

# OPINIONS —OF OTHERS—

### Trying Out New Crops.

(From Mecklenburg Times.)  
Through tireless efforts of demonstration agents new legume, soybean and hay crops are gradually being introduced in North Carolina. In Rowan county, a farmer planted a gallon of Loreda soy beans last year from which he produced 9 bushels at valued at \$30 and threshed hay worth about \$10. The Loreda is a small black bean and does not shatter out when it reaches maturity as does the large yellow soy beans. This year the acreage planted to Loreda Beans in Rowan has been greatly increased. In Stanly county farmers are growing sweet clover successfully and trials of the new Hubam clover have resulted in unusually large yields of hay. It is noticeable that wherever acreage in leguminous crops is being increased soils are not only being made much more productive but the tendency is to diversify crops and get away from the soil-depleting one-crop system of speculative farming which includes a gamble with high-priced commercial fertilizers with a crop that requires expensive hand labor.

### The Ministers Prayed.

(From News and Observer.)  
When Will Rogers appeared before an audience of New York ministers, they were looking for a humorous speech and he did not disappoint them. He started out with an assortment of jokes, which put his listeners in good humor, and then something happened that the ministers had not looked for. He said that a lot of ministers are too narrow minded and that they "need to read both sides."  
Rogers then gave them the other side of himself. He told them that he had been brought up in the Methodist church and that his sister, now at the point of death, was one of the most active church workers in Oklahoma. He spoke of her work in educating her children after her husband had died.

As Rogers turned to leave, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he was stopped by an Episcopal bishop who turned to the other ministers in the room and said: "We are better men because Will Rogers has been in this room. Let us pray for his sister."  
This audience of ministers had read both sides of Will Rogers, and both he and they are better men as a result.

### The Lonely Man.

(From Memphis Commercial Appeal.)  
He is a lonely man on a fast train. Maybe he and his fireman do not exchange words on a run of 50 miles. On some engines he does not see the fireman when he is in his seat.  
During the night, when passengers are sleeping and when only head and tail lights are burning, when lights in

villages and towns are low, when the countryside is silent, no one is further away from touch with his fellow human beings than the engineer in his cab. Constantly he is plunging into space as one goes into another world. Every mile of tracks ahead of him is an adventure. How much better of his own piece of mind on these nights and long days would it be if the automobilists, the carriage and wagon drivers and the pedestrians would keep away from the crossing when the fast train, in charge of the anxious engineer approaches.

We know of no class of men who have greater responsibility day in and day out than the locomotive engineer. It is up to all of us, then, insofar as we are able, to keep his burden light and we can do this by stopping, looking and listening.

### The Surgeon's Stamp.

(From The Los Angeles Times.)  
And now a surgeon wants to put his stamp upon the operation. Just as the printer puts his imprint and the painter sketches his initials down in the corner of his canvas, the surgeon would stamp his name indelibly upon the scene of his surgery.

But will the public submit to being all cluttered up with signs near his internals? Does the surgeon not leave enough marks, anyhow, to satisfy him? And just where would the label be placed, say for appendicitis? If a man had his stomach removed and a calf's stomach substituted, where ought the mark to go?

If a man have his face sewed up, would he want the surgeon's name on his placid countenance staring the public in the eye? It might be good advertisement for the surgeon; but would the victim go about in a contented and happy frame of mind?

We are inclined to think the suggestion will not receive a very handsome endorsement on the part of the paying public. Suppose a man were to have a serious operation; he would look like an animated advertising sheet circulating in society. He would resemble a community billboard or a theater curtain.

What woman would permit a surgeon's name to be engraved in livid letters on her shoulder? It would not produce peace on earth nor good will to surgeons. Functions would not be what they were.

It is bad enough to have operations. To be ignominiously branded like an Arizona steer would arouse considerable opposition.

### Queer Names.

(Phillip Curtis in American Magazine)  
It is when we come to last names that our hands go into the air and we face real tragedy. The most startling name I ever heard, first, last and middle, is Singular Onions Gallyhaws! I would not even dare cite this name if it could not be proved by court record in my own state. I know personally the lawyer who represented the members of the Gallyhaws family when they petitioned the court to change the name to Gale. A sympathetic judge granted the petition.

Here is a list of family names taken from city directories, newspapers and other actual sources: Pineciffin, Paradise, Pentecost, Easter, Christmas, Sunday, Monday, Friday, Nutty, Batty, Dice, Teardrarden, Harsh-Barter, Dogbark, Candlemaker, Catty, Pitch, Harsradish, Cashdollar, Wyper Mixer, Riser, Topping, Hopp, Skipp, Jump, Yapp, Yell, Bump, Bottome and Shute.

