

# Around Our Town

SHELBY SIDELIGHTS  
By Renn Drum.

The limelight of popularity has a bewitching glow. It's wonderful. But had you ever thought of the silent tragedy that lies in the shadows beyond the blaze of popularity?

There may be found the greatest living tragedies, those you never hear of.

Last week old Jim Thorpe, in his day the greatest of all versatile athletes, shuffled off the stage—not the stage of life, but it might as well have been. Colorful because he was of Indian origin, the Carlisle wonder not many years back was the talk of the athletic world. Last week he played football in Florida and only a few hundred turned out to see the once great Jim. Then he announced he was through. Back to the Indian reservation to hunt and fish for the remaining span of life. Back to the solitude and the stolidity of the red-skin's forgetfulness.

There was tragedy in that story. A few years back his name graced every sport page America over. Today the limelight has switched and now the shadows.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, once the toast of gay Broadway, the beauty of another decade, lies forgotten in a hospital ward. Another shadow beyond the blaze of glory. In her day she was the secret envy of American womanhood.

Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France," once the greatest military and political over of his great nation, today lives in solitude rebuffed by his countryman. Trusted not by the people who once would have died for him.

Are not the shadows beyond the limelight just tragedies after all.

After popularity, what?

To three classes of lives it must be sorrow. To these three—athletes, beautiful women, and statesmen, there is no greater tragedy than losing power.

To the ordinary folks there is as much joy in the downgrade of life as on the upward climb, but to these three distinct classes there is one brief period of greatness, then the slipping into forgetfulness.

Think how bare the last of life must be to those who once were the toasts of beauty, brains and physical prowess?

Nothing pains more a once beautiful woman than to be overlooked; nothing stings more the heart of a statesman than erstwhile followers who forget when the hey-day of life is over; nothing takes out the pep of a one-time athlete more than the fact that his fans are falling by the wayside.

The path of glory is great at the peak. On the other side it is tragic.

Drop it to home ties. What of the girl that was five years ago the belle? A younger girl has taken her place. The boy that was the greatest star a half decade back? He's forgotten now, other stars are coming on. The political leader of war days? He's slipped now. Young blood and modern methods have supplanted him.

There can be only one answer: The great must get, or should, a lifetime of living out of one brief span.

The girl, who only a few short years back was the mecca of the dance floor, how does she feel today as she sees the wall flower slipping over the boutonniere of beauty—as the boys fill up the dance card of a younger girl? "Catches" galore were hers for the asking not many months gone. Now—

Every boy cannot be a great athlete, or president—they all dream of the day—and it's disappointing when the realization comes that to only one out of ten can such honors go. But to them there must be some satisfaction in knowing that disappointment after glory must carry more bitterness than realization never retained. Every girl cannot be the sweetheart of her circle, the belle of the ball. But the girls that are not never have to suffer the tinge of sadness that comes with the realization that the hold on romantic hearts is slipping, and a younger girl has taken her place.

After all, when you think of it, the popularity and the tragedies, life is pretty well balanced.

Those who dance must pay the piper. The price sometimes is terrible.

So anyway you look at it this shuffle on the planet perhaps called "Frolic" by neighboring planets spinning in the nothingness has its sweets and bitters. There's as much in one shuffle as another—the street sweeper and the statesman.

And he who is despondent is not justified in being so.

The colyum has received another communication from G. G. Abernethy, the Lardner of Uncle Sam's navy in Florida—and it came after the decision had about been reached that some realtor had even robbed George of postage stamps. The communication—they're always entertaining—will be carried in the next issue.

## Do your Kin Folks Drop in at the Most Inconvenient Time?

Did you ever feel as though your kin and alleged kindred imposed upon you?

Did you ever think they piled in on you to suit their own sweet convenience? For instance, if you lived in a winter resort did they visit you in winter and if you lived in a summer resort did they visit you in summer when your time should be taken up with other things?

Or, if you lived in the country did they pile in on you about 11 o'clock Sunday morning without invitation or warning?

If any of these circumstances fit your case you will get a great deal of comfort and satisfaction and you will echo a few amens after reading the following supposed conversation of the bank clerk and soda jerker from the Independent, published at Elizabeth City, which is a comfortable Sunday spin from Norfolk to Hartford.

The Soda Jerker was as cross as a married man who has just been forced to admit to his wife that he was in the wrong about something. The Bank Clerk, eyed him appraisingly before opening conversation.

"You look like Cal Coolidge weaned on a pickle," said the Bank Clerk; "Tell me your troubles."

"I'm going to tell somebody my troubles if this Sunday company business keeps up," said the Soda Jerker. "Henry Ford made enough trouble for the country when he made the flivver, but the man who invented hard surface roads ought to be shot at sunrise."

"You talk like a nut," said the Bank Clerk.

"Yes and I'll be a nut if things don't change. I'm just a poor man; I draw a salary of \$18 a week at this soda fountain and I have to help carry the family. When I pay the grocery bill, the meat bill the coal bill and the gas bill there ain't much left for me to buy clothes and have a little loose change from day to day."

