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 The finest tobaccos perfectly aged and blended

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**AUDITORIUM**



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26  
 HAROLD LLOYD IN  
 "BLISS"  
 Harold Lloyd supported by 'Babe' Daniels in one of the comedies that made him famous.  
 Also Pearl White in KNOW YOUR MEN and ANN LITTLE in THE BLUE FOX.  
 Admission 10 and 20c.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29  
 LIONEL BARRYMORE  
 IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE  
 A comedy drama of a great artist who was as shy as he was great. The adventures he undergoes are both thrilling and unique.  
 A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION.  
 Also Eddie Polo in DO OR DIE  
 Admission 10 and 25c.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1  
 CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG  
 IN CHARGE IT.  
 Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, please "Charge It", again. The story of a woman who came nearly wrecking two lives with those two simple words.  
 Also Art Accord in THE WHITE HORSEMAN and Mutt and Jeff in THE PAPOSE.  
 Admission 10 and 20c.  
 Matinee, 2:30 Night, 7:15  
 Coming Soon a picture every woman should see THE TRUTH ABOUT HUSBANDS.



**CITY PRESSING CLUB**  
 J. E. WATERS, Prop.

Cleaning  
 Pressing  
 Dyeing

All work turned out promptly.  
 Main Street Brevard

**ARMISTICE DAY AT PLEASANT HILL.**

The good ladies of Pleasant Hill met at the school house Friday, Nov. 11, with well filled baskets. After much conversation among the patrons and many interesting games among the children, attention was called to the contents of the baskets. Quite a crowd had gathered to celebrate Armistice Day and all partook of the feast. After a bountiful meal the school children rendered an interesting Armistice Day program. The day was highly enjoyed by all, old and young.

**BEULAH GILLESPIE.**

**NEW MEAT MARKET**  
 J. E. Waters has opened a new meat stand next to the Rose Cafe.

**MR. BOWSER'S SENTIMENT**

It Comes and Goes Like a Summer Shadow.  
 By M. QUAD.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The fire flickered and danced on the hearth. The crickets were singing their songs and getting ready for a joyous winter. The loeman had collected his last bill and departed. He was full of hope and cheer, for he had made 200 per cent profit. Outside the nightingale warbled his song, but it was no cheap warble. In a day or two he would present a bill of \$25. The strikers were on a strike again, and the police were patting them on the back. All seemed joyous at the home of the Bowsers, but yet his eyes were moist, as he turned to Mrs. Bowser and said:

"My dear, I saw a sight this afternoon that called for all my sentiment."  
 "Was it a sick horse?" she asked.  
 "No, ma'am, it was no sick horse! I was in court as a juror. There was a man arraigned before us for beating his wife. He was six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds. She was five feet high and weighed about ninety. She appeared in court against him, and it was a terrible sight. Her nose was broken, and she had lost all her front teeth, and in addition to that her brute of a husband had blacked both her eyes. She gave her testimony in a low, sweet voice. He had come home half-drunk, and because supper was not ready, and she had no money to buy anything, he knocked her down and gave her a beating. His excuse was that he could find no work at twelve dollars a day. I tell you, my dear, the jury made short work of him. He was found guilty and the judge gave him six months in jail."  
 "He ought to have five years!" said Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, he certainly had. It stirred me to the very heart to look at that little woman. Suppose you had married such a man? Suppose I was a great, big brute, and should break your nose with one blow of my fist?"  
 "I can't suppose it," replied Mrs. Bowser.  
 "I break your nose—then I knock out your teeth—then I black your eyes. You beg for mercy, but I have no mercy in my heart. I hammer you until the neighbors and police arrive. Just suppose I was such a man as that."  
 "But you are not, and so we won't suppose."  
 "No, we won't suppose. I couldn't do it, Mrs. Bowser—I just couldn't do it! I couldn't break your nose and knock out your teeth even if you were very saucy to me. I should come home and, if supper wasn't ready, I would put my arms around your neck and kiss you, and tell you that I would go hungry for a whole month for your sake. Yes, that is what I would tell you."

"I think you would, Mr. Bowser," admitted Mrs. Bowser.  
 "No, I'm not such a man as to knock my wife's feet down her throat. I love her too well. I am full of sympathy for her. You will never need to be



"But I have no mercy in my heart," afraid that I will black your eyes. On the contrary, I will smooth your hair down and kiss you on the cheek—like this."

