

The Cleveland Star

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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LEE B. WEATHERS President
RENN DRUM Local Editor

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January 1, 1905, at the postoffice at
Shelby, North Carolina, under the
Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We wish to call your attention to the
fact that it is, and has been our
custom to charge five cents per line
for resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks and obituary notices, after one
death notice has been published. This
will be strictly adhered to.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10, 1925.

When you become pessimistic use the
following for your motto: "Smile."

The Carolina Motorist heads its
joke column: "Free Air and Blow
Outs."

David Lawrence says: "Do Not Ex-
pect Farm Matters to Pass Senate
Now." No one has been expecting it.

Some people say that hard work
kills men, but who ever noticed a busy
bee flop from exhaustion.

Some people may "live and learn,"
but a student that spends 15 years in
school preparing for life must think
that it's "learn in order to live."

The Greensboro News says there is
no west. If that be the case we want
to know where Cleveland county farm-
ers buy their hay.

The next time we have anything to
say about our ex-governor we'll hesi-
tate a week and see if we'll have to
swallow what we had to say.

We have the idea that hereafter Mr.
Maxwell's opinions will be respected
by what some people consider the in-
significant part of North Carolina—"
the general public."

Wouldn't it be great to hear a con-
versation between President Coolidge
and an Indian chief when a fellow
does not know the meaning of silence
and can't understand Indian jabber.

According to the Raleigh correspon-
dents the legislators will begin to get
started to do something during the re-
mainder of the session, the first halt
being devoted to finding out what to
do.

For once we don't believe statistics.
There's something crooked going on.
Statistics show that the national
wealth of this country is more than
\$2,000 per person. Our bank book and
statistics fail to balance—and we can
not bank on statistics.

Three months ago we heard a Shel-
by citizen declare that some day Shel-
by would be a city of 20,000 inhabi-
tants. Tothor day he remarked that
it wouldn't likely grow much more.
He's opposed to extension.

Opponents to the proposal to ex-
tend the city limits of Shelby admit
that the limits must be extended some
time. Their opposition now is because
of the cost it will be to outsiders. W-
der if that cost will be less 10 years
from now?

With 50 per cent of the school chil-
dren in Cleveland county attending big
consolidated or high schools and the
aim to have the remainder in modern
schools by another half decade is a
tribute to the county board of educa-
tion and to the county, which is mak-
ing a great step forward in educating
the rural child. It's far better to pro-
duce educated men and women than
record cotton crops.

A TASK FOR KIWANIS.
At Charlotte today a meeting was
held at which representatives of the
Charlotte chamber of commerce and
of other nearby towns and cities met
to formulate plans and a campaign to
encourage industries to locate in the
Piedmont, or the territory that cen-
tralizes at Charlotte. Scores of large
manufacturing plants seeking expan-
sion for rapidly developing businesses
are turning to the Southland with its
vast resources and advantages for
their expansion. And it might be said
are turning in numbers to North Caro-
lina. New manufacturers, and heads
of new industries have been in recent
years and are seeking favorable and
advantageous locations in this state.
The meeting at Charlotte with prop-
er spirit shown should mean some-
thing beneficial to the territory rep-
resented—for few sections appear more
attractive when properly presented
than Piedmont Carolina.

Shelby is a part of Piedmont Caro-
lina, and offers the opportunities that
are offered by other towns of the sec-
tion. Shelby was not represented at
the meeting.
Of course, Shelby has no chamber
of commerce and the Charlotte meet-
ing was formally under that head. Yet,
in recent months there has been some
agitation here for encouraging the lo-
cation in Shelby of outside industry.
We have something to offer; Piedmont
Carolina has something to offer, or
the representatives who met at Char-
lotte would not have wasted time in

planning to present to the world some-
thing we do not have.

But so far as it may be seen Shel-
by is no better known to the outside
world than it was six months ago.
There has been no effort to attract
outside industry or manufacture.
These are days of advertising, and
there are many forms of advertising.
Perhaps right here in Shelby we have
a location that some big Northern in-
dustry would consider ideal for a
branch plant or the establishment of
some new industry. But it it knows
not the town has such a location how
can Shelby grow, or the town profit
merely by having something that
somebody would want if they knew
we had it. Sometimes the saying
"that which is everybody's business is
nobody's business" rings very near
true.

