

THE GAB BAG

(By Alan Browning, Jr.)

Tak Tak and Tak Tak

It would seem that the Mount Airy Times begrudges Elkin her nice new bridge—or is it they're sore because it wasn't constructed of Mount Airy granite?

As we can see, they have no reason to kick. As soon as some 3,960,765,000,000,876,543,456,678 miles of red tape is straightened out they are going to get a nice new post-office—maybe.

As a matter of principle maybe we should raise a howl against the spending of thousands of dollars just so the editor of The Times will have a handsome place in which to lick two-cent stamps.

Simpson, who is an authority on such matters, states that a stamp can be licked just as effectively in a shack as in a castle. And he has figures to prove that a letter mailed in a corner mail box will go just as far—and as fast—as a letter mailed midst marble and granite.

Still, we are not going to use our influence to hinder the building of Mount Airy's postoffice—and if Editor Ashby will come over sometime we'll even let him drive across our new bridge. That's how free hearted we are.

WORRY AND TROUBLE

Sometimes it's easy to write this column. We just sit down to our typewriter, throw our mind into a complete blank (which is not hard to do), and then start pounding the keys until the first thing we know we don't know nothing—but the column is written just the same.

At other times we can't make progress at all. Like today, for instance. No sooner had we gotten the typewriter oiled and our feet on the desk than it began to act queer. Try as we would we could not get the blooming thing to behave. Then we found the mouse that had gotten caught in its innards.

Then again we were worried by Simpson. He has the most exasperating habit of popping up with fool questions just as we are trying to think. Just a minute ago he wanted to know if you could choke a snake? Having never attempted it, we couldn't answer him. Then he wanted to know what fish scales weighed.

But things look brighter now, even if we have got to pay for that plate glass window Simpson just went through—head first.

WONDER WHAT SHE MEANT?

We have an aunt who lives away up in Rock Island, Ill. The other day we received a letter from her, and we were enjoying the letter thoroughly until we came to the following paragraph:

"Old man river is claiming a lot of lives these days. Many lives are accidentally lost by drowning. Then lots of people jump into the river to commit suicide. Just the other day a young man called a taxi, got in, and instructed the driver to take him across the river. Reaching the middle of the bridge, he told the driver to stop and then he got out

and jumped into the water. WISH YOU COULD COME UP AND VISIT US SOMETIME."

Maybe we will, Aunt Cora. But when we do we'll bring our water wings.

ALONG MAIN STREET

Q. Snow has a lot on his mind now, what with being a county commissioner and everything. No, Oswald, that wasn't a windstorm last Wednesday. Merely sighs of relief that the county tax sale had been postponed. Now all the farmers have to do is to figure how to pay their taxes before the first Monday in August. W. H. Spradlin, receiver of the Elkin National Bank, standing on the corner looking in all directions for something to receive. Automobile, correctly parked at the curb in front of the Basketeria, draws excited comment from group of curious. Chief Church is now the most sought after man in town, what with holding the keys to the associated charities storeroom. Town commissioners decree that drug stores must close up at 11 p. m. But what if we should get the headache at midnight, gentlemen? Now's a good opportunity for Mr. Armfield to stress the advantages of building and loan to the crowds attending recorder's court on the days he officiates.

The FAMILY DOCTOR

(By John Joseph Gaines, M. D.)

GOOD BUSINESS

A good business man is always held in high esteem because he will not violate any law that defeats the chief aim in life—that he lived in greatest abundance.

The man who acquires a fortune and dies in early life is not a good business man; he has failed in life's most important end. He has not had the business sense to take care of the most precious thing to him—his health. What is life worth to you if you are dead, or even half dead?

Sometimes I have to hammer it into the heads of my most intelligent patrons, that their activities amount to slow but certain suicide! Some take the warning; of course some do not.

Here are some serious faults that many so-called business men indulge in daily: Rushing from home mornings, with insufficient breakfast to fit the body properly for the day's work; Dining downtown, at "lunch-noon" to save time; these two principal meals of the day are almost ignored in the interest of "business." Going home at the close of hours, tired, worried, often exhausted in mind and body, to swallow a heavy dinner. Lastly, retiring late, in the belief that the gorge will be digested at bedtime.

The function of healthy sleep is to repair the nervous and mental wear of the day. This wear is not repaired in a sleep that is simply stupor—unconsciousness—the stupor produced by the bludgeon, the knockout. It is not healthy, invigorating sleep; it awakens with more tire than was felt on retiring.

Such conduct takes its toll in deaths before death should occur. The "heart-failure" of the newspaper diagnosis; the cerebral hemorrhage on men aged before their time.

"FIELD NOTES"

One of my friend-patrons came into the office this morning. He is a fine specimen of manhood, a good family and a reliable citizen. But, he came to me ten days ago with ACUTE ALCOHOLISM. Some earnest advice—a medicine to take the place of the stuff that MUST be let alone—and he was on the road to recovery; rapidly becoming himself again. Very well. Almost ready to return home to his wife and grown-up daughters.

Yesterday, he told me this morning, he met an acquaintance, a traveling salesman, a "hail fellow well met." This fellow was equipped with a real arsenal—a quart of bootleg liquor, that he kept to treat his customers. My man "broke over," and today is entirely off the mineral water wagon. Not drunk, not at all maudlin, but just a little extra steam on. Of course he is sorry and repentant, but he mustn't go home for another week to face that trusting wife and daughter.

I mention this for my readers, so that they may know how we physicians have to struggle with the "noble experiment" that we have, and which some hug to their breasts as bearing the sprouting seeds of the millennium, when they fondly expect a "DRY" world will emerge from its moonshine coils. It is all well enough to talk about, but its practical working in another thing, or it is so here.

There is not a minute of the day or night when the victim of dipsomania can't go out and help himself to liquor, if he has the price—not bonded liquor, but "ootleg! Why don't I stop it? My dear sir, I'm not a federal officer; if I were, that traveling salesman is probably 200 miles out of town this morning, charging some other man's battery.

No, folks, we shall have to devise some other way.

Hold Meet At Little Elkin To Plan Grange

A meeting was held last Friday night at Little Elkin during which time Grange work was explained and discussed. Interesting talks were made by A. G. Hendren, of Wilkesboro, L. C. Carter, of Benham, and Joe Ellis and Miss Hazel Browne, home demonstration agent, both of Elkin.

Following the meeting another was called for Monday night, May 23, to organize a Grange.

Bury President of France

A million Frenchmen lined the streets of Paris to witness impressive national rites for Paul Doumer, France's assassinated president, on Thursday, May 12. Premier Andre Tardieu made the address at the Pantheon, which was followed by private burial of utmost simplicity.

Dedicate Washington Temple

The Masonic order's impressive and lofty stone temple honoring George Washington was dedicated at Alexandria Va., on May 12, with President Hoover as the guest of honor.



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And let the weevil WORRY

LOOKS like a mighty bad weevil year. We had two bone-dry summers in 1930 and 1931 and are about due for a wet one now. Owing to mild weather, weevils had a picnic all winter and they are just waiting for the squares to form.

It is going to be a race between the cotton and the weevils. Cotton sure is going to have a job keeping ahead of the weevils without a little help from you. Not much, if any, fertilizer under it, the crop is almost sure to be slow and sickly by June. Just the way the weevils want it.

What they do to your crop depends largely on what you do for your crop!

Side-dress! Chilean Nitrate, 100 pounds per acre (200 pounds would be much better) will set the crop early, ahead of the weevil. Then you are reasonably safe. But be sure you get Chilean. Nothing takes its place for side-dressing cotton.

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