

Dinner Stories

Cutest Thing

Wife—Only one man when in love ever told the truth.
Hubby—Who was that?
Wife—That was Adam when he said, "Eve, you're the only woman in the world for me."

Mother: Bobby, why can't you two play without quarreling?
Bobby: We are playing fireman and Lena won't jump off the roof.

Anna—I wonder if I shall lose my looks when I am as old as you?
Belle—You'll be lucky if you do, dear!

One-day little Johnny was told by his mother to bring some kittens into the house, and to be very careful with them, to handle them as if they were flowers. A short time later his mother saw Johnny bringing the kittens in, holding them by their stems like flowers.

"What is your definition of a man?"
Mabel looked at him coldly. The clock struck 11. She hid a yawn behind her hand and said:
"Your definition of a manly man is one who doesn't stay on and on and just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out."

Last summer during the hot weather I placed some fly paper on the kitchen table. My daughter, aged four, watched the flies being tangled. A few minutes later I saw her with the fly paper spread on the floor, trying to get her naked feet caught on the fly paper. Suddenly she cried out, "Oh mother, I am learning the Charleston!"

Proud Father, in Paris: "Look, my baby has a tooth."
Friend: "Don't let the Americans see or they will want it applied on their war debts."

The cat settled herself very comfortably in front of the fire. Dolly regarded her with interest. Suddenly the cat began to purr, and Dolly threw a puff of cold water over the cat, as she told us later she thought the cat was beginning to boil.

Who is the leading citizen in Fitzgerald?
One-eyed Jake.
"Thought he was a lawbreaker?"
He is. Jake's the pacemaker for the war debts."

Barry to State.
Hickory Record.
The Concord Tribune wants to know "When Does the Real Stuff Come From?" It had reference to a story the other day that mountain liquor made in North Carolina was sent to sea port towns and poured into interesting looking bottles and then shipped back to the inland states for sale as the "real stuff."

Why, said Bionas, "whenever anything particular I want to remember, I write it on a slip of paper and keep it in my trousers pocket."

Can't you just see some of our old mountain corn being carted away to some island country where it is doctored into "real stuff?" And that, we venture, is where it comes from. The story mentioned the Eastern part of North Carolina, but no such laurels shall be whisked away from the magic Western section. To be more exact, we would point unhesitatingly at the South mountains and name it the source of supply. This newspaper has been accused of advertising the industries of that South Mountain section to such an extent that the demand cannot be supplied. Possibly we are guilty. If the supply cannot be stopped, it is just as well that we patronize home industries. Here is a firm belief that the South mountain product is as pure as any of the rest.

Old Court House Stands.
The old court house is good enough for us. That's the feeling. Just the looks and give lat a once—nothing to serve cost, and keep taxes. This sort of sentiment led a defeat Tuesday of the electo vote bonds for a new court house. Something like three to one, even bigger odds, indicated how folks are thinking over the prob-of-increased taxes to meet a new court house. The American Legion is a fine effort at the last to save day; but its good intentions went naught. Our commissioners must face the attitude of the people themselves towards spending money repairs or remodeling and an agreed grand jury and judge who say it must be done. Sentiment is strong against spending much for repairs—say not more than \$5,000. The people are hectoring towards spending by sum like \$20,000. Some urge the site be purchased now, while it is not so high, and build later, but keep the old court house only as temporary relief against a better one. It is too much like wasting money to put forth much on it. So, we are back where we started. The commissioners may muster courage enough to build a new court house; but none thinks that this will be done.

"The Marvelous Men of Muscle," an illustrated article of unusual interest which tells of Warren Lincoln Travis, George Jovett, Carl Moore, Roy L. Smith, Sigmund Klein and Arthur Leslie, the strongest men in the world, is only one of many attractive features in the Muscle Builder, a Macfadden publication for March. Bernard Macfadden writes on "How to Build Up Your Chest." This number is crowded with articles which every man and boy should read.

Keyp Him Out.
Newspapers readers will recall the noted and notorious G. C. Bergdoll, who, aided by his mother's wealth, evaded the draft in war time and escaped to Germany, where he has since lived. A few days ago he came into public notice on his way to jail under a charge of wronging a girl. The case is yet pending, but there is a suggestion that Germany may deport Bergdoll. It's a pity that Germany, which harbored him when he sought refuge there to escape taking up arms for his home country, could not be compelled to keep him, with all his undesirability. But our chief concern in this country is that he doesn't head back this way. If he makes the attempt the American legion boys and all other citizens should meet him at the port of entry and throw him overboard. We couldn't get him when he would have been given punishment somewhat commensurate with his deeds. As the war period recedes the hates and prejudices that are a part of it recede and are succeeded by a spirit of general amnesty toward all who offended in war matters. Therefore if Bergdoll should be returned to this country he would hardly receive adequate punishment; and under all the circumstances his absence is preferred to his presence—even his physical presence in jail. Our only interest in Bergdoll is to see that he stays out. He doesn't belong with us.

