

"MAIN STREET"

From the Novel by
SINCLAIR LEWIS

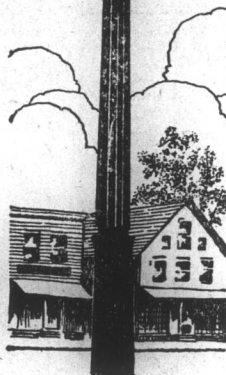
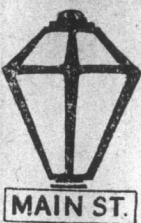


FLORENCE VIDOR



MONTÉ BLUE

WARNER BROS.
Classic of the Screen



Directed by HARRY BEAMONT

Florence Vidor, Monte Blue

and a sterling cast in a screen masterpiece possessing all the tragedy, the humor and the romance of life as it is lived in your own home town.

PASTIME THEATRE

Wednesday and Thursday

Famous Steamship Chefs Are Artists In Preparing Attractive Cold Buffets



Display Aboard S. S. America.

New York, Oct. 10.—The cooking competition recently started among the chefs of the steamships of the United States Lines, is progressing rapidly. These experts in the art of satisfying the inner man, are steadily striving to excel each other in the preparation of meals for their passengers. The contest, which started between the chefs of the crack liners George Washington and America, now takes in all the vessels of the United States Lines fleet, and is consuming the attention of all in the culinary departments, from the head cooks to the youngest of the pantry boys. These chefs go Napoleon one better in paraphrasing his famous saying that "an army travels on its stomach." They declare that a satisfied steamship passenger is one whose stomach is nourished with wholesome, well-prepared foods, and accordingly are doing their utmost to see that those gastronomic affairs they have in hand are served with the best dishes at their command.

The standards of cooking prevailing on the United States Lines are declared by experts on the question, to be the highest in the world, and every chef on every steamship of the line endeavors, and endeavors successfully, to uphold this reputation. "Billy Lynn," traveling supervising steward of the United States Lines, who knows what good food is if ever a man does, is of the very positive opinion that despite the mighty efforts of the experienced chefs of the United States Lines, no one of them is superior to his fellows. "Billy," who has traveled on every one of the ships from the mighty Leviathan to the smaller boats in the fleet in the London trade, says that as the result of the contest under way, the standards of cooking on these vessels have reached a point which cannot be improved upon. He avers that a passenger on the George Washington might go aboard the President Garfield, sit down in the dining room of the latter ship, and as far as the food was concerned, feel that he was still on the larger vessel.

Though the chefs on the United States liners have not been able to establish any one of the steamships as being superior to the others in the matter of service and cooking of food, they are not disgruntled. In fact, they have started another contest in connection with their art. Being convinced that they have thoroughly satisfied the "inner man" of their passengers, the chefs are now out to delight the eye.

There are any number of pastries and desserts as well as more substantial foods which these past masters in the art of cooking can serve in unique forms of striking originality. Cold foods such as roast hams, roast sides of beef tongue and lamb as prepared for a buffet by these chefs, present a picture that would arouse an appetite in a man who has already had a full dinner. Pastries and ices moulded into every conceivable form, are created by these master cooks for their passengers.

On the George Washington, America, President Harding, President Roosevelt, President Arthur and President Fillmore, work of this nature is seen at its best for here the dining rooms permit of a varied buffet display of a true magnificence. On sailing days from New York these cold buffets are admired not alone by passengers but by the hundreds of visitors who board the liners before their departure. The exclamations of wonder and delight of these at the extremely attractive and appetizing arrangements of food-stuffs are very pleasing to the chefs and stewards of the vessels.

The America has set a high mark for the other ships to shoot at, and consequently many magnificent buffets are looked for in the future as the chefs strive to outdo each other in this direction. At a recent sailing of the America Chief Steward Paul Schickel and Chief Cook Teddy Bonsett, received the congratulations of thousands of persons upon the gorgeous layout.

