

Where Did You Get It?

Let a man exhibit a diamond or a beautifully wrought piece of jewelry and the question is asked him: "Where did you get it?" If he says "Tiffanys" that settles it. If it came from that famous house there is no doubt of its merit and value. And if you see a suit of clothes that came from the

Vanstory Clothing Co.

You know the quality is right, the fit is right, the price is right. Let us fit you out for Thanksgiving.

VANSTORY CLOTHING CO.

CHAS. H. MCKNIGHT, Manager

THE SECOND LETTER OF THE ALPHABET IS

"B"

AND IT STANDS FOR

Burtner and Best

and the words have to do with Furniture. People who live in and around Greensboro will find at the

BURTNER FURNITURE COMPANY

a stock of House Furnishings complete in every detail. We have direct connections with one of the largest furniture factories in the South and its reputation makes our guarantee interesting. We will save you money and we will give you goods made, and not thrown together.

The Burtner Furniture Co.

THE WHITE FRONT South Elm Street Greensboro.

Say, Mr. Man:

If you drive an automobile you want Gloves and if you ride in a car you must have a lap robe, so we have a stock of

Gloves and Lap Robes

The kind you want and the prices you want.

We have a sales room where is kept in stock every automobile accessory—a sales room that makes glad the heart and right the eye of all automobile users.

Look at our display window, and then come inside and ask for what you want, and our Mr. G. E. Moore, in charge of this department, will make you rejoice.

Greensboro Motor Car Co.,

L. FRANCIS HANES

PHOTOGRAPHER

Office McAdoo Hotel Greensboro, North Carolina.

Alcoholism Drug Addiction

Are you afflicted? If so you can secure relief at

Williams Private Sanatorium GREENSBORO, N. C.

Do not waste time—treatment from ten days to six weeks. A flat rate of \$100 for Alcoholism; \$125 for Drugs. Elegant accommodations. Everything first class Baths, reading rooms. These low rates include everything in the way of board and medical attention. All correspondence confidential.

ADDRESS

Williams Private Sanatorium

GREENSBORO, N. C.

OCTOBER IN THE MOUNTAINS

In Nature's busy studio They're raising lots of dust To get out all the orders That now come labeled "must". An extra force is on the job of artists who will stay, And work at work the long night through As well as in the day. No union hours are kept by them— Three of the Mighty Brum, Who put the touches on the leaves In this great autumn rush. It's hurry here, and hurry there, And get the paint mix'd right. The Inspector will be coming 'round— No flaw escapes his sight.

The forest queen and all her court In regal robes appear; And jewels, just the rarest, Sparkle in the sunbeams clear. A sleepy Bob White slanders, Stirs the leaves about my feet, And a lassy heard scampers off To find a safe retreat. "Not Death but Change" 's the message traced On every tree and flower. "Not death but change" my soul repeats, My senses feel its power.

The eye takes on a brighter glance; The foot a lighter tread; The voice a more exultant note; The cheek a deeper red. Oh, how the blood is racing In the veins October air; For the breezes are so bracing In this mountain land so fair. Such grand autumnal glories— Feel the thrill in every bone! It's October in the mountains, Where I long to be alone.

—Mrs. Al Fairbrother

A Stroll Down The Street

We came down the street Saturday a week or two ago, coming down to our new quarters where some machinery was being received—and we were wondering about a great many things. We met Tom Sherwood in front of the post-office and he said to hurry up, "Let's get in and see if we have any mail—I heard a train blow twenty minutes ago." That was a freight train we told him, and he said he didn't care, "It might have carried some mail." We went in and came out. We started on down the street and a brass band which made very discordant music, if it was made, was attempting to raise a crowd to go to a land sale conducted by the Thomas Brothers. Many men were going out to the sale—some with a dream of owning a home; some with the wilder dream of making a few dollars in speculation, and the music was not stopped until we were in front of Huntley-Stockton Hill's undertaking parlors and the dead wagon was being drawn by two fine fiery horses—black as the night, and as we came on down a colored woman was emerging from a 5 and 10 cent store with a piece of statuary which had cost a nickel—and she was regarding that with eagle eyes. As we turned the corner a cripple sat on the curb stone with his hat in his hand and asked for alms, and not counting the automobiles we passed; the laboring men on their way from dinner—the dogs and the sparrows we had enough to think about.

