

Carl's Clothes Will Not Fit, Nor Will Grist Fit Into the Picture

I have yet to find a single individual who takes Frank Grist's candidacy for the senate seriously. However, I learned a long time ago that it doesn't pay to laugh and joke much about any political candidate. The outcome of a contest for office is just about as uncertain as the meaning and significance of a woman's hand when she sticks it out of the side of an automobile as a signal.

I've never been able to get a suit in which the pants and vest would meet while I was wearing a belt. My shirt takes a special delight in rolling itself up into a bulge which always protrudes in the space where the vest and pants are supposed to meet. It gives me the appearance of having stolen some apples and trying to hide them in a blouse.

There's nothing wrong about a woman smoking, if she wants to. It's just a little bit common, like picking one's teeth in public or wiping one's nose on one's sleeve. Any individual who says that there is anything morally wrong about a woman smoking a cigarette, cigar or pipe just naturally doesn't know what he's talking about.

Mrs. Dan Bell, who helps her husband to run the Atlantic Hotel at Morehead City can make a guest feel at home with more ease and grace than anybody I've ever seen. And it is readily apparent that there is

nothing put on about her manner either. She's glad to see you and she doesn't mind letting you know that she feels that way about it.

It's been seven months since I've taken a drink. Funny how everybody who climbs on the water-wagon likes to brag about it. Despite the fact that the conversation may be about the condition of the alfalfa crop in Australia, the number of lions that are killed annually in Africa, or the height of buildings in Paris, I can always manage to change the subject so as to make mention of the fact that it's been seven months since I've had a drink. I even do it when I'm writing about other things.

I don't like Norma Shearer. She's a wonderful actress and a beautiful woman, but she ruins everything when she starts to laugh. That silly giggle of hers set my nerves on edge every time I hear it, and by the time the show is over half-way through, the only way I can relieve my feelings, is to kick my wife on the shins, or stick chewing gum on the arms of the seat in which I am sitting.

The most appreciative person in the world is a Jew. Do a favor to a Gentile, and inside of a week, the chances are that he will have forgotten it. Do a favor to a Jew, and he won't forget it as long as he lives. Not only that, but it seems as though he spends the rest of his life trying to do something nice for you.

Germany can't pay her debts, so everybody in the world takes a most sympathetic and kindly attitude toward her. The minute you or I don't pay our bills, all we get is a swift kick in the pants.

One of the grandest sensations in the world is to load up your car with friends, get all set to take a nice trip somewhere, and then find out that the starter doesn't work and you can't get the motor to running. It's one of those foolish feelings that is well worth experiencing. If you haven't ever gone through with it, you've missed something.

In the Nashville Graphic last week there appeared an editorial under the heading, "The Horse Comes Back." It went on to say that the day of the horse was far from being over and that an increasing number of the animals are being used on the farms of the country, as well as for other purposes.

The horse is staging a come-back. What a glorious thing it would be if a few more things would do the same thing!

We're living in a wonderful age, with wonderful conveniences and other marks of progress. You can push a button and do practically everything that needs to be done in the way of labor. You can get in an automobile and travel eighty miles an hour, or you can get in an airplane and travel two hundred miles an hour. You can enjoy the latest talks in the smallest town in the country, and you can get practically the same pleasures and luxuries out in the rural sections that you can get in town.

All of which is very wonderful, indeed, and we ought to appreciate it, but—

I'd like to ride again on a train with smoke and soot blowing in through the windows and get the thrill out of it that I was able to get twenty years ago.

I'd like to start on a trip to Raleigh and Richmond and have my friends come down to the railroad station to see me off and wish me bon voyage. Twenty years ago, a trip like that was something to talk about for a week in advance and a month afterwards.

I'd like once more to ride in a buggy, with one foot hanging out over the side, while the old gray mare ambled along in her own sweet fashion.

I'd like to see the traveling shows that used to go from town to town before the movies got so popular. You know the type I mean—"The Old Homestead," "The Indian's Revenge," "East Lynne," and others of that type. When everybody in town used to go and when the arrival of one of these troupes was considered an event of real importance in the social life of a community.

