

# AROUND OUR TOWN

—SHELBY SIDELIGHTS—

—BY RENN DRUM—

Over to the east of Shelby at Bessemer City, there lives a hero. Not just a book hero, one that steps in at the right place and goes through fire and flame, but just a man, a young man, who met life face to face and never faltered. No sensational publicity followed his deed; what he gave up to follow where duty called did not get in the headlines. There was no praise and in a month or two his deed will have been forgotten. The boy himself may not, for he's young and still living, and he has shown that he has in him the stuff that may bring him to the fore again.

To followers of the athletic world the story should be interesting, and many hereabouts know him personally.

Troy Johnson, last year was a dazzling shortstop on the state university team. At the end of the season his teammates named the young and brilliant Bessemer boy captain for this year. But when school opened Johnson did not return. His mother was a widow and on him depended the family. Working several months he managed to get things back on a better financial basis, it is supposed, and he returned to school.

The return was hailed with joy by Carolina students. Much was expected during the season of the flashy, yet heady young captain. Then last week to "the hill" came the word that Captain Johnson's mother was ill. Just a college boy young Johnson was head of the house and on him with his mother ill fell the helmsman's place of provision and care.

His last season at college, his one big chance as captain of the Carolina team, an honor college men dream of—all that must have flashed through his vision. But back home mother was ill, the one above all others who desired most of all to see her son rise to fame.

In his dormitory young Johnson packed his bag and trunk, and with

head held high, chin set and chest thrown forward he walked out of college, away from his greatest year, and came home.

Carolina will miss her captain, but on the Book of Life Captain Johnson must have been credited with his greatest play.

Such men mean much to athletics, and more to life.

The Webb and Princess theatres feel like doing away with comedies until all the motorists round about Shelby get on to the electric traffic signals. Not that the square corners can compete with Ben Turpin and Chaplin, but much comedy is transacted around the flashing "Go" and "Stop" signs. Chief B. O. Hamrick is having the fun of his life in attempting to keep a stern face in watching the various maneuvers.

Last week as Chief Hamrick stood near one of the signs up came a dilapidated flivver, whose driver appeared to be new at the game and a little skeptical of traffic. Without noticing the sign the driver attempted to do the left turn where left turns are not supposed to be done.

"Hold on there!" Chief yelled. "You can't do that." The man stopped, looked around the post and down the street as if debating whether or not he had enough room to turn, and answered: "Oh, yes, chief, I believe I can make it all right."

Chief had to hide his face and smother the laugh. The driver had the idea chief thought he couldn't negotiate the turn without an accident. Perhaps he's wondering yet if the officer thought he was such a poor driver that he couldn't turn a corner.

Saturday while the traffic was heavy a motorist, said to be from Rutherford county, pulled up to the line and stopped. The signal changed to "Go" but he remained still. It changed back to "Stop," then to "Go" again, but still the car

didn't move on. Back behind him the cars began to bunch up and blow for passage, but the front car remained at a standstill for three or four signal changes. Finally Chief Hamrick noticed and ran up: "Look here you can go on now, the signal is for your side."

"That's all right chief," the motorists came back, "I'm in no hurry and just thought I'd watch that funny light a little while."

Whereupon chief very near had a nervous breakdown.

But take a tip from the colyum and watch your step about the last of the week. Information drifting over from the City Hall is to the effect that they'll quit warning 'em Friday and start pulling 'em. It's all been a good natured affair so far, but ere long when one of the signs says "Stop" or "Go" that means business.

Just how much it may cost you to be careless or disobey remains seen, but Recorder Mull is preparing his invitations for a big reception.

George Tompkins idea of making the court square take on a more Spring-like appearance is to paint all the whiteway posts green. Which isn't so bad, but first the colyum would suggest that the top of the posts be painted a little lighter at night. Lights are so dim on the court square that a stranger would take it to be a flapper's petting parlor, y'know one of those places with the lights all turned low, the Victrola playing softly and dad sound asleep.

The old court house dwindling. "Uncle Abe" is now "Uncle Andy" Nolan. At the passing of a little more time there'll be none of the old fellows left to look up somebody's company in the record books in the clerks office when an argument comes up.

The big question of the week for Tillie is: Do the realty agents in Shelby outnumber the folks who have "flu?"

It's very seldom the colyum repeats (it hasn't memory enough to remember that well) but here goes a repeater all for the sake of a friend who declared he had never seen it in print hereabouts:

An Oklahoma editor tells of an old Indian who come into his office to pay for his paper. The editor took the money; then the Indian wanted a receipt. The editor tried to talk him out of it. Mr. Indian insisted. After making it out, the editor wanted to know

why he was so persistent about wanting a receipt. The Indian said: "Me die some time. Go to big gate and St. Peter ask if I been good Indian, I say yes. He say, 'Did you pay editor for receipt? I say yes. Where is receipt?' I no have it. I have to run all over hell to find you and get receipt."