We wondered why a man gets the postoffice bit like we have it, and like George Royster has it, and Tom Sherwood has it, and we concluded it was a habit—nothing less because we cannot pass the postoffice without going in—and the thing has grown to be almost a common scandal, Mack Albright, the Southern conductor who lives in Washington and whom everybody likes, was passing through the town the other day and stopped off here to wait for a north-bound train and he wanted to see us—because Mack is a friend of ours. He doesn't admit this, but it is a fact. He went to the post office and asked Judge Adams, whom he met there if he had "seen the Colonel" and the Judge looked all around the lobby in surprise and said he thought we were the ticket taker that he always saw us there. But—

We wondered why they have such black horses and such fiery horses to draw a hearse; why they should not have a lazy, plucky old team that would saunter off something like Death is supposed to saunter; why they didn't have horses to correspond with the looks and feelings of the mourners—but we have always noticed wherever we have been, that the hearse is rigged out with something of a gaudy appearance—although its black plumes and black color attempts to give it a sombre appearance.

We wondered why all the people couldn't see art in a five cent plaster of Paris cast, and why it was necessary for a man legless and armless to sit on a cold curb stone and beg a nickel or a dime from the benevolent passer-by. We wondered why people let the little dogs that loved them, if they didn't love the dog, wander on busy streets—and then we sat down and figured it out that all kinds of people, with all kinds of thoughts and all kinds of desires fill the world—and that finally we all will wait for the hearse and its plumes and we won't care how fiery the horses are, or what kind of music the lantern-dealers' brass band makes or whether Tom Sherwood gets a check or not—for we will all have checked, ourselves—and that will be the end of it on this terraqueous globe—and perhaps in the other world there will be no parcel post—no grave diggers, and no men chasing dollars to hold in trust for only a little while.

The Difference

In a show window of a Greensboro art store recently were displayed fifty landscapes of Western North Carolina scenery—done in oil, and the placard read that the artist was the South's greatest. In order to start the ball rolling the placard went on to say that the first ten of these landscapes that the first ten of these landscapes would be sold at your own price. Think of the hours of patient toil the artist expended in producing these pictures—reproducing Nature—and the bidders few. Yet had the old man, who did the stunt in oil turned his attention to suggestive pictures of flesh-burdened women he could have sold them privately for a ten spot each—and so runs the world away.

Of course Governor Biltzer was vindicated, but the record still stands there like the markings on the wall that made Old Balastrer tremble.

A PLEASANT TRIP

Marshal Stewart to Take a Trip to Southern Italy and Portugal

Mr. Marshal Stewart tells us that he wants to buy a cork farm in the south of the East, and that he will next summer take a trip to look over the property which is a wonder in its way.

The cork farm was started by a native of Rockingham county who was employed by the Greensboro Hardware Company, to get cork for fishing lines, the demand of the Hamburg Fishing Club being so great that it was necessary to raise the cork.

It may not be known to all people, but cork grows on a species of the oak tree, and every few years the bark, which is cork is peeled off and fashioned into fishing corks or any kind of corks needed.

This particular farm was purchased and the cork grove planted—some hundred acres. The man who owned it was something of a wizard along the lines of Burbank, of California, so he experimented with the chemical dopes and finally found one that forced the trees to grow with wonderful rapidity. So great was the growth that it was nothing to secure a crop of cork three feet in thickness. This was almost marvelous—indeed, Bill Phipps insists that it is marvelous. Thousands of cars and snip loads of this cork were sent to Greensboro, and the man who owned the farm one morning went out and treated the trees to an extra heavy application of this magical chemical dope and the same day got a cablegram from the states calling him home on important business.

He did not leave the farm in the hands of any one and rushed from Portugal to the United States. Transacting his business he started for his cork grove and upon arriving there was very much surprised to see that the fifty acres which he had treated with his dope had so increased the growth of the trees that they had all grown together—making a fifty acre patch of solid cork two hundred feet high.

