

**Interest in Routing of Appalachian Way**

Nationally Known Speakers Will Address Gathering—Route Will Pass Through N. C.

Cincinnati—Interest in the final routing of the Appalachian highway which will transverse every important highway East of the Mississippi, grows more tense as the date of the meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, grows near. Directors from the ten states through which the highway will run are being broached by many cities and villages in an effort to have them vote to have those places included in the final routing.

Quite a few suggestions have been made to straighten out the tentative line at various points, as well as alternate routes for certain counties if sufficient interest is not manifested by the places through which the tentative route passes. Monte J. Goble, president of the Association, has referred all such controversies to the state delegations for final decision at the Lexington meeting which will be held Monday April 5th.

Directness, mileage and time of completion will be considered in selecting the ultimate route. Localities desiring to be placed on the new national highway must present their arguments during the one-day convention, Governor Wm. J. Fields, of Kentucky, has invited the Governors of the Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida to attend the gathering.

A tentative program provides for three sessions with the final arguments for places on the route to be made during the second session, which will be held the afternoon of April 5. Nationally known speakers will address the banquet in the evening which will be held at the La-Fayette Hotel.

The entire Board of Directors of the Cincinnati Automobile club is planning to attend the convention in a body. Similar news is arriving daily regarding similar organizations in other cities.

Four members of the present board of the Appalachian Way Association have been promoted to positions as vice-president. They are Fred G. Warde, Brunswick, Ga., Charles M. Hayes, Chicago; E. E. Blackburn, Marion, Indiana, and H. J. Priester, president of the Cincinnati Automobile Club.

**Unkissed College Sheik Loses to Girls**

Boston, March 23.—Arthur P. Tillinghast of Danielson, Conn., the unkissed Apollo of the Boston University seniors, as relinquished his claim to virgin lips.

This girl-shy student surrendered without a protest, not to one, but four of Boston's fairest and most lovely of the loveliest. And to make certain that the collegiate's kiss fast is definitely broken these four damsels, named Eve Wendt, Stella Bolton, Nina Penn and Violet Follis, just stepped up and planted kiss after kiss on the famous Boston unkissed lips.

Arthur didn't try to struggle. He succumbed in manly subservience to the will of the charming quartette.

One girl kissed him, then the next and then two at a time, each on a cheek and "Tillie," as he is popularly known among his classmates, didn't blink an eyelash.

This boy had never been kissed, at least, so he claimed, so the girls continued to convince him of the folly of stubbornness.

"It's simply great," Tillinghast agreed when he had a chance to catch his breath.

"Tillie" is an honor student at the College of Business Administration, and is one of the most popular members of his class. He has held many class offices and is a member of the "Skull," a honorary fraternity. Now he is called the college "sheik".

**Grover Child Dies In Shelby Hospital**

Death of little Austell Borders. Little Austell Borders infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Garland Borders of near Grover died at the Shelby Public Hospital on Wednesday, March 17th, where he had been a patient for three weeks, suffering from pneumonia and catarrh of the stomach. He was 19 months 21 days old. A very bright and winsome child, one whom everybody seemed to love. His funeral was conducted by Rev. Rush Padgett at New Hope church, Earl on Thursday March 18th, at 3 o'clock.

Besides his parents he leaves one small brother Bryant, to mourn his death.

**Ladies of Congress**

No woman member of congress has yet been reelected, although seven of the sex have sat in congressional seats. The world is young, however, and some woman is sure to make the grade.

**Reserved.**

Wife—Mr. Jones is a most attractive man; is he married?  
Husband—He's a reserved chap—keeps all his troubles to himself!

The Countess of Cathcart might have got by easily by disguising her self as a play.

Americanism: When in doubt, step on it.

**Aged Newsboy, Once Millionaire, Attempting to Stage Comeback**

**HURRYING** crowds, shoving, hurrying their way down Broadway in Los Angeles, Calif., are attracted by the cries of an aged newsboy—no, he's past 69 now.

A prosperous-looking gentleman hands the man a quarter for a paper and is lost in the moving mass without stopping for his change—little realizing this same man once lived in a spacious mansion surrounded by every luxury money could buy.

**Trying to Come Back**

But John M. Wallace lives simply now. A small back room of a downtown lodging house is his only home. None of the fine things of life are his anymore. Every nickel pocketed during long hours of peddling papers is used for speculating—in the everlasting hope of recouping his lost fortune of \$19,000,000.

Back in 1887 John Wallace drifted into Vancouver, B. C. He had a few hundred dollars—considerable money in those days—and with this started speculating in land.

"It wasn't long before my speculations started reaping a good profit," declared the aged man between cries of wuxtra, wuxtra. "I began to be looked upon as one of the most promising young men in Vancouver."

"For 40 years I kept up this mad buying and selling of land. At the end of that time I had about ten million—most of it in real estate. Then came the crash. Property values went flat. Piece by piece I disposed of my land to cover up the speculations."

**Once Was Carpenter**

"I managed to hold out for four years, but finally was forced to sell my home, yacht, cars—in fact, everything. When it was all over I didn't have a nickel. I bumed my way to San Francisco and got a job as a carpenter, but didn't like it there so I came to Los Angeles."

