

## IN THE WILD AND WOOLY EAST

Jazz And Bobbed Hair—Vs. Cowboys And Six Shooters.

(By RAMBLIN' BILL.)

In the years gone by there left the Lawdale section of Cleveland county one W. B. Williamson, who "went west" chasing the cure for better health. Ere long, while "beating the bugs" Williamson started writing and under the name of "Ramblin' Bill" has turned out articles with a studied seriousness blended with hearty humor. A philosopher of life that writes of conditions as they are and have been among an everyday people "Ramblin' Bill" is an amateur writer of no mean ability. A laugh is not all one gets from reading his articles for always there is a thought left to ponder on. The Star hopes that Mr. Williamson, who receives his mail at Box 1125, Douglas, Arizona, will continue to entertain Star readers with his articles as other suns travel o'er his glorious west, which in the article today he contrasts with the maddening whirl of the East.

People used to go west for excitement and adventure. Now they go east. Since the days of prohibition, jazz, and bobbed hair, the west has settled down to quietness, and one could safely add, to saneness. That is except the city of Los Angeles, California, where hold-ups occur quite frequently and every killing is not caused by motor accidents. But these wholesale hold-ups in the city of Angels are most perpetrated by thugs from the east who drift in for easy pickings. They don't always get away with it to be sure, but its a safe bet that eighty per cent of the crime in the west is committed by men who were born east of the Rockies.

This is another way of saying that the days of the two-gun men in the west are almost a thing of the past. However, to the uninitiated easterner, it would appear that the old west has not lost all its color for you can still see the big Sombrero, flannel shirt and booted men. However, the only thing carried on their hips, is perhaps a bottle of home brew or a safety razor, few six-guns being in evidence anymore unless you happen to meet an old-timer who, through the courtesy of modern politics is holding down a job of sheriff. In many cases you meet this old color of the west in the smaller towns, the larger cities having resorted to more modern garb for their officers of the law.

The cattlemen, however, are still

wearing their range togs, but cattlemen as a general thing are fewer than they used to be and the professional rip-snotin' cowboy has almost become a thing of the past.

Cattlemen are being converted into dry farmers and dairymen, miners, merchants and other vocations too numerous to mention. The days of the open range is giving way to more modern times, and small homesteads, dry farms, etc. Today excitement in the west is a memory, crime is as about their business without the protection of six-shooters and Winchester. The same cannot be said of the east anymore and to one who has spent several years in the western country, a trip back east, is one of excitement, adventure and romance. Glaring headlines from the dailies of robberies, murders, stick-ups and other hideous crimes greet the prodigal in the east and he starts playing safe by looking under his bed and making sure his door is well locked, braced and bolted. His dreams are usually disturbed by weird nightmares of various sorts and his first nights in an eastern city are ones to be remembered. After awhile, of course, his uneasiness wears off and he gets settled down to the routine of things and takes everything for granted like the rest of the folks in the crowded eastern cities do. He sort of figures that among such great multitudes of people just so much crime is bound to exist and a certain amount of excitement must prevail. However, the east does not lose its glamour to him and he uses his highly cultivated instinct typical of the west, to observe things about him. A westerner in New York City for his first time will see things that real New Yorkers never see or even think about. But I am not going to write about what I have seen in New York, because too many people have already written too much about that city. In fact, New York has already had too much advertising by would-be story and feature writers, who use this great metropolis for backgrounds for their stories. I've always considered New York too big for me and am going to select a smaller town or towns for the setting of my story—for this story in particular—or really to tell the facts that follow:

After several years in the southwest, I decided I would visit some of

my old haunts back east. Consequently I cranked up my Lizzie and headed her toward the rising sun and drove until the tall smokestacks, twenty story skyscrapers, paved streets and highways beckoned me to stop awhile.

