Interest on Time Deposits

The First State Bank

Festival Bargains

ON SALE MONDAY, NOV. 21st FOR THREE DAYS

Two boxes Medallian Stationery for76c
Two pounds Cascade, high grade Linen Stationery, for61c



Two pints of pure imported Spanish Olive Oil, for\$1.26

Two bottles of fine grade Toilet Water, your choice of either Violet, Wisteria or Lilac, for\$1.26

Two bottles DeWitt's Cough Syrup, for36c

Two bottles Kodak Dyspepsia Remedy, for\$1.01

Two boxes Imported Rice Face Powder, for61c

HOT WATER BOTTLES

\$2.50 guaranteed Hot Water Bottles and Fountain Syringe, two for\$2.51



BARGAINS IN ONEIDA COMMUNITY SILVERWARE

One Set Six Knives and Six Forks\$4.58
One Set Six Teaspoons98
One Set Six Salad Forks2.49
One Berry Spoon1.19
One Gravy Ladle1.19

Make Our Store Yours While Attending the Festival.

HOLSTEN'S



You'll get somewhere with a pipe and P. A.!

Start fresh all over again at the beginning! Get a pipe!—and forget every smoke experience you ever had that spilled the beans! For a jimmy pipe; packed brimful with Prince Albert, will trim any degree of smokejoy you ever registered! It's a revelation!

Put a pin in here! Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process. So, just pass up any old idea you may have stored away that you can't smoke a pipe! We tell you that you can—and just have the time of your life on every fire-up—if you play Prince Albert for packing!

What P. A. hands you in a pipe it will duplicate in a home-made cigarette! Gee—but you'll have a lot of fun rolling 'em with Prince Albert; and, it's a cinch because P. A. is crimp cut and stays put!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red boxes, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moisture top.



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