

# Too Much Efficiency

By E. J. Rath

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
JOHN W. BROOKE, widower hardware magnate, upon leaving the city for two months, arranges with a firm of efficiency engineers to operate his home during the time of his absence. He fails to explain his plan, however, to Constance, Billy and Alice, his three grown children. They find out about it though when...

H. HEDGE, assigned to the job, arrives and takes control of John W.'s suite and turns the library into an office. Billy has threatened to throw him out and Constance and Alice are willing to see it done, but Hedge continues his scientific indexing unharmed. Today he has requested young Mr. Van Nest, calling on Constance, to leave the house. Constance, seeking an explanation, is asked by Hedge how she ever DARED to allow such a use less fellow to come into the house.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
"Dared!" she echoed.  
"Yes, But what astonishes me even more was the fact that he dared to call. You see, the first time I met him was this afternoon. I took pains before he left to tell him never to come again. He disobeyed me. However, I do not think he will do so again. If he should forget himself, Horace has his orders."  
Constance fought back a desire to scream.

"Do I understand that you take the liberty of deciding what persons shall enter this house?" she demanded.  
"It is not a liberty; it is my business."  
"You insult me!"  
"Far from it. I went to the pains, on the occasion I first saw him, of sparing you any embarrassment. I should have dismissed him on sight. Instead I awaited an opportunity to see him alone, as he was leaving."

"I will receive whom I please!" stormed Constance.  
"No Miss Brooke. You will receive whom I please."  
There was absolute horror in her eyes.  
"Please be assured that, in a general way," he added quickly, "I do not criticize your friends. It is only an odd one, here and there I have far less trouble in your case than in the case of your brother. Apparently you exercise a better natural judgment; I cannot call it a trained judgment. In passing, I will say that I do not think young Mr. Witherbee will annoy you again."

Only the night before Mr. Witherbee, a pale blond who suffered from a musical hallucination, had been a caller at the house.  
"You told him—"  
"Not in person. I had no opportunity, except in your presence. Of course, I had no desire to embarrass you. I sent him a postal card this morning."  
"A postal card!"  
"One cent, you see. A letter costs two cents. We must be consistent in our economies."

Constance felt that she was losing her reason.  
"A postal card!" she screamed. "That everybody can read!"  
The efficiency man shrugged his shoulders to indicate that it was a matter of no importance.  
"Oh! Oh! I shall go mad!"  
"I think not, Miss Brooke. Possibly Mr. Witherbee will, but that might be rather desirable, inasmuch as it would probably lead to his confinement. However, I have no ill will for him."  
"I will not submit!" shrieked Constance.

The efficiency man arose and glanced at his watch.  
"You—you let my brother have his friends here, and I—"  
"That is just exactly what I was going to see about, Miss Brooke. Your brother is entertaining some friends upstairs. I am about to drop in on them."  
He left Constance in the library, dumb over the misfortunes of the Brooke family.

Outside the door of Billy's room H. Hedge paused for only an instant, then knocked twice and entered without waiting for a summons.  
There were five young men seated at a table and one of them was Billy Brooke. It was apparent that none of them had heard the knock, and also that they were still oblivious of the presence of a visitor.  
"You'll have to come again," Billy said mildly, as he pushed two blue checks toward the center of the table. "Mine are still looking healthy."  
"And then some," said a slender youth who sat at his left. As he spoke, he nonchalantly shoved four blue chips away from his stack.  
"I'll trot," murmured his neighbor.  
"Here too,"  
"I'm dead."  
Billy added two chips to the pot and picked up the pack.  
"Cards," he yawned.  
"Help the rest," declared the slender youth wearily. "These'll do me."  
"Ouch! Gimme three," said his neighbor, scowling.  
"Just the top one," said the next.  
The efficiency man had his eyes on Billy, who tossed aside the deck and

ed in were presently reduced to two, Billy and the slender one. After two raises, Billy called.  
"Mine are all pink," observed the slender one in a bored voice.  
"Thirty days and a pair of typewriters," drawled Billy facing his hand and reaching for the pot.  
H. Hedge stepped forward into the room and coughed. Five young men looked up from their labors and eyed him in astonishment.  
"Gambling is not permitted in this house," he said pleasantly.  
The guests looked at Billy, who arose and faced the intruder.  
"Here—you can't treat my friends this way!" blurted Billy.  
"An error. I can. I regret the necessity—but I hereby do."  
"We'll play poker whenever we want to."  
"No gambling I said."  
Billy took a step in the direction of the efficiency man. Two of his guests arose and intervened.  
"Never mind, Billy," said one.

own portion.  
The four young men who had stayed stairs.  
"Look in the sideboard," he counseled.  
Constance pondered so much over Billy's counsel that she forgot her troubles for a moment. "Sherry" Witherbee. She did not understand at all. His name was Albert Huntington Witherbee, and the only part of his first name that he used was the A. Look in the sideboard? Her curiosity became so keen that she decided to do so.

She went downstairs softly and made her way to the dining-room, where she snapped on the lights. The sideboard was a huge magnificent affair, heavy and substantial. What in world did it have to do with Mr. Witherbee, who did not resemble it in the least? Look in it, Billy said.  
She did. The lower compartments were filled with bottles of all sorts and shapes and she surveyed them idly, not having the least idea what she was looking for. There were cordials of every kind, but none of them suggested an answer to the riddle.  
Constance searched further. The whiskies did not supply an explanation, either. Nor the brandies. Mr. Witherbee never used such things.

A bottle in a corner arrested her glance. "Sherry," it said on the label. Constance looked closer. Yes; there was more printed. This:  
**PALE, SOFT, AND NUTTY.**  
She curled upon the floor, rolled over and laughed until the tears streamed down.

