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Today's Geography



A MUSICAL ADVENTURE FOR AMERICA

Newspaper dispatches state that there is a plan afoot to have a national carillon at Washington, D. C., as a tribute to the soldier dead.

Contact with the men and women of Flanders has directed American attention to one kind of music, vital in the national lives of these people, which cannot even be heard in this country.

A carillon is made up of a set of tower bells attuned to the intervals of the chromatic scale, usually covering a range of four octaves. To attain such a range the bell producing the lowest note must weigh several tons, while the smallest weighs scarcely twenty pounds. The bells are connected to a keyboard or to a clockwork mechanism which causes their clappers to strike.

Producing music from the bells requires great skill and dexterity on the part of the bellmaster, for he must use his feet for the larger bells, and the muscles of both his wrist and elbow are brought into play in producing the tremolando effect usually given. A fine carillon is not the result of a chance molding of metal but its making is as much an achievement wrought by a wise combination of excellent material and deep thought as a Stradivarius. Lovers of carillon music compare the tones to those of a pianoforte in delicacy and to an organ in majesty. When touched by the hand of a master like Denyn, the wizard of Malines, the music seems to come veritably from the heavens and to settle in peace and benediction over the surrounding country.

From the even rows of red-topped roofs and the trees of the surrounding level spaces in Malines the immense flat-topped Gothic spire of St. Rumbold once arose. The cathedral dated from the thirteenth century and has for hundreds of years been known the world over for the remarkable silvery quality of its bells. So much attention had been given to making it the best of its kind that its bell makers gained wide reputations and the town itself became the headquarters of bell foundry.

The tower, vast and mysterious against the luminous sky, seemed to dominate the city. While compelling the attention it stirred the imagination as it kept watch over Malines and tolled the passing of the hours with its huge bell. When not attached to the wonderful mechanism that controlled the ringing of the carillon, this bell required eight men to ring it. The range of the bells of this carillon was great enough to admit of many difficult operative selections. Today the majestic tower mingles its dust with that of the ruined city over which it had for centuries guarded.

The carillon of Antwerp possessed the greatest number of bells of any in Flanders—sixty-five. It has been said that from the cathedral tower on a clear morning 126 carillons could be seen.

Donald O'Callaghan, who succeeded Terence MacSwiney. It is reported that O'Callaghan is now in hiding because of threats made by the Black and Tans in Cork.

WEAK; RUN-DOWN

Carolina Lady Got So She Could Just Drag.—"Cardui Built Me Up," She Declares.

Kernersville, N. C.—In an interesting statement regarding Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, Mrs. Wesley Mabe, of near here, recently said: "I have known Cardui for years, but never knew its worth until a year or so ago. I was in a weakened, run-down condition. I became draggy—didn't eat or sleep to do any good; couldn't do anything without a great effort. I tried different remedies and medicines, yet I continued to drag.

"I decided to give Cardui a trial, and found it was just what I really needed. It made me feel much stronger soon after I began to use it. I began to eat more, and the nervous, weak feeling began to leave. Soon I was sleeping good.

"Cardui built me up as no other tonic ever did. "I used Cardui with one daughter who was puny, felt bad and tired out all the time. It brought her right out, and soon she was as well as a girl could be. We think there is nothing like Cardui."

Do not allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. You may find it just what you really need. For more than 40 years it has been used by thousands and thousands, and found just as Mrs. Mabe describes. At your druggist's. NC-142

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Uncle Walt's Story



HUMOR OF BOYS

"MY next door neighbor has a trouble, if he doesn't reform," said the retired merchant. "He's always playing idiotic tricks on me, and I'm getting tired of it. This morning, as I was leaving home, I found my front gate nailed shut, and I had to climb over it, and nearly broke my back doing it."

"I wouldn't give three cents for a boy who didn't play tricks," replied the hotel-keeper. "I expect you were as giddy as the rest of them when you were young. Whenever a boy puts up a job on me, and I feel myself getting mad, I recall some of my own exploits when I was a lad, and that enables me to forget my troubles.

"I was looking through an ancient album last evening, and saw the pictures of a lot of people who fell off the earth many years ago. They were venerable men and women in my schooldays, and I had played tricks on every one of them; not with malice aforethought, but just because a kid must have his fun.

"There was a picture of old Aunt Betsy, who used to come to our house once in a while, on a visit, and as soon as she came she took charge of everything. She knew how to do things better than anybody else, and she was always criticizing my mother's methods. Whenever mother started to do anything, Aunt Betsy would take the job out of her hands, saying she would show the right way to do it.

"I had heard somewhere that if you put a drop or two of acetic acid in a gallon of cream, that cream will never make butter. I had a great memory for such facts, and kept them on file where they would be useful. One morning mother said she would have to churn, and she got things ready. I knew that as soon as she started Aunt Betsy would want to show her how it should be done, so when I had a chance, I dropped some of the acid into the churn, which was one of those old upright affairs, with a dasher that you worked up and down until the butter came.

"Mother seated herself on a stool and began churning, and then Aunt Betsy came along, and said that while she was a modest and unassuming woman, she did claim to know a little more about churning than anybody of her weight in that part of the country. 'Let me do it, my dear,' said she, 'and I'll have butter in seven minutes by the clock.' So she took hold of the dasher and began slapping away with it. She worked and worked, and the sweat began rolling down her face, and every once in a while she'd lift the lid of the churn to see what ailed the doggone cream, and then she'd pour in some cold water, and then some hot water, and the more she wrestled away, the less sign of butter was there.

