

THE GAB BAG

- OR -
MUCH ABOUT NOTHING

BY
ALAN BROWNING, JR.



WEATHER

Just along about the time when the frost is supposed to be on the pumpkin, providing, of course, you've got a pumpkin, the weatherman comes along and makes it so blooming hot that the local ice plant thinks prosperity has come again.

We are speaking, of course, of the weather last week. Just what the weather will be when this column reaches print we are not prepared to say.

Somehow or other the weatherman should be placed under a code of fair competition. With the weather unusually hot at this time of year business wits along with folks' collars. Last week, for instance, nearly every dry goods merchant in town was weeping into long flowing handkerchiefs. "It's too late for a demand for summer

goods," said they, "and how are you going to get anyone to buy long drawers and such in hot weather like this?"

It does seem a tough break, but that's the way it goes. It's good to get a person to buy winter clothing even though they know a storm will arrive on the morrow. But let a chilly day come and they'll buy fur and near-fur coats even though further hot weather is assured.

WANTED—GRAY PANTS

The age old refrain always so popular with hometown merchants to the effect that their customers should trade at home and not go to the city to buy, contains a good bit of common sense, for money kept at home works at home, but what's a fellow going to do when he wants to buy something that the hometown merchant hasn't got?

For instance, the other week while pressing our Sunday suit in preparation for Sunday school, we burned a big hole right through the pants, ruining them completely. Being unable to buy a new suit for various and sundry reasons, we hit upon the idea of purchasing a pair of gray pants to wear with a blue coat we got from the associated charities. We figured a blue coat-gray pants ensemble would do quite nicely until at such time the associated charities might have a complete suit on hand. But alas! A search of every store in town failed

to disclose a pair of gray pants suitable.

What's a fellow to do? How does the hometown merchant expect a person to buy something at home that they don't have in stock? But loyal to hometown merchants, we haven't been out of town to seek a pair of gray pants. However, if something isn't done within a few days, you may expect to see us turn up some morning without any pants on at all. And what a sensation that will be.

INFLATION

Other than blowing up toy balloons, we know very little about inflation. Yet here of late we have heard the subject of inflation discussed quite frequently by folks who admit they don't quite understand it. Still, all seem to think that only inflation will save us.

As we get it, inflation would make necessary the printing of a large amount of money, the pouring of the channels of trade. But how are they going to pour it

It would suit us all right for the government to print new money and pass it around. Just give every citizen who needed it a nice big pile of greenbacks upon condition they spend it for things they need, and not embalm it in an old sock.

Yet, nice as that would be, would it work? Would it help the little man? Yes, until he had spent it. And after it was gone it wouldn't come back. For in about six months Brother John D. Rockefeller and the other rich men of the country would have it every bit like they've got most of the money supply today.

THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES

The recent robbery of Gurney Eldridge of over a hundred dollars goes to show that it is very unwise to carry large sums of money on the person. As for ourself we never do it. In fact, it's hard to find us with over five cents cash at a time.

To be very truthful, if we ever came into a large sum of money the shock would make us so weak we wouldn't be able to tote it if we wanted to.

The robbery shows that the world is getting in bad shape. The meanness of folks is rapidly coming out. Religious influence appears to be on the wane. The world is tottering and revolution is imminent. Even we, always mild and friendly, caught ourself in the act of making faces just yesterday.

And on top of everything else, major disasters are occurring. Just last week, on top of hurricanes and things, Blanche McCarter, over to the hotel, broke one of Charlie Brewer's biggest and best mixing bowls.

WE WONDER

Why about every other lamp on the new bridge never burns? If for economy's sake, why did they put so many lights on it in the first place? . . . Why the duly constituted authorities don't remove the tracks of the Elkin and Alleghany railway from across West Main street and thus eliminate a crossing that has probably been keeping up most of the auto repair men of the town? . . . Why a stop and go light is not installed on the main square for the regulation of traffic? A mechanical traffic regulator never shirks. . . Why the Woman's club doesn't do something really worthwhile like working for a public library?

