

Too Much Efficiency

By E. J. Rath

BEGIN HERE TODAY

John W. Brooke, widower and head of a large hardware concern, is leaving the city for two months. He makes arrangements for an efficiency engineer to take charge of his home during his absence. But he fails to inform his three grown children, Constance, Billy and Alice about the new arrangement.

H. Hedge, assigned to the job, takes charge of the exasperated Brooke household. He occupies the owner's private quarters and turns the library, into an office. The "children" have informed Hedge that today is pay-day, but Hedge thinks otherwise. He offers 50 per cent of the amount they have been getting to be paid each morning instead of a month in advance. Billy and his sisters have been talking it over in a private corner of the music-room.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Constance was canny as well as cautious. She knew the failings of the Brookes, even her own.

"I guess it'll have to be by the day," admitted Alice. "Because I need my little \$106 to morrow to go to a matinee."

Constance looked at her brother.

"Oh, any way you say," he grumbled.

"It's settled, then. We'll get our checks tomorrow morning."

"It seems to me you're giving in on every blooming thing," complained Billy, with an ungrateful scowl at his sister.

Constance smiled wisely.

"Listen, my children," she said. "This person has cut our allowances in half. Very well. But he hasn't cut our charge accounts, has he? We can run up bills, can't we? We don't have to say anything about that, do we? or one, I resolve to spend three times as much as I ever did before."

"And I!" cried Alice. "You're a wonder, Connie!"

Billy was grudging of enthusiasm. Being a man, the pastime of charging things did not compare with the sensation of having the money in his pocket.

"Now, not a word about charge accounts," cautioned Constance.

"Not a word," echoed Alice.

The efficiency man greeted the returning conferees with a friendly smile and nod. They ranged before him, Constance in the center.

"We accept the half rate," she said coldly. "not because it is fair or even decent, but because we cannot help ourselves. And"—she choked for an instant—"we have decided to take it by the day."

"Excellent," said Hedge. "Good business. Thank you Miss Brooke."

"I do not care to be thanked, if you please."

"Very well. Withdrawn."

Constance shot him a fierce glance, but checked a retort. There was still an item of business.

"Our money was due today," she explained, "but we are not to be paid until tomorrow morning. I understand. There will then be two days due. Billy and myself will be entitled to a check for \$6.66 each, instead of \$3.33, while Alice will get \$3.33 instead of \$1.66. Is that agreed?"

"Quite correct," nodded Hedge as he made a memorandum.

Alice and Billy sighed softly and looked in admiration at their sister. Neither had thought of that. Connie had saved them a day's pay!

As the three Brookes retired once more from the scene, there was something like approval in the eyes of the efficiency man, as their glance followed the central figure in the group. He admired good business.

Matilda Araminta Jones was a person with an obsession. The obsession was Constance Brooke. Matilda came from New England, which signifies that the obsession was of the most violent type. It extended not only to Constance, but to all things over which Constance exercised dominion. Therefore it included Demosthenes. And when Matilda, who was Constance's maid, saw Demosthenes held at arm's length by the scruff of his neck, she went forth to battle.

Demosthenes was a Pomeranian philosopher who enjoyed the distinction of being the personal property of the chatelaine of the Brooke mansion. But he was not in a philosophic mood when H. Hedge stepped on him in the library and thereby made the discovery that he was an inmate of the house. He was even less philosophic when he launched four pounds of palpitating dog flesh at the heels of economy and efficiency. In retaliation for having been used as a rug, H. Hedge being quick with his hands laid hold of Demosthenes with little or no delay, and removed him from the vicinity of his heels. He shook him quite roughly, and was still shaking him when Matilda entered the room.

"Stop!" said Matilda tragically.

H. Hedge stopped the shaking process, but still held Demosthenes pendant and cruff.

"Put him down!" commanded Matilda.

"What is it?" asked the efficiency man, surveying the struggling philosopher.

"It?" repeated Matilda in an awful

voice. "It! That is Miss Connie's dog!"

"You mean to say that this is really a dog?"