Signs on the highway told me that this was Dallas, Texas, the prosperity zone of the south. From the looks of things, the building activity, rattle and bustle of the traffic, I could not doubt the signs. I put my flyover in a garage and went to a good hotel where I bathed and spruced up a little and made myself presentable for the street. Hardly had I gone a block and a half till I heard pistol shots, saw a crowd gathering a block ahead of me, heard the clang of an ambulance and learned that a crazy negro had just run wild wounding several citizens with a knife until he was subdued by the law by means of several slugs through his anatomy. Of course, this could happen almost any place for crazy men don't usually know what they are doing, but when I bought a paper and noted that several hold-ups had occurred that very day in the vicinity, I began to wonder if such was the programme. Upon conversing with a cop that didn't seem to be hard-boiled or have anything in particular to do, I learned that there was much crime being perpetrated in their fair city and that such things as screaming headlines in their daily newspapers were not infrequent occurrences. He seemed to think I was from further eastward and delight in filling me full of excitement. I listened to him relate many exciting incidents of crime and when I felt my hat being pushed off my head, I moved on to seek other adventures. A glaring sign caught my eye in front of a vaudeville, something about the girl with the million dollar personality. I lined up with the crowd, called for a seat in the front row, got one in the middle of the house and went inside. What I saw was just an ordinary vaudeville show of the musical comedy type, with a bunch of pretty janes doing a sort of lock-step dance and yelling to the accompaniment of an orchestra that was playing some piece I never heard before and trust I never hear again. Pretty soon the girl with the expensive personality appeared. She had bobbed hair and a pretty soft voice and showed more of her person than of her—ality. Everybody cheered and applauded her and she had a hard time to make herself heard above the deafening roar of the crowd, or I believe you would call them the audience. She indulged in a few high kicks, blew a kiss in the direction of a bald headed man who was sitting in a box with his wife and went off stage. I then left the theatre and noted that it was getting dark outside, or that it would have been dark only for he street lights and I started out seeking new adventure and wondering how long it would be

before someone would hold me up and take my watch and roll, the roll not worrying me much because it was not so very heavy just at that time.

Getting kind of thirsty like I decided that a little liquid encouragement would come in handy, so following an old custom of the west, or a custom in vogue since the inception of prohibition, I inquired of the first policeman I came across as to the nearest place where a fellow might get a little refreshment in the way of beer or light wines, being a little afraid to make inquiries concerning anything stronger. He informed me that I was in a dry town and asserted that if I found anything to let him know because he, too, was kind of dry. I finally found a prosperous looking bootlegger who offered me a pint of white mule for eight dollars, but we didn't trade and I returned to my hotel decided to call it a day. However, conversation I heard in the lobby made me change my mind and upon hearing further details about a certain joint where liquid cheer could be obtained for a small consideration of two-bits and more per throw, I again found myself on the streets. A few inquiries led me to the neighborhood I was seeking and after rapping three times in succession upon a certain door followed by two more raps, which was the signal, the door was opened and I found myself in a deserted hallway and dark too, save, a burly coon who had opened up for men, and who then pointed the way down the dimly lighted hall. After passing through several more doors, I passed into a sort of restaurant or all night cabaret where nearly a hundred people were sitting around tables and drinking something in small tea cups, that certainly proved to be something stronger than tea. They also served sandwiches, or a substitute for same built on the lines of a Harvey House Special. Mine was a suggestion of a ham sandwich, and had the late Mr. Harvey gazed upon this placebos for food, he would have died with envy because it was absolutely according to his specifications and dying words: "Cut your ham thinner and make the holes in the doughnuts larger." They also brought me a tea cup filled with something that looked like Scotch, smelled like white mule and tasted like gasoline. The charge was not two-bits either, but seventy-five cents for sandwich and all. I drank this concoction and used the sandwich for a chaser. Pretty soon the dancing started and noticing a cute looking bobbed-haired blond eyeing me up sort of wistful like, from the next table, I presented myself in front of her and asked her for a dance. She arose a little groggy but after meandering or negotiating around the room a couple of times she held her feet ship shape and we were getting fair to middling. After a couple of dances we repaired to her table and

ordered more refreshments. This time the bill was a dollar eighty-five and I presumed that they were charging for the dance, which they were. She sipped her poison and eyed me sort of critical like as if to say "talk up stranger." I was not much mood for conversation after seeing that an hour or so more in this place would make me hock my flivver for a ticket out of town. However, I decided to learn her game whether I played it or not, so I made conversation right handily fearing all the time she would get thirsty again. The dancing had started again but I decided that blond or no blond, I would not participate. She showed no inclination to dance either and seemed content to listen to my narrative of Brazil, ap Jace where I had never been and never intend to be, but had been telling her that I had just returned from there where I had been for fifteen years, excepting the time spent in France, for I noticed she was looking at the service button on my coat. She seemed interested in my story but was sort of hesitant when I suggested that we take a walk in the fresh air. Nevertheless, she followed out readily enough when it became manifest that I was checking out of that place regardless of her decision. Fifty cents more for my hat and we finally found ourselves on the street, the blond and I. It was pretty late and I did not know just what we were going to do, so we went into an all night lunch stand and believe me, that gal sure did order a meal. The way she set into the food they set out to her, you would have thought she had just come off a month's fast. A pie and coffee for me while I tried to add up the difference in the check and my fast diminishing roll. The repast finished she burst forth in conversation and the light in her eyes told me that she had accomplished the main purpose of her visit to the cabaret, she had got a good feed. I felt sort of sorry for her and began to get kind of interested when I gathered from her flow of words that she was a stenographer by profession. It seems she had come to Dallas some days ago to connect with a job which did not materialize and had run low in funds. She had merely stumbled into that cabaret by mistake and after she had discovered what she had gotten into she was afraid to try to get out and my coming in when I did saved her, because some sort of a wolf in man's clothes had been threatening her with some very meaning and dangerous glances until I invited her to dance. I sympathized with her right muchly and made a date for the next afternoon at three p. m., and we parted company further down the street where she said her room was only a block away. I need hardly mention that my sympathies extended so far that I advanced her the price of a week's board and car fare for her to

