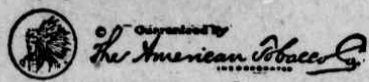


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Norma Talmadge at her best in a dual role of two unhappy wives — One a spoiled daughter of wealth — The other a child of the tenements. A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20 Alice Brady in LITTLE ITALY

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21 Annette Kellerman in WHAT WOMEN LOVE

The tale of the hilarious courtship of Athletic Annabel, affectionate but untamed, and sweet Williams, a mother's darling who acquires muscle. Thrills on land, under sea and in the high heavens. A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION Also Larry Semon in THE FLY COP.

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MR. BOWSER STARTS REFORM

But It Is Worse Than the Evil He Would Cure.

By M. QUAD.

(© 1921 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Nothing so irritates Mr. Bowser as to have the street peddlers go up and down, in front of his house, yelling their wares, and, on many occasions, he has gone out and quarreled with them, but he has found them claiming their rights, their licenses from the city permitting them to yell.

The other night, as Mr. Bowser sat reading, a vegetable peddler stopped at his gate and kept calling out, for five long minutes. He had a voice like a hand-saw trying to saw a spike in two, and it must have made other people nervous. Mrs. Bowser feared that there would be a riot, and she began to drum on the piano, to distract Mr. Bowser's attention. It was in vain, however. He rose up with the exclamation:

"By thunder, woman, do you think I am going to stand that?"

"He will go home, presently," answered Mrs. Bowser, drumming louder than before.

"Stop that infernal racket! Isn't it bad enough to hear that fellow yell? I am going out and kill him. He is the one of all the ones who make this trouble. Just listen to his voice! Why, it would scare a baby to death!"

"Mr. Bowser, just wait one minute and he will drive on."

"I won't wait one blotted second! Don't you come out and mix in! There will be gore flying around, and I may also tip his wagon over and kill his horse!"

Mr. Bowser rushed down the hall and out of doors. He was bare-headed and wore his dressing gown. The peddler had not moved on. He was not going to. He sat there in his seat in a comfortable position, and he was going to yell as long as he wanted to. He saw Mr. Bowser coming out, and he called and he shouted:

"I have got them! Do you want some string beans? They are on a string! I have onions and potatoes and cucumbers! I have some of the nicest celery here that a king ever chewed on! Oh—oh—oh! Come and buy!"

Mr. Bowser came! And he had ground glass in his voice, as he said:

"Look here, old feller, you want to quit this! If you don't, I am going to murder you!"

"Say, old party, what ails you?" "I'll show you what ails me! If you holler again, there'll be bloodshed!"

"Come, now, but I got to holler, or the folks won't know I am here. You wouldn't have known I was here. I am only making my living and you shouldn't object. Is it my voice you complain of?"

"Of course I complain about it!" answered Mr. Bowser. "It is the worst voice in the United States!"

"I'll tell you what is the trouble with my voice, Mr. Bowser, for you see, I know you. I was fool enough to bet five dollars that I could put a billiard ball in my mouth. I put it there, but I could not get it out again. The doctors worked at me for two days, and they knocked out most of my



"Mr. Bowser I Have Come to Try Your Way."

teeth. They finally had to get a stick and punch the ball down my throat. It is lodged right at the base of my throat and that's what the trouble is with my tones. I know that some folks don't like to hear me, but what am I to do? I have a wife and five children to support, and you should pity me, instead of thirsting for my life."

Mr. Bowser lost a good part of his anger, and after a moment's thought, he said:

"Look here, now, I will tell you what to do. There is no need of all this yelling. You just come to the house, in a quiet and decent way, and ask if we want any of your stuff. If we do, we will buy it and so will other people. We must have reform in the thing, and that is the way to bring about. Don't you see yourself?"

"Why, yes, that seems a good plan," answered the peddler, and he drove away more yelling. Mr. Bowser entered the house, to be greeted by Mrs. Bowser; and, though she was as one who doubt-

less that his plan would probably work.

On the next evening at about the same hour, there was a ring at the door bell. Mr. Bowser answered it himself, and there stood his peddler of the night before—the man with the awful voice. He was surrounded with baskets of vegetables, and in almost a whisper, he said:

"Mr. Bowser, I have come to try your way. Do you want any onions, carrots, turnips, beans, peas or cucumbers?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "That is all right, Mr. Bowser. If I have disturbed you in any way, I beg your pardon. Good-night, Mr. Bowser—good-night."

"That fellow has got more sense than I thought he had," said Mr. Bowser, as he returned to his paper. "This street ought to be thankful to me for working this great reform!"