"She whanged away at that ding-busted churn for two hours and couldn't get results, and she was so mad and disgusted over it she wanted to pack her trunk and go back home. Mother saw me rolling around in the yard all doubled up with unholy mirth, and she realized at once, by deductive reasoning, that I was responsible, and the licking I got that evening took the edge off my sense of humor for three weeks.

"Another time, Uncle James was visiting us. He used to sit in a rustic chair under an apple tree and doze, after dinner. He had a bald head, and his hat always slid off after he had snored a few times. One day I sneaked up behind him with a feather and began tickling his head. He'd slap his dome of thought and cuss a little, and then doze again, when I would get busy with the feather. That went on for quite a while, and I was having the time of my life. I never heard any language more highly colored than Uncle James put up.

"My mother heard him saying things, and came to the door and asked him what was the matter, and he said a ding-donged lopsided fly was chewing his scalp off. He had chased it away three million times, but it always came back. I got another licking that night, and my mind was occupied with serious things for a month."

A Simpleton.

Our idea of a simp is a man who marries a lady lawyer and then tries to make an alibi stick.—Dallas News.

About Twenty-eight.

"Top!"
"Yes, my son."
"What are the middle ages?"
"Why, the middle ages, my boy, are the ones which, when the women reach, they stop counting."—Yankers Statesman.

A Possible Trouble.

Juggins—It's strange that Wigwag doesn't succeed. He seems to have no difficulty in catching on.
Buggins—Maybe the trouble is he doesn't know when to let go.

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GERMAN BANK INCREASED FROM AMERICAN LOANS

BERLIN, Nov. 26.—It is reported the Coblentz bank has increased its capital from 8,000,000 to 50,000,000 marks by a loan from the American Banking Association, and has asked permission from the finance minister to move its headquarters from Coblentz to Cologne. This rumor prompts the Vorwarts to criticize the transaction as a step on the part of foreign interests to gain economic control of the occupied zone.

FORMER KAISER DISCUSSES MONEY WITH CHILDREN

LONDON, Nov. 27.—During visits of his children at Doorn castle during the past week, former Emperor William, of Germany, has taken occasion to discuss with them their financial resources, says a Doorn dispatch to the Daily Mail. It is said the former emperor intends to present each of his children 85,000 pounds sterling in Dutch money, "so they may continue to live in a manner befitting the Hohenzollerns."

INCREASE IN SURPLUS CARS.

(By The Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Continued increase in the number of surplus freight cars during the week ended November 15, when the total reached 19,865, or 7,332 more than in the preceding week, was announced today by the car service division of the American Railway Association. Data compiled by the division, it was said, shows this surplus to be located chiefly in the south and central west. Increase in the total surplus was shown to be due to a reduction of the car shortage continuing to exist in other parts of the country, where the average daily shortage for the week was 35,356, or 4,332 less than for the week preceding.

IMPOSSIBLE TO REDUCE

TAXES IN SOUTH CAROLINA

(By The Associated Press.)

SPARTANBURG, S. C., Nov. 27.—A member of the state tax commission stated here today that it will be impossible for the commission to reduce tax assessments for this year, as requested by the Wholesale Merchants' Association. The assessments were made last January and taxes based on these assessments are now due. The commission has called a public meeting in Columbia on December 7 to discuss the policy of fixing assessments for next year.

Orders in Orders.

Private Bink was incorrigible. His disposition had always been too merry and carefree to suit C. O., but when he entered the P. C. whistling, it was altogether too much.

"Binks," said the captain sternly "you seem to like to whistle. I'll give you your chance. Stand there in the corner and whistle for one hour."

Private Bink swung into the strain, and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"Your sentence is mitigated to five minutes," said the captain, rising wearily to attention.

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GOVERNMENT CALLS IN ALL ARMS AND AMMUNITION.

(By The Associated Press.)

DUBLIN, Nov. 10.—All arms and ammunition in Ireland have been called in by the government, and it is now a criminal offence for anybody to be in possession, however, innocently, of such articles. Permits have been abolished. Needless to say, the Sinn Feiners have not given up any weapons and the order has only operated against ordinary people who kept guns for sport, or happened to possess souvenirs of the war.

The German cartridges brought home to their fathers by many Irish boys would appear on a charge sheet as so many rounds of dum dum ammunition, and even a disabled revolver falls under the ban. The souvenirs, therefore, now repose in the government stores. Some loyal people were not quick enough in responding to the government orders and have had to pay for it in the police courts.

In one case a man who had a permit for a gun thought it would be all right if he told the police about it without going to the military barracks. The police knowing his position, encouraged his delusion. But that did not save him from prosecution and the facts showed how needful was the government's precautions, for the Sinn Feiners got into his house and made away with his gun while the prosecution was pending.

Bread Upon the Waters.

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And, believe me, you job-sided, nut-ton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that das has come."—American Legion Weekly.

Balky Pegasus.

An attendant, perspiring freely from sundry trips to the flying field to carry gas and oil for the planes, had reached the end of his patience. Each trip he had been delayed by inquisitive persons who bombarded him with Foolish Questions, Nos. 1-1000, inclusive. Finally an old lady stopped him:

"Young man," she said, "what do you do when a machine gets up in the air and runs out of gasoline?"

"Confidentially, ma'am," he replied, "that's just what's happened now. There's a couple of them stalled up there and we've got to take gas up in the emergency balloon to bring them down."—American Legion Weekly.

Senator Phelan, of California, and Representative Phelan, of Massachusetts, have been left at home by un-Phelan constituencies.—Providence Journal.

Boston woman married a man because he had a bathtub, but he kept her in hot water so she has sued for divorce. That sex will be inconsistent to the last.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.