carry on her job-seeking programme. The next day I was at the appointed place at the appointed time but after waiting an hour, I decided that she was sick or something for she certainly did not show up at all. After a little deductions additions and subtracting a little, I about decided that I had been an easy mark and felt like going up to a cop and punching his nose in order that I would get justly punished for my sins. I didn't though, and sadder but wiser I got out my Lizzie and headed for Oklahoma City.

I arrived in the capital city the following day just in time to read about big bank robbery in the suburbs. Also I first got in town in the midst of the first day of the teachers convention and I was glad I had come to that city for the streets were lined with the most pretty girls I ever saw at one time in a bunch. Honest Injun, boasts of her pretty "wimmin." They were having the time of their lives seeing the sights and shopping and renewing old acquaintances it would seem. I fell in with the spirit of the times myself and pretty soon I had my book filled with addresses and phone number and no one suspected that I didn't belong there. I had the time of my life until this convention broke up and I too was broke, or so badly bent that I almost grew-desperate. But a good friend loaned me enough to get back to Arizona.

But it was not my intention to tell so much about my trip, except to emphasize the fact that the wild and woolly east has stolen all the glory of the old west and that adventure and romance that once could be had west of the rockies are now almost a thing of the past since the days of prohibition, the radio, flappers, petting parties, bob hair, sheiks, woman suffrage, Ku Klux klan, and male lip sticks. In our little town on the border, have is seldom a murder anymore, only a few highway robberies, scarcely a burglary and nothing at all to cause one's blood to move faster in one's veins and arteries. Gone are most of the rip-snotin' rootin' tootin' cowboys of the old west. They have gone back east and are driving taxicabs, or two gun men have gone to selling real estate for diversion and our one-time real he-men are teaching school or preaching the gospel or otherwise engaged in the peaceful pursuits of the modern west.

RAMBLIN' BILL.

Only the fast thinkers become leaders. He who hesitates is bossed—Associated Editors.

In trying to vote itself a raise of pay, Congress may get a rise out of the country.—Norfolk Virginian Pilot. Wonder what would happen if the Finn took up swimming?—Arkansas Gazette.

## Advises Against Too Much Cotton And Not Enough Feeds Year

Urges Farmers to Plant for Feed and Hay and Not Give all Attention to Cotton This Year.

(By S. C. Crawley, Lattimore.) Perhaps you have heard the phrase or expression used "take a fool's advice" and do a certain thing or let it alone.

Well, I reckon a fool's advice is just as good as any ones if it be good. So this being true I will venture to give my fellow fool farmers a littel advice. As it is nearing the time to plant another crop, I think we all would do well to do a little thinking and figuring for ourselves. I noticed where one man had advised the farmers not to cut the amount of guano they have been using on account of the high price being asked for it, and he goes on to urge the farmers of Cleveland to make an effort for a 50,000 bale crop this year. Now I think it is alright to use a liberal amount of guano per acre, and to cultivate as many acres as we can, but we had better be sure that we have enough of these accretions in corn and other feed stuff to make our supply at home, then all the cotton we can cultivate.

This "all cotton" farming is dangerous. Just a few more years like last year and we will be as broke as the farmers of Georgia. Consider last year and be wise. We made a big crop of cotton and a small crop of corn and other supplies last year, and the result was the price of cotton fell off one-third from the price of 1923 and the price of corn went up one-third and wheat almost one-half. Another outstanding feature and result of last year's plan of farming is that the farmers of Cleveland have bought and will have to buy the most feed stuff and other supplies that they have bought in a number of years.

"All Cotton" farming will make cheap cotton and other things high. Just one or two more big crops of cotton and the price will hit the bottom. Then with the big guano bill and other debts bearing down upon us, with high priced supplies to buy and nothing to pay with, we will be praying for the boll weevil to come get us and deliver us from the wrath to come.

The Chicago Public Library has reserved a special room for cross-word puzzle fans. It is understood, however, that they did not go so far as to pad the walls.—New York Evening World.

A German has invented a kind of ship that will come to the surface again one hour after sinking. This will be a life-saving invention for passengers who can live sixty minutes under water.—Southern Lumberman.

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