By the way, there's one less empty seat at the Cleveland drug store this week. "Cigar" Hoy is back from the mountains. Asked as to how things were getting along in the mountains "Cigar" replied: "They're goin' higher everyday."

No, Mabel, "Cigar" didn't mean that they were growing in height and would some day be up in the air a little more than Mt. Mitchell, but were going up in price where it would take a pile of dough as big as Mt. Mitchell to handle 'em.

Once mountains were good for nothing more than to look at. Now if you buy 'em the right time and sell them at the right time they'll give you a European trip and a chance to look at the Alps.

**Singing Convention.**  
The Union singing convention will meet with the Beaver Dam church on the third Sunday in March at 1:30 p. m. We shall look for a large crowd of people from both the Carolinas. Everybody is invited to come and bring all the singers and song books you can. We will have some quartets from different churches. We are looking for... Humphries and Judge Stroup of Gaffney, S. C. We hope to make this one of the best.  
J. C. BRIDGES, Director.

Tom Tarheel says he is getting ready to cash in on the shortage of horses and mules by trying to raise a few colts.

**Administratrix Notice**  
Having qualified as administratrix with the will annexed, of the estate of Chas. O. Harrill, deceased, late of Cleveland County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned duly verified, one or before the 11th day of March, 1927, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to me.  
This the 8th day of March, A. D. 1926.  
MRS. LILLIE HARRILL,  
Administratrix of the Estate of Chas. O. Harrill, deceased.  
Rush Stroup, Attorney.

# GILMERS INC.

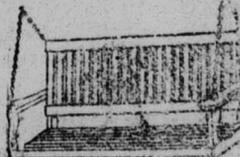
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We have them of solid oak, strongly built with hangers and hardware, complete at

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Extra good size, convenient and well built, complete

**\$1.98**

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Chair slides under, mahogany or oak, very solid, nothing more convenient

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**Waste Paper Baskets**



Heavy, in assorted colors

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**PURE ALUMINUM 3-PIECE SET SAUCE PANS**



Pure Aluminum, extra grade, 3 assorted sizes, set complete.

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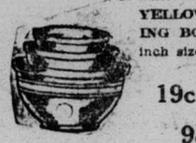
**Grey Enamel COFFEE POTS**



Big size, heavy quality

**59c**

**YELLOW MIXING BOWLS, 8-inch size**



**19c To 98c**

**Stone Jars, all sizes, per gallon**



**25c**

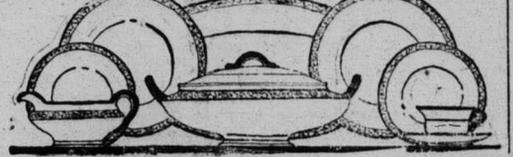
**FLOUR SIFTERS**



Like cut shown,

**25c**

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Thin Plain Blown 12-oz. size

**6 for 59c**

**DISH PRICES**

35-Piece Dinner Set	\$9.75
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42-Piece Dinner Set, Blue Bordered Design	\$14.50
55-Piece Dinner Set, Beautiful Pattern	\$14.50
42-Piece Dinner Set. Gold Band and Flowered Design. A big value	\$10.98
Gold Band Cups and Saucers. Set of 6	\$1.38
Breakfast and Dinner Plates, each	10c
Extra Large Dinner Plates, set of 6	\$1.50
Saucers and Bread and Butter Plates, each	10c
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Of high quality China. Consisting of 23 pieces. For Only

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Ferrolators, 3 qt. size	\$1.39
Roasters, 3 qt. size	\$1.98
Nest of 3 Sauce Pans	\$1.00
Pitchers, 2 1-2 qt. size	69c
Double Boilers, 1 1-2 qt.	95c
Combination Cookers, 6 qt.	\$1.75
Round Roasters	\$1.00
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TWO SIZES. SPECIAL—

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**Toilet Paper SPECIAL**

6 ROLLS—

**25c**

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If you plan to spend over \$500 F. O. B. Factory for an automobile, you can get the year-round comfort and convenience of a Ford closed car.

The price advantage which the public enjoys in purchasing Ford cars is the result of volume production. In 1920, when the Ford Motor Company was producing approximately only a million cars a year, the Ford Touring Car sold for \$575. Today, with production on the basis of nearly two million cars a year, the Tudor Sedan, a high quality all-steel closed car, can be purchased for \$520—\$55 less than the Touring Car sold for six years ago. Open car prices are correspondingly low.

reduction has been carried on. important refinements and improvements have been made in Ford cars. The latest improvements include new and attractive body lines—a lower center of gravity, closed cars in color, all-steel bodies, new brakes and new style fenders.

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**"Ford Design Costs More to Build—Is Worth More—But Sells for Less"**