

BEDTIME STORY TELLERS DRAW FIRE OF KNIGHT

He Takes a Crack at Those Who Boast of School Progress In This State

Greensboro—Dr. Edgar W. Knight, of the University of North Carolina and president of North Carolina Teachers' assembly, speaking to the teachers of the Northwestern district of the association in their opening annual meeting here Friday afternoon, ridiculed the "bedtime story tellers" of the State who boast of progress and try to lull the people into a state of self-satisfaction over education as he phrased it.

The State may be fifth in wealth among those of the Union, he said, but it is last educationally and progress can be made only when there is candid admission of weakness in the system, he said.

Dr. Knight declared at the outset of his talk that he is not trying to make it uncomfortable for any person in the State department of education and paid tribute to the "earnestness, honesty, eagerness and almost apologetic fervor" of the State superintendent of education A. T. Allen in educational work.

But boasting of the State's material wealth and shutting eyes to the ten per cent illiteracy among the white adult population; to ignoring the fact that there are more automobiles on the roads than books in the public libraries; and to the fact that thousands of children have a school term of only 120 days will not make for advancement, Dr. Knight said.

He ridiculed the State department of conservation for its bulletins giving boastful claims of wealth in agriculture and industry and neglecting to say that the State is low in education when compared to others. He wanted to know why the politicians do not compare the State with those of the North and West instead of a "few, poor, bell wewill" Southern States.

Julie B. Warren, secretary of the association, told how the Legislature would be covered for the teachers and said there would not be any effort to coerce the Legislature. That would be impossible, he said. Following the general meeting the teachers went into group sessions and considered their teaching and administrative problems of Peabody college for teachers, Nashville, Tenn.

How Bad Really Are College Girls?

Not long ago a correspondent of The Witness wrote "a piece for the paper," about how terribly bad college girls are, the girls in co-educational institutions he was especially talking about, and the responsibility of the subject is responsible for the lengths to which the discussion has gone.

When the daily newspapers took up the issue, college heads were put in position where they had to deny the allegations in order to assuage the fears of fathers and mothers.

It is a subject, nevertheless, that bears study and analysis and he is foolish to rush to set down in dogmatic fashion the facts as he finds them.

Girls have changed, to be sure. They are not what they used to be. That is a matter of common observation. If not of common knowledge, but it is not necessarily a fact that the change that has come over them has produced an actually bad and immoral Twentieth Century girl.

We are living right in the thick of an era of great transitions.

People are thinking differently, but we would not assert arbitrarily they are thinking worse or in rotting channels.

They are living differently, of course. A material civilization that has been rapidly and beautifully built up has altered every factor and phase of human living.

Our educational advancement has been going on at a dizzy pace. There is no end to what is now known to the mind of men. The human intellect has ransacked all the realms of Nature, and wrested from their hiding places the deepest secrets that this old world has had stored away in its haunts for centuries.

Conventions and modes of human conduct are in the midst of the same spell of transition. Habits are thrown into the flux of things and the old race has certainly thrown away a lot of prudery and things, but there is no reason in coming to the opinion, while yet we are in the heat of the transitional period, that we have definitely set for the worse, that the boys and girls of this generation are resolutely and irrevocably bad.

It is a premature verdict to pass as this time on the subject.

As we are in our travels from an old world to a new, the best thing to do is simply to trust human nature that, under the wise

and unerring hand and guidance of Providence, has gone through such experiments before, eventually to right itself on its own keel.

THIS FARMER SAW HIS WAY OUT OF COTTON TROUBLE

Lost Land and Everything, But Made Come-Back on Two Cows

(Ashcraft in Monroe Enquirer)

T. W. Harvey, who is superintendent of the Rodman Cotton mills at Waxhaw, is a Georgian, and sends me a copy of the Millian News, the editor of the paper, Ben A. Neal, is a "dirt farmer," Mr. Harvey says, and is much interested to have the farmers of his section to diversify and make cotton a secondary farm product.

One article in The News is interesting and enlightening, and recites "How a 'Broke' Cotton Farmer Saved Himself and Family with Two Cows." It is the experience of A. S. Wright, of Oakridge, Ga., and follows:

"In reply to your inquiry in regard to my experience in dairying I will say I went broke five years ago growing cotton, lost my land, stock and practically all I had except my wife and five children. I bought two cows, and added to our family cow from J. F. Davis on credit and paid him for them at the rate of \$4.00 per month. This was the beginning of my dairy business. Since that time I have gradually added to my herd until I now have twenty-two high grade Jersey cows, two registered Jersey heifers and six or eight high grade Jersey heifers and a registered Jersey bull.