The reform began to die almost as soon as it was born. There was another ring at the bell. Mr. Bowser opened the door to find a second ped-



"Have Some Tomatoes as Big as Your Fist."

dler, and when he had gruffly asked what the fellow wanted, he was answered with:

"Mr. Bowser, I am told you don't like our hollering, and so we ain't going to holler no more. I have called to see if you wanted any vegetables. I have a load of them out here, and I warrant them fresh and sweet. Being as the hour is late, and I want to get home—"

"Well, you can go right home," interrupted Mr. Bowser, as he slammed the door, and he returned to Mrs. Bowser, muttering something about infernal impudence, to which she replied:

"Don't be so impatient; your reform seems to be working."

In about 15 minutes there was a third ring and a third peddler stood at the door and softly said:

"Mr. Bowser, are you in want of some nice vegetables? I have some beauties out here, and there is a bargain in every bunch of them. I have some tomatoes here almost as big as your fist, and they taste better than oranges. If you want sugar beets—"

"I want you to beat it!" shouted Mr. Bowser, "and don't you ever come here again!"

"Just as you say, old man," quietly replied the peddler. "If I have put you out any, you must pardon me."

When Mr. Bowser returned to the sitting room this time, he found Mrs. Bowser trying hard to keep a sober face, and he shouted at her:

"Oh, it's very funny, is it? Well, I'll show you whether it's funny or not! If another peddler calls, he shall die right on our door step!"

No other peddler called. After a lapse of a few minutes the telephone bell rang, and Mr. Bowser responded with a "hello" to hear a voice saying:

"Mr. Bowser, I beg your pardon for disturbing you. Do you want some string beans for your dinner tomorrow? I have other things. I have some of the best potatoes you ever put your tooth in, and I'll give you a big bargain if you want a quart or two."

"You infernal rascal!" yelled Mr. Bowser, as he hung up the receiver.

Within the hour there were four more calls, and then Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house, hoping to find someone and wash his hands in human blood.

And when he was gone, Mrs. Bowser had the laughing hysterics.

The Graphite Industry.

In the island of Ceylon graphite is found in greater abundance than in any similar sized area in the world. The soil and rocks of Ceylon are almost everywhere impregnated with graphite, so that it may be seen covering the surface in the drains after a rain. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The peculiarity of Ceylon graphite is its remarkable purity. Another source of graphite is Chosen, the graphite found there being classified as scaly, fibrous, foliated and earthy, the first two classifications containing over 90 per cent carbon. In China, graphite is found in several localities.—Scientific American.

Laugh at First Phone.

The telephone was born from the brain of an American but 45 years ago, the first instrument being a sort of crude harmonica, with a clock spring reel, a magnet and a wire.

The first time it "talked" was on March 10, 1876; capitalists laughed at it for several years to "scientific toy." The experiment did not end until the country's greatest wire

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NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed in trust executed on the 4th day of February, 1921, by Rachael A. Dougherty and William Wallace Dougherty, recorded in book of mortgages and deeds of trust no. 14 at page 6 of the Transylvania records, to secure the indebtedness therein named, and default having been made in the payment of said debt and interest, and having been requested so to do by the payee in the note secured by said deed in trust, I will sell at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Brevard, N. C., at 12 o'clock M. on October 15th 1921, all the following described pieces or parcels of lands lying and being in Brevard, township of Brevard and county of Transylvania, and BEGINNING on a stake standing on margin of south Broad street, as extended, said point being at west side or margin of the side walk, corner of lot No. 4 as shown on plat of subdivision dated January 8th, 1912, registered on Book No. 28 at page 600, deed records of Transylvania County, N. C., and runs thence with the east margin of said South Broad Street and with the west margin of said sidewalk, south, six degrees east 130 ft. to a stake on said margin of said street and sidewalk, said point being corner of lot No. 6 as shown on said plat mentioned above; then with the line of lot No. 6 as shown on said plat south eighty-nine degrees east 150 feet to a stake; thence North 89 degrees east 100 feet to an iron stake; thence North 2 degrees west 123 feet to an iron stake or post thence North 89 degrees west 100 feet to a stake or post corner of lot no. 5 as shown on said plat above mentioned; thence with the line of lot No. 4 as shown on said plat above mentioned, North 89 degrees west 156 feet to the point of BEGINNING. The foregoing being the same property fully described in a deed from George McC. Hixon to Rachael A. Dougherty by deed dated 6th day of December, 1919, and now known as "NAVAJO," together with the contents and furnishings therein contained.

This sale being made to satisfy the debt, interest and costs of sale.

This the 9th day of September, 1919.

E. W. Ewbank, trustee

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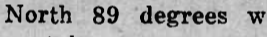
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