

MADE WAY INTO SACRED CITY

Englishman Claims to Be the Only Living European Who Has Set Foot in Holy Shefshaon.

The Morocco correspondent of the London Times claims to be "almost with certainty" the only living European who has hitherto visited Shefshaon, the mysterious "secret" Moroccan inland city which is officially stated to be occupied by a Spanish expeditionary force.

Sheshawan, or more correctly Shefshaon, he writes, is a small town of a few thousand inhabitants situated in the tribeland of the Beni Zejel, about 40 miles to the south of Tetuan. The Times man says he visited it in Moorish disguise in 1888 and only escaped with difficulty.

He adds that the town is small, built along a sort of terrace on the high mountain side, and is renowned for its springs and streams. With the exception of its picturesque situation among mountains, its aloofness and its surrounding gardens, Shefshaon presents no very particular features.

Its inhabitants are poor. Their industries are the making of furniture in painted wood—brackets and tables—and the weaving of woolen stuffs. They are renowned for their meanness, and a native proverb states: "If you see a Moslem merchant from Fez weeping, it is only a Moor of Shefshaon who could have got the better of him."

PARODIES ALWAYS IN ORDER

Omar Khayyam and the Ever-Delightful Pepps Have by No Means Exhausted the List.

Does your memory go back to the time when everyone was writing parodies of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam? When it was considered very literary to know all about Omar, and when all the writers, both would-be and professional, were reducing the hypnotic quatrains to modern terms? The newspapers were full of "Omars Up-to-date," and quite a lot of them got into the magazines before the craze died down.

After that parodists sought other inspiration, but found no material that suited them quite so well, until a few years ago, one of them chanced on the Diary of Samuel Pepps. What a rich vein. The parodists went mad over it, and have been digging there ever since. Almost anybody can fill up a column with chronicles in the Pepps style, while the clever writer, by this means, can make himself entertaining. Some other original genius will soon take the place of Mr. Pepps in the regard of the copyists, for the popularity of the creative masters of literature is more or less changeable, dependent upon time or circumstances, while the work of the parodist goes on forever.—Ohio State Journal.

British Warship Badges.

The British admiralty has decided to provide every British warship in future with its own distinctive badge. These are being designed by Maj. Charles Foulkes, heraldic adviser to the admiralty, who has already invented 150 badges. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised, as the following examples will show: Venturous, two dice; Sportive, a butting goat; Tactician, a chess knight; Inconstant, a butterfly; Sesame, a key; Sterling, £; Watchful, an eye; Vivacious, head of Mr. Lloyd George; Terrible, a fury; Nile, head of Nelson; Truculent, Britisher smashing a Hun. Each badge will be carved in wood and then cast in brass, colored, and fitted on the quarterdeck, as well as on either bow of the boat. Two plaques are to be used, the smaller one for the boats being about eight inches square, and the one for the quarterdeck about 18 inches square. Each badge is designed in some way to represent the name of the boat pictorially, or when that is impossible, embodying some device connected with its history. The designs will be used also on note paper, and probably on the brass muzzle-caps of guns, which are privately bought by officers of battleships.

Fiat Feet Treatment Successful.

War experiences have changed our views about flat feet. It was at one time assumed that individuals so afflicted were destined to lead sedentary lives, and that they were disqualified from partaking in vocations requiring the constant use of the feet, such as military service. This erroneous idea is still universal in Europe and to a large extent in America. It is in weak feet that the bones of the arch drop to the ground, the muscles and ligaments being so weak and flabby that they cannot hold up the arch bones. After a series of treatments in the most chronic cases, the propped bones will gradually rise until they reach their normal height.

"Flivver" Airplanes.

From time to time a photograph appears, depicting a new airplane of compact dimensions and equipped with a low-power engine. Such airplanes are generally hailed as "everybody's" airplane and the coming "flivvers" of the air. Yet an examination of these machines soon discloses the fact that they are of little practical value. They are too small to be steady in flight, too low-powered to fly under moderately adverse conditions, too flimsy to last long and, taking it all in all, absolutely worthless for serious work of any kind. They should generally be treated as novelties, except in rare instances.—Scientific American.

