

PREACHER FAILED TO AID DISTRESSED AUTO PARTY

When Young Lady Hailed Them Down They Shot the Gas to the Engine and Did Oldfield Stunt

BUT A SAMARITAN CAME ALONG

Mineral Springs Route 1, Sept. 8.—While playfully pranking with a pocket knife, Mr. Clayton Lathan gave Mr. Carlos Hinson a right severe cut across the wrist Friday. The wound after being dressed and sewed up is healing fast.

Mr. Baxter L. Starnes is right sick, we regret to say.

Mrs. Lou McBride is back from a visit to her mother at Thomasville. She says that crops in that part of the state are virtually drying up.

Mr. J. W. Carnes of the Wolf Pond section and his mother, Mrs. P. W. Carnes, left to visit relatives in Columbia. While there Mr. Carnes will take treatment at a Columbia hospital.

Friends of Mr. Otis Small will regret to learn that he is right seriously ill with appendicitis at Feunell's Infirmary at Rock Hill.

Mrs. Hinson has a sunflower in our garden that has sixty-seven separate flowers on it. The flowers are evenly distributed from top to bottom, and are very beautiful.

Capt. W. C. Heath of Monroe was the principal speaker at the Starnes reunion Thursday. The Captain began his speech in the following style: "A few years ago I was called upon to make a speech in the city of Philadelphia before an audience of a thousand people. The invitation caught me unawares and I began my speech by telling them I was going to make them a hoop-skirt speech—one that went around everything yet touched nothing. Now I am going to give you a modern speech; one short enough to show everything and close enough to touch everything."

And he did; for among other sound philosophy he told the parents if they did not care to see orgies like that which was pulled off in our temple of justice only a few weeks ago, to keep their daughters at home after sunset. The Captain spoke 10 minutes and was loudly applauded.

Instructor for the Indians

A marriage of considerable interest took place last Thursday at high noon when Miss Mary Billie became the bride of Mr. Matt R. Yarborough. Mrs. Yarborough is a prominent Jackson township lady and has successfully taught in this and other counties. Mr. Yarborough is the son of Mr. H. L. Yarborough and is a successful farmer and teacher. For several years Matt was instructor in the Indian reservations of Nevada and Oklahoma, for which he had taken special training at the A. and E. college at Raleigh. He is also a graduate of this school. But on account of bad health he gave up this work and returned here to farm and teach. But the call to his chosen profession was too great and he and his bride left for Cherokee county, where he will be instructor for the few remaining tribes of this State which are located in that county. We regret to lose Matt in this location but feel that he and his bride will prosper and be happy in their chosen work.

While partaking of a piece of nut-ton leg at the reunion at Mr. T. E. D. Starnes Thursday I found a thorn one and a quarter inches long firmly imbedded against the bone. After dinner I showed it to Mr. Starnes and he told us that the lamb showed no appearance of being lame. All of us are quite sure that if Esq. Marvin Richardson, who was present, had procured that piece of mutton in his mad haste to get on the outside of much as he possibly could, it would have never been seen or else a long obituary would have appeared next day in the papers.

Bales Baker, a prominent negro of this section, died of paralysis Friday morning. He was a good citizen and was law-abiding in every respect.

And Who Is My Neighbor?

Mrs. Harrell, the Marshville lady, is not the only one of the fair sex that gets her confidence jarred and shaken up by the antics of some of our local autoists. And thereby hangs a story. "Four girls and myself were out riding a few days ago and we were wending our way toward the church where a big meeting was in progress," said a young man. "We had not gone far when 'tire's down,' said one of the girls in the rear seat. We got out and took a look and sure enough it was. I secured the jack and up went the wheel and off went the tire; and in a few minutes we had patched a hole about as big as a redbug's eye, but large enough to let out sixty-five pounds of air, and soon were on our way. We had hardly got a mile when the girl on the other side said 'I believe this tire is flat,' and sure enough it was. In a few minutes the tire was again on, and I was working the lever on the pump like a negro on a hand car, and if it had been one, I think I could have made it from Monroe to Charlotte with all ease.

