

Chef Is Flyer



Flying is "pie" for Gaston Fayolle, French war ace and now a chef in a New York hotel. Fayolle, pictured here at work, is planning a flight to Paris and return over the same route which Lindbergh took. Fayolle has several medals bestowed upon him by the French government for his flying record during the war.

Apply a little castor oil to leather furniture and rub well to keep it from cracking.

WE ARE CLEARING THE DECKS

Our building has been leased to The Charles Stores. The balance of our stocks have been sold To The Paragon Department Store.

WE MUST MOVE

The Charles Stores architects are here this week—We must go.

BUT

Before we move and turn stock over to The Department Store we are going to give the buying public a few more days to buy at OUR WONDERFUL REMOVAL SALE PRICES. HURRY, FOLKS, WE MUST CLOSE SALES ROOM AND GIT.

THE PARAGON FURNITURE CO.

BIGGER AND BETTER

Our store will be bigger and better than ever before after August First—After that date we will add a complete line of Furniture and Home Furnishings.

In Order To Make Room

For our new lines we are forced to close out our present Basement Stock—You well know what this stock consists of and when you come to this sale Friday, July 20th you will find hundreds of new items—Greatest values ever offered in Shelby. Every item must go at once—LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL.

THE PARAGON DEPARTMENT STORE

—Shelby's Best—

Raskob Inherits Gary's Mantle

Recognized As Spokesman of Big Business; Began at \$5 a Week (New York World)

A medium sized muscular man with a clear ruddy skin, finely shaped head, plentiful brown and gray hair, deep brown eyes in a luminous face, long aquiline nose, sensitive whimsical mouth, whose countenance is magnetic and bespeaks surety and strength, a close personal friend of Governor Smith, a man who thirty years ago was worth a nickel, who made eighty millionaires in four years, a man you would pick out of any crowd—that is John J. Raskob, who is to run the Smith-Robinson campaign as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

He is chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Corporation and director of corporations employing more than 300,000. Moreover, he is vice president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and that is why he can say with a good deal of consistency of purpose that Prohibition will be the major issue of the 1928 campaign.

An Unusual Career Raskob's career has been in its own way as unusual as Governor Smith's. Probably nobody in Niagara County, New York, would have given a wooden nickel for his chances to win prominence back in 1898 when an Alsatian immigrant, who was a cigarmaker, died in Lockport and left a son and widow.

Johnny Raskob looked at the world and found it much wider than the cigarmaking business. He enrolled in Clark's Business College and learned stenography, and when he got out he found a job at \$5 per week, which caused the Lockport folks to pull their beards and observe that this Raskob boy was an up-and-coming young fellow and might some day be making as much as \$40 a month.

However, John Raskob never was satisfied with mere affluence and it was not long before he applied for a raise to \$7.50 and got it. Even that did not satisfy him and he looked afield, writing to an old chum, Sterling Bunnell, who had gone out to Ohio and was "showing promise" according to the local papers.

"There's a man in Lorain," wrote Bunnell back, "named Pierre S. du Pont, who is president of the Johnson company, and he is looking round for a secretary. You might write him."

First Letter to du Pont Thereupon John Raskob addressed a letter to Mr. du Pont, setting his own value at the staggering sum of \$1,000 a year. When Lockport heard about that there was more shaking of heads and pulling of beards. The idea of a mere stripling asking for something over \$80 a month. But it must have been a good letter for Mr. du Pont wrote back to the young secretary to pack his bags and come on, and that was the commencement of an association that has been as prosperous for Mr. du Pont as for Mr. Raskob.

Raskob was just twenty-one when he went to Lorain, O. A couple of years later du Pont bought a street railway down in Texas and the secretary was named treasurer at a salary of \$3,000.