Matilda choked. In her soul she prayed that Demosthenes might not hear the insult.

"Put him down!" she commanded. "I think not," remarked H. Hedge calmly. "He wants to bite me. And, whether he is a dog or a rat, I do not care to be bitten. I think I shall dispose of him."

Matilda turned pale. Demosthenes was to be disposed of! Some horror was a foot. She fled from the library and sought her mistress upstairs.

"He is killing Demosthenes!" cried Matilda.

Constance waited for no more. She raced downstairs, two steps at a time, sure-footed as a mountain-goat yet apparently risking her neck at every stride. The efficiency man still had the small black creature at arm's length when she appeared on the scene.

"Drop him!" cried Constance.

H. Hedge turned and surveyed her with great gravity.

"If I drop him, he will bite me in the ankle," he said. "I object to being bitten in the ankle. I broke one once, that is sufficient."

Constance dashed across the room and gathered Demosthenes in her arms. He was a very small bundle, but he snapped angrily at H. Hedge and snarled in a manner that would have terrified a stout-hearted mouse.

"Does that thing belong to you?" demanded H. Hedge.

"Thing! He is my dog!"

"What is his name—Molecule?"

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"What is his name—Molecule?"

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

"Molecule!" cried Constance.

fact, I should be quite willing to credit the proceeds to your personal account."

Constance glared at him.

"You are not possibly serious?"

"Quite. I admit that, in all probability, the cost per diem of this animal is not a large item. It is the principle to which I object. There are a thousand and one trivial sources of expense in this household."

"I am checking them as I encounter them. Although none may be great in itself, the effect of each is to inculcate wasteful habits and destroy a sense of true economic values, while the total expense of all is a very considerable sum. I am here to do my duty by your father."

"Do you know that my father gave me this dog?" inquired Constance triumphantly.

The efficiency man did not seem abashed.

"Probably true, Miss Brooke. Never the less, if you persist in keeping this animal, I shall ask you to maintain it out of your allowance. I am not justified in permitting it to draw supplies from the general account."

Demosthenes, who had been eyeing the efficiency man with obvious disquiet, at this instant voiced a small growl.

NEXT CHAPTER: The cook gets in a temper.

GROVER NEWS OF LATE HAPPENINGS

(Special to The Star.)

Grover, Nov. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lowrance and Mrs. McDaniel and children Billy and Elizabeth of Chester, S. C., spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harry.

Evidently the people around here like chicken since more than 100 were partakers of the delightful dinner served by the Woman's Missionary union of the Grover Baptist church last Saturday evening. The ladies cleared about \$60.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Keeter and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keeter of Bessemer City were visitors in Grover Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Hughes, Miss Ruth and Dick Hughes, of Rock Hill, S. C., and Miss Ethel Horsely of Winthrop college spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mullinax.

Mr. Reece Mullen and Miss Lucille Thomas of Lincolnton, were married by Mr. C. A. Mullinax last Sunday night.

Mrs. E. A. Dempsey and son, Nathan of Landrum, S. C., were visitors in Grover Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Floyd and Alma Bridges spent Sunday in Shelby with Mr. C. O. Bridges.

Mr. C. H. Sheppard has been sick for several days, but is able to be out again.

Mr. Avery Hardin of Lenoir-Rhyne college spent the week end with his parents.

Mr. R. E. Hullender of Union, S. C., who has been working with the Rainbow Novelty Co., for some time has returned to his home for an indefinite time.

Miss Hazel Carner gave a party on Thursday night in honor of Mr. Meredith Herndon of Jackson Springs.

Miss Mary Biggers spent the week end with her parents at Smyrna, S. C.

Mrs. S. A. Crisp and son Albert spent the week end with her mother in Columbia, S. C.

Mr. M. B. Crips of Mountville S. C. is spending several days with his son Mr. S. A. Crisp.

Miss Jay Turney of Holly Grove spent Sunday in Grover.

