

# Too Much Efficiency

By E. J. Rath

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
**JOHN W. BROOKE** hardware magnate widower and father of three grown children, Constance Billy and Alice, has been away for several weeks since arranging with a firm of efficiency experts to have his home put on an economic basis. He returns to find his Fifth Avenue mansion filled with guests celebrating the engagement of Constance to H. Hedge, the man who is supposed to be introducing methods of economy and efficiency into the household.

He tells the man at the door that he is the owner of the house and is saved by Constance just in time to keep the police from arresting him as a supposed lunatic. Constance introduces him to Hedge. John W. tells them that they are "disengaged" and gives Hedge 30 seconds to get out of the house.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
H. Hedge made no move to accomplish such a hasty exit. Instead he again smiled benignly at John W. Brooke.

"Only Connie can disengage us," he observed. "Of course if Connie wants to—"

"Connie doesn't intend to," said the owner of that name, slipping her hand into that of the ex-efficiency man. "Be reasonable, father."

"Yes, be reasonable," advised Hedge.

"Reasonable! Great snakes! I find my home a bedlam, my money squandered, myself outraged, my daughter engaged, everything gone stark, staring mad—and I am told 'be reasonable.' It's a fine time to be reasonable, isn't it? Lord Harry, I don't have to be reasonable! Who's boss here? I won't be reasonable. I'm going to raise—"

"Father!"

"And what do you do for a living now, sir?"

"Nothing—just yet."

"Got any money?"

"Not much."

The head of the Brooke household was again threatened with apoplexy. "And you expect to marry my daughter! Get out of this room, Connie; I'm going to swear."

"Good advice Connie," said H. Hedge. "You run away for a little while."

Constance reached up and kissed her young man.

"Father," she said sternly, "I hold you personally responsible for anything that happens to him."

Alice came in search of her sister half an hour later.

"What in the world has happened?" she demanded. "And where is E. E.? We've been looking all over for you. Been a quarrel?"

"Father is here!" announced Constance tragically.

"Here? Holy Moses! Where is he?"

"In his rooms—with E. E."

"What—what did he say?"

"You know father. What's the use of asking?"

"What's he going to do?"

"That's what E. E. is trying to find out."

"He's with him?"

Constance nodded uneasily.

"Don't you worry about E. E., Connie. He isn't as heavy as father, but he's more scientific."

Having delivered this consolation, Alice returned to the party downstairs.

Another half-hour elapsed before Constance was awakened from her gloomy reverie by the appearance of her father, closely followed by H. Hedge. Neither of them had a black eye.

"Connie," demanded John W. Brooke, "are you resolved to marry this man?"

"Yes, father."

"If I forbid you to do so?"

"Yes, daddy dear."

Mr. Brooke drew a deep breath and looked at H. Hedge.

"Doesn't it beat the band how stubborn some people are?" he said. "And she's not twenty-one yet."

He bit off the end of a cigar and fumbled in his pockets for a match.

"I blame you very largely for this, Connie," he said in a stern voice. "I've been hearing about what happened in this house. It seemed that you three children did all you could to upset the plans I made for you."

"Oh, they were all right," interposed H. Hedge hastily.

"Don't interrupt me, sir. I know as much about it as you do. Of course, I was a fool to think it could be done. But at the very least I didn't expect my own flesh and blood to rise up against me. It's unfilial. I'm disappointed—agrieved—upset. You've gotten me and yourself in a hole—but I'm the one that has to pull you all out. You say you've announced this engagement downstairs?"

Constance nodded.

"And still you wonder why the heathen rage. You go and announce it before I ever set eyes on him. Well, what does it mean? I'll tell you: it simply means you've got to go through with it—that's all!"

"Father—you dear!" cried Constance.

"Keep away from me; I'm not through. Yes, the pair of you have to go through with it. When a Brooke makes a promise, it goes. It

runs in the family. I wouldn't let you get out of the scrape if you wanted to. There that's settled."

"Now, here's the next thing. What are you going to live on? This man here shows how much sense he has by throwing up his job at the same time he assumes a financial burden. Yes, you are a financial burden, Connie. I ought to know, hadn't I?"

"He thinks he knows the same thing; but, believe me, he hasn't begun to learn. So it amounts to the fact that my daughter is signed up to marry a man out of work. Well, there's some pride in this family. I can't stand for that. So what do I have to do? Why, I've got to find him a job."

"He—he could find one himself," said Constance proudly.

"Hang it all, that's what he did!" exploded Mr. Brooke. "It seems, after running my business successfully with department heads for a good many years, that I'm in sudden need of a general superintendent. I didn't know it until he told me; but he's one of these wise youths who seem to know everything. Well, he'll wake up some day."

H. Hedge was grinning pleasantly. "So he's coming down to generally superintend. I wish him joy!"

"Father, you're wonderful!" exclaimed Constance.

"Oh, yes, wonderful for the old man," said Mr. Brooke sarcastically. "After you've made a fool out of him."

"And—how much does he get?" asked Constance cautiously.

