

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
Restores Health, Energy and Rosy Cheeks. 60c

STEEL
REINFORCING BARS
CHANNELS
ANGLES
PLATES
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ROOFING
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COMPANY

P. Cleveland Gardner
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Royster Building
Shelby, North Carolina

Dr. C. M. Peeler
Dentist
Office in Whisnant Building
Over Battery Store.
Office Phone 99-W.
Residence Phone 460-W.

DR. T. O. GRIGG,
DENTIST
407 S. LaFayette St.
Shelby, N. C.

NOTICE OF ENTRY.
A piece of land lying in No. 9 township, Cleveland county, North Carolina, has been filed for entry. Bounded on the north by Knob Creek on the east by lands of Lem Elmore and others and on the west by lands of P. C. Mauney. Containing 3 acres more or less.
This 4th day of February A. D. 1925.
P. C. MAUNEY.
R. L. Weathers, Entry Taker.

T. W. Ebeltoft
Grocer and Book Seller
Phone --- 82

Don't Let That Cold Turn into "Flu"
Rub on Good Old Musterole
That cold may turn into grip, "Flu," or, even worse, pneumonia, if you don't take care of it at once. The old-time doctor prescribed mustard plasters. The up-to-date doctor advises Musterole. Colds are merely congestion. Musterole is made from oil of mustard, menthol, camphor and other simple ingredients that have been used for generations to stir circulation and break congestion. Rub Musterole on with the fingers. You feel a warm tingle as it enters the pores; followed by a welcome relief. In jars or tubes for adults—35 and 65 cents.
For infants or very small children, ask for the milder form—Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
Better than a mustard plaster

LANDRETH'S GARDEN SEED
The oldest Seed House in America.
In bulk and packages.
Plan your garden now.
Don't make the mistake of leaving seed to the last. It may help you to come in and look over our large stock of Garden and Flower seeds. It will give you ideas.
You can be sure that they are of tested quality, and will give the best results.
PACKAGE SEED 5c EACH.
SUTTLE'S DRUG STORE

OPINIONS —OF OTHERS—

Not a White Man in Sight.
(Spartanburg Herald.)

A Southern girl who had married in the North carried back with her a colored boy from her home town to be a servant in her Northern home. Thinking to make things pleasant for him, she directed him, on his first afternoon off, to the section of the city in which she lived occupied by the colored population. The colored boy followed the directions and arrived in the negro section of the big city, but did not stay very long. He was back home early and was, of course, asked how he found things. And this was his reply:

"I tell you, Miss Annie, I was skeered to stay down there. I didn't see a white man nowhere."

Who is Governor?
(From Lexington Dispatch.)

Press dispatches from Raleigh recently indicate that Governor McLean is asking this question, in view of the almost daily advice of Josiah William Bailey to the legislature and other branches of the state government. Now any citizen has a right to advise in matters concerning the general welfare, but we don't see why any one man should get it in his mind that he should do all the advising.

Bailey may consider himself a crusader. Doubtless he does. But if he doesn't mind a whole lot of folks are going to get the notion he is a nuisance.

We do not believe that Governor McLean is so insensible to the public welfare as to let things go on unnoticed that should be corrected. Perhaps the majority of the people—a large majority—have the same sort of confidence in Governor McLean. He has shown every indication that he is big enough for his job, and is capable of conducting an honest and efficient administration. This constant jabbing of Bailey will produce nothing except an earnest desire from the people that he keep quiet, at least until the ink is dry on his last statement.

It is an adage in the newspaper profession that once a man gets ink on his fingers he never gets it off. Another adage might be coined to cover some men who get ink on their names in the headlines, and never get over it.

Perhaps after all it would surprise you to know—the great human weakness for "front page" stuff.

Boll Weevil Coming Strong.
(From Statesville Daily.)

Scouts who make it their business to look out for such matters, report that cotton boll weevils have survived the winter in good health and in larger numbers than at any period since their invasion. Wherefore it may be assumed that the pest will do a more extensive business than ever in the cotton fields the coming summer. This report comes from the American Cotton association, and the vice president of the association is "warning against the danger of another short cotton crop," which he fears will "disorganize the producing and manufacturing ends of the industry." It is hard on the cotton planter to have to feed the boll weevil and take chances on the weather and the markets, but if the short crop brings a proportionately higher price, as it sometimes does, even the short crop has compensations. It is the fear of higher prices that disturbs officials of cotton association rather than the welfare of the producer. It is a guess for the cotton planter. Sometimes it is a hit, more often a miss; but he takes a chance.

