



of it, then threw the rest down the sink.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink, which I drank.

I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and staidied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, which were twenty-four, so I counted them again when they came around again and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and the bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles, but couldn't get the brush in the bottles so I turned them inside out and wiped them all, and we went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did and, Oh Boy, I've got the wifest little nice in the world.—Wall Street Journal.

IT'S RUMORED—

Down street the rumor is going around that the Marlon hyena which has been raising such a ruckus lately, hasn't been seen after making an attempted attack upon S. O. Maguire

several weeks ago. Some have even gone so far to say that it wasn't known which was the more frightened, Mr. Maguire or the hyena.

BEEN EXPECTING IT

The following story caught our eye in the Sentinel the other night and although we know you won't be interested in it, we're printing it on account of it helps fill up space so nicely.

"Durham—AP—Judge James R. Patton, Jr., county recorder, and Hugh Scarlet, former county prosecutor, battled to a one-round draw just as the judge prepared to open court here yesterday.

"In a dispute arising out of the recorder's recent absences from the bench, the lie was passed, court attaches said. Scarlet claved at Patton, and the judge loosed a hay-maker which missed the attorney but landed on an electric fan.

"About that time Police Captain Marcom reached the struggling pair and separated them. The judge took the bench, Scarlet took his departure, the clerk took up calling the docket, and the incident was closed."

As one who used to be court reporter for a Durham dally and who knew that there was no love lost between the judge or the former prosecutor, news of the scrap comes as no surprise. Still, we can't figure out what Judge Patton had against a poor defenseless electric fan, or what he did with the bench when he took it. Another thing that puzzles us is why Mr. Riley, the clerk, began calling the docket. In all our experience there we never knew the docket to go off anywhere so that it would have to be called for court.

Both Mr. Scarlet and Judge Patton are rather large men. When Mr. Scarlet was prosecutor, he used to arise to his feet at various and sundry intervals and make a speech about something or other, while Judge Patton, not to be outdone, used to also make speeches from the bench when the spirit moved him.

Both of them were good friends of mine and naturally we are rather interested in the scrap. Big men as they are, we wonder what would have happened if kindly Cap'n Marcom hadn't been awakened by the noise and parted them.

Cap'n Marcom is court sargeant. During long arguments between attorneys he would prop himself into the witness chair and go fast asleep, but he wasn't hard to awaken. Another policeman would merely touch off a stick of dynamite and his eyes would fly open like running up a window shade.

But enough of this senseless chatter about something that will interest no one but myself. If judges and lawyers want to fight, who are we to interfere?

ALONG MAIN STREET

People are beginning to get extremely fed up on the local situation, which can be termed only as a mess . . . Many citizens, when approached as to their standing as to this particular mess, proclaim themselves as neutral and wish to high heaven that it was settled. Majority of these are merchants who have something to do other than stand on the street corners and indulge in destructive gossip . . . But then, it's not our affair. "We catch enough hell as it is . . . Mr. Spradlin can be mighty silent at times. When we asked him something the other day he merely nodded and remarked on the weather . . . But that goes to show that he knows when to keep his mouth shut—a virtue that is not apparent where many others are concerned . . . Gene Hall says he is coming along famously at football. Yow-sa . . . Elkin plays her first game here on the second date of the community fair—with Mountain Park . . . Will Rogers said "As Maine goes so goes the post masters." . . . And Bob Lovelace said the other day that what the Republicans lost in Maine they would win back in North Carolina. He stated for a fact that N. C. will go G. O. P.ish in November, but lamented the state's present political odor and wondered what his party would do with it when they got it. Personally, we think he is worrying needlessly.

PICNIC NOTES

We have been wondering, since the Kiwanis picnic last Friday night, just how well the Kiwanians are fed at home. They ate everything but the picnic table.

Some excitement was caused when Jones Holcomb discovered he had eaten a paper plate.

Gene Spainhour made six trips, at five minute intervals, to the chicken dish, each time with the excuse that he wanted some chicken for Ab Somers. It was later learned Ab got no chicken at all.

One of the members was asked what he would have for dessert, and he said he believed he'd take another piece of chicken.

The big surprise of the occasion came when Superintendent Schaff declined to make any school announcements. But then one can't

talk so well while gnawing on a drumstick.

We must give credit where credit is due, so we will say here and now that the ladies who prepared the feast did a most excellent and thorough job. So far as we know, not one bug lost his life!

D. Holcomb, as music director of the Kiwanis club, was kept busy directing the Darnell String Band and aside from the fear that he might break into song, everything went off nicely.

Tom Roth should have honorable mention for the success of the event. For days prior to the picnic he was kept busy picking different sites and was mightily relieved when the party came to a successful conclusion without Mitchell's river overflowing or a volcano somewhere letting loose.

THIS AND THAT

Overheard on Main street: "There ought to be a law against this double parking."

"There is."

Someone should invent an automobile made on the order of a telescope. Then we wouldn't have so much trouble getting through Elkin's Main street.

Now comes the report that water pressure on the top floor of the local hospital is low and that plans are under way to arrange with the Civic Betterment League to raise it provided they can take time from their Cain crop.

900 BACK AT WORK

The week-old strike of workers at the Hanes Hosiery mill, at Winston-Salem, broke into two parts Friday and while 900 returned to work approximately 300 remained idle.

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