The local Kiwanis club meets the
needs here of a chamber of commerce
and other civic organizations devoted
to the boosting and progress of the
town. Can the club keep Shelby in
step? Or must we continue to be the
"City of Springs," attractive to home
folks, unknown to outsiders?

KEEPING 'EM ON THE FARM.

"How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down
on the Farm After They've Seen
Parce?" This World war ditty was
just an age-old query expressed in
the dialect of the times. That query,
how to keep the young folks on the
farm after they've witnessed the at-
tractions and conveniences of the city,
has been a perplexing one for years.
Is not time with progress gradually
answering the query, the problem?

One does not have to be three score
or anywhere near the hair-graying
age to remember when living on the
farm was anything else but a vacation.
Time does not have to be checked off
in decades to recall the day when the
conveniences and attractions about
farm life were all. The schools, such
as they were, offered very little and
the future was not any more alluring
than the present. Electric lights were
only part of the sights to be seen on
occasional visits to the city.

In living we have hardly been
aware of the change that is taking
place, for in living one takes even
progress as commonplace. Little time
is lost in retrospection. Yet look out
over Cleveland county today. Natu-
rally we turn for a survey to a terri-
tory we know and are interested in.

Section after section has electric
lights; community after community
is falling in line and following the big
electric program. The electric light
bulb is replacing the kerosene lamp;
farm wives now know the meaning of
convenience other than that derived
from the dictionary. The farmer's
labor has been lightened—the "White
Slave" is at work on the farm. Motor
cars and tractors have speeded up the
routine, increased production, lessened
labor cost. Fifty per cent of the
rural children in Cleveland county
are attending accredited high schools,
or big, modern consolidated schools.

Here, there, everywhere the change
is taking place. Farm life is being
revolutionized in hundreds of forms.
Electric lights, better schools, and
motor power are just a few progres-
sive items of the change. Once was
many considered it no honor to be a
farmer, other termed it just their
"get by life." Now, Mr. Farmer you're
the boss.

The farmer loves his farm, his
farm life. It's not task to keep him
there, if he goes about this life with
a smile, and he is. It's his turn now.

MILLENNIUM MISSES.

Were you nervous and "kinder" ex-
pectant of you knew not what Friday?
Did you jump when you heard the big
blast down at the rock quarry near
Shelby early Friday morning? Or
were you even interested or disturbed
in the prediction of the Rowenites
that the end of the world was to come
Friday? Suggesting as a seoffer we
think the prediction would have had
more effect and carried more weight
had the date of the millennium been
set for Friday of this week. For Fri-
day is the "13th," and there are con-
siderably more people in this country
who are superstitious than are ready
to become frightened and terrified by
the prophecies of a cult like the Row-
enites.

Last Friday according to Mrs. Mar-
garet Rowen, housewife prophetess
and a disciple or leader of the Rowen-
ites, formally known as the Reformed
Adventist church, the world was to
come to an end. Out on the hilltops
in California disciples of the cult hud-
dled during the day and evening await-
ing the end. Up in New York a man
sold his household goods and waited
—he was a believer in part for he
knew nothing could be taken with him,
Here and there all over the country
followers of the belief and the super-
stitious silently awaited the predicted
ed.

But it did not come. The housewife
prophetess said that the fins to old
Mother Earth would be one great cat-
aclysmic crash, but as the clocks tolled
midnight and a new day, Saturday,
started to tick its way on the wings
of time, the crash did not come. Oth-
er followers said that Friday would
only see a "sign in the sky which
would be evidence to the faithful that
the world had entered its last lap."
Perhaps some saw the sign, but the
most of us were locked in the arms of
Morpheus at midnight and undisturb-

ed by nightmares brought about by
the prediction. And with some we
agree when in pessimistic moods that
the "world grows worse," but not bad
enough to let an ignorant cult shake
our belief in the Bible, in God.

Had we been frightened by the
Rowenite prophecy and made fearful
by their expected millennium our
faith in the Maker of all things and
His handiwork could not have been
the faith it should. Followers of the
belief awaited the hour set by their
leader for the coming of Christ—yet
no man knows "the hour of His com-
ing."

CLIPPED CUTS.

It is easy to pick out the foreign-
born. They cuss capital instead of
Congress.—El Dorado Tribune.

It is hard for rich men to get into
Heaven. Also for poor ones.—Chico
Record.

New translations, however, can't
wean people from the old transgres-
sions.—Tucson Citizen.

The first essential in making a jingo
is to let him get above the draft age.
—Bakersfield Californian.