We've got our running water and our spigots and faucets in practically every home, but I'd like to bring back those days that I've heard the old-timers talk about so often when the folks in town used to gather on an evening at the community pumps, draw huge buckets full of water and stop to chat and gossip over the day's news.

I'd like to feel again that comfy sensation of sitting around the house after supper, with every member of the family present and with a good Alger or Henty book with which to pass a thrilling evening. Somehow or other, a kerosene lamp with a green shade is twice as home-like, twice as sympathetic and twice as delightful as modern electric lights in all kinds of fancy fixtures.

I'd like to see again the old hitching posts that used to stand in front of practically every store. I'd like to see a run-away, with everybody in town trying to stop it, and I'd like to hear the repartee of dray and transfer drivers as they watered their horses at the town trough.

I'd like to go to a real county fair again, when everybody in the county would come to town and when no housewife thought she was a housewife unless she had some preserves, biscuits or other culinary items on

North Carolina Continues As Leader In Furniture Making

North Carolina entrenched herself still further as the leader in the manufacture of wooden bedroom and dining-room furniture and maintained her position as the fifth state in the manufacture of all kinds of wooden household furniture in 1929, according to a statement released today by the State Department of Conservation and Development, based on recent census reports. Only New York, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan exceeded North Carolina in the total value of all household furniture produced.

The statement also points out that wooden household furniture is rapidly gaining in popularity over metal furniture. The value of wooden household furniture produced in the United States increased from \$572,488,443 in 1927 to \$611,680,810 in 1929, or by 6.8 per cent; while during the same period metal house furniture declined by 24.6 per cent, or from \$40,390,229 to \$30,443,464.

In North Carolina bedroom furniture makes up the largest portion of

the total of all furniture manufactured. In 1929 this item alone amounted to more than the total value of all household furniture, or \$27,702,092, as compared with \$26,523,852 in 1927. The second most important class of furniture produced in this State is wooden dining-room furniture. In 1929 this item was valued at \$13,735,486, which represented a slight decline as compared with the 1927 valuation of \$14,404,118. Living room furniture ranks third in value, amounting to \$9,244,988 in 1929 as compared with \$7,843,494 in 1927. Porch furniture increased in value from \$291,904 in 1927 to \$646,578 in 1929; hall furniture from approximately eleven thousand to about thirty-seven thousand dollars in 1929; and miscellaneous and unclassified items increased from \$377,895 in 1927 to \$612,792 in 1929. In 1929 all wooden household furniture manufactured in North Carolina amounted in value to \$53,414,111 which represented an increase of 4.6 per cent over the \$50,996,065 worth of wooden furniture manufactured for household use in 1927.

Conservation officials pointed out that the value of metal and fibre furniture is not included in the above totals for North Carolina as those figures are not yet available. In 1927, these two items amounted to more than two and a half million dollars. Assuming that the 1929 valuations were as great as those of 1927, and they were perhaps greater, the total value of all kinds of furniture manufactured in the State would approximate fifty-six million dollars. The total value in 1927 was \$53,551,220.

Fewer Varieties of Apples Help

Growers Urged to Improve Practices for Better Fruit.

There are more than 800 standard varieties of apples in orchards in the United States. In the Cumberland-Shenandoah states there are 300 or more varieties. Only a few of these hundreds of varieties are, or probably ever will be, of real commercial importance, according to United States Department of Agriculture and state economists, who emphasize that producers need to satisfy the exacting demands of consumers for high quality fruit.

Crop Goes to Europe.

A survey of apple marketings from the Cumberland-Shenandoah states, made by department economists in cooperation with the agricultural colleges in Virginia, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, shows that in some years 60 per cent of the commercial crop from this region goes to Europe, principally to England. The export market is the mainstay of the Cumberland-Shenandoah producers, but they are encountering increasing competition from northwestern apple growers.