"I have to watch the grocery bill because when the grocery bill runs up the least bit over regular I'm all out of luck and don't have a cent to run on until next pay day. Now you wonder what that's got to do with flivvers and hard surface roads! Well, I'll tell you; since they got good roads between here and Norfolk all the kin folks I've got in Virginia think it's their duty to run down every Sunday and spend the day and have dinner with us."

"And I never knew I had so darn many kin folks in the world. Almost every other family in Berkeley, Port Norfolk, Brambleton and Lamberts Point, has discovered that it is related to me and has found out just where I live. It's nothing for a whole lizzie load of strangers to roll right up in front of the house on Sunday morning and introduce themselves as second cousins by the marriage of my late Aunt Mehitable to Uncle Hezekiah Somebody. And all I can do is make believe I'm glad to see 'em and sit on pins and needles while they squat in my sitting room and wait for the dinner to come on."

"And they never fail to bring their appetites with 'em. They seem to think that they've got to show their appreciation of your hospitality by fasting for a week before they come to see you, so as they can lay away a ton of grub and make you feel good. They pass their plates for second and third helpings with a glad smile just as if they were doing you a favor; that's a way they have of assuring you that they are enjoying their visit."

"These Sunday foraging expeditions from Virginia are getting my goat and I'm getting darn tired of them. I'd rather the country wallowed in mud like it used to, and there were no flivvers and no fast roads. Then I could spend my Sundays in peace and not feel like I was taking bread out of the mouths of my second cousins from Virginia when I sit down to my Sunday dinner."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the Bank Clerk.

"There ain't nothin' I can do," said the Soda Jerker with a groan. "I thought I'd get even last Sunday by closing up the house and taking the family down to Hertford to spend a day with some kin folks I've got down there and eat on them for a change."

"Did you do that?" asked the Bank Clerk.

"No such luck," said the Soda Jerker. "I got the family down to Hertford all right but found that my kin folks in Hertford had locked up their house and were gone for the day. And there we were 18 miles away from home with nothing to eat, and not a thing to eat at home."

"Where were you Hertford folks?" asked the Bank Clerk.

"Don't know, they had gone to Center Hill to eat a ham and chicken dinner on some kin folks they've got over there," said the Soda Jerker.

## FRIEND'S ADVICE BROUGHT GOOD RESULTS

Now He Is Thankful For The Blessed Relief He Enjoys Since Taking HERB JUICE.

"The saying that one never knows how to appreciate anything until it is gone is absolutely true. Such was my experience when I lost my good health and was in such a condition that I never knew what it was to be entirely free from pain. A good friend told me how much HERB JUICE had helped him and he insisted that I try it by all means. Said he was sure it would help me, now I am glad I took his advice, for since taking this great medicine I am enjoying the best of health and I know it is responsible for the great improvement in my condition, as other remedies utterly failed to give me any satisfaction." "Mr. Bill Webb, well known confectioner, Shelby, N. C., volunteered this statement a few days ago while in conversation with the HERB JUICE man. "My trouble," Mr. Webb continued, "started with constipation, which soon became chronic, causing me to have terrific headaches, bilious attacks and dizzy spells. I never had any appetite to eat anything, consequently I was losing in weight and strength every day. It seemed as though my whole system was full of poison and out of order in every way. It is quite natural that when a person's system is in this condition to absolutely detest even the smell of food, and what little I dared eat I just forced it on myself, the result was it brought me no nourishment. After I had used HERB JUICE for only a very short time, I realized that I had at last found the right medicine. It was surprising to me how quick I began to improve and after taking several bottles my condition of health is one hundred per cent improved in every way. I have a good appetite now, in fact I eat heartily and my food is properly digested for the first time in years. My liver is very active, bowels regular which means that I am no longer bothered with constipation. I have more energy than I have had in a long time. HERB JUICE is without a doubt the greatest laxative and system purifier I have ever used and I do not hesitate one moment to recommend it to all sufferers as the greatest medicine on the market today for constipation and kindred ailments."

For sale by Riviere Drug Co., and Leading Druggists Everywhere, adv.

We've never tasted the Coolidge applesauce but we've listened to some of it on the radio.

### TRUSTEE'S RE-SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a Deed of Trust, executed to me on December 11th, 1920, by George R. Champion securing the balance of the purchase price of real estate to Sallie J. Mauney, guardian of Elizabeth O. Moss, and default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness and being called upon to execute the trust, I, as trustee, will sell for cash at public auction to the highest bidder, at the court house door in the town of Shelby, N. C., on

Saturday, February 6th, 1926, within legal hours the following described real estate, situated in No. 5 Township, Cleveland county, N. C., and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a large hickory, the old corner and runs thence with the old line North 52 1-2 West 75 poles to a stone in said line, thence a new line North 56 1-2 East 87 poles to a stone in Dr. Goode's line; thence with his line South 36 East 49 poles to a stone his corner in the old line, thence with the old line S. 38 W. 69 1-5 poles to the beginning, containing 30 1-8 acres more or less, the same being the southern portion of the M. Moss tract of land, being one-half of said land and being all of the J. F. and George M. Moss' entire interest in said tract of land and being that same tract which was conveyed to W. H. Moss by Jno. F. Moss and George M. Moss and wife by deed dated February 6th 1904 and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, N. C. in book of deeds, "NN" page 260. Bidding will begin at \$787.50. This January 20th, 1926.

