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SCABS AND SCALWAGS

when it does, they are bound together with seven-hundred and fifty-three thousand four hundred and eleven hard knots which cannot be untied by a gang of legal buzzards who dote upon divorce scandal.

Unions may be made by the quiver of an angel's wing, but weddings are often the result of a horrible accident.

John Henry and Sarah Jane become acquainted, they dance and flirt, fool around the front porch in the dark of the moon,

FADE, FASHION AND FOOLS.

Of all the pitiful humbugs beneath high heaven it is they who devote all their intellect to the science of dress. Thousands are today galloping about under ten dollar hats who are guiltless of undershirts, flashing diamonds, while in debt to the butcher for the meat on their bones.

Yes, bless your soul, there are just scads of folks who flaunt Parisian finery who have a cupboard with a chronic hole in it big enough to stable a bull calf, go hungry to bed six days in the week that they may make a

DAMAGED TEXT