The Glare Of Mammon.
(From Charlotte Observer.)

Brothers of Floyd Collins, the world wide "hero" of the Kentucky Sand Cave, are taking steps calculated to shatter the family idol. They have brought suit against their father to disqualify him from taking management of the estate, because, they publish to the public, he is non-compos mentis, which means that he is crazy, and made so by grief over the tragic experience and death in the cave. Under the circumstances they might better have been inclined to shield the old man by keeping the family quarrel to themselves. But the boys have seen visions of capitalizing on the fame of the cave, a fame developed at the expense of the life of the unfortunate brother, and it would be the poorhouse for the old man. But Mammon make brutes of the best of us.

Telling New England.
(From The Houston Post-Dispatch.)

The Boston Transcript, which has been suggesting to Northern people that they change their perspective regarding who is doing the most for the negroes in the South, has something else to tell its readers about Southern provision for the negro's education since the North Carolina Legislature passed a bill by an overwhelming vote establishing an A grade college for negroes at Durham. The proposed new school will fit negroes for teaching and for other professions. That is really a long step in advance, for hitherto much of the education provided for negroes has been of a utilitarian nature. But the passage of the college bill indicates that North Carolina desires not to make any discrimination whatever against its negro citizens in the matter of educational advantages, and the school of liberal arts thus comes into being. It is such instances of progress in negro education in the South

that will change the attitude of the North toward the South on the race question. The Transcript is serving both sections by spreading knowledge of such things as this in New England.

The Law And The Home.
(From The Gastonia Gazette.)

Judge James L. Webb, in a speech at the dedication of the new courthouse of Catawba County a few weeks ago, spoke a whole lot of truth in the following:

"So many young men and boys have drifted from influence in the last few years and I am afraid, in the opinion of this court, there are many fathers who are depending upon the courts to restrain their boys and girls. May I suggest a greater forum for dealing with many of the youths of the country than the courthouse, and that is the home. All well-governed homes should have rules and regulations relating to the conduct of the children, and these rules and regulations should be profoundly impressed upon them, and they should be taught in the home the importance of respecting the laws, and the dire consequences that may follow all their violations. The good influence of fathers and mothers is far more potential in preventing the young people from becoming criminals than are the judgments of courts in restoring them after they become criminals."

There is a tendency nowadays to shift the burden and responsibility to the schools. Many a parent actually blames the school authorities or the environment for the child's impudence, insubordination, etc., forgetful of the fact that the home is the seat of all culture, training and habits.

Romance in Modern Life
(From News and Observer.)

Chronic cynics may hold that romance is dead, but North Carolinians know better. It is true now, as it has ever been, that hope springs eternal in the human heart, and though styles and modes of living change, there is no change in the essentials. There is as much romance to be found now as there has ever been.

Some cynical souls complain that since women got the ballot and began wearing short skirts the world is on the verge of becoming matter of fact and commonplace. It isn't true. There is more intelligence in the world than ever before. The women are contributing more of the real romance to living than ever before. It is peculiarly their function to sweeten life and to bring cheer into a sordid world. They haven't forgotten how in North Carolina.

Does one doubt that romance is entering into modern living as it never did in the old days? Then let him read the annals of the State Department of Home Demonstration work among the women and girls of this State. It is a story of enthusiasm and good cheer that Mrs. Jane McKimmon has to tell and the story of what she and her associates are doing is better reading than any romance pictured in novelist's brain.

By beautifying home surroundings, by making and providing wholesome foods, by studying the essentials of happy living the farm women and farm girls of North Carolina are helping to make it a State that faces the realities with courage and enthusiasm and intelligence. Does one doubt that we have made substantial progress that is worth while?

In Acknowledgment.
(From Charlotte Observer.)

In recent days the editor of The Observer has been placed under a feeling of responsibility in maintenance of appraisal given his service record by many of his friends of the press in and out of the state. We have been deeply impressed by the sentiments that have been advanced, and we would be much less than human if we were to appear indifferent to the commendation which has been written. An Alabama contemporary, The Montgomery Advertiser, was particularly felicitous. Nearer home The Concord Observer, The Vass Pilot, The Stanly News-Herald, Charity and Children, The Shelby Star, The Statesville Daily, The Salisbury Post and other papers placed us under renewed obligations. But above all is valued the appreciation of our brethren of the religious press. We are profoundly grateful for the good opinion of such staunch characters as Editor Plyler, of The North Carolina Christian Advocate, and Editor Bridges, of The Presbyterian Standard.

