

AROUND OUR TOWN

SHELBY SIDELIGHTS

—BY RENN DRUM—

If you've ever been to a World series and stood in line all night to get a ticket and then on the following day watched a game that you learned later was sold, then you know how it feels to stand in line all night to buy a select lot in Cleveland Springs, and then find that a man ahead in the line had bought the lot.

Come to think about it a new record has moved to Shelby—men have been known to stand in line for a day to see a big baseball game, big prize fights, and to buy Florida real estate, but for the first time in Carolina they stood it out to purchase Shelby dirt.

Standing over in the doorway of the bookstore sage this week a bit of philosophical discussion was heard. And it brought several new thoughts.

Recently, a committee of one hundred, better known as the Committee of One Hundred, gathered in Charlotte to put the brakes on modernist talk regarding religion. Just what was the actual reason for the meeting we've never been able to fathom. Several rows, minor and otherwise resisted, one report having it that a minister called somebody's hand after a hectic argument.

And that meeting was at Charlotte. And Charlotte is, roughly estimating, about 35 miles or so from the historic battleground of Kings Mountain, where was fought the turning point battle of the American Revolution, as we Carolinians proudly say. The revolution as we recall history being for the purpose of seeking freedom from England where religious thought and independence was curbed by law.

So, the cycle moves back again. And unless Byrd and Emundson get the ice jam straightened out at the North Pole where will the next free thinkers and free believers migrate to start a new America of liberty and freedom in this and that—excepting beverages, religion, and so on.

Which is merely the new philosophical thought heard at Shelby's bookstore.

Had you thought about it?

No'th Carolina seems and even better place to live after reading Bertin Braley's tribute.

For fear that our friend Phillip G. Affleck, Shelby's Washington booster, never heard Braley's toast it is here-with reproduced:

No'th Carolina
As soon as you get to No'th Carolina, The roads and the towns get new, a finish.
The people walk with a brisker step And even your motor has more pep, The hookworm's banished, the country has A lot more energy, pep and jazz. The Livest Northerner couldn't desire a Livelier State than No'th Carolina.

The farms look fatter, the Hamlets ain't Quite ignorant of the sight of paint, They're building roads, and they're not content. With sand and clay, but they use cement. And the schools look good, and the mills are busy And each inhabitant owns a Lizzie. Or a big twin six or something finer, As soon as you get to No'th Carolina.

This State's not dreaming of days gone by. There's a modern glint in each mortal's eye. And the village belles and the village beaux On Gotham's streets. You must give 'em credit, These folks are fully aware, you said it. You meet the "Booster" you lose the "Whirrah," As soon as you get to No'th Carolina. —Berton Braley

Some mistakes are so incongruous that they are comic—and, yes, The Star makes them sometime. At least we'll admit it until someone proves why a barber is like a boiler-maker. Jim Austell's entire line of Parisian bobbers, including Ambrose and Roscoe McWhirter, should object to the comparison. But nevertheless The Star made such a blunder. In the last issue there was an item telling of the moving to Chimney Rock of a local barber, but when it appeared in the paper it was "boiler-maker." Anyway, some bearings may be that tough.

Gawge Abernethy sgeing as how we should get seegars from all the candidates here understands why we did not publish his political communication to the colony—alho it didn't save us any cigars, since none seem to be in circulation.

So George comes back with another letter that shouldn't hurt the feeling of anyone, politician or otherwise, unless some of his description stumps local mental vocabularies:

Dear Drum:
I am greatly relieved. The last expostulation of befuddery and perhaps excited ego, with a touch of over-inflatedness, (as in balloon tires and congress), was written on the goad—no spur of the moment and mailed while the author was under prodigious mea-

tal stress and turmoil, like one frantically trying to dislodge an irate bee from the interior of his shirt.

After the communication was on its way, I went hunting for a convenient, time, place person or thing, with which to disturb the placitude of that part of my anatomy which—generally comes in contact with the chair when one sits.

Being goofy, as is becoming more obvious daily, it did not occur to me what an atrocious position the publication of that time of literature would have placed the column in relation to this seasons erop of candidates. And too, I know the whole gang at the office love cigars, and if one likes cigars—well, cigars—candidates cigars, handshakes—SEEGARS. Synonymous, maloderus—that is cigars.

To dispense with over-elative superficial, presumably intricate verbosity, which I try to make appear homogeneous and common in my balmy boons to the indigently-paternal public, and state in half-past-seven-in the a. m. english.

I am sorry I wrote what I did. I am glad it was not published. After that I feel as broadminded as these new spring hats make the women look.