The most curious combination of names that I ever encountered personally was when serving in the army in 1916, at Nogales, Arizona. The officer in charge of rations was Captain Grubb; the clothing was issued by Captain Dresser, and the financial officer of the district was Major Newbill. I once had in my own company a Sergeant Sargent and I have met a Major Major.

Recently I ran across a list of 20,000 peculiar American names compiled by Amos A. Judson, a departmental clerk in Washington, who took most of them from government records of the pension lists, land grants, and the like. Here are some of the samples picked from various parts of the list, which ought to help most of us bear our cognominal burdens in silence: Dinky, Snoots, Zeal, Morality, Virtue, Pray, Snore, Yawn, Stretch, Blink, Squint, Winec, Grin, Smirk, Simper, Titter, Giggle, Snease, Gulp, Choke, Stammer, Tremble, Falter, Stagger, Toter, Blunder, Stumble, Mourn, Groan, Keelover, Passaway, Die, Dude, Crusher, Stunner and Popcock.

### Will Power?

(From Greensboro News.)  
Chauncey Depew at 91 says that at 65 he found smoking 25 cigars a day was doing him no good, so he stopped right off smoking altogether. Twenty-three years later, at 88, he decided that a pint of champagne a day, his custom for many years, was cramping his style, so he stopped the champagne, except that he allows himself a glass when "threatened with a cold." Does not say anything about assistance from Mr. Volstead, who has aided so many.

### Things That Make A Town Great.

- "A little more praise and a little less blame,
- A little more virtue and a little less shame,
- A little more thought of the other man's rights,
- A little less self in our chase for de-lights,
- A little more loving, a little less hate
- Are all that is needed to make the town great.
- A little more boosting, a little less peering,
- A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
- A little more patience in trouble and pain,
- A little more kindness worked into strife,
- Are all that are needed to glorify life,
- A little more giving, a little less

greed;  
A little more smile, a little less frown,  
A little less kicking a man when he's down,  
A little more we, a little less I, cry,  
A little more flowers on the path-way of life  
And fewer no graves at the end of strife.

A little more honor, a little less greed,  
A little more service, a little less creed—  
A little more courage when the path-ways are rough,  
A little more action, a little less bluff;  
A little more kindness by you and by me,  
And oh, what a wonderful town it would be."

### COWPENS FURNITURE STORE

#### SAFE CRACKED AND ROBBED

Gaffney Ledger.  
A safe in the Cowpens Furniture store, at Cowpens, was blown open and robbed during Sunday night, according to reports received here yesterday at the office of Sheriff J. G. Wright. No details of the robbery were reported.

Two weeks earlier burglars robbed a safe in the store of the Cowpens Manufacturing company of approximately \$250, according to reports made at the time.



**DUTCHESS TROUSERS**  
10¢ a Button, \$1.25

**The TIME the PLACE and the TROUSERS**

**SMART** trousers for dressing up, sporty trousers for play, sturdy trousers for the work day—Dutchess Trousers for every occasion and each pair backed by the warranty of "10¢ a Button; \$1.25 a Rip." Come in and be fitted in body and pocket-book.

**W. L. Fanning & Co.**  
Shelby, N. C.

# OPINIONS

### Romance Of Another Millionaire.

(From Charlotte News.)  
John A. Spencer sold a new patent for his thermostat the other day for a cool million.  
Who is John A. Spencer?  
He is the same fellow that, as a boy worked the furnace at night in a Maine lumber camp and during this gruelling, arduous labor, he not only toiled and struggled manually, but he refused to let his brain go to sleep. He kept his eyes open and the mental cells stirring and he observed, in that menial sort of a job he held, how variations of heat in the fire box made the furnace door alternately concave and convex.

He put this information away back somewhere in the niches of his mind and, finally, he had the time to work it out into the form of a thermostat for the conception of which he reaps the fortune of \$1,000,000.

We hear all too often from the lips of the young men of these days that the era of opportunities has passed, that it belonged to their fathers and none ever come their way.

They lament the fact that they were not born in the cruder times of the past, in the days of the pioneers before all of the modern inventions and discoveries had been made, along about the time that Edison came along, or Ford blazed across the sky or even before the days of these modern geniuses.