Of course this was a lucky strike, because he put a saw mill in the edge of the grove and commenced sawing out blocks of cork anywhere from two hundred feet long by sixty feet wide, and following them, made house boats—something like four hundred. These house boats he sold for a fabulous sum to the crowned heads of Europe who wanted something for the summer that could not sink, and in this way made an independent fortune. The remaining fifty acres which grew together have been dissolved and a fine crop is now coming on. Mr. Stewart not only expects to buy the land but also the formula for making the trees grow together. He will be successful in his negotiations, plant a thousand acre grove, apply the magic dope and produce the largest piece of cork imaginable. It will be several miles long and as many wide, and will be grown in a marshy place, and after the trees have amalgamated he will turn the ocean into the swamp and by some other magic dope apply it to the roots of the trees and thus snuff the roots out, and the great mass of cork will float out on the wide bosom of the sounding sea, and Marshal Stewart will float it to the United States and saw it up, making all the corks needed at Hamburg for many years.

Some people think that there are cork trees at Hamburg now, but that is because the club members by reason of poor casting have the trees literally filled with the Portugal corks. There have been some exaggerated stories told about this cork grove, but the above facts are the plain, unvarnished truth as we gathered it from reliable and trustworthy persons, sent at our expense, to get the truth in the matter. And it looks like the truth was had enough.

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

The man who buys a roast of beef, And puts in the storage cold Will give his stomach no relief And naturally will lose his gold.

And so the man who money hoards, And finds himself too close to spend it, Walks through the world on two edged words A-wondering if he ought to lend it!

"Eat, drink, and merry be today", The lesson it was taught of old— Tomorrow may be on the way To find one lamb strayed from the fold.

As a matter of information during dog days this summer in North Carolina no person was killed because of being bitten by a dog—but some twenty odd people were killed by men. Why not change it to men days?

TROGDEN GETS IT RIGHT.

Mr. S. L. Trogden Sees Things in The Right Way and Will Enjoy Life

Mr. Samuel L. Trogden, who has been a banker, farmer, Clerk of the Federal Court and apple raiser, and who tells us that a month or so ago he passed the sixty mark has figured out the right way to live. He says he will work eight months in the year and take two months in the summer to spend in the mountains or at the seashore and two months in the winter in Florida when the weather here is coldest.

He says that this takes some money as well as time, but he is convinced that a man who has tolled all his life should finally get something out of existence more than a mere day to day grind to accumulate money. And Mr. Trogden is everlastingly right. The man who sees things as he sees them, who takes about four months off out of the twelve to fish and hunt and read—got clear away from business exactions will live longer. It will be happier—and then he is taking his share of what belongs to him.

Mr. Trogden has seen the light. Too bad that so many others toll on and on when they are not compelled to toll—chase dollars to the grave's brink and just as they are about to clutch the last one that looks so bright and inviting tumble into the narrow home of accumulated postponed pleasures and which are enjoyed.

In the County.

The remains of Miss Flora May Musgrave, who died Monday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carl S. Stubbins, were taken to Mount Olive for interment.

Mr. Elwood Cox is spending over \$30,000 to make his hotel, the Elwood, at High Point, a hostelry in keeping with that progressive, up-to-date city.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Viola Brown, of Guilford College, to Mr. James W. Cumming, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. M. Brown, Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The Guilford county boy's corn club will be under Mr. E. H. Anderson, county demonstrator, the coming year. He wants the names of all the boys in the clubs and is looking forward to doing some good work in the interest of rural life.

Mrs. F. L. Iddings, died Tuesday afternoon at her home in Summerfield after an illness lasting over a year. She was a member of the Methodist Church of Summerfield, where the funeral was held Wednesday. She is survived by a husband and three children.

Miss Allie Morgan who died Monday at her home on Carolina street was buried Wednesday in the old burying ground at Center Church, funeral services being conducted by Rev. Johnson of Summerfield. Six representatives from Rosebud Council No. 7, of Proximity, acted as flower bearers.

H. A. Cozzen was awarded \$1,000 in a suit brought against the Tomlinson Chair Company of High Point, and tried in Greensboro last week. The damage asked was \$5,000, the plaintiff charging negligence on the part of the defendant company, in having defective machinery with which to work.

At a meeting of the County Teachers held in Greensboro last Saturday plans were discussed for holding a county commencement day each year in Greensboro. This plan has been adopted in some of the counties of North Carolina and has proven a great success. Details will be arranged at the January meeting.