"Practically all my children have a high school education, one boy graduating this year from the Tifton A. & M. college and is now at home with me in the dairy business. Our success has not been quite as good as it might have been, however, we are very well satisfied in view of the fact that what success we have made has been on rented land and practically without money. In fact, I didn't have a dollar when I sold my first quart of milk in Fitzgerald. We are planning to buy us a farm of our own within the next year. I will continue in the dairy business as long as we are able to milk cows."

"Farming in the portion of Georgia would not be all satisfactory to me without a few good dairy cows, pure bred hogs and a good flock of poultry. Would advise all of my friends to adopt this program."

WATSON TRIBUTE TO FARM WOMAN

Progressive Farmer.

The eloquent Georgian, the late Senator Thomas E. Watson, said on one occasion:

"There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to the fact, but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children; one who is the first to rise in the morning and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty and who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is keeper of the household and its good angels, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of fashionable pleasures, perfectly content in quiet home life in which she does nobody harm and everybody good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battle of life, soothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door, someday for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife and to be him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all the toils are done and her strength is departing, will sit calmly in the doorway watching the setting sun with a serene smile upon her face and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee line for the country."

What Tom Watson said is true; we all know it. It ofly remains for us to ask ourselves whether we are doing what we should to show our appreciation of the work and love of farm mothers. Is the kitchen as well equipped with labor-saving conveniences as it ought to be? Have we really installed the most modern water and light systems we can afford? Does the farm

mother get a real vacation once a year. Do we co-operate with her as much as we might in giving expression to her love of the beautiful—is the house painted; the home grounds beautified with shrubs, trees and flowers; the home decorated with reproductions of beautiful paintings? Is there some source of cash income of the farm? Is her counsel sought about all matters affecting the welfare of the farm and family? Are her hand and children thoughtful of her comfort and ready to show her that loving courtesy and appreciation which will lighten all her burdens and shorten and sweeten her hardest tasks?

MOVIE STARS DO EAT FOOD THAT KEEPS 'EM SLIM

Anti-Fat Clause In Contracts Force Living on Singular Diets

Hollywood, Cal.—A rollypoly figure has assisted some players in the movies; it has skidded many more completely out of pictures.

Rosecoe Arbutckle, at one time the leading film comedian, and the late John Bunny were boosted to stardom by their expansive girth. Walter Hiers, Hughy Mack and the late Willard Louis were also aided, rather than handicapped, by their rotundity.

"Tiny" Goforth, playing Hal Roach and Warner Brothers comedies, isn't held back at all by his 400 pounds.

But if a player of romantic parts shows an incipient double chin, he or she, topples from the heights like a dislodged flower-pot.

Mary Miles Minter, a star at 18, admitted that difficulty in controlling her weight induced her retirement from the films. Nita Naldi, once an irresistible siren, has had a long fight out of pictures against superfluous poundage. She is reported now to be preparing to return to the screen. Barbara LaMarr's fight against fat so weakened her that she sickened and died.

Weight Clauses

Recognizing the inevitable and unpleasant fate of actors and actresses who lose their lissome silhouettes, several producers have inserted "weight clauses" in contracts. If a player passes a certain standard weight, the contract is automatically void. Usually however the problem of weight is set by tacit agreement.

Pola Negri, weighing 122 pounds has set 125 as her maximum. Bebe Daniels hovers around 120 and Clara Bow varies from 100 to 105. Lois Wilson and Florence Vidor maintain their weight at 117 pounds. Esther Ralston weighs 125 and hopes to stay there.

Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, exercises three times a day to keep her weight at 120 pounds. Renee Adoree, who is featured in the new Cosmopolitan production "The Flaming Forests," feels that she must keep below 115. When her weight starts creeping up, the little French actress goes on an orange diet.

Pauline Starke diets regularly to remain at 115 pounds. Once every two months, for a ten-day period she eats nothing but hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and milk.

Carmel Myers relies upon the starch bath, taken once every four days, as a curative measure for fat. She weighs 125 pounds.

Mary Philbin and Laura LaPlante, the Universal stars, weigh 105 and 110, respectively and they would nullify their contracts if they became more than five pounds heavier.

Average 119 Pounds

Colleen Moore, who weighs 106 pounds, has plenty of leeway for indulgence in thick malted milks. Her contract is good up to 140 pounds.

Ann Q. Nilsson, one of the heaviest leading women on the screen weighs 132 pounds. Her maximum is 142.

Billie Dove, whose work as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks and Francis X. Bushman, earned her a First National contract, must keep under 122 pounds. She now weighs 115.

Leatrice Joyce and Jetta Goudal both 119 pounds would "kill" their contracts with Cecil B. DeMille if they lost their "attractive figures." Jacqueline Logan, playing the role of Mary Magdalene in the film story of the life of Christ, weighs 115; Vera Reynolds, 104; Marie Prevost, 114 and Priscilla Dean, 125.

