

Faster Mail Service From West to Carolina

Mail from the West, coming through the Chicago and Cincinnati gateways, for South Carolina and for points in North Carolina as far east as Greensboro is now handled on the Southern railway's "Carolina Special" resulting in an advance in time delivery of 3 hours and 15 minutes at Asheville, 3 hours and 45 minutes at Salisbury, 5 hours and 40 minutes at Spartanburg, and 6 hours at Columbia, with proportionate advances at other points.

The improvement results from the establishment of postal car service on the Southern's "Ponce de Leon", leaving Cincinnati at 6:45 p. m., just 10 minutes ahead of the "Carolina Special". This train receives all evening mail connections at Cincinnati, including Big Four train No. 16 which brings from Chicago all letter mail for Carolina points, Georgia and Florida, arriving Chicago on morning trains, including transcontinental trains. This mail is worked enroute and letters and daily papers for Carolina points are put off at Oakdale, Tenn., where they are picked up by the "Carolina Special."

Formerly this mail was handled into Asheville on No. 12 and on its connections to points beyond. The average daily volume is approximately 400 packages of letter, with a considerable number of newspaper pouches. Only first class mail which includes letters and daily newspapers is handled on this schedule.

Little Carl Champion Buied at New Prospect

Special to The Star. The angel came Tuesday evening, June 29, 1926 at 5:15 o'clock and took from our midst little Carl Horace Champion. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Champion, of Cherryville, R-2. The little child had been sick for twelve days, he suffered constantly with pains day and night. All was done that loving hands could do to save him but death was the only relief.

Carl Horace was born Sept. 29, 1924, age one year and nine months. He was an unusual bright child and was the joy of the home where he will be greatly missed. We can't understand why he was taken while so young and sweet, just a growing tender bud, but God always knows best for all.

The funeral service was conducted Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock at New Prospect by Rev. W. G. Camp and Rev. Rush Padgett. Misses Mae Beam, Gennie Beam, Ruth Hamrick, Edna Carpenter, Louise Esker, Evelyn Carpenter, Ruby Poston, Madge Beam and Paul Beam were the flower girls. The grave was covered with beautiful flowers.

Surviving are his father and mother, one sister, Evelyn, and two brothers, R. V. and J. D. Champion. The entire community sympathize with the bereaved ones in the loss of such a sweet child.

N. C. Carolina Papers Have Good Display

News & Observer. "I am particularly impressed with the activity of everybody I have seen since coming to North Carolina," said Arthur T. Robb, managing editor of Editor and Publisher, New York, here yesterday gathering data for an article on this State which, he says, will be a resume of the "whys" and "wherefores" of its recent progress. "Why, everybody is busy," he continued. "The towns are thrifty in appearance and there are signs of progress on all sides. I entered the State, by motor, in the Elizabeth City section and from here I will go on to Charlotte and Asheville."

"Another thing that has impressed me is the progressive appearances of your newspapers. They are for the most part, snappy and wide-awake, and I never saw as many active newspaper men in a city no larger than Raleigh as I have seen here. And they're a jolly lot, too. They seem to work together with a fine spirit. Of course, they 'scoop' each other when they can; that's natural, but they seem mighty friendly, not only to each other but to visiting writers as well, I've noticed."

"I am here," he said, "to get the 'official' slant on North Carolina's progress, and I find that the state itself has done much toward putting pep into the people, by its progressive policies, such as road building and public education."

"In spite of the drought they say you have had in this section, I saw some good looking crops in eastern North Carolina as I came along. By the way, it's wonderful to run an automobile over your roads."

ENGINEER DIES AS HE GRASPS THE THROTTLE

Asheville, July 2.—John Berry, veteran engineer on the Knoxville division of the Southern Railway, died as he grasped the throttle of his locomotive to pull the Carolina Special from the local yards on his regular run tonight at 8:10 o'clock. Few of the passengers in the coaches behind the locomotive knew of the death of the veteran engineer, who was stricken just as he pulled the throttle to move the engine. He was replaced and the train moved out.

A Certain Cure "What shall I do to keep from falling in love?" "Try pricing apartments!"

Nominates Miss Cobb Cotton Joan of Arc

News & Observer. "Styles Stiffles South" are the headlines which Miss Beatrice Cobb puts over her editorial endorsing Max Gardner's advocacy of wearing cotton. Miss Cobb says she agrees with Mr. Gardner's statement that "the style of silken things is stifling the industry of the Southland."

There is need of an industrial Joan of Arc to lead the women from the use of silks to the use of cotton. We nominate Miss Beatrice Cobb as the leader.