Professor E. E. Balcomb, of the State Normal College, is turning his attention to the school lunch basket. In a contest suggested by him between a number of the county schools last Saturday the first prize was won by the Glendale school; second by Towlaw, an eleven year old girl of Muir's Chapel school, was the occasion of much favorable comment—everything having been cooked and packed with her own hands. And it was well done.

Halloween at Gibsonville

On Halloween's eve the Betterment Association of our graded school held a meeting in the school auditorium. The first part of the meeting was given over to social enjoyment and Halloween stunts. The guests were received at the door by a silent ghost and for a short time they were kept moving, following the directions of these silent ghosts, stationed here and there. After which all were seated and Miss Mary Kent, as Witch of Endor, proceeded to tell the fortune of each one present in such a pleasing way that it evoked much fun and laughter.

There followed light refreshments served in a most charming manner by Mesdames Boring, Dick and Davidson assisted by the young lady teachers. The business session was then held, but not being much business of any importance, the meeting soon adjourned to meet again at the call of the president.

And He Meant Nothing Wrong.

It is related that Dr. Meadows of Greensboro has a very bright little boy and like all bright little boys he wants to know "Why" when a proposition is put up to him. It is a "show me" idea. Well, anyway, his mother not long ago was telling him he must go to Sunday School. "Why must I go?" was the query. "Because," said his mother, "I want you to be a Christian." "But," said the little fellow vigorously and emphatically, "I am not going to be a Christian, I'm going to be a banker."

North Carolina has advanced more commercially during the last ten years than she ever advanced before. And the next ten will witness marvels.

Sambo has cut out his likker to a great extent because of prohibition assisted by the cocaine because conscientious white men sell it to him.

IN THE DEPTHS

In the sparkle and splendor of spring she came With the light of love in her eager eyes, To set my spirit and sense aflame With the purest passion of Paradise.

But my love was lust, it was leper lust, For I dragged her down to the very dust, And now in a flowerless field she lies The glory gone from her eager eyes.

She went away On a wretched day When dark December was roaring in, And under the Northern snows away Are hidden forever her shame and sin.

Blow all of ye blasts of Hell on me, For the sin and the shame were mine alone, And never in heavens nor bells to be Can I for my cruel crime atone.

Ah, hold, for thus may come at last, When the wronged are wronged are wronged, To toll—chase dollars to the grave's brink and just as they are about to clutch the last one that looks so bright and inviting tumble into the narrow home of accumulated postponed pleasures and which are enjoyed.

There is a Reason

Why the Jefferson Standard has nearly TWICE the insurance in force in North Carolina, of any other Life insurance company.

CONFIDENCE

People of the state recognize the STRENGTH of this Great HOME institution, and are fast making it the GIANT of the South.

This Conservative Company is receiving applications for

One Million a Month!

Have YOU a policy in the Jefferson Standard? If not, see our agent, or write the Home Office, Greensboro, N. C. If you have one policy buy another.

Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Co.

J. P. TURNER, Medical Director. GEO. A. GRIMSLEY, President. C. C. TAYLOR, Secretary. CHAS. W. GOLD, Treasurer. JULIAN PRICE, Agency Manager.

The "BUICK" Car

BEST CAR ON THE MARKET FOR THE MONEY

I do not say this off hand. I speak advisedly. But I want you to look at all of them. Have them all make a demonstration. Then come to me and let me joy ride you one hour or two hours and if you do not say the

BUICK

IS THE BEST CAR FOR THE MONEY—BUY SOMETHING ELSE. THE BUICK HAS A REPUTATION FOR BEING WELL BUILT. IT STANDS UP WITH ANY CAR MADE. THEN LOOK AT IT. IT IS A BEAUTY. IT HAS ALL THE "LATEST" DELCO ELECTRIC STARTER, ELECTRIC LIGHTS—IT IS CLASSY.

I will soon be back in my own building, carpenters are at work. But see NOW and let me demonstrate the BUICK.

Roadsters \$950. Touring Car \$1050
A. C. BONKEMYER, Agent
RANDOLPH, GUILFORD AND ALAMANCE COUNTIES

It's Marvelous You can Hear So Distinctly

"No, I am not visiting in the city. I am at home almost five hundred miles away. We have just had a Bell Telephone put in and I couldn't resist inviting you by Long Distance. It's marvelous that we can hear each other as distinctly as if we were in the same room. Long Distance is marvelous."