Next, Pierre S. du Pont moved to Wilmington, Del., acting as Treasurer of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours company, and Raskob was made assistant treasurer, finally becoming treasurer himself, and the vice president of the great chemical industry. Things went on very well for the Lockport boy. But his great stroke came in 1913 when he persuaded Pierre du Pont to join him in the purchase of 3,000 shares of General Motors stock, and as it turned out, the purchase gave the two men control of the great corporation, for about 100,000 shares were evenly divided between two groups which were fighting for control and Raskob and du Pont held the balance of power.

Du Pont says today that he only bought the stock to stop Raskob bothering him about it.

Not Sure It Was Luck "It may have been luck," says Raskob, "but who knows? We might have got in any way." In any case these two men became so important in the affairs of General Motors that du Pont was made chairman of the board and Raskob became a director. Later on they bought large blocks of the stocks and Raskob was elected to head the financial committee, where he has since presided.

Today Raskob more than anybody else occupies the position which the late Elbert H. Gary held for so many years as the spokesman of big industry. A word from him can send the stock market up or down. It was for Europe, he expressed the opinion that General Motors stock would go to 300, and for days afterwards the stock climbed spectacularly.

They say that Carnegie made thirty millionaires over a period of years," he has said. "Well, we made eighty millionaires in four years in General Motors.

In 1923 we put into execution modern ideas of the relationship of capital labor and management, making management as important as either, and working on the principle that brains should buy capital rather than capital should buy brains.

"We induced eighty of our senior and junior executives to go into debt to buy General Motors stock. We got them to pledge themselves to buy \$33,000,000 worth. They put up \$5,000,000 and borrowed \$28,000,000. That stock is worth today \$253,000,000, or so. All obligations have been paid off and every one of those men,

even the juniors who only put in \$25,000, are millionaires. How Principle Works "The reason the stock got so valuable and made these man millionaires is that they became owners and worked their heads off for success.

"It is a great principle of industrial success today, that principle of making brains and brawn a part owner of your business, and thereby getting them to put all of their energy and intelligence and loyalty into the job. We help our laboring men to save and to invest in General Motors and we have no labor troubles.

Not a drinking man himself, and the father of twelve children, ranging in age from five to twenty-one, Mr. Raskob has been active in opposing the present prohibition provisions. Only recently he explained his views in a public letter which concluded as follows: "The menace of prohibitory laws is the spirit of intolerance underlying their adoption and this is bound to result in rebellion.

"Certainly I, as a citizen of the United States, am entitled to my opinions, as long as they are honestly conceived. "I have never owned and, as far as I know, none of my relatives, friends or associates owns any interest in any brewery or distillery or is interested financially in any way, shape or form in this liquor question.

As one of the chiefs of the du Pont company and its subsidiaries and as chairman of the finance committee of General Motors, vice president of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, director of the Seaboard National Bank of New York and of other corporations, John Raskob is one of the busiest men in the world, always on the go between Wilmington and New York and Detroit, but he finds time for sport.

Both Mr. Raskob and his wife—she married Helena Springer Green, of Maryland, whose family descended from Thomas Green, second governor of Maryland—are Catholics and have been always active in religion. Last February he gave \$500,000 toward a fund of \$1,500,000 for the church in Wilmington, pledging another half-million if the other members of the diocese raised the balance. He is the father of twelve children, the eldest a boy of nineteen, was killed in an automobile accident only last week.

Queen at Last



This little daughter of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria will never get the crown to which she was born. She got another one the other day, however, when citizens of the little Spanish village of Lequerite, where the former Austrian royal family now lives, made her queen of a rural fete.

Too much sugar will prevent jelly from jelling.

Tomato juice improves meat soups or stews.



The Aviator

Absolute dependability is aviation's first law and that is why I use dependable Champion Spark Plugs.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs Toledo, Ohio Dependable for Every Engine

KOEHL MAKES DARING ESCAPE

Transatlantic Pilot in Thrilling Exploit While War Prisoner.