If any of the gentle readers are endowed with too much of the emotion that killed the legendary feline, that makes them wonder what that Sherlock-Homslay paper was about, why I advise them to take three lines per una from the following: Whiz Bang, True Stories, I the Causitive First Cause (by Lord Lord Lord), The World Almineck, Gullivers Travels and Why Girls Leave Home, paste them up side down on the wall, stand on your head and read them, then the next moonlit night about three o'clock next aum, find a convenient hollow stump on some one's roof and howl at the luna about your lost love, then you will have the essence of the mysterious paper.

I remain wall-eyed as a young calf and smilingly as a mule eating thistles.

GGG

If we had about 15 more Ring Lardners of Gawge's type this column of bosh wouldn't be so hard to fill.

Huge Bald Eagle Killed Near Rock

Smoke From Mountain Fires Drives Out Birds, Congress Creates Wild Region in Park.

The huge eagle noted a few days ago soaring above the Lake Lure section has been captured. J. F. Poyu who conducts a ranch on the South Fork river some distance east of Chimney Rock reports that his superintendent, D. F. Parks shot this eagle injuring its wing so that the bird lit in a tree. He expects the eagle, which is of the Bald variety, to recover from the wound. It is black in color and larger than turkey, has five-inch talons, and measures seven feet and six inches from tip to tip of wings.

Smoke from the recent forest fires in Western Carolina has driven not only birds, but great numbers of wild animals from their habitat, and this is probably the reason this eagle strayed away from the primitive growth among the inaccessible mountains.

During the past week congress passed an act creating of this wild region, the Great Smoky National Park, which is assurance that in future there will be no more widespread disastrous forest fires in this region, and that it will be speedily opened with splendid government highways, so that all parts of the mountains may be reached by automobile. This has caused a tremendous demand for lands adjacent to the park area and there is a rush almost equal to the opening of lands in Oklahoma 25 years ago.

How Dear.
How dear to my heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind member presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new. The wide spreading eagle, the arrow below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our father's, we are glad we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the Spread Eagle Dollar the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well. exc

Memorial Services at Salem.
Memorial services will be held at Salem church Sunday, May 30th. All day services. In the morning preaching by Rev. D. P. Waters and address by Mr. Charlie Burrus and Mr. J. A. Anthony. Singing convention in the afternoon. Everybody invited.

Toluca News Note Of People On The Go

(Special to The Star)
There was a large crowd at the memorial at St. Peters last Sunday. The graves were all beautifully decorated with flowers.

The young people met at Carpenter's Grove Baptist church last Sunday night and organized a B. Y. P. U. Thirty young people joined the union. Mr. Alvin Propst was elected president. Miss Helen Falles, vice-president; Miss Helen Falles, vice-president; the other officers that are needed to make a B. Y. P. U. properly function were elected. The young people will meet each Sunday night at eight o'clock. All young people that can are invited to come and join.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Neely Smith the 15th a dainty daughter, Dorothy Lee.

Lester Boyles, Elias Hartman and others went to Bridgewater last week on a big fishing trip. They brought back some nice ones.

Miss Maie Edwards spent Saturday night and Sunday with her uncle and aunt Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Edwards.

Mr. Fletcher Sain spent Saturday night with his cousin Mr. Fiemster Hiest.

Miss Ima Carpenter spent last Friday night with Mrs. F. A. Boyles. Little Ruth Boyles returned home with her aunt Saturday night.

Miss Lona Hasting was a dinner guest with Misses Mary and Lucy Sain last Sunday.

Mrs. John Hasting visited Mrs. Dan Sain last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Boyles and family visited Mr. S. A. Sain last Sunday.

Mr. D. M. Mull and family visited Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sain last Sunday. Mr. Mull has returned from Broad Oaks sanitarium where he has been taking treatment, he is much improved.

It Delayed The Play

"Othello" was being played by colored home talent. At the place where Othello asks Desdemona where the handkerchief is which he had given her the Moor approached Desdemona and cried: "Des-da-mona, wha' is dat han'k'chief?"

No answer.

Louder: "De-De-Des-da-mona, wha' is dat han'k'chief?"

Still no answer.

Still louder: "De-De-Des-la-mona, I command you' to give me dat han'k'chief!"

Just then an old Negro woman arose in the rear of the room and exclaimed: "Now, look heah Nathan, alpe yo' nose on you' sleeve and let dat play go on!"

Americanism: Wondering why somebody don't do something about something.

THE NEW FICTION

New supply of new fiction; books by the best writers, entertainment and instruction for summer reading.

Come in and look over the supply and make your selections before this new stock is picked over.

Also just received a supply of very attractive and high grade stationery.

Everything for the office.