"There you go," observed Mr. Brooke with a gesture of despair. "You see what you're against. Hedge. How much does he get? Well, I thought he was going to get six thousand. But it seems that general superintendents get ten. That's something else I've just learned. It's a sort of union scale for general superintendents. I hope he hasn't lied to me about. Anyway, I'm going to pay the scale."

"Father—you darling!"

And Constance embraced him.

"I notice I didn't get the hug until I came out with the price," sighed John W. Brooke. "This is a mercenary world, even inside my own house."

"E. E.," said Constance, "don't you think my father is the greatest man in the world?"

"Think so? I can prove it."

"Cut out the diplomatic language," ordered Mr. Brooke. "I know when I'm stung. The pair of you put it over on me. I may have let out a few roars, but you haven't heard me squeal."

"Now, Hedge, or whatever your name is, I wish you'd beat it downstairs and find my son, Billy, and tell him his old man is up here, and for him to come up and get what's coming to him. And chase Horace up, if you can find him, and tell him to get out my dress-suit."

"You're coming down to the party?" cried Constance.

"Haven't I a right to go to a party in my own house?" demanded her father. "I have to pay for it."

H. Hedge seized the daughter of the house, whisked her about the room, kissed her, and departed on his errand.

"Father dear," said Constance. "I dislike slang, but— isn't he a bird?"

"He's a high-priced bird," grumbled Mr. Brooke.

"Well, you rent him here yourself, father dear. I had nothing to do with it."

John W. Brooke considered his daughter's observation and found unexpected consolation in it.

"Viewing it from that angle, Connie," he said, "I think it is only fair to give me credit for picking a live one."

"I was a little later that H. Hedge and Connie met in the lower hall."

"Where were you, E. E.?" she asked. "I haven't seen you for a whole five minutes."

"I just ran down to see how the servants' party was coming on, dear."

"And is it a good party?"

"Giovanni is dancing with Matilda."

Constance whooped.

"And there's something else," added H. Hedge, his face serious.

"What?"

"Promise not to scold?"

Constance eyed him anxiously.

"What is it, E. E.?"

"I have just been kissed," he said solemnly.

"You—who did it?"

"Another woman."

"E. E.!"

"And being a polite person, of course I kissed her."

"Henry Wellington Hedge! Tell me this instant—was it?"

"Mary."

Constance's laughter pealed through the hall. Then she forced herself in sternness.

"Because it was Mary. I'll overlook it. Did she call you 'darrin' dear? I suppose so. But don't get too popular, E. E. Hereafter, when there is any kissing to be done, you come to me!"

"I'm here," said H. Hedge meekly.

**THE END**  
(WATCH FOR BIG STORY NEXT WEEK: "THE ONE HE FORGOT.")

**MILITARY SERVICE OF REV. A. C. IRVIN**

Paid Dues Out of His Own Pocket for Local Confederate Camp. Was Wounded in Battle.

(By James C. Elliott for The Star.)

I will not attempt to add to the high merit of tribute paid Brother Irvin as a minister of the Gospel and as an exemplary citizen in the service of his fellowmen, but will take up his military service to his country. "He that serves his fellowman and his country most, serves his God best." In the fall of 1861 in his 19th year of age, he volunteered with Capt. A. G. Waters, Co. F, 34th regiment N. C. volunteers and took part in the seven days battle of Richmond in June 1862, in which his noble captain fell in battle. I write from what I know and what I have heard him say, without special data. He was severely wounded in the same engagement, but went on to Gettysburg where he was made a prisoner of war and was confined in Point Lookout Federal prison for 12 months where he volunteered to serve as nurse in the prison hospital caring for his sick and dying comrades for 11 months, during which time he said he helped to lay out and prepare for burial about a dozen men every day.

His older brother Amos Irvin, volunteered with Capt. W. S. Corbett in May 1861. He was killed in battle. I think he had a younger brother, John, lost in that war while his youngest brother James, served with the 17 year old boys. After the war Brother Irvin was most active in organizing and keeping up Cleveland camp of veterans, serving as chaplain with Capt. T. D. Lattimore as commander. After Lattimore's death, he became commander, with Brother Hawkins a good earnest man as chaplain. After Hawkins' death, Brother Irvin acted as both commander and chaplain and for several years, he has paid the camp's annual dues out of his own pocket to keep up its recognition in state and general reunions. None were more beloved than he. He was broad-minded, liberal and tolerant. He knew his limitations and filled his time and place well. Who can nearest fill his place? Our older, best business men such as Capt. Ed Dixon, Frank Hull, Andrew Mauney, W. F. Gold, etc., are outebled by age. The younger and more vigorous, Thomas Holland, A. M. Lattimore, J. Z. Falls and Thomas E. Elliott must take the lead in Cleveland camp if it is to be kept up to the end. I would suggest that J. Z. Falls of Shelby take the command to sign certificates for those wishing to attend reunions.