UNABLE TO EXPLAIN GENIUS

Scientists of All Ages Have Admitted the Impossibility of Determining Whence It Comes.

Science itself admits that it cannot explain genius, for genius simply is without explanation.

Handel was only seven when he insisted on following his father to the court of Saxe-Weisenfels, whose prince, hearing him play on the organ in church after the service was over, persuaded his father to give the boy a chance. By the time he was nine he began to compose church services for voices and instruments and did so every week for three years.

But Handel was a tremendous gormandizer. He ordered dinner for three at a hotel, and when asked if he would wait for the others, replied: "I am the others, serve the dinner," and he ate all of it.

A story is told of Handel that while seated at dinner with some other musicians he exclaimed, "Oh, I have de taught!" Those about him begged that he go into another room and write down "de taught," lest they lose some wonderful composition. Handel did this several times, when one of the friends looked through the keyhole and saw him pouring down some Burgundy which an admirer had sent him and he did not wish to share with the others.

When a singer complained to Handel that the style of his accompaniments distracted the attention of the hearers from the singer to the musician and that if he did not accompany him better he would jump up on the harpsichord (the piano of that time) and smash it. Handel replied: "Fine! Tell me when you are going to do that and I shall advertise it, for more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

MAN'S FIRST DWELLING PLACE

Scientists Claim That the Desert of Gobi Must for Natural Reasons Be the Spot.

The desert of Gobi, which is the summit of the central steppe in Asia, is the most elevated region on the globe, and it is here, scientists claim, man first lived, arguing that this point of earth must have been the first to emerge from the universal sea, and that as the subsiding waters gradually gave up lower regions of earth to man he was able to descend and spread himself progressively over new acquisitions.

It is from this region that the great rivers of Asia also take their rise and flow toward the four cardinal points. On the declivities of these highlands are the plains of Tibet, lower than the frozen regions of Gobi. Here are found not only the vine, the olive, rice, the legumina, and other plants on which man has depended for sustenance, but also those animals which he has tamed and led with him over the earth, as the ox, the horse, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the camel, the hog, the dog, and even the reindeer, run wild upon these mountains. On the mountains of Cashmere, in Tibet, and in the north of China, grain has been found to be growing wild for years without ever being sown or tilled, and here also wild animals that have lived there while man has tamed others of the same species, are numerous.—Exchange.

Nature's Unchanging Way.

Outstanding ability is the reward of using the power one has. The best athlete in the world will lose power by hanging around. Resistance is the response of nature to testings. Difficulties are never made easy by giving up. Nature demands that men gain strength by using strength. Turn what you have to account and nature will add to your store with interest. The more you love the larger capacity you have to love. The more you think the keener your thinking ability becomes. The harder and more sanely you work the more you are able to. There's no secret about it. It's just nature's way of saying "to him that bath shall be given." And more than that, if you want anything from nature you must bestir yourself and get it. Nature is not a grudging giver, but she makes men earn all they get.

Only "Load Up" Right.

The tasks you add to your already full program must be related to your life work. The magnet won't hold soap, and froth and wood. Its affinity is with things of steel. So your efforts must be related to your talents and experience if they are to be a help in your growth. One added task above your specialty would be enough to swamp a man who doesn't know your line. To you it's just another added opportunity. To be sure it will require some effort, but nothing in comparison to what it would require in others. You take the load on unconsciously. It's merely another turn or two of the kind you do right along. But in time those few extra daily turns make you a tower of strength. There is no limit to your development when you load up right.—Grit.

Too Tame for Him.

"Gabson likes to hear the sound of his own voice." "That explains his penchant for monologues. But if he loves the sound of his own voice so much why doesn't he talk into a phonograph and have his remarks 'canned' for future use?" "He wouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing the phonograph write and sidget."

STILL LIVELY.

"Just think," mused the merry old gentleman, as he watched a crowd of college boys. "Forty years ago I was like that."