To satisfy both domestic and foreign markets the growers in the Cumberland-Shenandoah region are urged to improve orchard practices so as to produce a larger volume of unblemished fruit, and to practice strict and uniform grading and packing methods. It is suggested, also, that extension of the marketing season through storage, and the development of home markets by catering to the customary preferences of the trade, promise some enhancement in net returns to growers.

The investigators report that a large part of the apple production of the Cumberland-Shenandoah region is of varieties that are of generally recognized worth. More than 50 per cent of the trees in commercial orchards in the region are of the varieties: York Imperial, Stayman Winesap, Winesap, and Delicious. Ten varieties constitute 70 per cent of the trees. The York Imperial is the variety most commonly grown, and approximately 50 per cent of the trees are less than nineteen years old and only about 7 per cent are less than nine years old, so that there is no present indication, in the opinion of the economists, of any increase in the market supplies of this variety.

Supplies of Delicious.

If plantings of the last eight to ten years can be taken as a guide, there is every indication, they point out, that market supplies of the Delicious will increase markedly as the trees of this variety, which are planted in the region and in nearly every other major apple state from coast to coast, come into bearing and approach full bearing capacity. In 1928 probably 96 per cent of the Delicious trees of the country were less than nineteen years old, and more than 50 per cent were less than nine years old.

Folks like to go where they are invited. An invitation by Business Men through The News reaches them all.

display. I'd like to feel again the thrill of watching the carnival crowd fill the big balloon with gas and watching the parachute jumper come down in a sensational leap for life.

The horse is staging a come-back, says The Nashville Graphic. That's great news. And while I know that it's the worst kind of bolshevism and radicalism, it wouldn't worry me a bit if every automobile in the country were dumped in the ocean tomorrow morning, if every piece of pavement were torn up, if our electric light and gas plants were buried fifty feet underground and if Lotto, Authors and Checkers took their rightful place over Contract Bridge, and Poker.

And I've yet to see the moving picture that can beat the old stereopticon views we used to have in the parlor, showing scenes of Niagara Falls, the Flatiron building, the Eiffel tower and other well known places.

In other words, I'd like to see the old simple life stage a come-back for a while.

BREVARD MAN TO SING OVER RADIO STATION W O P I

Announcement is made by Station W O P I, Bristol, that F. L. Smith, well known in Transylvania, and musician of note, will sing over that Station this Thursday at 12:30 Bristol time. Station W O P I, operating

on 1500 wave length, has featured the former Brevard man on numerous occasions in their broadcasting programs. Mr. Smith, is supervisor of public school music in the Woodsfield, Ohio, schools.

LET US DO YOUR JOB PRINTING

Checkerboard Chatter

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Published in the interest of the people of BREVARD and TRANSYLVANIA County by the
B & B Feed & Seed Co.

"There is something bad wrong with this gear shift, it won't work."
"That isn't the gear shift, it's my knee."

We have new and old style fruit jars, fruit jar lids and rings — AND our prices are right.

"Do angels have wings, mother?"
"Yes, they do dear."
"Then why doesn't nurse fly? I heard daddy call her an angel!"
"She will in the morning, darling."

If you are not buying your flour, corn meal, Graham flour, lard and sugar from us, we invite your investigation of our prices.

Father — "I've just learned what makes the world go round."
"Didn't I tell you to keep out of that basement?"

Professor — "When did Milton write 'Paradise Lost'?"
Student — "When his wife came home from her vacation."

It takes 57 muscles in your face to frown and only 7 to smile. Why work overtime?

"Grocery butter is so unsatisfactory," said the young wife, "and I decided to—"

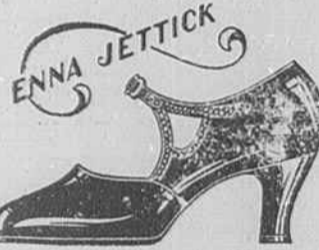
day that we could make our own."
"Oh, did you?" said the husband."
"Yes, I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly."

Customer: I was told to buy either a casserole or a can-isole and I can't remember which.
Blond Clerk: Ah, is the chicken dead or alive?

City Boy (seeing his first windmill): Gee, Uncle Tom—that's some electric fan you have out there cooling those cows.

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