It is mighty pleasant, on occasion, to have the thorn Thackeray locates in "the cushion of the editorial chair" pulled out, for thorns there be when least expected—the thorn that inflicts the double wound; the wound we never intended to strike, which hurts the giver more than the receiver; the anger we create when we never meant harm. "These thoughts are the thorns in our cushions," and the cordial expressions of our brethren lead us to believe that they must not have been so provokingly abundant, after all.

Distance Only Imagination.
(From Charlotte News.)

Distance is becoming a thing of imagination.

A few months ago the world was startled by the news that a photograph had been sent from one city to another hundreds of miles away over a telegraph wire and although crude and imperfect, was recognizable as the same picture when it "came off" the wire on the receiving end.

A little while later they sent a picture of the Prince of Wales from London to New York by radio.

Yesterday pictures were sent simultaneously to three American cities, New York, Chicago and San Francisco from Washington over a telephone wire 3,600 miles long—and this time the pictures were received perfectly and in seven minutes. The tests were made by the American Telephone and Telegraph company in final preparation for the establishing of a general transcontinental picture service and to perfect arrangements for the sending of the Coolidge inauguration pictures.

Within a short time, they tell us "visual telephony" will be a reality and we will be able to "see" the person who is talking with us at the other end of the line. That will mark the end of "before-breakfast-boudoir speen ig" via telephone, perhaps, and will put privacy at a premium even over the wire. But it will achieve another great advance of science and will further annihilate distance.

Time, distance, and those other things we have been looking upon as fixed are, as Einstein contends, only relative, after all. A few years ago a picture in New York was several

months away from one in San Francisco. Today it is seven minutes away. Yesterday the two cities were months apart by stage coach. Now they are a day's journey by airplane.

Some day in the near future, we may expect, the two cities will be much nearer together. We may live on the Pacific coast or in Florida and "commute" to our New York offices. It sounds preposterous, but how would we have greeted the prediction made only ten years ago that we would be sending pictures from New York to San Francisco in seven minutes?

Science is certainly playing havoc with time and space and with all those things we once held as firm and immutable. Once upon a time we would get very much wrought up over a crude cotton gin or sewing machine. Now nothing will catch our interest for long. There is always something bigger and more interesting just ahead and we refuse to get deeply aroused over something that tomorrow may be distinctly out of date.

In a London suburb recently, a man was knocked down by a motor-car outside a cemetery, but was uninjured. Some people can't take hijs.—Humorist.

We are thinking of putting up the following office motto in a conspicuous place: No, we don't know any word of any number of letters meaning anything.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

One way to get rich is to have the courage to say "No" at the right time.

We suggest you buy your fertilizer at once from O. E. Ford Co. ad



NEW ARRIVALS
AT SHELBY'S LEADING MEN'S STORE

I have just received a wonderful assortment of new Spring Suits (notice the wide shoulders, long lapels and general easy fitting qualities of these garments). They come in silver grays, London lavenders, powder blues and blue serges. Every garment is strictly hand tailored and carries my full guarantee. Many of these carry two pairs of pants and are priced to move quickly at—
\$19.50, \$22.50, \$25, \$30, \$35.00, \$40.00

---SHIRTS THAT ARE NEW---



And will give the wearer the greatest service. silks and silk stripes, white or colors. White and colored broad cloths, fancy madras and percales, collars attached or neck band styles. Every one GUARANTEED, priced at **\$1, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4.00**
These prices will move these shirts quick.

HATS---

—I have just received from STETSON, SCHOBLE and other noted makers, the finest assortment of hats that you ever saw. All new colors and blocks. \$10.00, \$7.00, \$5.00, and \$3.50. You must see these Hats before you buy—and you will buy HERE.

NEW OXFORDS---



for Spring are arriving daily and they are beauties. Lemon colored Tans, Nut Browns and blacks, medium toe, Heavy sole styles to go with the new wide bottom pants I can fit and please any man or young man. Priced \$4.45, \$4.95, \$5.95, \$6.95 and \$9.00. Every pair guaranteed to give you your money's worth.

Evans & McBrayer
SHELBY'S BEST MEN'S STORE