"Well, you haven't changed much, Sam," replied his friend. "It's true you don't wear loud hat bands and socks and burst forth in a college yell at every opportunity, but you own the flashiest automobile in town, and I don't know of anybody who honks his horn without any particular reason more often than you do."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Self-Evident Truth.

"The fortune teller told me I have a generous nature," said young Mrs. Torkins. "Of course," replied her husband. "You've got to open your pocketbook and prove your generosity before you can get a fortune teller to notice you."

The Modern Figure.

"Do you think this country's political affairs will ever bring forward the traditional 'man on horseback'?" "No," answered Mr. Chuggins. "The horse is out-of-date. What you want to look out for is the man in the automobile."



TOO MODEL.

"I think you have a model apartment." "Yes, my husband says it's a model of the real thing."

Ill-Wishing.

O Father Time, I hate to see Your scythe put on parade, And when you take a hack at me, I hope you nick your blade!

Credulities.

"Has your wife a trustful, confident nature?" "Sometimes she has and sometimes she hasn't. She won't believe anything I tell her, but she will place implicit confidence in a outja board's most casual remark."

Intrinsic Values.

"I understand Cassius Chex has announced his intention of turning his eyes from earth hereafter, to fix his gaze on higher things." "Somebody must have told him every cloud has a silver lining."

Good Reason.

Miss Gulash—Why did you leave your last boarding place? Jim Skipper—Persistent inquisitiveness of the boarding lady. She continually kept askin' me, "When are you gonna pay your board?"

Lucky Is Right.

Charity Visitor—Patrick, I understand that you are the seventh son in the family; have you any luck? Patrick—Oh, yes, m'um; I gets all me brothers' clothes, so I'm pretty warm on cold days.

Discouragement.

"I told my boss I could not live on my present salary." "What did he say?" "That if I couldn't it wouldn't be such a world disaster."

Has Some Wealth, Anyway.

"Smith is very proud of his looks, isn't he?" said Brown. "Yes," agreed Jones, "he has more gold in his teeth than he has in the bank."



SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

"Oh, Mrs. Rashly, I'm so glad to see you. I hear you have been away visiting friends." "No. Just relatives."

Non-Production.

A thinker now and then we find Who leaves approval incomplete, He has so much upon his mind He does not use his hands and feet.

A Gentle Hint.

"Sir, I came to ask for your daughter's hand." "All right, young man. Whenever you want it, you will find it in my pocket."

Seems So.

"If there were a navy aviation scandal—" "Yes?" "It ought to be easy enough to find the man higher up."

Psychological Moment.

"The soprano says she can't sing on account of ulcerated teeth." "That is the very time to make her notes soar."

A Hot One.

He—The woman I marry must know at least as much as I do. She—You are certainly very modest in your requirements.

McGANNON CASE PRESENTED TO JURY

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 29. — The case of William H. McGannon, chief justice of the municipal court, on trial charged with the second degree murder of Harold C. Kagy, on the night of May 7, was expected to be in the hands of the jury late today.

The defense rested its case with the own behalf yesterday, but County Prosecutor Roland Baskin announced that he testified of Judge McGannon in his expected to call one more witness in rebuttal before arguments.

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IDEAL TO-DAY Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton In "BACK OF MAN" and "DYNAMITE" Comedy FRIDAY Pearl White and "THE THIEF" and "LOLLY POP" SATURDAY "THE VANISHING TRAIL" "FARM YARD FOLLIES" AND "JUNE MADNESS"

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ANNOUNCEMENT We want all the former patrons and all prospective future patrons to know that the Sanitary Beauty Parlor Rooms 2 and 3 Torrence building has changed hands and is under new management — and the very best methods will be employed in treating scalps and skin disease. Unless otherwise requested we use only Marinello products which is used and recommended by more than thirty-five thousand beauty parlors. Expert operatives in attendance. We cut children's hair, do Marcel waving, manicure ladies and gentlemen, and carry a full line of Marinello Cream Lotions, Powders and Rouge. We thank you, one and all, for your patronage. Wish you a happy New Year. 'Phone 434 for appointments. MRS. J. A. PERKINS, Expert Cosmetician.

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