"Now," said one of the girls, "trouble never comes single-handed, and we have had it twice, let's go." We cranked up and got at least two hundred yards when down went the tire again. Off came the tire again and this time the gnat's eye was found and the patching can was brought forward. I had got that far when I remembered that I had used about all the cement on the other patch. We squeezed and pinched and re-rolled our cement tube but not enough to dot the letter I with could be induced to show itself, so we sat down and began to meditate why tubes were not made of sheet iron. And one of the girls who had been to summer school said that she thought that some of the steak that she ate would make indistructible tires. We had got this far when a great noise was heard behind us and we fell to betting whether it was a Ford or a run-away team to a wagon. The former won and it was seen that it was two well-known ministers. I stepped forward to flag them, but one of the girls pulled me back and said, 'let

me do the stunt.' She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief and put on one of those movie vamp smiles like all girls can, and since one of the preachers has a circuit but no wife, I thought it would work, but evidently the preacher had been caught before or was seriously studying his text, for he shot the gas to his driver and did a Barney Oldfield stunt of running by on two wheels as he curved around us and went on his way. The young lady turned around and shook her fist in the direction of the fleeing minister and said 'just for that I'll feed you peas and onions next time you come to our home, instead of chicken and cake.' We had waited almost an hour and soon another car hove in sight. I went out with my tire in one hand and a big rock in the other, but the car had begun to slow down and finally came to a halt behind our car, and out came a fellow I only partly knew, and slapped me on the back and said 'what is it old sport?' And he was not content with giving me enough to patch with, but insisted that I take his extra tube. After helping me patch up, and taking a turn at the pump, he tipped his hat and drove on.

"I am told that the preacher took for a text 'who is your neighbor' that day. I guess I know who is mine, all right."

Mr. C. H. Hinson informs us that the report that Rev. E. S. Watson had resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian church and was doing other denominational work is incorrect, and though Mr. Watson is in the country of swamps and ponds, he has not turned to a duck yet. Rev. Mr. Watson was formerly a pastor at Walkersville.

Miss Maggie Bolling of York county spent last week with friends in

the Plyler Mill section. She was organist during the meeting at Bethany.

Mr. James Aycoth is at the bedside of his father, who lives in the eastern part of the township, and is right seriously ill.

EVERY PERSON IN LEE TO BE GIVEN EXAMINATION

State Board of Health and Family Physician Will Carry on Great Health Campaign.

Dr. W. S. Rankin, of Raleigh, secretary of the state board of health, in a highly interesting and exceedingly practical address Sunday afternoon, launched a month's health campaign in Lee county. Free medical examination will be offered every individual in the county who is over fourteen years of age. This will be done in co-operation with the family physician in each case.

The object of the campaign is to reveal to each one any physical defects he may have that these may be corrected before it is too late. The state bears half of the expense of these examinations and the county will meet the other half.

Lee is the first county in the state to try this experiment on the present plan. This county was selected because of its being a rural, compact county, with good roads, and also because of the hearty co-operation of all the doctors in the county.

Dr. Warren, who is connected with the state board of health, is in charge of the campaign.

The Family Millionaire
If you would sell a bogus stock
Don't try your luck on me.
My house, my lot, it's all in hook.
My cook's the one to see.

PROMINENT LADIES HELD UP

Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Bickett and Others Could Not Get By the Traffic Cop When Their Driver Had Broken the Limit.

speed fiends have their troubles in complying with Asheville's traffic ordinances and their encounters with officers, who are constantly on the alert for the safety of the public, but it is not often that Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Mrs. B. H. Griffin, of Raleigh, and Miss Susanna Coeroff, national commandant U. S. training corps camp for women, are spoken of in police court. This time they won't be in police court, but their chauffeur will, says an Asheville story in the Charlotte Observer.

Asheville's traffic policemen are no respectors of personages. Thus it was that these ladies were requested yesterday afternoon to lessen the speed up Biltmore avenue, put up bond for the appearance of the chauffeur or allow him to go to jail, while they awaited the outcome of the case with their car chauffeurless on Biltmore hill.

Surprise and embarrassment increased with lightning rapidity while the traffic officer outlined the course of the law and friends of the ladies drove around. They insisted that they were in a hurry to make a social call and that the hour set forth on the invitation had already arrived, that they meant no harm and wouldn't break a law. Being of good disposition, the officer clearly showed it, and the ladies referred to by Nell Battle Lewis in her writings as "Raleigh's big burs at the women's camp," decided upon a plan of

"legal" procedure.