If Miss Cobb accepts this position, her attention is invited to a discussion now going on in South Carolina where women have been urged to wear cotton stockings. One lady writes The State, "If the manufacturers would make good cotton stockings, we farm women would certainly boost them in every way possible." The State ads:

Inquiry among the various bright young women who help make The State develops that although these one and all do at present affect sleek silk exclusively, they are far from prejudiced against cotton stockings, but their complaint is that the only stockings of cotton that are readily to be had are either cheap, flimsy, shapeless, or else more costly than silk stockings of a very satisfactory grade. Passing over for the moment the matter of shape, which the uninitiated masculine observer is likely to consider more a matter of the girl than of the stocking, remains for discussion why cotton stockings of excellent quality should not be available at say, \$1 to \$1.50 a pair? Persons not yet quite senile are able to summon up remembrance of entirely unexceptionable ankles clad in fine cotton hose. And times were hard, then; so hard that it is safe to assume those lisle stockings cost nothing like the prices which the very dainty and pretty cotton stockings offered recently in New York commanded. These latter did enjoy a certain vogue among smart women but they were sold in the shops at \$2.50 a pair and more.

The State is inclined to believe that thousands of Southern women would gladly wear stockings of cotton if they were to be had in good quality at reasonable prices.

Canaries Cheering To Prison Inmates

In the Iowa state prison at Fort Madison, 500 canaries add a measure of cheer, with their merry chirping to the monotonous lives of the several hundred inmates of that institution. The canaries first were installed by an inmate named Ryan. An expert in their care, Ryan now owns most of the songsters, although about 100 other prisoners own their individual birds and tend them in their cells. One large cage in a corridor contains 50 or 60 birds and their songs fill the cell block.

There has been numerous instances of seeming reciprocation on the part of the birds of the kindnesses shown them by the prisoners. One of the most striking was the case of "Billy," a songster belonging to "Gabe" Simons, who was hanged last winter.

"Billy" outdid himself in song when his cage followed Simons to the death chamber, and continued his merry chirping through the trying days until his master started the death march. Then, after Simons had been hanged, "Billy" was shipped with the body to Tipton, and warbled cheerfully as his cage reposed upon the rough box during the journey.

Prison officials are encouraging the culture of the birds for the wholesome influence they exert upon the inmates. In the death chamber and in sections occupied by prisoners who still have a portion of life and perhaps happiness before them, the music of the feathered songsters can be heard. Many inmates, who, when free, gave little heed to the solace of music or the beauties of bird life and nature, lavish their attention upon their fellow "prisoners."

Prison officials say the inmates become especially fond of pets and that canaries seem to be favorites, perhaps because they best exemplify carefree happiness, even in captivity, and are able, through their song, to impart hope to their owners.

W. Jason McDaniel Dies At Morganton

For Many Years Prominent In The Affairs of Rutherford County. Rutherford, July 2.—W. Jason McDaniel died at the State Hospital, Morganton, this morning after an illness of about three years. Funeral services will be held here Saturday morning at 11 o'clock at the Methodist church with his former pastor, Rev. T. C. Jordan, of Asheville, in charge. Mr. McDaniel was 53 years of age. He leaves a widow, five children, mother, two brothers, H. L. McDaniel, of this place, and M. B. McDaniel, Hendersonville, and two sisters, Mrs. W. J. Mode and Mrs. J. S. Saunders, both of this place. He was a member of the first Rutherford county road commission and was a great advocate of good roads. He was a member of the town board of Rutherford for a number of years and was a main factor in starting the first paving here. He was a successful merchant of this place for a number of years and was one of the county's best known citizens and was very active in life until his health failed.

Cotton Lingerie For Gaston Girls

Fair Sex Purchase Wearing Apparel of Cotton Materials There. Costs Half As Much.

Gastonia.—Somebody must have anticipated a renewed interest in cotton because one of the leading local department stores is showing an enchanting line of lingerie in cotton voile in all the lovely shades that one usually associates with silk. Almost side by side in a table of silk and a table of voile underwear, and it is hard to say which is prettier. The voile articles are made exactly like the silk ones, with fine lace and pastel ribbons as trimmings, and they are offered separately or in four piece sets.

The recent cotton ball demonstrated the fact that voile can be manufactured in a quality as sheer and dainty as georgette, for did not the judges apply an inquisitive thumb and forefinger to many of the dainty gowns worn that night, so as to be perfectly sure that they were indeed cotton. And voile undergarments, given the care that must be accorded silk ones, will retain their pristine freshness and color just as long.

A group of pretty young girls were buzzing around the table piled high with the lovely product of southern fields Wednesday afternoon. "They're so pretty!" exclaimed one. "And they just cost half as much, contributed another. And, after looking the lot over and comparing the cotton garments with the silk ones, at least three of them departed with a colorful article of cotton lingerie under their arms."