**NEXT CHAPTER: A scientific yuletide.**  
**Lawrence Begins Real Estate Work On Brevard Lake**  
Brevard, Dec. 12.—A new real estate office opened within the week, under the name of Lawrence, Mallory Realty and Insurance company. It is located in the Whitmore building, over Davis-Walker drug store, in the office room formerly occupied by F. E. Shuford.

The firm is prepared to deal in all kinds of insurance, including life, fire and accident, as well as to handle a general real estate business.  
An important feature in the operation of this firm will be the development of Lake Sega, which is a subdivision situated about two miles from Brevard near the Rosman highway. There will be placed on the market for immediate sale 79 residential lots at Lake Sega, where the work of grading the streets is now in progress. Water, sewer, lights and telephones will also be installed on the property, making of it an ideal residential section, within a convenient location from the center of Brevard's business activities.

Jim Mallory, of this firm, comes to Brevard from Chickasha, Okla., R. E. Lawrence, owner of Lake Sega, needs no introduction to Transylvania county, since he successfully served in the capacity of county farm agent for a number of years, and numbers his friends in this county by his acquaintances. For several years past he has been located at Shelby, serving as farm agent of that county.

**Developments Move Ahead In Carolina**  
Jackson Springs, the Cleveland Springs of Sandhills, Will Now Be Developed.  
It was only a matter of time that Jackson Springs, in the sandhills section, would be discovered by big capital, says the Charlotte Observer. The Sandhill Citizen this week brings confirmation of the report that the property has been bought by a North Carolina syndicate, incorporated under the laws of New York state. The Nestle's food man, Doctor Nagle, medical director of the Pennsylvania hotel, and Stattler, the chain hotel man, being among the incorporators. Stattler is to build the hotel there. Donald Ross is laying out the golf course and New York people are selecting sites for winter homes. Jackson Springs has been a favorite resort for people in that section of the state for many years. It has enjoyed a reputation similar to that of Cleveland Springs. The initial investment in this property is \$1,000,000, and that will do as a starter. Development money is finding the favored spots all over North Carolina.

"That's a fine trick to play on a man's friends."  
"We'll go. No use to make a fuss here. Come on over to my house, the whole crowd."  
They filed solemnly downstairs. Billy lingering to glare at his oppressor.  
"That's a fine trick to play on a man's friends," he growled. "Turn 'em out of his house."  
"Are you going with them, to resume your gambling?" inquired H. Hedge pointedly.  
"You bet I am."  
"Then permit me to observe, much as I deplore games of chance, that if you keep on under-playing ten-fulls as you did that one, you friends will probably have everything but your shoes before you get home."  
Billy gaped.  
"There was another pat hand out," grumbled Billy, flushing.  
"Piffle. How many pat falls are dealt in an evening? As I said, I am opposed to poker. But what makes me particularly sick is to see a young man of your evident fondness for the pastime take in about four dollars when he is entitled to watches, jewelry, overcoats and other articles of barter and trade. Run along with your friends now, and bet yourself to death on a pair of deuces. It's the logical sequence."  
Billy left the room in a daze. The efficiency man stepped over to the table, picked up the cards, shuffled them deftly, sighed, shook his head and tossed them away.  
As Billy passed Constance's room she called him in.  
"I didn't tell, Billy, she said. "He knew it."  
"Oh, I suppose so," he mumbled. "But there he is, throwing my friends out of the house. How long is this sort of business going to last, I'd like to know?"  
"Well, he threw mine out," said Constance.  
"How? When?"  
"To-night. He ordered Wally Van Nest out of the house and told him not to come back any more."  
"What for?"  
"He—he said he was futile—a waste of time."  
"Well," observed Billy judicially, "you know there might be something in that, Connie."  
"But I won't be insulted so!"  
"That's right too."  
"And he sent a postal card to Mr. Witherbee, telling him not to come any more. A postal card!"  
"Who? To Sherry Witherbee?"  
"Sherry? Albert, you mean, don't you? His name's Albert."  
"Everybody calls him Sherry."  
Constance was puzzled.  
"I never heard it before," she said. "Why do they call him Sherry?"  
Billy laughed as he started down—indeed that was satisfied with his



## DIODEGENES, TURN OUT YOUR LIGHT; HE'S DISCOVERED IN IOWA

Shenandoah, Iowa, Dec. 9.—If a moving picture house owner takes a picture that is no good he should tell his patrons so they can stay away. Such is the attitude of C. J. Latta, owner of a local theatre, which he outlined today after he had warned customers against seeing a picture booked at his playhouse for two days. He not only advertised in the newspapers his dislike of the film, but posted a bulletin in front of the theatre advising patrons his picture was "one of the weakest" he had seen. Latta said he took this action as a policy of honest advertising and would do it again if the occasion demanded.



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### —SCHEDULES—

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SCHEDULE LINCOLN-TON-SHELBY BUS

Leaves Shelby 7:20 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 p. m., 4:30 p. m.—Leaves Lincoln 8:30 a. m., 11 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m. ZEB COSTNER, Manager.

SCHEDULE SHELBY-RUTHERFORDTON BUS

Leaves Shelby 8 a. m., 1 p. m., Leaves Rutherfordton 9:55 a. m., 2:15 p. m. Z. V. COSTNER, Manager.

SCHEDULE SHELBY-ASHEVILLE BUS

Leaves Shelby 10 a. m., 12 Noon, 2 p. m., 4 p. m., 6 p. m. RED TOP CAB CO., and BLUE RIDGE LINES, Owners, Asheville, N. C.

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