Mrs. Bowser didn't seem to be elated with his actions. There was just as much danger as if he had sat and read the paper. A whim might seize him at any moment, but she allowed him to paw around until he got tired of it, and sat down.

"I'm not that kind of a man," he repeated. "I love and esteem my wife. I married her when she could have married a better man, and I shall always love and feel grateful to her."

"Did you say there was another strike on?" asked Mrs. Bowser, hoping to change the subject.

"No, I did not say so," was the reply. "But we may look for one. We may look for a strike every two or three minutes until the industry of the whole world comes to ruin. I could not help but think as I sat there in court of my coming home some night and breaking your beautiful nose. You have a beautiful nose, Mrs. Bowser. I could sit by the hour and look at it. Some folks might say that the hump in the middle of it was a

little too high, but I don't think so. All the goddesses had noses with a hump in the middle of them. And such eyes as you have got! You have the eyes of a sloop, and the husband who would blacken them deserves to die. You know what a sloop is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. A sloop is a man who don't get to work on time. If anything ails his eyes I should think he would get some eye water and cure them."

"No, Mrs. Bowser, I would never strike you with my fist. You never need be afraid of me. You can always talk back when you feel like it. Because I am your husband it is no sign that I have any more rights in this house than you have. If I want to paint the house, and you don't want it painted, it is my duty to defer to you. All you have to do is to say to Samuel J. Bowser that the house looks good enough, and we had better have the cost of the new paint in something else."

"Do folks say it's going to be a hard winter?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"I haven't heard anybody say," was the reply. "but never mind the winter whether it's hard or soft. Mrs. Bowser, you have beautiful teeth. What a brute I would be to knock them down



To Dream How He Would Murder the Cobbler.

your throat. Why, I would deserve ten years in state's prison. You see—Mrs. Bowser—you see—"

Mr. Bowser had been walking the floor. Of a sudden he halted, as if struck by an idea, and he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, two days ago I carried a pair of shoes down to the cobbler's. They were my winter shoes, and I wanted the heels fixed up. The cobbler assured me that they would be sent up today. Did they come?"

"Yes, indeed. They are in that parcel, under the chair."  
 Mr. Bowser reached for the parcel and opened it. There were a pair of shoes brought to light, but as he looked at them a terrible frown came to his face and he almost shouted out:

"Shoes! Shoes! My shoes! These are not my shoes! They are shoes belonging to some mortar-mixer and there is plaster on them! My shoes are number seven, while these are certainly number ten. Who took these in?"

"Why, I did. A boy brought them and said they were your shoes, and of course—"

"There is no 'of course' about it! Mrs. Bowser, you have shown yourself in your true colors! You have proved that you have no interest in your husband's welfare. It was your plain duty, as my wife, to make the boy sit right down in a chair until you had examined the shoes and satisfied yourself that they were mine."

"But the boy said they were yours," persisted Mrs. Bowser.  
 "But what if he did say so!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "You ought to know that all boys lie. Here I am out a pair of shoes, and the mortar-mixer will spoil mine trying to pull them onto his big hoofs."

"Mr. Bowser—"  
 "Not a word, Mrs. Bowser! I leave this house at once! I cannot remain with a wife who is so careless as you are! Yes, I go!"

And Mr. Bowser tramped, tramped down the hall, and passed out into the autumn night. The moon hovered over his head as he walked, and the stars winked at him, but he walked and walked and walked, and thought only of his shoes, and it was after midnight before he sneaked back home and crept softly into bed to dream how he would murder the cobbler as soon as he had eaten his breakfast in the morning.

**Sundial Has No Practical Value.**

In many a rich man's garden a sundial tells the time, though nobody looks or listens. It is probable that the sundial never gave any information that could not have been obtained more quickly in other ways. The sundial fulfills a function in a man's garden, but that function is not to tell the time. It is often of no beauty and always of no utility, but there is a cult in old things or in new things that are fashioned after old things, and a man likes to set up a sundial on his lawn as he will set up old armor in his hall.

**Expensive Business.**

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop. "How much will you give me?"  
 "Three dollars a week; but who can you do to make yourself useful around a butcher shop?"  
 "Anything."  
 "Well, be specific. Can you dress a cow?"  
 "Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.—O. H. P. in.