SHELBY OFFICE SUPPLY & BOOK COMPANY Union Trust Building

BOB STANLEY AND HIS VACATION

By Mrs. A. V. Washburn
It was midday of the last of July. Bob Stanley trudged patiently behind the plow. Up and down the long rows of waving, green corn he went with persistent regularity.

The sun beamed down with a withering heat. Sweat trickled down the sides of the faithful old farm-horse but the boy cared not for the blazing heat, nor the perspiration that dripped from his sunburned face.

Forgotten, was the summer with its long hot days of toil in the fields. For gotten, were his sun-burned face and blistered hands.

As he ran his plow out of the last row at the edge of the field, he smiled with satisfaction as he beheld the great field of tasseling corn. "Dad never had better," he thought happily.

This was the day to which he had been looking for weeks—the laying by time; for back of that lay something dear to the heart of every boy—a fishing trip.

It had been planned for days and days. When the crops were laid by, he, with James Newby, Harry Sands and Dan Stobel were to go to Sandy Creek for a week's vacation where they would fish and hunt to their heart's content.

Bob hurried to the barn where he watered and fed the tired horse, then proceeded to the house.

As he neared the porch a little curly headed girl of four years ran down the steps to meet him. "Hello, Bob!" she greeted him affectionately as he swung her to his shoulder. "Daddy, write today!" she continued as he put her down and washed his face and hands at the kitchen sink.

Bob looked inquiringly at his mother. "Yes," she assented. "Father sent a letter. He is improving now and expects to come home within the next few days."

"Oh! how glad I am!" Bob cried joyfully.

Mother's eyes were shining. "It will be nice to have father home again," she said with tears standing in her eyes.

The little family gathered around the table for the noonday meal. A bright cheerful group they were as Bob talked excitedly of his proposed vacation.

"My! it's getting dark!" he suddenly observed as their cars caught a rumbling sound of thunder.

"A good rain will settle the ground and help the corn very much!" he continued.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Stanley replied. "A nice rain coming and father getting better—everything nice is happening at once," she laughed pleasantly.

And the rain did come. A heavy downpour fell for several hours. Indeed, Bob grew restless.

"We are to meet at Mr. Tony's at six o'clock to start for Sandy Creek. I must be going mother," he said again and again.

But Mrs. Stanley was firm. He must wait until the storm ceased.

Finally, the clouds rolled away and the sun came out. Joyfully Bob kissed his mother and hugged little Majorie as he started to join his comrades.

"I have thirty minutes!" he said. "I think I can make it all right, good bye," he called as he raced away.

Mrs. Stanley gazed after him affectionately. "He has had a hard summer," she thought regretfully. "I am so glad he can have a few days of rest and fun."

In early spring Mr. Stanley had fallen from a wagon loaded with hay and had broken his leg. It failed to heal as it should and he had visited several hospitals seeking relief, leaving the heavy farm-work upon the shoulders of his fourteen year old son.

"How happy we shall be," little Majorie, when daddy comes home," Mrs. Stanley said as she lovingly snatched her baby in her arms.

Bob rushed along as fast as he could travel. It had rained even more than he thought. As he cut across fields to save distance, he mired over his shoe tops, so he had to take to the road again.

As he reached the railroad he started down the track. It was some nearer this way. It was now 20 minutes 'till six and he was a mile and a half from his destination. Mr. Tony, who was going to Carey on a business trip had promised to carry the boys as far as their camp provided they met there promptly at six, otherwise he could not wait.

Thinking of this Bob renewed his efforts and ran stumbling along the track, his wet shoes slipping on the ties.

As he neared the trestle over the river a deafening roar greeted his ears. The river was a seething mass of foam and old pieces of plank and rotten logs that had been gathered up by the surging waters.

Bob gasped in amazement. He had never known the river to be so high. The muddy water was lapping the ties. A jam of logs and boards was knocking angrily at the beams as they struggled to keep pace with the roaring, plunging waters. Doubtless, there had been a cloud burst at some point up stream. "Did he dare cross?" "Oh, yes, he must." He could cross no where else and his watch showed him in the gathering dusk that only ten minutes remained in which to reach the home of Mr. Tony, at least a mile away.

Not fully realizing his danger he plunged on the reeling bridge. The tur-

bid waters licked greedily at his feet and shook the steel structure of the trestle. As he stumbled on a whirling mass of logs and trash crashed against the bridge with such force that Bob was shaken to his knees. Not wishing to risk being plunged into the midst of the surging stream, he crept the remainder of the way on his hands and knees.

When he had safely reached the other side he quickly sped up the bank and started toward Mr. Tony's. But a sudden thought brought him up with a jerk—"The train! the 6:10 train. Would the trestle hold?"

"Oh, of course it will," he thought stubbornly. "If I waste another minute I shall miss my trip."