Lowly Terrapin Chases Reptiles

Greensboro News. A person suffering from delirium tremens as a result of imbibing far too much extract of concentrated lye that passes in these times as corn whiskey, has only to hire a plain old highland terrapin to chase the snakes high, wide and handsome, judging from the exhibition the collection of reptiles in the window of the Hattaway seed store, on East Sycamore street, gives when the two terrapins in the window take a notion to do some walking about.

A. C. Hattaway, proprietor of the store, recently purchased a shipment of 35 choice—if there is such a thing—snakes, containing some bulls, moosehairs, whip snakes and the like. There are no rattlers in the group but those present are mean enough in appearance to satisfy any person whose fondness for reptiles simply ain't. The snakes were put in the window to be seen and dreaded, and two common, garden variety terrapins, not the down home "turtle," were put in there to add to the collection.

The snakes, mean-looking rascals, give these slow-walking things who had an ancestor to trim a rabbit in a marathon race, all the room there is—there isn't any more—whenever a terrapin walk is on. Now there is a possible cure for what is known as delicious triangles—try a "tarpin."

Wouldn't After This

Mr. Jones—I'm going to bring young Ferguson home tonight. Mrs. Jones—Why, we haven't a thing to eat in the house, the cook is in a bad temper, baby has whooping cough, and mother is coming. Mr. Jones—Yes, that's why I'm going to bring him home! The young fool is thinking of getting married.

NO HEALTH—NO WORK NO HEALTH—NO HAPPINESS With Health Everything Is Possible.

MR. L. H. HEFFNER.



Mr. Heffner's words are words of wisdom for it is certainly true that health is the greatest asset on earth. Continuing, Mr. Heffner said: "Since taking HERB JUICE I feel fine. In fact I can't say enough for HERB JUICE. I am free from pains. No more bilious spells, no more pains in my chest, which means that I suffer no more from indigestion. Being such a wonderful laxative, HERB JUICE has relieved me of constipation and I am getting better in every way all the time. I have gained in weight for I eat all I want, now that I don't have indigestion. HERB JUICE is the best medicine on the market for indigestion and constipation, besides being an excellent tonic. I most heartily recommend it."

For sale by all druggists and dealers in patent medicines everywhere. adv.

"WHY HE MARRIED A MEXICAN"

The Story of a Tarheel Who Married a Chili Queen By Rambling Bill

Joe Markham, was one of the best soldiers in our outfit. He had joined the organization as a recruit just a few months before Villa raided Aquaprieta, Mexico, and less than three months later was promoted to corporal. It was several months after he was made a corporal before I even found out that he was from North Carolina. He was one of these fellows who never talk very much but when he had anything to say everybody within sound of his voice was ready to listen.

Everybody liked Corporal Markham and the captain thought he was the real thing and he was at that. He went with us through the expedition into Mexico and came out with sergeant's chevrons and by the time the war with Germany came on, or when the U. S. decided to get in and get their feet wet, Joe made the First Officer Training camp and became a second lieutenant. He was sent to an infantry regiment and distinguished himself in France. I think he even got a Croix de Guerre and a D. S. C., anyway he came back from France with a couple of wound stripes and captain bars.

I again met him in 1920 in a hospital at Asheville where we were trying to recuperate with a pair of gaslungs. We revived old war buddies and Joe got very friendly. He told me where his old home was and why he first happened to get in the service and even went on to tell me about the girls—there is usually a girl in every case where there is a soldier, although in the outfit Joe never seemed to pay much attention to the girls around the camp and we all wondered why, because he sure was a fine looking chap. Standing about six feet two and weighing about 170 lbs, with sandy hair and blue eyes and he was as straight as a West Pointer on parade. Usually when girls around an army camp see such a fine looking chap there is either a fight, marriage, a. w. o. l., or something doing. But Joe never fell for any of 'em, and saved his money and had very little to do with social life around the camp. When I left the hospital Joe was still there, but I heard later that he had been discharged as cured and that the doctor had recommended that he go to the southwest to live.

I had almost forgotten about him until a few months ago when I was making a business trip into the interior of old Mexico. While passing through a little town I was surprised to hear my name called in a good husky American voice. I stopped my car and looked around and behold there came Joe. At first I could hardly believe my eyes—he looked just like the Joe of old, only a little more mature and a little more tanned and he was dressed in American cowboy costume, with Mexican sombrero. Nothing would do him but that I stop and visit his home. When he said that, I looked him in the eye and he got in with me and pointed up a little side street. We drove about three hundred yards, stopped and got out at a very unpretentious looking adobe house, but when we entered through a cool patio, I rather envied him in these surroundings. It was a genuine Mexican-Spanish atmosphere and pretty soon I was ushered into the presence of his family—Spanish, all. There were two of the prettiest children—boys—I ever saw and his wife

bore marks of being genuine castilian descent. Her complexion was olive and dark hair and eyes—in fact she was pretty as a picture, and this was Joe Markham's home. But his wife and children could not speak a word of English and all conversation had to be carried on in Spanish.

