



It's Easier to Sell in NORTH CAROLINA

The Sandhills—

We salute these men of vision who have transformed a desolate region of pine barrens into a garden land of fruits and berries. The Jefferson Standard is glad to be a heavy investor in the Sandhills Country.

Forty thousand North Carolinians are insured for 90 millions of dollars in the Jefferson Standard.

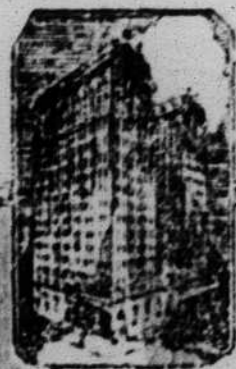
With Jefferson Standard's 14 millions of dollars of investments working in practically every village and hamlet in North Carolina, it is only natural that right-thinking Tar Heels should insist, more and more, that their insurance needs be covered with a Jefferson Standard policy.

Doesn't it follow that the policies of this BIG HOME COMPANY are

"Easier to Sell in North Carolina"

We have Agency openings for the right type of men in different sections of North Carolina.

Write to Julian Price, President



JEFFERSON STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Insurance in force over a Quarter of a Billion

Around Our Town

—SHELBY SIDELIGHTS—
— R. D. —

(By John McKnight.)

Shelby, the possessor of her own original "bobbed-haired bandit," might be interested in the opinion of another one of the fair tribe. She is Miss Pauline Partain, and she is facing prison in Atlanta, Ga., charged with being the accomplice of two "dapper bandits." She says that "they're all boobs," that they never make as much at the business of being a bandit as at their regular trade, and that they invariably get caught, be it sooner or later.

We fully agree with all Miss Partain's sentiments in regard to the feminine criminals that have been occupying the front sheets of the country's newspapers for the last few months. A woman entering upon a life of crime has not the technique that the hardened jail-bird possesses, and as a consequence fails in nearly every instance to "get away with it." Their attempt is spectacular, of course, but so is the trial to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

Edgar A. Guest, in a little poem called "Success" that appeared in the Charlotte Observer the other day struck a note of truth in a mighty few lines. They went something like this:

"The woman with the prettiest face
Sundays may wear the ugliest
pout."
Think that over for yourself, and see if it isn't true.

What's the matter with a twilight league for Shelby this summer? An eight-club circuit composed of teams from the three churches, one or two of the larger business houses and several of the mills, ought to go big here in town. The four games necessary to keep the standings equal could be played after six o'clock on different afternoons during the week at the city ball park, and no matter how little baseball there was about it, everybody concerned would get plenty of fun, as well as recreation.

A mouth organ has a lot of possibilities, considering its size. We saw a fellow over on the benches last Saturday who had found out the possibilities, and was making the most of them. He was playing one of those old pieces that seem to have been written for just this instrument—may

be they have grown up with the generations that have been enjoying the haunting music of a harp. The long wailing strains came pouring out between his fingers to the accompaniment of a heavy sing-song bass, with a violin-like tremolo effect that can be gotten from none other than the harmonica, unless it be the big brother of this humbler piece, the accordion; the man's foot beat in time with the music; and he seemed to be enjoying himself to the utmost. Wish he could get his hands—rather, his lips—on one of those philharmonic editions that play sharps, flats, and minors, along with the major chords.

It's funny how much pleasure kids get out of sailing a stick back and forth across the water—but you've done it too. Water, to every normal boy—and some girls, has a fascination possessed by no other part of nature. To them it represents adventure, the spirit that impels men to sail forth and discover new lands; their rough boat is a wondrous vessel, clad in the shiniest of shiny white sails; and the little expanse of rippling water is a sea, on the far side of which lie untold treasures of youth.

Somehow the column this week has gotten much too serious for the thing it's supposed to be. We heard one the other day that might have happened in Shelby—rather we saw it in the Youth's Companion. Here it is:

On the whole, he was a decent little chap, but, as he had an unfortunate predilection for fishing, it is not astonishing that he should occasionally have played truant from school to indulge in his favorite sport. But, alas, he was always found out, and the consequences were always dire.

One day, however, he hit on a bright idea. Going to a telephone, he called up his teacher and, assuming a deep, mature voice, explained that his son would be unable to attend school that day.

"Thank you very much for the message," courteously replied the teacher. "Who is this speaking?"

The query somewhat staggered the small delinquent. "Er—this is my father speaking," he faltered lamely.

Renn Drum will probably be back Wednesday morning and you won't have to read this stuff—that's the only word that can properly describe it—any longer. I like to write it, because you don't have to worry about whether it has any sense to it or not; generally it doesn't. Arthur Brisbane's column in the Charlotte Observer is about the finest example of a free-and-easy, informal column that comes out. He gets a lot of thought into what he writes, too—which is more than you can say for "el que yo escribe."

The attack on evolution seems to be directed against, not only the doctrine itself, but against every scientist in the known world. This is manifestly unfair. Did you know that scientist, figuring back through centuries have found a 38-hour day that they are unable to account for except by the miracle of the sun standing still? That at least charges some scientists out from the charge that they are attempting to discredit the Bible.