MUTTER AND MUMBLE

A certain local man was heard to remark the other day that he certainly felt relieved to know that he wouldn't be bothered any more about his unpaid city taxes. He had just received a card bearing the words "Last and Final Notice." . . . Dixie Graham is an obliging kind of fellow. He'll take your tax payments on the installment plan. . . Q. Snow is very, very cautious about giving out information. So is John Jones. . . Charlie Laffoon requests that if we ever revive our lunatic department, we include his name under that heading. . . Wonder if Mr. Farley will make any more speeches in North Carolina before November? . . . Parks Hampton is of the opinion that if North Carolina votes wet it will be by a small majority. . . A Bible student who by no means could be termed a religious fanatic, told us the other week-end that he thinks people who point to the NRA blue eagle as "The Sign of the Beast," are wrong in their interpretation of the Scriptures, but that he believes that undoubtedly it is a forerunner of events as described in Revelations.

THIS AND THAT

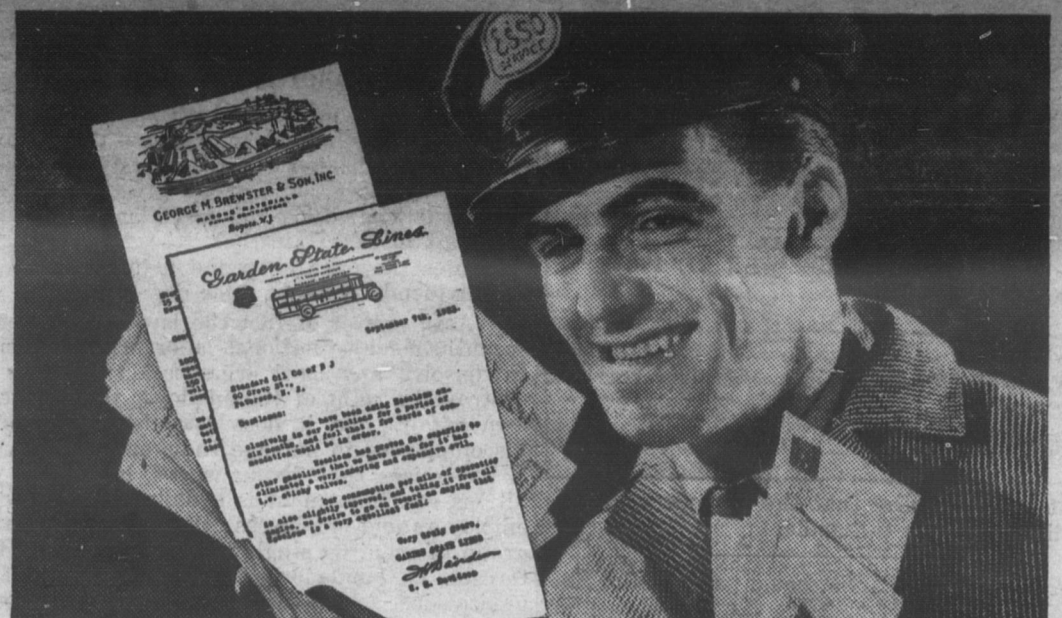
Nothing can make one more miserable than a head cold in hot weather.

Could it have been Will Holcomb Preacher Abernethy was talking about when he said he knew a Holcomb that was the only man who could cut round steak off the ribs of a steer?

We would venture to say he could do more than that.

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Stomach gas that causes loss of sleep and rest ruins your health and your beauty! Even people who have suffered for years from stomach troubles caused by acid stomach are getting relief from Bisma-Rex, a new, delicious-tasting antacid powder. Bisma-Rex brings lasting relief, too! Get it today at Abernethy's Drug Store.



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Program

Lyric Theatre

LAST TIME TODAY—
"BEST OF ENEMIES"
with Buddy Rogers — Marion Nixon
News—Magic Carpet — Adm. 10c-25c

SATURDAY—
JOHN WAYNE IN "TELEGRAPH TRAIL"
—Also—
Laurel and Hardy in "Me And My Pal"
Serial Admission 10c-30c

NEXT WEEK—Monday—Tuesday—

THE EAGLE
FREDRIC MARCH
CAROLE LOMBARD

THE HAWK
CARY GRANT
JACK OAKIE

Story by the author of "Wings"
A Paramount Picture

COMRADES IN THE CLOUDS
Courting death together...Known and feared throughout "No Man's Sky."

ENEMIES ON THE GROUND
Hating each other...and the cruel profession that made them famous.

News-Comedy — Admission 10c-30c
Wednesday — Family Show — Adm. 10c

COMING SPECIALS

Sept. 25-26 "THE EAGLE and the HAWK"	October 2-3 "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933"	October 5-6 "COLLEGE HUMOR"
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