They implored the officer that in view of their identity they be released.

"Identity makes no difference, cash counts," said the officer. "The bond for your chauffeur's appearance is fifteen dollars; put it up or stay here while I take him to jail and enter a charge of speeding."

Search of all purses and shopping bags failed to locate the much needed fifteen simoleons, as the time sped on and social festivities were starting in another part of the city, with the hostess wondering where her honor guests could be. They pictured the broken receiving line and caught echoes of "Are they ill?"

"What in the world could have detained them?" and "I do declare," while the traffic officer grew restless and had to let other speeders go by unmolested.

Insisting that they must hurry on to their destination; that the law should not be ignored and that the chauffeur would surely appear before Judge Wells this morning, the traffic officer was satisfied of their sincerity, and with a promise uttered in unison by the four ladies that the driver would appear, allowed the car to proceed.

The remainder of the trip was made without any spectacular high gear work.

"Another thrill to summering in the mountains," said Mrs. Daniels, as the story was related to the hostess and passed around in good natured fashion.

"Dictators at the women's camp cannot dictate to Asheville policemen," said Mrs. Bickett, camp commandante, and Mrs. Griffin, with a laugh declared, "Well, we might have been pinched."



The Man With The Torch

—we mean the oxy-acetylene torch used in our welding process—is the man wanted in the industrial world to-day. And you will want his services too when you find out all he can do for you. Call and talk to us.

J. H. McCLELLAN
At Secret Motor Company



The Refiner takes on a new Responsibility

Representatives of the automotive and refining industries recently decided that much of the task of instructing motorists as to the proper functioning of automobiles must fall upon the manufacturers of motor fuel and lubricating oils.

The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) had long before gladly assumed its share of this responsibility. It realized that the automobile builders had little opportunity, after the sale had been made, to advise with those who bought engines, trucks or pleasure cars. Branch service stations furnished their only point of contact with users of their equipment.

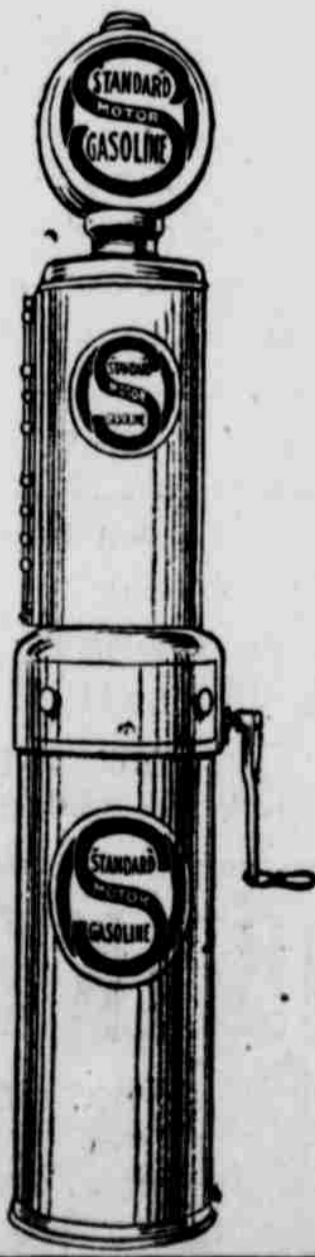
Refiners of gasoline, on the other hand, have almost daily dealings with motorists and chauffeurs. Gasoline engines have been so far developed that fuel quality has become almost more of a problem than mechanical perfection in the motor.

Accurate understanding of the many deli-

cate considerations involved in the making of a 100% motor fuel—in quantities sufficient for every demand—has always restrained this company from making claims for "STANDARD" MOTOR GASOLINE which could not be justified immediately by every purchaser of the product.

Our Development Department is constantly studying possible improvements in the quality of our products wherever the improvement in quality seems consistent with complete and dependable uniformity. We are the largest refiners of petroleum products in the world, drawing on practically every section of the Western Hemisphere for crude oil.

Our unhesitating advice to every motorist is to realize the advantages of this research work by using "STANDARD" MOTOR GASOLINE. This course will, in the long run, insure engine efficiency more surely than it can be secured in any other way.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)