The next state re-union is to be at Wilmington, probably late spring or early summer. Can't the clerk of court appoint a commander? It now takes a free dinner to make the old boys take notice and stand to be counted. I know only two of Brother Irvin's company comrades that survive him, Isaac Mauney of Lawndale section and Monroe Williams of upper Cleveland and probably Bill White of Missouri, who was living a year ago. Capt. Sam Hoey's company was in the same regiment; also two companies from Rutherford county, Dickerson's and Edwards' companies.

bowels are in such perfect working order that I am never bothered any more with constipation. To any one who may be suffering as I did, I would insist that they try **HERB JUICE** for their ailments, for I am sure they will be benefited beyond all expectations."

Mr. Welch of the **HERB JUICE** Laboratories has established headquarters at the—  
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And will gladly tell you without any cost just what benefit you can obtain from the great remedy. (Adv.)

**Fairview School News Of Late Happenings**

(Special to The Star.)

We have been having a fine time up here in the hills skating on the ice. There is lots of sickness in the community at the present.

For the past month we had on roll 137 pupils and had to call for a new truck which was put in last Monday with Mr. Britt Whisnant driver. Mr. Whisnant has recently moved in the community from Sunshine.

Miss Macie Lattimore attended the wedding last Thursday of Mr. Carlo Self and Miss Witherspoon.

Mr. Horace Covington and little son Horace jr., have been real sick, but improving slowly. Mrs. Covington has been at the bedside of her husband and son. While out of school Miss Oelan London taught for her.

Misses Mary Sue Whisnant and Wilma London have returned to school after a severe case of tonsillitis.

Miss Jo Ramsey spent last Wednesday with Miss Macie Lattimore. We are glad to welcome Mr. Dewey Whisnant back from Florida.

Misses Jo Ramsey, Macie Lattimore, Ola Whisnant, spent the day in Shelby Saturday shopping.

The girls have played five games of basket ball this season and lost only one. The first game was at Falls ton. It was a tie the first half when Fairview ball was thrown in for the last half, the professor refused to play with it so we forfeited the game. The second game was with Casar, score being 14 to 20. When we returned the game the score was 6 and 18 in their favor. The third game was with Delight, score was 7 to 48.

Hollis girls came down and gave us a game, score 15 to 18 in our favor. The boys also won several games and lost several.

Seth Washburn the little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Washburn is ill at this writing. We hope he will soon be able to return to school.

The people of this section who are attending school at Lattimore are now being transported by bus. Elijah Brooks is driver for the school truck.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Travis Hamrick who are visiting at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hamrick has been sick but is improved at present. We are glad to note.

Mrs. T. B. Hamrick is also improved after a short illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasky Wright and baby daughter, visited Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Washburn, Sunday.


Mr. Franklin Harrell, who has been sick for some time, was able to be out at church, Sunday. Mrs. Harrell, also is improving. We are glad to note.

Mrs. Cletus B. Green, is sick at this writing. We hope she will soon be able to be out again.

Among those attending the banquet at Cleveland Springs hotel for Baptist pastors and Sunday school superintendents, Tuesday night, are: Rev. D. G. Washburn, Supt. Fred M. Green, and Mrs. Green, W. W. Washburn, A. V. Washburn, Mrs. Washburn and A. V. Jr. and others. All report a good time.

Ham production in the United States continues to decrease according to a recent government report. Might be time to put more pigs on feed in North Carolina.

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**A GREAT SERIAL STORY STARTING IN THE STAR NEXT WEEK**

—Watch For It—  
**"THE ONE HE FORGOT."**

A Story That Will Steal Into Your Soul.

## SHELBY FIREMAN ENDORSES HERB JUICE

As The Greatest Medicine On The Market For Stomach Trouble. Says It Brought Him The Relief He Had For Years Been Trying To Find.

"I cannot express fully in words all that your **HERB JUICE** has done for me. It has helped me more than anything I have ever used and I really believe it is the greatest medicine on the market today for stomach and kidney trouble from which I have suffered for years," said Mr. Roy Newman, member Shelby Fire Department, Shelby, N. C., when he called to see the **HERB JUICE** man a few days ago. "The change in my health and appearance is so great that my friends and acquaintances notice it and comment about it every time they see me," continued Mr. Newman, "and before I had used this medicine I was in such a badly run-down condition and poor state of health that at times I could hardly stay on the job. I had suffered for years with a chronic case of constipation, stomach and kidney trouble. I had to be very careful about what I ate for gas would form causing me to bloat terribly and I would suffer for hours with severe pains in my side and chest—my kidneys were all out of order and were so irregular that I could not rest at night and I would have to get up four or five times after going to bed, consequently my rest and sleep was very limited and I always felt sluggish, tired and worn out. In addition to this my liver was very inactive, causing me to have frequent bilious attacks and dizzy spells. After being urged repeatedly to try **HERB JUICE**, I finally started using it with the very best of results. Really, it brought me the relief I had for years been trying to find. Now I am fully convinced that it is the most wonderful medicine on the market for such ailments as I had. I know it is the only medicine to ever really help me and for this reason I cannot praise it too highly. I no longer suffer from gas or indigestion pains, kidneys are in splendid working condition and my liver and