Ah, well; Britain is entitled to just
as many French promises as Uncle
Sam receives.—Pasadena Post.

You can't actually read men out of
the party, but you can stop passing
the pie.—Everett Herald.

If they are too young to labor un-
der eighteen, aren't they too young to
whiz about in high-power cars?—As-
sociated Editors (Chicago).

The Italian Prime Minister has or-
dered several Anti-Fascist newspa-
pers to suspend publication. We shall
really have to call him Mussolini.—
The Humorist.

A few years ago, when 6,000,000
automobiles were registered in Amer-
ica, we talked of the "point of satu-
ration" being just around the cor-
ner. Now there are 17,700,179, and the
greatest problem is the saturation of
some of those who drive automobiles.
—Louisville Times.

It might be possible to remove
liquor from politics, but we are be-
ginning to apprehend that the pa-
tient would survive the operation.—
Columbia Record.

Mussolini has astonished Rome by
entering a cage of lions. It must have
been a great relief to him after con-
ducting the Italian Parliament.—New
York Herald Tribune.

"What will the modern girl be twen-
ty years hence?" asks a contempora-
ry. About half a dozen birthdays fur-
ther on.—The Humorist.

The man who says he runs things
at his house may mean the washing-
machine and vacuum-cleaner.—Sum-
ter, (S. C.) Item.

When Baby frets

from teething, feverishness, cold, colic or
stomach and bowel irregularities there is
nothing that will give it
quicker relief than
DR. THORNTON'S
EASY TEETHER

A famous baby's specialist's prescription,
successfully used for 15 years. A sweet
powder that children like—takes the place
of castor oil. Contains no opiates or harm-
ful drugs. Package, 25c, at your druggist.
If it fails to help, your money refunded.

Hardy, Healthy
Trees For Your
Home Grounds

We supply all varieties of
Flowering Shrubs, Trees and Ever-
greens, the hardy, healthy kind,
that attract and hold you to your
home.

On request our representative
will call with plans and sugges-
tions; our men will also do the
planting, if you wish, in which
case, if any plants die within a
year, we re-supply them free, at
nursery.

THE HOWARD-HICKORY
COMPANY
Nurserymen, Landscape Gardeners
HICKORY, N. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

By virtue of the authority vested
in me in an order of the Clerk of Su-
perior court in a special proceeding,
entitled: "Victoria Moore, et al., vs.
J. Fulton Moore, et al.," I as com-
missioner will expose to public sale at
the court house door in Shelby, N. C. on

Monday, March 2nd, 1925
at 12 o'clock or within legal hours,
the following described real estate:
Situating in No. 4 township, being
a part of the homeplace of G. L. Moore
deceased, and adjoining the late T. D.
Fulton, T. M. Martin, and others. The
same being deeded G. L. Moore June
11th, 1880 by P. H. Jones and his
daughter Mary Jane Jones and re-
corded in Book "Q", page 502, in
Register's office for Cleveland county,
N. C., and bounded on the South
by the State line.
Terms of Sale: One-half cash on
day of sale, balance December 1st,
1925. Title to be reserved until the
purchase money is paid.
This the 31st day of January, 1925.
B. T. FALLS, Commissioner. 4-3c

OPINIONS
OF OTHERS

The Stage in Reah.

(From Charlotte News.)
A frozen mining town in far North-
ern Alaska. Hemmed in by ice-capped
peaks and snow-covered trails, it lies
powerless in the grip of a terrible
epidemic.

Already some have died, many are
sick and the whole population is
threatened. The lone doctor, his anti-
toxine exhausted, battles desperately
to stave off the horrible death that
is certain to sweep down upon the lit-
tle town unless help arrives quickly.

Over the hill the leader of a dog
team, his tongue out and his huge
shoulders foaming even in the icy
air, breaks through the ice-blocked
trail and speeds with his trusty mates
toward the little plague-ravaged town.
Hanging on to the back of the sled
or running beside it to urge his dogs
along faster comes a hardy son of the
Northland.

There is a greater cheer as the
waiting town discovers that help has
at last arrived. Leonard Sappala,
champion dog "musher" of the North,
has broken his own record to bring
diphtheria antitoxin to his stricken
people of Nome.

This is not the nolt of a Jack Lon-
don short story. It might well be,
though. It would rival "The Call of
the Wild" or any of the other famous
London yarns of the frozen North.