Waco and Grover high schools split a double-header on the local court Friday afternoon. The Grover girls won 31 to 23 Birdie Sneed was the best point gainer for the visitors, while Finkleton and the Beheler sisters were the best half of the home team. The Waco boys put it over on the Grover boys 13 to 14. At one time it looked as the game would require an extra period to decide the winners Dellinger won half of the points for his team, and Keeter caged 10 of Grover's points.

The boys will play Fallston at Falls ton Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. A. Ellis' Sunday school class will give a box supper Friday night. She will be glad to have all that will help out.

DAILY WEATHER MAP OF WORLD IN PROSPECT IN NEAR FUTURE


A daily weather map of the entire world, similar to that now issued by the United States bureau for this country, is one of the prospects that will doubtless future in the opinion of Roscoe Nunn, associate meteorologist at the weather bureau.

In pointing out the need for such a map, Mr. Nunn said that it is now impossible to study the weather of the world as a whole, even though the weather is one part of the globe may be influenced by movements of the air at distant points. "Old King Weather travels ceaselessly over the face of the entire globe," said Mr. Nunn, "but has never yet been seen whole."

"We feel a slap of his hand here, a kick there, while his face smiles peacefully for a spell upon a distant sea or land, but no one sees more than a small part of his great bulk at any time. The only way we can visualize him as a whole is by means of the whole weather map, based upon systematic synchronous observations over the whole globe"—Indianapolis News.

Fable: Once a man spent the night with a friend, and neither wished the other would say something about going to bed.

MILLER'S
HERB
JUICE
\$1.10
FOR SALE
AT
SUTTLE'S
DRUG STORE
PHONE 370.



Thanksgiving Dinner

- Cocktail Soup
- Roast Turkey With Dressing
- Rice Asparagus
- Boiled Ham
- Cauliflower
- Potato Souffle
- Hot Biscuit Breadsticks
- Vegetable Salad
- Marshmallow Pudding
- Fruit Cake
- Coffee Tea

Hilliard Tea Room

ANNOUNCEMENT

I WISH TO ANNOUNCE TO THE PUBLIC A COMPLETE
WILLARD
Storage Battery
Service Station

RECHARGING
REPAIRING
RESEALING

All Makes Of Batteries

BUY A WILLARD

PRICES TO SUIT ALL

IDEAL SERVICE STATION

Battery Dept. Phone 194

J. R. Misenheimer, Mgr.

SHELBY, N. C.

MEN!

ALL MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS TO GO AT A BIG REDUCTION. THESE SUITS ARE ALL HART-SCHAFFNER AND MARX, GRIFFON AND OTHER STANDARD MAKES. SO SELDOM ARE SUCH BARGAINS OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, THAT WE SUGGEST YOUR LOOKING THEM OVER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. JUST LOOK AT THESE TOP ITEMS.

- SUITS —
- GROUP 1—
\$22.50 Suits reduced to \$16.50
- GROUP 2—
\$30.00 Suits reduced to \$24.50



- SUITS —
- GROUP 3—
\$35.00 Suits reduced to \$29.50
- GROUP 4—
\$50.00 Suits reduced to \$42.50

- MEN'S HATS —
- 1 lot Men's Hats \$2.95
- 1 lot Men's Hats \$3.95
- 1 lot Men's Hats \$4.95
- These values run as high as \$7.00.

- MEN'S SHOES —
- \$9.50 values reduced to \$7.95
- \$6.95 values reduced to \$5.95
- \$5.95 values reduced to \$4.95
- \$4.95 values reduced to \$3.95
- These Shoes Are Unusual Values And You Should See Them.

- MEN'S WOOL SHIRTS —
- Men's Wool O. D. Shirts, regular \$5.00 values, for \$3.95
- Men's Heavy Outing Night Shirts Reduced To \$1.69
- MEN'S UNDERWEAR —
- Wilson Bros. Union Suits \$2.00 values reduced to \$1.69
- \$2.50 values reduced to \$1.95
- You won't see these long!

BLANTON-WRIGHT CLOTHING COMPANY

SAM BLANTON

W. L. WRIGHT

SUCCESSORS TO EVANS E. McBRAYER