Something we want to know: If you frilled a sandwich over the head with a stick, could you then call it a club (bed) sandwich?

There seems to be some mighty bad automobiles around in Cleveland county. We noticed in the last issue of The Star where "Thomas Akers' car was robber of a rear tire, and the cushions from the front and rear seats." If automobiles get to doing things like that, nothing in the county will be safe. In our opinion, that car ought to be given at least twenty years at hard labor on the roads, while any Fords guilty of the same offense should get something like ten years.

65 DEATHS CAUSED BY HEAT IN PHILADELPHIA

The torrid wave which has held Philadelphia in its grip for the first week exacted a toll of 65 deaths, directly or indirectly attributed to the heat. Scores of prostrations were reported. The maximum temperatures there was 98. Other points in the state reported temperatures of 100 or more.

It was estimated that 50,000 persons slept in Fairmont Park last night. Since the start of the record breaking hot wave last Monday, a total of 103 deaths attributed to the heat, have been reported in Philadelphia.

TO HAVE HALF HOLIDAY AT KINGS MT. IN SUMMER

Kings Mountain Herald.
Following a custom of several years the stores of the town will close for half holiday each week during June, July and August. The day has been changed now from Wednesday to Thursday. This year we close at noon Thursday and don't come back until Friday morning. Mr. B. D. Ratterree of the Peoples Loan and Trust company took a paper around last week for the business men to sign up agreeing to close.

Noting the difficulties of the French Chamber of deputies we suggest they call on one of our live chambers of commerce.

There may be such a thing as sleeping sickness, but it's a glorious Sunday-morning-feeling with most of us.

The World war lasted four years. The war over the war debts is now in its seventh.

HENDERSON GILMER CO.
WHOLESALE PAPER
Charlotte, N. C.
SPECIALIZING TOTAL ACCOUNT SYSTEMS AND SALESBOOKS.
Paper Of All Kinds For Merchants Only.

NEW SOUTHERN SCHEDULE CHARLESTON DIVISION

No. 113	Marion to Rock Hill	7:16 a. m.
No. 36	Rock Hill to Marion	9:57 a. m.
No. 35	Marion to Rock Hill	6:36 p. m.
No. 114	Rock Hill to Marion	8:08 p. m.

No. 35 makes connection at Blacksburg with No. 38 for north.

A. H. MORGAN, Agent
SHELBY, N. C.

"SHELBY IS GROWING"

Is it not proof enough that Shelby is growing, when we can look in any direction and see or hear something new taking place? New mills, and business enterprises, new buildings, and new homes. What better indication of progress and prosperity could we ask for? This firm wishes to thank the people of this town and county for the business given them in the material, concrete, products, roofing, steel and construction work, whatever part of our business you have patronized. You are helping us take a part in the growth of Shelby, let us help you. We offer you seventeen years of experience in the manufacturing of concrete products, and concrete construction. We handle all kinds of Building Material, Cement, Lime, Plaster, Steel, Etc. We are making Roofing Tile that people like. Look at the roofs we have placed in Shelby and surrounding territory, and decide for yourself. Let us help you solve your building problems. "Concrete is permanent only when it is done right."

Z. B. WEATHERS & SONS, Inc.
Office New Lineberger Building. Phone 369.
Plant Near Seaboard Depot. Phone 192.

LAKE LANIER

IN THE MOUNTAINS AT TRYON

WILL SOON BE THE SHOW SPOT IN CAROLINAS' CHARMING MOUNTAIN LAND. YOU SHOULD SEE IT NOW. A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS AT THIS TIME IS MOST SEASONABLE. A TRIP AT OUR EXPENSE OBLIGATES YOU IN NO WAY. EXCELLENT MEALS FURNISHED WHILE TRAVELING, WITHOUT EXPENSE TO YOU. MAKE RESERVATIONS TODAY.

TELEPHONE 454.

ASK FOR OUR MR. R. D. OR MRS K. L WARD, OR GO IN PERSON TO HIS OFFICE, 107, S. LaFAYETTE STREET.

NO RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA IS ATTRACTING AS MUCH FAVORABLE ATTENTION.

SEVEN MILES OF LAKE SHORE DRIVE. ALL CITY CONVENIENCES. WISE RESTRICTIONS. FIXED SHORE LINE IS GUARANTEED.

(NOT A POWER DEVELOPMENT.)

MOST BEAUTIFUL LAND IN AMERICA!

TRYON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

TRYON, N. C.

P. L. WRIGHT, President.

W. M. HESTER, Treasurers.

EISEL BROS. Sales Directors.

EFIRD'S Chain Sale

ENTERS ITS FOURTH WEEK FRIDAY, JUNE 12TH.

BARGAINS ARE BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

EVERY EXPRESS AND FREIGHT HAS BEEN BRINGING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF MERCHANDISE AT GREAT PRICE CONCESSIONS FROM OUR NEW YORK BUYERS AND THE SAVINGS ARE PASSED ALONG TO YOU.

WATCH
FOUR PAGE CIRCULAR BEING DISTRIBUTED THIS WEEK WITH MERCHANDISE AND PRICES FOR THE FOURTH WEEK.

Efird's Dept. Store

SHELBY, N. C.