This is a true story. It has just
happened. All the world has been in-
terested in the race of the champion
dog driver and his picked team of
huskies against the death that lurked
in those ice-ribbed hills of Nome.
The world, is after all, a stage. Ev-
ery day in some corner of that stage
is being acted a tense drama, a highly
thrilling melodrama, a comedy, a
tragedy, that rivals the wildest dreams
of a writer of fiction.

Scenalla carrying serum to Nome
on a dog sled as a divine town breath-
lessly awaits the life-giving fluid—it
is nothing if not melodramatic.

And isn't there something almost
comically incongruous in the story?
A dog team, a most elemental meth-
od of travel, carries diphtheria anti-
toxine, one of the latest products of
medical science, to an ice-bound town
in the throes of a terrible epidemic,
while the telegram and the wireless
keep the whole world in touch with
every step of the unfolding drama.

Science and Humanity.

(From Greensboro News.)
Across the 700-mile snow-covered
desert between Nenana and Nome, Al-
aska, where the thermometer is regis-
tering 60 degrees below zero, 19 or 21
huskies, two abreast with their leader
in front breaking trail, are racing
today with death as their opponent.
With them go two men. Packed on the
dog-train are 300,000 units of anti-tox-
in serum. The end of the journey is
the diphtheria-plagued town of Nome.
It is such a race as stirs the blood.
The last refinement of modern medi-
cine, born and perfected in the very
citadels of civilization, is being rushed
by the most ancient and crudest
method of transportation to a commu-
nity locked by a frozen arm of Behring
sea against any other contact with
the outside world. In Nome are 600 or
700 persons; in the back country are
some 11,000 more. They are all depend-
ent upon one physician. Diphtheria
with its peculiar fatality among the
natives has stricken the town and
threatens all the hinterland. The sup-
ply of serum has given out and a tel-
e-graph line across the frozen stretches
dot-and-dashed its SOS to Washing-
ton. The nearest anti-toxin serum was
at Seward, a full thousand miles away.
By train a supply was taken to the
rail-head at Nenana, but from Nenana
stretch 700 miles across which
only the huskies of the north can
drive.

"They will make the journey all
right," said Representative Suther-
land at Washington, to whom the ap-
peal came. The best of drivers, the
best of dogs, face a fearful task. A
two week's journey normally, the dis-
tance has been covered by Scotty Al-
len, a hero of the north in 11 days.
The anti-toxin express hopes to bet-
ter Allen's time. The men know—
perhaps the huskies will know—that
every day means lives saved. In the
emergency they will push strength
and spirit to the last shred of endur-
ance; they are doing that today.

A strange mixture of modern
science and age-old humanity is in-
volved in this struggle. In the end it
is the man and the beast that must
meet the test.

Cotton And Counties.

(From Charlotte Observer.)
Robeson County, whose cotton crop
the past year was less than half what
it was in 1923, has lost its place of
leadership among North Carolina cot-
ton growing counties to Johnston and
five other counties, according to the
preliminary report of the department
of commerce, issued through the bu-
reau of the census on cotton ginned
by counties in the state, crops of 1923
and 1924.

For years Robeson led all other
North Carolina counties in the produc-
tion of cotton, producing a number of
bales equal to its population. Last
year it produced 60,000 bales, or 58,231
bales while Johnston produced
61,558. The past year Johnston dropped
about 10,000 bales to 51,852, but
Robeson suffered the severe reverse
of producing less than half the crop it
produced in 1923, dropping to 28,721

bales. The past year six counties out-
classed Robeson in cotton production,
as follows: Cleveland with 40,536, be-
ing a slight increase over 1923 pro-
duction; Halifax, with 30,609 bales,
a decrease of more than one-third
from the 1923 crop; Harnett, with 35-
135 bales, a slight increase over 1923
Johnston, with a decrease of about
10,000 bales from the record of year
before last; Nash, with 41,949 bales,
a decrease of nearly 6,000 from 1923,
and Wake, with 34,670 bales, a de-
crease of more than 5,000 bales from
1923. In 1923 Johnston led all other
counties, but Robeson was a close
second, the latter out-distancing all
other counties by more than 10,000
bales.

The total production for the state
in 1924, as ginned prior to January 23,
was \$22,086 bales, as compared with
the 1923 crop of 1,028,138 bales. The
greatest decreases were in some of the
great eastern cotton growing coun-
ties. Numbers of the more westernly
counties increased their production;
others showed a slight decrease, as did
Mecklenburg, which declined from
19,531 to 18,190.