"I started doing carpenter work, but somehow or other that didn't pan out very well. So I started selling papers and I'm getting along quite well."

And now, when all his papers are



Wallace goes home to the dingy little room. Here he spends hours figuring the quickest way to climb the speculative ladder of wealth—that he may discard the papers for him.

**Insurance Agents Renewing Licenses**

Collections to date on license taxes and fees from the more than 30,000 insurance agents are running well ahead of last year, according to Stacey W. Wade, State Insurance Commissioner, who states that more than \$100,000 has been collected thus far. Licenses to operate as insurance agents in the State expire on April 1, and the license force in the insurance department is compelled to work nights to keep up with the work.

Commissioner Wade stated that approximately 27,000 life insurance agents will have to renew their licenses before April 1. Scores of licenses are being issued every day and the end is not in sight, said Mr. Wade.

**Lattimore Wins Over Piedmont 6 to 4**

Speaking of bread mergers, we can yet remember how efficiently the buttered heel of the hot loaf merged into a small boy.

What most people call "ambition" is just a lazy man's wish that he could bat 400 without the annoyance of practice.

Another of the fallen we are glad to see getting up in the world is the mercury.

Talk of breaking the Solid South seems idiotic when you look back over the list of candidates it has survived.

Memoirs teach us to be glad that Mr. Wilson had few intimates. Unconscious humor: Hanging an automobile license tag on some of the contraptions they are hung on.

Alas! the bootlegger is gone by the time the old stomach proves him a liar.

**Lattimore Wins Over Piedmont 6 to 4**

Lattimore, N. C.—In a very hard fought game Lattimore wins over Piedmont this afternoon by score 6-4. Although the weather was unfavorable, both teams exhibited class baseball. Gold, pitching for the visitors was always a mystery to the Lattimorians, who only got three hits. While champion for the locals showed good form, he was hit timely. With the exception of a few costly bobbles Piedmont had Lattimore out-classed.

For Lattimore, Herrill and McSwain did the hitting. McSwain luckily got a homer. For Piedmont, Ford, Gold and J. Lee did the slugging, and Ford's catch in center with J. Lee's infielding was the outstanding events.

**The Wife's Kinfolks**

I have always been good to my wife's kinfolks. Everytime they have visited us I have given the fact publicity through my column. But it looks like the way the type-setter has been setting up my reports of these visits has not been exactly right, and I must say that I have been misquoted.

But to make a long story longer—some of my own kinfolks came to see us last week, and my wife has requested me to give their visit the same publicity that her kinfolks enjoyed. Now I'm sure I am in trouble. If I don't do as she says I don't know what will happen, and I do want to live on with her so bad.

I am afraid that my kinfolks won't understand just exactly my method of describing a visit where the said visit brings us so much joy, and will not love me so effervescingly in the future. But I have my instructions, and I know what they mean.

They came in 2 Fords and 1 wagon. There was Uncle Jake and his family, and Uncle Jule and his family, and several others. The wagon crowd came a little top late. The mule ate up a few rose bushes while he was perambulating around in our back yard—the third day. My kinfolks were just about like

my wife's kinfolks except mine seemed to like ice mighty well. They found that we had ice in the refrigerator and they ate it all through the day. They were very fond of cheese and salmon.

Uncle Jule slept with all his clothes on but his shoes. He got up every morning about 4:30. We never did learn what for. Uncle Jake was a late sleeper. He works on halves at home. Uncle Jule owns his land.

The children were nice little children (when they were asleep), and were taken away completely with the hot water spigots in the bathroom. The Rudd heater stayed red hot the whole time they were here. At least that's what my wife says.

My wife says that our electric bills were no larger than they have been heretofore—as my kinfolks didn't know how to turn on the switches. They suffered a great deal for want of water. They couldn't understand why we didn't have a dipper and a well. They couldn't drink city water at all.

My wife says that my folks spent 3 hours and 15 cents every day while they were here in the 10 cent stores down town. My wife is having the floor done over in front of the sitting room fire place. She says Brown Mule tobacco juice won't wash off.

Uncle Jule wanted to pay for the goblet that little Willie threw at little Jimmie, but my wife wouldn't let him. They liked maple syrup. I was glad they ate those 2 cans; we had saved them long enough.

My wife bought 2 pounds of butter and 4 dozen eggs and engaged a ham from Aunt Sallie. Sammie pulled the china closet over on him, but unfortunately he escaped serious injury, but I told my wife that it was time those wedding present were either busted up or used.

My wife says that my folks couldn't understand why there was so much passing. They stood at the door or windows nearly all the time. Uncle Jule was offered one of my night shirts to sleep in. He said he had not quite turned to a woman yet and therefore didn't wear them gowns.

My wife never got down town the whole 3 days my kinfolks were here. She missed everything from the U. D. C. meeting to the Masi Festival. But they finally went home, she says.

When Washington spoke of entangling alliances, he was thinking of promises to be redeemed—not of pie to be divided.

Maybe Europeans cuss America just to fool their creditors until they can get passports.

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