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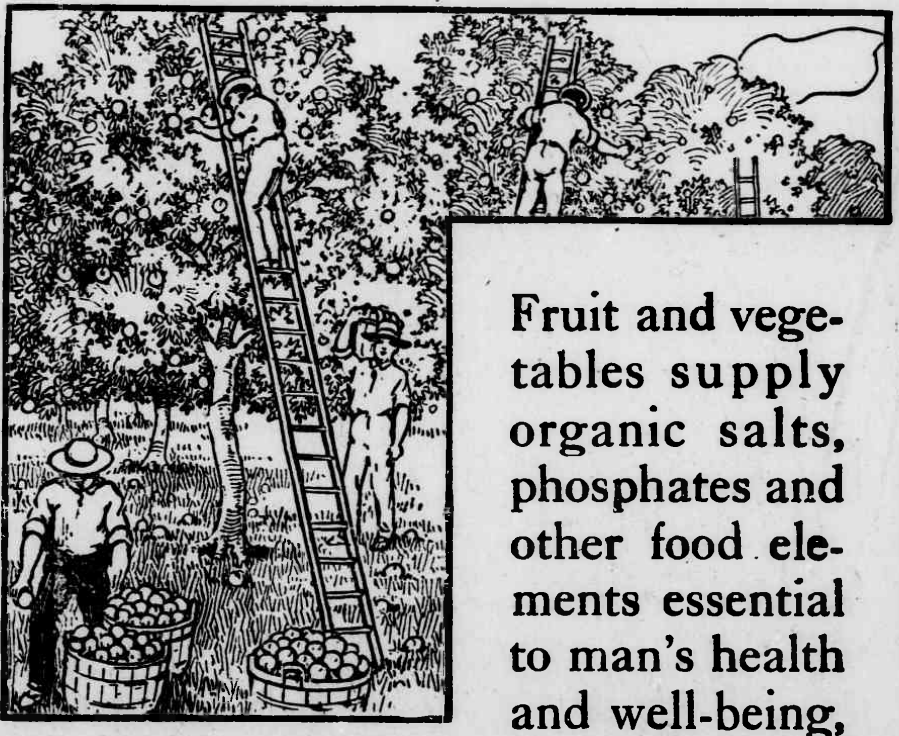
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**NOTICE OF SALE FOR PARTITION:**

North Carolina, Transylvania County In the Superior Court. Before the Clerk.—O. M. Cassell, vs. Catherine Cassell, et al.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court in the above mentioned entitled cause, entered on the 31st day of October, 1921, I the undersigned Commissioner, appointed by the Court to sell the lands described in the petition, filed in this cause, will, on Saturday the 3rd day of December, 1921, at twelve o'clock m. at the court house door, in the Town of Brevard, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property to-wit:

That tract of land lying and being in Transylvania County, and East-toa Township, adjoining the lands of Bates, Julius Garrett, et al. and bounded as follows, viz: BEGINNING on a white oak, on the knob and runs South 12 degrees East 37 1-2 poles crossing the road to a stone; Thence South 27 degrees East 14 poles to a stake on the East Fork of the French Broad River, at the upper side of the bridge; Thence up and with the meanders of said river 27 poles to a stake in the center of the river opposite the mouth of the spring ditch; Thence to the mouth of the spring ditch; Thence up and with said ditch South 4 degrees West 15 1-2 poles to the Spring; Thence S. 8 degrees West 27 poles to a stone; Thence South 23 degrees West 3 1-2 poles to a white oak; Thence South 20 degrees West 108 poles to a stone; Thence South 86 degrees East 112 1-2 poles to a stone; Thence North 3 degrees East 80 poles to a stake, formerly a locust; thence North 3 degrees West 14 poles to a stake, formerly a chestnut; Thence North 17 degrees East crossing the East Fork of the French Broad River and the road 118 poles to a black oak; Thence North 60 poles to a spruce pine; Thence North 88 degrees West 125 poles to a stake formerly a post oak; Thence South 10 degrees East 0 poles to a stake; Thence South 8 poles to a stake; Thence South 34 degrees West 10 poles to a stake; Thence South 7 degrees West 16 poles to a stake; Thence South 35 degrees West 14 poles to a white oak; the beginning, containing 196 acres, more or less, heretofore conveyed off of said tract by Ephrem Cassel to A. A. Cassel by deed dated August 30th., 1919 and conveyed by A. A. Cassel and wife to O. M. Cassel by deed dated December 23, 1919.

Said sale for partition among the tenants in common, plaintiff and defendants, this the first day of November, 1921.

Lewis P. Hamlin, Commissioner 41-12-2-Eng. C.

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