Anson showed a decrease from 23-
565 to 21,444. Cabarrus increased from
11,992 to 12,832, while Catawba dropped
from 12,268 to 11,660. Cumberland
adjoining Robeson, dropped from 22-
100 to 16,226, while Scotland, also ad-
joining Robeson, dropped nearly 50
per cent, from 39,771 to 16,786, and
Scotland formerly had the reputation
of being the greatest cotton produc-
ing county in the South in proportion
to its area. It is a very small county.
Davidson showed a very slight de-
crease, from 2,171 to 2,107 bales. Davie
jumped its production nearly 50
per cent, from 3,294 to 4,270 bales.
Gaston showed a slight decrease,
from 9,906 to 9,718. Iredeed declined
from 17,494 to 14,102 bales; likewise
Lincoln showed a decrease from 12,802
to 11,483. Richmond dropped from
20,277 to 14,097, while Rowan increas-
ed its crop from 11,063 to 13,236 bales.
Rutherford showed a very slight de-
crease, from 14,612 to 13,416. Stanly
made a slight gain, from 8,481 to 8-
747 bales. Union dropped from 26-
651 to 23,812 bales.

No Cause For Alarm.

(From Statesville Daily.)
Always open season for political
speculation. Washington, given to
pulling bombheads with reference to
State politics, puts out the word that
Mrs. Palmer Jerman, of Raleigh,
prominent clubwoman, may enter the
gubernatorial race in 1928. Thereupon
Miss Julia Alexander, legislative
representative from Mecklenburg, vol-
unteered the information that she
would be in the race herself. Some-
thing to talk about, but Max Gardner
has no cause for alarm—not yet.

Sime Difference.

(From N. C. Christian Advocate.)
Dissatisfaction with present attain-
ments is a primal characteristic of
man. The robin, the wren and all
God's feathered creatures are content
with the nests and the songs of a
thousand generations. The centuries
come and go, but the squirrel is still
satisfied with his storehouse of nuts.
But the history of the human race is
altogether a different story. One
generation is but a stepping stone to
something higher. The tug is out of
the unattained and the unknown.
Neither has any bird or animal shown
an interest in the worship of God.
The beaver builds dams, but builds
no temples. Man, on the contrary, de-
mands as a necessary part of his life
a place to worship his deity.

It Reminds Hickory.

(From Hickory Record.)
Wouldn't you walk miles to hear
a joint debate between Cam Morrison
and Josephus Daniels on the fiscal
condition of the State? Governor
Morrison has again broken silence
and says the News and Observer is
not fair to him or his administration
anent the much talked deficit, and
challenges Mr. Daniels to one or more
joint debates. Daniels replies that
Morrison should challenge Governor
McLean who "is compelled to find a
way to meet this large deficit."
Reminds us of Max Gardner's re-
ply to our townsman A. A. Whitener
in campaign last year, when White-
ner challenged Gardner for joint de-
bate. Gardner replied that Whitener
"had his wires crossed," that he
should challenge Col. Meekins, rep-
ublican candidate for governor.

But we sure would like to hear
Cam and Joe in joint debate.

Get A License.

(From News and Observer.)
A special from Concord yesterday
says the people of Gaston Means' na-
tive town cannot understand why
Gaston is both fined and sentenced
to jail while his co-defendant, Feider,
is only sentenced to pay a fine. The
answer is easy. Gaston Means sinned
as a sinner. Feider sinned as a law-
yer. The "benefit of clergy" nearly
always goes to lawyers because they
allege they acted as attorneys and
not as principals.

Moral—If you wish to escape full
punishment, get license to practice
law.

One Ear Of Corn.

(From Charlotte Observer.)
A mail-order house in Chicago is
message a National Good Corn Show
to begin March 2, and end the 7th. It
is to be known as "seed corn test
week," the object being to impress
upon the agricultural interests the
value of selecting good seed, in which
direction, under promotion of the
county agents, much progress has been
made in North Carolina. The point of
interest is that the farmers of this

State, who have made specialties of
fine corn at the various county fairs,
might take some of their exhibits to
Chicago and bring home cash prizes
to the possible extent of \$2,500. In
fame and reputation, however, it
would be worth much more. The farm-
er who shows the best ear will get
\$5. The farmer whose ear of corn is
adjudged to be the best in the Na-
tion, will get \$1,000. The community
showing the largest number of ears
will get a similar cash prize. Here is
where the North Carolina county
agents could come in. They might se-
lect the best in their respective coun-
ties, club the lot and send it to Chi-
cago. A North Carolina county fair
consolidated exhibit would be likely
to take the prize anywhere.