The average weights of motion picture actresses, playing romantically parts is therefore approximately 119 pounds.

Thanks for the buggy ride My grandma used to say. A buggy ride was quite the thing For the girls in grandma's day.

Buggies now would never do For a couple on a lark, 'Cause a buggy can't go far enough To find a place to park.

The span of life is increasing and so is the upkeep.

DAIRY BUSINESS MEANS "MAZUMA"

Gastonia Gazette.

Of course, the dairy business means something to one man and something to another. It is not to be disputed, however, that the checks that come with a successful dairy business are very welcome in these days of low priced cotton.

Dairying is hard work but it has its returns. We are quoting from The Yorkville Enquirer relative to the experience of many farmers in the Hickory Grove section of South Carolina with the milk business. There is a milk route from the Union creamery running through the western section of York county and The Enquirer is quoting Mr. Wilkerson of the Hickory Grove community.

Seek New Way to Forecast Weather for Long Stretch

Sacramento, Cal.—Investigations to determine if it is possible to forecast weather condition far in advance are being carried out here by Paul Bailey, State engineer.

Bailey is attempting to find-out whether or not there is a scientific method for such long distance forecasting. He is especially interested in being able to predict the winter's precipitation as early as November 1.

"The value of such a forecast to the agricultural and power interests of the State is obvious," Bailey declared. "We would know when to commence filling the reservoirs and if water conservation measures would be necessary in time to prevent a tremendous loss through the runoff of the season's rainfall."

Starting with the proven promise that the winter rains of California are produced by the moisture-laden winds of the Pacific blowing over the colder land, State engineers here have set on the theory that the colder the land the heavier the rainfall, the temperature of the land being determined to some extent by the amount of heat received from the sun during the summer and early fall months.

Temperatures from selected stations on the coast were taken in connection with the ocean temperatures over a long period of years of research. For a period of years the theory was corroborated, but during another period it apparently was upset.

"We believe that the variations are caused by other influences," said Bailey, "and we feel we are on the right track. I believe that the time will come when the winter snowpack in the Sierras can be accurately forecast in the fall."

Hell to the Boiled Dinner!

Dearborn Independent.

Certain facetious writers and hack lecturers refer slightly to that great American institution, the boiled dinner. It is significant that the slurs are not cast by those who have been initiated into the inner circle. And those who disdainfully lift their noses when

such plebeian fare is mentioned, declaiming it as coarse food fit only for swine, know not wherof they speak. Certainly it is coarse, and that very fact recommends it to those who are on the search for vitamins and other nourishing things. Homely fare, to be sure, out the food experts and dietitians are swaying back to it because it contains the very essence of life. To a hungry and worried human there is no more delightful perfume than the odor of boiling carrots, cabbage, potatoes, beets, turnips, and all the other things that go into the making of this kind of dishes. The news that the cabbage yield of the United States will be thousands of tons greater this year than last will quicken the pulse of every lover of the boiled dinner!

WHERE CHUMSHIP SHOULD REIGN

An Interesting Relation for Old And Young. A Confession of Reality.

Valve World.

"Listen, son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Gully I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy' and I frowncd and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back!'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such a stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped. 'You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart, and which even neglect will not wither. And then you were gone, patting on the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you, I was measuring you by the gauge of my own years.

"It is a feeble statement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, right here in your bed-room, and make free confession. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer, and laugh when you laugh."

And I am passing this "confession" along to the fathers and mothers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of all the "little fellers"—the growing earth-blessing little "Jimmies" and

"Billies" and "Marys" and "Jameses" of this very good world of ours.

Hard Time Finding Grave For Johnny

New Orleans, La.—A burial place for John Barleycorn is hard to find in New Orleans.

After a search of several days for a fitting spot for the obsequies of over \$300,000 worth of liquor, the accumulation of evidence during the past three years, United States Marshal Victor Lohsel today was informed where a vacant lot could be found for the purpose.

A deputy marshal, a prohibition agent and two truck drivers piloting 2 government trucks loaded with whiskey set out in search of the lot.

They found it but this lot, like all other they discovered, was bounded on all sides by signs prohibiting dumping of refuse.

After driving several miles and examining several lots they found a lot whose owner consented to the destruction of the liquor on his property provided they would dig a hole and bury the broken containers.

A week will be required to complete the task of destruction, the store approximating twenty-five truck loads.

When automobiles first came horses were scared of them. That's what you call horse sense, gulps Babe Suttle.

A Shelby Ford owner who lives near a grade crossing says his expense for extra parts is negligible.

Jay walking is not a bird dance.

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