Major Foil also stated that he talked with Governor McLeod, of South Carolina, and was informed that the Chief Executive of the Palmetto State will not be able to be here for Governor's Day unless present plans are changed. Governor McLeod at present intends to be in Indiana on the day he was invited to speak here, and he told Mr. Foil that he could not come unless some important business developed in the immediate future which would prevent him from making the trip to Indiana to attend a conference of Governors. In event the Indiana trip has to be cancelled, Governor McLeod stated, he would make every effort to be here with Governor Morrison on Friday of fair week.

R. D. Goodman, county farm agent and general superintendent of farm and field crops and livestock exhibits at the fair announced today the following list of committees which will assist him in the work of securing and displaying exhibits from the farm.

Department A—Farm and Field Crops: W. H. Furr, Sam Black, Chas. R. Walker, W. M. Morrison, Sam Pharr.
Department B—Horticultural Products: E. A. Morrison, W. C. McKinley, H. E. Cline, J. A. Furr, Jno. R. Black-welder.
Department C—Livestock: W. O. Petrea, Ralph Morrison. Beef cattle, Geo. Y. Klutz, P. M. Krimminger. Guernsey cattle: Nat Archer, W. H. Hagler. Holstein cattle: Chas. E. Boger, J. L. Wal-thal. Jersey cattle: Watt Smith, Roy Scott. Berkshire hogs, A. H. Litaker. Duroc Jersey hogs, G. L. Brown. O. I. C. hogs, F. M. Parrish. Hampshire hogs, Geo. Y. Klutz, W. E. Alexander. Poland China hogs, Jno. C. Casper, Harris Bro. and Newell.
Poultry in General—H. E. Cline, Mrs. Ed. Irvin, Mrs. W. N. Barnhardt, Mrs. L. W. Earnhardt, Mrs. M. N. Petrea, Paris Kidd, Cameron MacRae, B. C. Hopkins, J. F. Faggert, Mrs. R. A. Alexander, Mrs. G. C. Hagler.

Making His Get-a-Way

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

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LUCIUS GRIGGS, president of the Ninth National bank, was smiling as he sped in his car along the pike at four in the morning. He had already put twenty-eight miles between himself and Royceville, and had plenty of time to catch the limited.

In his suitcase he had a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he had abstracted from the bank vaults. There had been not the slightest difficulty about it. He had sent the watchman away on some well-reasoned errand, had abstracted the money, and walked out. The theft would not be discovered until eight o'clock. Plenty of time! Oh, plenty of time!

He was thinking of the little paradise he had planned for himself in Europe. At the same time he knew that if he had the chance, he would replace the money and go back to Royceville.

But that was impossible, for he could not send old Martin away again, at five in the morning.

Five o'clock—six. It was growing light. Griggs was heading for a mountainous district, beyond which lay the large town where he meant to catch the train. He saw another car approaching the single road from the Royceville direction. The two roads joined into one that went straight through the pass.

And as he watched it a singular fear began to come over him that this car was in pursuit of him.

It was a foolish idea, only it was going at such a rate—and why should anyone be traveling from Royceville at that hour of the morning?

Moreover, it looked to Griggs as if the two cars would reach the fork of the two roads simultaneously.

Making his calculations, Griggs slowed down. He wanted the other car to get ahead of him. Then he would be able to shake off that absurd fear of his.

To his dismay the other car began to slow down perceptibly, too. Thereupon Griggs threw on speed. The other car slowed down still more.

Griggs became frantic. It was evident now that the other car was in pursuit of him and wanted him to be first at the pass. He slowed down still more, and the other car, after making transparent efforts to maneuver, threw in a burst of speed.

The result of all this maneuvering was that the two cars seemed likely to reach the pass together. Griggs began to crawl. He was willing to face his pursuers if necessary, but he was not going to get ahead of them and be at their mercy.

He saw red. He was desperate, frenzied. He no longer cared what happened. He saw his little paradise melting away. Why had he been such a fool as to steal the money?