The Carolina Newsboy.

(From N. C. Christian Advocate.)
"O. O. McIntyre, one of the very
best among syndicated writers, is in-
vading the South. Glad he is. Writers,
as a rule, are strangely ignorant of
the meaning of the South to this na-
tion. Its racial solidarity will yet be
our salvation." Mr. McIntyre had an
experience that illustrates this. Leav-
ing New York, he says, he handed
out half a dollar through a car win-
dow for a newspaper. The newsboy
set thumb to nose, twiddled his fin-
gers and made off with the change. At
a station in North Carolina, Mr. Mc-
Intyre tried the same experiment.
The boy handed back the correct
change and said "Thank you." The
explanation is simple. The North
Carolina boy was an American; the
New York boy was not. It is good,
once in a while, for dwellers in Man-
hattan's foreign isle to make a trip
into the United States.

It's really refreshing to hear some-
body admit that, as a rule, writers
are ignorant of the South, as the
Dearborn Independent does in the
foregoing. It must be the first in-
stance on record. Most of these Pull-
man car window experts can in one
trip learn more about Dixie than the
oldest inhabitants ever dreamed of.
Mr. McIntyre, however, got his facts
straight. The newsboys of North
Carolina are both honest and polit-
Not all men in North Carolina will do
to trust, but you can trust the news-
boys on the streets. They have not
yet gotten away from their mother's
teaching and learned the ways of dis-
honest and dishonorable men. Our
hat is off to the boy who is out at
daylight to earn honest pennies and
nickels by selling papers.

Whom God Hath Joined.

(From Charlotte Observer.)
The laws of South Carolina do not
recognize divorce. In that state,
whom God hath joined together man
will not put asunder. Giddy youth
from Georgia and North Carolina
slip into the Palmetto Commonwealth
to get their knots properly tied, and
after a while slip back again to get
them untangled. South Carolina will
not permit the legal sundering of mar-
riage ties, but in North Carolina a
bill is pending to make divorce auto-
matic when there is no issue after

two years of marriage. It is a pretty
dizzy world in which we live and
have our being.

In other states the divorce courts
grind and grind. People are married
and given in marriage, and some-
times the knot holds, and often it
does not. Courts have patted themselves
on the back for their proficiency in
granting so many divorces in so many
minutes. Marriage has come to be re-
garded more in the light of an ex-
periment than as a life-time job. If
you do not like it you swing corners
and change partners—and there you
are. There are as many grounds for
divorce as there are people seeking
them. Dislike of the color of a man's
necktie is sufficient to give a girl the
right to try, try again.

Marriage as they would have it
is no longer a solemn obligation. If
you do not like it, you do not have
to stay married—unless you happen
to live in South Carolina. And if you
do live in South Carolina and are
willing to take a little journey into
another State, all will be well. The
preacher propounds, "Whom God hath
joined together," pockets his fee and
turns the couple over to the courts
to grind again into a state of slight
blissfulness. Sometimes they are mar-
ried so many times that they cannot
remember all of the names to which
they have responded. Sometimes they
get so confused that they even marry
their own husbands and wives over
again. The old world gets crazier and
crazier all the time.

But perhaps after all, South Caro-
lina has the best of it. She is plac-
ing along in the exact middle of the
road. Whom God hath joined together
she will not put asunder, but she
will not stop 'em if they wish to leave
her portals long enough to carry their
grist to some other State's mill. There
is nothing sacred any more. Home is
merely a place to go when you have
nowhere else to go. Family life in
America is hanging by its eyeballs
over the dizzy brink. Youth is danc-
ing on the edge of the precipice. Men
and women come and go—but the di-
vorce courts go on forever.

Only in South Carolina they do not
recognize the right of people to marry
and then repent of it. Down there they
still regard marriage as a sacred ob-
ligation. If two people have made a
mistake in choosing their life part-
ners—that is their affair; when a
man has made his bed he must per-
force lie on it. At least they will not
put asunder when God hath joined to-
gether. The burden of responsibility
for that is left with neighboring
states.

Heavy Fire Losses.

Fire losses in North Carolina dur-
ing the month of January amount-
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