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The furnishings of a man's office give the first impression of his ideas of progressiveness. If they are not modern they hinder your business. Let us make estimates on new ones today.

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"100 PER CENT." TWICE—THAT'S 200 PER CENT! I CALL THAT PROFITEERING!!

Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER. By CHARLES F. STEWART. NEA Service Writer. Washington, Feb. 19.—The impossible happened. Calvin Coolidge has talked too much. At any rate, the "presidential spokesman" has.

Congress consists of regular Republicans, regular Democrats and so-called radicals, who are rebel Republicans, mostly. In the 88th Congress, as in this, the 89th, the regular Republicans had a safe majority in the House of Representatives, so leave the House of Representatives out of consideration. But in the Senate the Democrats and radicals together are stronger than the regular Republicans—that is to say, when they vote unitedly.

In the last Congress that's what they did, trying up everything. So, between sessions, the regular Republicans buttonholed the regular Democrats and said, "Let's combine against these dam radicals and you shall have some of the gravy."

Thus was formed what the radicals called the "coalition," though the regulars, on both sides, hated the expression. Every time the regular Republicans wanted to do anything of any consequence, they proclaimed, "This is non-partisan," which enabled the regular Democrats to vote for it.

Hence the expression of appreciation from the "presidential spokesman." The regular Democratic senators' home folks hadn't been paying much attention to what their senators were doing, but when a Republican "presidential spokesman" complimented them they set up and took notice. Whereupon the "coalition" blew up, with a deafening report, in the midst of the Senate debate on the tax bill. As for the tax bill, "Go to it! Rip it up! Rip it!" yelled Senator Smoot, its sponsor, in an access of fury, as he saw what the combined Democrats and radicals were doing to it.

Judged the Public by Their Horses. Henry Ward Beecher, it is said, told Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, when the latter was starting out to preach, to study the horses in a community first instead of the people. He said, "If they have fine, spick and span horses, those people have high ideals and you can do them a lot of good. But if they have poor, broken-down, half-starved horses, get out of there. You can't save those people's souls because they have no souls to save."

Wash Funk Cant Drive His Horse to Drink, But His Horse Will Drive Him to Drink Yet.

MOMN POP. IF THE RHEUMATISM IS BOTHERING YOU WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SEE DR. KURTZ? HE'S AWFULLY GOOD IN SUCH CASES.

HELLO DOC—I'M BACK AGAIN. STRANGE, BUT I DON'T RECALL OF EVER SEEING YOU IN MY OFFICE BEFORE.

MA—THAT'S FUNNY—BUT WHEN YOU MEET SO MANY PEOPLE IT'S SOMETHING HARD TO REMEMBER 'EM ALL. —QUITE TRUE—AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

NOT SO GOOD, DOC—MY RHEUMATISM HASN'T IMPROVED ANY—. WELL, JUST CONTINUE WITH THE PRESCRIPTION I GAVE YOU LAST WEEK—\$2.50 PLEASE!

Hot Water. IN A JIFFY. This gas hot water heater is surely a friend in need and a friend indeed of every cook and housewife. Apply a match and in a few minutes steaming hot water will run from the faucet—enough for the dishes, for a bath, etc. Let us install one for you. Pays for itself quickly.

E. B. GRADY. PLUMBING AND HEATING DEALER. Office and Show Room 39 E. Corbin St. Office Phone 334W.

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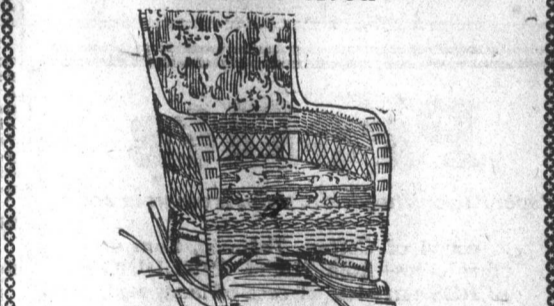
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