Then, these young men assert, they, too, would have had the chance that some of these blazers of the inventive trail had; they could have made some of the millions they have reaped, and had their names emblazoned on the firmament of the world.

But that's not the trouble. The real reason so many young men of these days are whining about and uttering their lamentations is that they are not like John A. Spencer,—using their present-day occupation and toil and chance and opportunity as a stepping-stone to larger things.

There was no beaten path for Spencer to follow. He, too, could probably have waited the day he was born and cursed the fortune that sent him into the drudgeries of furnace-tending, but, instead of bemoaning his fate and refusing to make the best of a bad situation, he capitalized every moment he was at work, using his brains as well as his hands, feeding his mind with ideas as he fed the coal into the furnace,—John Spencer made his own opportunity, and that is what the modern young man is NOT doing.

Chances for fame and fortune never glittered so brightly across the age in which any young man ever born into the world as it radiates the horizon of today.

New ideas are in the mould. New conceptions are being given slant and bend and shape. The world is waiting for the pioneers just as it waited for those who worked their way toil-

somely into the magic mysteries of electricity, or just as it waited for those who sought the unexplored regions of this American Continent for gold, and opened up an empire.

But the modern young man will not arrive at any of the destinations at which the ancient explorers and inventors and discoverers arrived by standing around the soda fountains sipping the drink, or walking the streets with their big-legged trousers, smoking cigarettes and watching the flappers.

It takes toil to reach a destination of ease. It requires mental effort to originate an idea. It is no snap, either, to break loose from the complacent crowd and launch forth into new channels of thought. It is the part of a hero to cut away from the conventions, wherever they may be, in the schoolhouse, in the store, in the college or on the street, and make that application of one's mind to matter which may result in startling discoveries.

The unknown John Spencer of a few years ago, the boy who at 15 shoved the coal into the furnace of a Maine lumber camp, is a millionaire today because he had the courage to make a man of himself, because he had the grit to stick it out through experience that was grim and galling, because he had the necessity to face of making a living and found in this necessity the golden beck of opportunity before him.

### Father and Child Both Drown.

Goldsboro, May 18.—Fred Thompson and his five-year-old daughter, Julia Mae, were drowned at Stephens mill, 12 miles north of Goldsboro, Sunday afternoon, when a boat in which they were rowing capsized into the mill pond. The child is said to have reached out for an object floating in the water. She lost her balance and fell into the water. The father plunged in after her, capsizing the boat. Both were drowned. An older sister, Helen Thompson, who was with them managed to right the boat and got back in it.

### REV. MR. SHERRILL WILL

#### PREACH AT NEWTON ON 24th

Rev. C. F. Sherrill by invitation will preach in the Methodist church at Newton next Sunday. This is one of Mr. Sherrill's former charges, the one he was serving when he was sent to Shelby.

### Thieves Spoil Homegoing.

A New York dispatch of last week says the savings of a lifetime, hoarded against their return to Poland, their homeland, were stolen from an aged couple in third-class quarters on the liner Paris by two thieves just before the liner sailed for Europe today.

Ignatius Woroznic and his wife, both 75 years old, of Long Island, sailed without a money belt containing \$2,500 in gold, which they had saved for the homegoing.

A man they knew only as "Joe," who had posed as a friend and helped them get passports, and a fake customs inspector, who insisted on seeing how much gold they had, got the belt away from the bewildered old couple.

In our own American language, the vote for militarism may be called putting the germ back in Germany.—New York Evening World.

Germany being a republic now, along with the goose-stepping there is probably the usual amount of lambs-ducking.—Indianapolis News.

Since Dr. Eliot insists that there will be work to do in heaven, we've got to get busy and save the souls of a few efficiency experts.—Columbus Dispatch.

### WHY SUFFER SO?

#### Get Back Your Health as Other Shelby Felks Have Done.

Too many people suffer lame, aching backs, distressing kidney disorders and rheumatic aches and pains. Often this is due to faulty kidney action and there's danger of hardened arteries, dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Don't let weak kidneys wear you out. Use Doan's Pills before it is too late! Doan's are a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Here is one of many Shelby cases:

Troy C. Hicks, 22 Gardner St., says: "A cold settled on my kidneys and I had such a severe backache I could hardly keep going. When I stopped sharp pains caught me over my kidneys and I couldn't straighten. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. I read of Doan's Pills helping others and got a supply at Webb's Drug Store. My back was soon strong and free from pain and my kidneys acted regularly."  
60¢ at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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