A vision of the green, cool forests with sparkling streams, where he could fish, swim, or just idly loll upon the velvet grass, flashed through his mind. He wanted this, oh! so much.

But another mental picture was before his eyes—a weak bridge, an angry stream, a dashing locomotive—he refused to think longer of this appalling scene.

"He would stay." Somebody's little child would be on the train and perhaps someone's mother. That settled it. He would wait. Only ten minutes now and the train would be due. He must move up the track. From here he could not warn the engineer. That terrible curve plunged right on to the trestle. What was that? A creak. A groan. A bewildering deafening crash.

"Oh! the bridge had given way beneath the rush of the whirling, maddened stream. A black chasm yawned where the trestle had been a moment before.

Another shriek from behind startled him. A whistle. Ah! the train. The train!

"Was he too late? Had he tarried too long?" Snatching his hat in his hand he dashed up the track. Around the curve he sped. There the gleaming headlights shone just ahead. Could he be seen?

He panted himself in the center of the track and frantically waved his battered old hat. "Why doesn't the train slow up? Am I too late?" he asked himself anxiously.

"Toot, toot. Ah, now he had been discovered." Bob scrambled off the track at the train dashed by. With car wheels creaking and groaning the train slowed up and came to a standstill a few feet of the dark hole where the bridge had disappeared.

Passengers and crew quickly alighted and inquired the reason of the sudden stop. When the engineer quickly pointed to the rolling bridgeless waters below. Their faces paled with terror as they thought of the horrible death they had so narrowly escaped.

"Our rescuer," the fireman cried as he caught sight of Bob standing near. Several of the passengers started to him with outstretching arms, but Bob noticed only one. "Daddy oh, Dad!" he cried as a tall fellow folded him in his arms.

"We didn't expect you today," he cried. And then with comforting arms around him, he found himself sobbing out his story.

"But," he said, "I gained so much more than I lost. The best daddy in all the world" and he wept unashamedly.

"And" said a prosperous looking gentleman who lighted from the rear car, "As president of this road, let me offer you a month's vacation anywhere you like, at the expense of the company. And may I make this suggestion? that you spend at least a part of your vacation with me in New York. I have a boy just about your age who would be delighted to meet the boy who saved his father's life."

Bob's eyes were shining. Women embraced him, men praised him and the children crowded close around. When he and dad reached home early the next morning, Bob said as his mother ran to meet them, "It really does seem that everything nice is coming at once."

THEATRES

The Webb theatre presents today Dick Hatton in a Western thriller "Range Justice." In a fight against terrific odds he wins out. This picture is action from start to finish. Also a good comedy extra, laugh, we'll say you will laugh.

Thursday Webb presents Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish in "The Beautiful City." Our Dick looking out of the ghetto through the eyes of love. See him give all for a brother—the way big brothers do—living a role that sweeps on to the heights of sacrifice. Falling—fighting as he goes to his knees, then up again, slashing, smashing—out of the back gutter of the ghetto into the sunshine and love. A good comedy also.

Another Queen
"What do you know about the egg of Elizabeth?" asked the teacher, talking the history class unaware. "She'll be 19 next month," answered the boy. Then the class roared.

Poor John
Widow—"If poor John had only made a will there would not be all this difficulty about the property."

Visitor—"Bother me? They almost worry me to death. I sometimes almost wish that John hadn't died!"

Marriage Between Two Large Giants

Annan (Drumfries-shire, England.)—The world's tallest woman, Miss Kaatje Vandyk, who is twenty years of age, weighs 400 lbs., wears size 12 shoes and whose height is 7 ft. 11 in., has just married Jan Van Albert, who is 8 ft., 3 in tall. He can light a cigarette at a street lamp. He weighs 450 lbs. and wears size 14 shoes—World Wide.

Adaptability
"A wise man will change his opinion occasionally."
"Whether he changes his opinion or not," answer Senator Sorphum, "he will know when to change his line of talk."

A Mistake

He came home one evening and found his wife sewing a tiny garment. "My dear! My dear!" he cried. "Don't be silly," she replied. "This is my new dinner gown."

There is some prospect of peace, though Mussolini's digestive troubles may not prove serious.

FOR TOWNSHIP CONSTABLE
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Constable in Number Nine Township, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held June 5th. Your vote and influence will be greatly appreciated, and if I am elected I will strive to diligently perform all duties devolving upon me by virtue of said office.

R. B. FORTENBERRY

THE GREAT NANZETTA
THE INDIAN HERBOLOGIST.
RIVIERE'S DRUG STORE, Opening THURSDAY (Tomorrow.)

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WHERE SAVINGS ARE GREATEST