After the introduction he explained that we had been in the army together and that I was his best amigo (friend) and that I was to eat with them.

She almost flew to the kitchen and after we had lighted cigarette and had a drink of mescal, Joe started in to talk. Here's what he had to say: "Well Bill, I guess you wondered why I came down here to this God forsaken hole and married a Mex. I presume that the most people from N. C. would condemn me for it and would ostracize me for the balance of my life from society, but I don't care about society and neither do I care what they have to say about me. The Flu wiped out all my people in N. C. and the old farm was sold to satisfy a mortgage and therefore, you can judge my interests back there are very little, except that I shall always entertain a warm feeling for the old state and its people.

The government, on account of my wartime disability had granted me \$100 per month compensation and advised me to live in the open and a dry climate as much as possible. I came down here a few years ago and started to do some placer mining and through my interest in the mine and the excitement of finding gold, I worked myself into a frenzy and therefore became sick. I was almost dead and lay with a high fever in a little shack back there in the hills for several days before anyone knew I was there. I was semi-conscious and one day I woke up in this room and there was flowers on the window sill and when my eyes became more accustomed to the light I saw "Lupe" (my wife) sitting by my bedside and when she discovered that I was coming to life she let out a little shriek of joy and brought me a drink of water. I made up my mind right then that she was going to be my wife and three weeks later we were married by a priest right in this room and we have been happy ever since.

I have never been sick since and I think that I will always be well and I still have my little gold mine and a few cattle and her father died and left us this house.

We have two fine children and everything that we need of the world goods, and something more that money cannot buy—happiness. Lupe is a jewel. Loyal, understanding and she saved my life and I owe my life to her. She is as proud of me as she can be and administers to my every want and come to look at the matter she is much prettier than most American girls, and I have never yet saw an American girl that I could trust like I can trust Lupe. I once had a girl in N. C., and I thought she was mine, but when I returned from France I found that she had long since been married to a banker's son, and her parents did not like me anyway and I presumed that she had listened to them. She broke her promise and I could have never trusted another woman, but Lupe proved that she was made out of the right sort of tuff and I am the happiest man



in the world." I had dinner with them—a genuine old-fashioned Spanish feed and after talking some more over old times, I left them standing arm and arm with the kids at their feet and waving to me as I passed down the arroya and onto the trail that took me to my destination.

This is about all I know about Joe and I have often wondered if he will ever get tired of Old Mexico and long for his own kind of people, or will he become like the Mexican people and grow used to their customs and always be happy and contented as he is today.

Of course Joe Markham is not his name—but it's a name nearly like that—and North Carolina has lost a good citizen and Mexico has gained one all on account of a Tarheel girl going back on her word.

Getting Ready for "Old Age."

Missouri's oldest farmer is getting ready for "old age." He is Ben F. Hodge, who lives by himself in a little log cabin 10 miles north of Poplar Bluff, "Uncle Ben," as he is known, is 109 years of age. He has a Bible with the family history to prove it. "I bought 40 acres of land four years ago," says "Uncle Ben," "and I am clearing it up so that when I get old I can rent it out and live off the returns. I don't expect to get old for ten years yet."

Uncle Ben smokes a pipe all the time, and has since he was seven years old. He grows his own tobacco and refuses absolutely to use "tailor made" cigarettes or tobacco. He drinks coffee three times a day, and before prohibition he enjoyed his little nip.

"I can get along without it," he says, "but I did miss it for awhile."

A Dead-Head

Ruth came home from her first visit to Sunday school eating a bar of chocolate.

"Why, Ruth, where did you get the chocolate?" asked her mother.

"I bought it with the nickel you gave me," she said. "The minister met me at the door and got me in for nothing."

There could be more economy in dresses. After ten years a girl seldom outgrows dresses from the knees down.

NICE CLEAN CANE SEED \$2.50 PER BUSHEL PAUL WELLMON SHELBY, N. C.

TRY BLUEBIRD AND Laugh at Hot Weather Next time you feel hot and tired and dusty—get a bottle of icy-cold, pure sparkling Blue Bird. Let it trickle down the old parched throat and then note the relief, the cool, refreshed, peppy feeling that sweeps over you. There's nothing, in hot weather, quite like Blue Bird More Delicious Than Grape Juice. Shelby Coca Cola Bottling Company 206 W. Warren Street.