JOHN P. MULL, Trustee.  
Ryburn & Hoey Attys.

# "Clothes Make The Pirate."

AND THEY GO A LONG WAY TOWARD THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN.

Here is the last and final word on this sale.

It is marked off the calendar Saturday night. After that we will begin to display spring goods.

It is a fact which every shrewd buyer knows that the best time to pick up good values in clothes is just at this between season, when one line of goods is going off the market and another coming on. Merchants don't like to carry stocks over; it is unprofitable for many reasons. And rather than carry them over they cut the price to try to sell them.

We are offering stock here now upon which positively a buyer can save as much as twenty dollars on a garment. The goods are worth every cent we asked for them when the season was on; they were a good buy then. But we don't want to carry them over; and we are sacrificing them.

But we are not going to advertise them further. We are going to turn our attention to other goods after this week.

The cut affects four lines: Overcoats, Suits, Shirts and Sweaters.

Consider the Overcoats: We have about twenty-five of these, some of them carried over from the McBrayer stock. Some of them are heavy weight, and some are light weight top coats. These sold formerly from \$25.00 up to \$39.50.

We are offering them now for \$19.50.

The Suits: There is a lot of about a hundred, medium year around weight, in serge, whipcord and plain and fancy worsteds. The former price of these ran up to \$39.50, and we are offering the same cut as on the coats, reducing them to \$19.50.

We have about fifty Sweaters, all weights, in a variety of colors, both coat and slip overs—TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OFF.

Also one lot of neck band Wilson Brothers madras shirts in a variety of patterns, stripes and checks. Marked down to HALF PRICE.

Goods on sale until Saturday night.

## Blanton-Wright Clothing Company

SAM BLANTON. W. L. WRIGHT.  
(Successors to Evans E. McBrayer.)

# AT KELLY'S

You are cordially invited to visit the special exhibit of Spring and Summer suitings featured in our line of fine Quality Tailoring for men, which will be held with  
**KELLY CLOTHING COMPANY**  
Monday and Tuesday, January 25th and 26th.

The very latest and choicest creations in fabrics will be shown. Mr. E. B. Matthews will cheerfully serve you. It will be well worth your while to see them. The prices are moderate. There is nothing finer in quality. Be sure to come and, if possible, bring a friend. Orders placed during this special display will be delivered whenever you desire.

Sincerely Yours,  
**THE STORRS-SCHAEFER CO.**

Buy Through Your Home Merchants Who Are Trying To Help Build Up Your Town.

## HOME FOR SALE BY THE J. B. NOLAN CO.

9 room modern residence, 711 Sunnyside Ave., Charlotte, rents for \$115.00 per month, we will sell this property at a bargain or will trade for Shelby property or a Cleveland County farm.

7 Room house on North Washington St., bath, hall, 3 porches, basement, garage, lot 57x150 feet. Price \$7,000.00.

6 room house on East Sumter St., bath, double garage, lot 50x150 feet, Price \$4,250.00.

### —LOTS—

On Cleveland Springs road and East-side road, corner lot 105x178 feet.

78x200 feet on Cleveland Springs road fronting Belvedere Heights, corner lot Price \$3,200.00.

South LaFayette St., 53x175 feet. This is one of the best buys in Shelby. Price \$1,500.00.

North Washington St., 75x250 feet. Price \$2,000.00.

**J. B. Nolan Co.**  
31 Lineberger Building, Phone 70.

WHERE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST

**J.C. Penney Co.** A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION—  
DEPARTMENT STORES INC.  
—MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING—  
SHELBY, N. C.

# New Goods

Priced to Save You Money and to Keep Your Good-Will!

## New Spreads for Beds!

Attractive, Practical and Serviceable



Are you particular about your home furnishings—about your bed spreads? If you want practical, and attractive spreads, you can find them here at prices which we know are most reasonable. In a great variety of colors and styles. Prices ranging from

**\$1.49 TO \$7.50**

### "Penco" Cases For Pillows

Penco Pillow cases need no introduction into thousands of homes where housewives have learned their splendid value. You try them, too! The 42 by 36-inch size is priced,

**39c**

### Fine Sheeting "Penco," of Course

You say a lot, when you say "Penco." You say, "Here is the finest sheeting available at the most moderate prices." Ask for it! The 81-inch width is priced, the yard

**58c**

### Pillow Tubing Linen Finish

It's Penco, our own, exclusive brand! It's so easy to make pillow cases from this tubing, with the fine circular weave and the linen finish, 40 inches wide, the yard,

**39c**

### Fine Sheets They're Nation-Wide

The nationally favored sheets are our exclusive "Nation-Wide" brand. We buy them in gigantic quantities for our hundreds of stores. We sell for less!

The three-quarter size are priced, each,

**\$1.19**

WHERE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST

STAR WANT ADVERTISEMENTS PAY.