He would have given all the world if he could have been happily back in his home in Royceville as on the evening before.

The second car was rapidly approaching the fork of the roads. After a moment's indecision it suddenly made a spur, reached the intersection of the two roads, and stopped. Griggs saw the two detectives in it, and he no longer doubted.

And, filled with madness, he made a wild dash toward it. He saw the two men stand up, heard cries of alarm, saw their futile effort to draw out of the way, and then, with a shout of triumph, he had driven his machine full into it.

There was a smashing and splintering of chassis and tonneau. Griggs was whirled high into the air. Yet even in that last desperate moment he was aware of a third car with two men seated in it, approaching at a wild speed along the road behind him.

He opened his eyes to find himself looking at the interior decorations of his bedroom. At first the events of the night seemed only like a wild dream. Then he remembered.

He groaned. Of course they had brought him to his home, under guard. He was being held, to stand his trial. He was ruined, disgraced, and the penitentiary loomed before him.

The nurse was bending over him. "Hush! You mustn't try to talk. You are too brave a man to imperil your recovery."

"You must tell me . . ."

He listened incredulously to her story of the bank robbers who had blown the empty safe after his departure and fled in their car, of his own heroic act in sending Martin away because he suspected of his pursuit and capture of the robbers and the money single-handed.

He sank back tremulously on the pillow. The little paradise was here, in Royceville, after all.

Spurred to Action.

Hub—That bag of ours has broken my tobacco jar and ruined that meerschaum pipe that I took me so long to color.

Wife—Well, it can't be helped now. It won't do any good to stand there wallowing about your loss.

Hub—That's so! I'll try, whaling the author of it.—Boston Transcript.

Naturally Endowed.

The woman said she wanted a book to give her little boy on his birthday, something useful and instructive.

"Here's an excellent one on 'Self Help,'" said the clerk.

"Self Help?" she exclaimed. "He doesn't need any instruction in that line—you ought to see him at a party."—Boston Transcript.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



The Cost of Railroad Operation

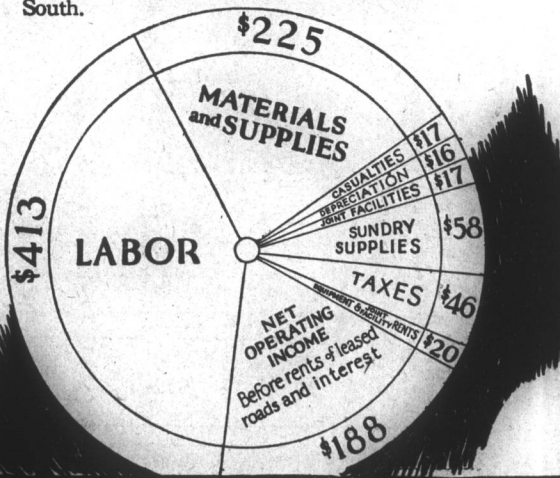
Our total receipts for the past three years have averaged \$3,230 a year for each employee. Out of these earnings we must first pay wages, which have averaged in the same period \$1,580 a year.

Out of the \$1,650 remaining, we must pay our bills for materials and supplies, pay for the coal burned in our engines, meet loss, damage and casualty claims, pay rents and taxes, and have enough left over to provide a fair return on the investment.

At the service of each employee is an average investment of \$13,000 in railroad property—tracks, stations, terminals, equipment, etc.

Only by efficiency of management, an understanding of the transportation needs of the South, loyal service of employees, and the

confidence and cooperation of the public, is it possible for a large railroad system like the Southern to provide adequate and dependable transportation service—and save enough out of its earnings to provide a fair return on the investment, and thus command the new capital needed to keep pace with the growth of the South.



Southern Railway System last year spent in the South \$20,000,000 more than it received from the South.

THE SOUTHERN



SERVES THE SOUTH

COME TO THE BIG FAIR

Concord, October 16-20, Inclusive