New York—Capt. Herman Koehl, pilot of the Bremen, in the role of leading spirit in a vain attempt to escape by a number of German officers from a prison camp in France is the subject of an article recently published by the Munchener Neueste Nachrichten. This story apparently was written by a fellow-prisoner. It runs as follows: "At the time of the lively spring battles of 1918, when everything was running under high pressure on the western front, there was delivered one evening to the officers' prison at Montoire, in the heart of France a Wurttemberg captain of engineers.

"At least that's what he looked like. He was escorted by a small detachment of Frenchmen with fixed bayonets. There had been a little comedy, too. Before the German officer could enter the barbed-wire inclosed courtyard, with its comfortable barracks and horse stables, he must go through the office of the interpreter. There each German officer was searched for articles that might aid in an attempt to escape and was catechized about his personal service affairs. The armed guards sat along the wall. The interpreter, an elderly captain, inquired about the prisoner's height and the number of his children.

A Bombing Aviator Arrives. "After this formality, the new arrival entered the prisoners' quarters. A number of eager prisoners were already lined up against the barbed-wire fence in expectation of meeting a possible regimental comrade or of getting the latest news from the German front. But this time somebody quite unusual arrived. One saw a short, strongly built man, with clearly cut features and with the order of Pour le Merite around his neck. It was soon learned that he was a bombing aviator named Koehl.

He was shown into his box, a 4 by 6 meter room, with a field cot, a chair, a table and a small bureau of the most primitive sort. With many other German officers of all branches of the service, he had to live in the big stables of a former breeding farm.

"At this time the prisoners of Barrack L 3 were busy with a plan to escape. A number of them who could not become reconciled to prison life and preferred to be in the German trenches or fighting in the air were engaged in digging a tunnel in order to gain their freedom by an underground route. After repeated attempts, they had become convinced of the impossibility of getting through the double lines of wire and past the pickets. Consequently, the road must be underground. It was estimated that one would have to tunnel from fifteen to twenty meters.

"Koehl at once became the leader of the committee on flight. A short, wide plank was neatly removed from the floor under a bedstead and a lot of sand was fastened to the under side so that the Frenchmen, in tapping the floor, would not have their suspicions aroused by a hollow sound.

"Then the working hours were fixed. Some prisoners stood watch, others had to carry bags of sand and still others had to toil underground. Nude as Adam, with only bandages around elbows to protect them from the coarse gravel, one lay on the ground and burrowed like a mole. At first two meters straight downward, then a direct tunnel toward the wall of the stockade.

Scratched Gravel. "The Loire flowed close by the camp so that whenever the river rose a little one was lying in water. And so one scratched out the bedstead or a can, loaded it onto a little sledge and dragged it backward to the foot of the shaft, where it was put into tiny sacks and hoisted up. Then it was distributed in all sorts of places—under the floor that lay a little higher, in the roof rafters that could only be reached through the ceiling. In watering cans out to the humus covering of the garden.

"After nine meters had been dug the rear part of the gallery fell in while a man was working at the head end. He was buried alive. There was a fever of activity, and after wild digging his feet were reached. Soon he was dragged out unconscious, and lay on the bed while others were already at work bracing up the passageway against further cave-ins. After an hour's rest the rear-end victim was again doing his bit with the others.

"There surely were plenty of mining engineers and underground construction experts on the job. All the cross-pieces and back parts of the closets and table drawers were used, but the fronts were left untouched, so that the French would not get suspicious. In short, everything available was used. The only tools were table knives. And the work went slowly.

"Many a day the advance was not a quarter of a meter. The tool-makers constructed tiny mining lamps out of tin cans, for there were no candles to be had, and, after a long period of tunneling it became difficult to breathe and even the lamps gradually went out, it became necessary to build an airpump out of water pails placed upside down. Its piston, which was pierced with air holes, was held firm while a worker moved its cylinder up and down. The air was carried to the digger at work through pipes stolen from the heaters.

Captain Koehl at Work. "And Koehl worked with the rest, now as a digger, now as dirt carrier, now as watchman.

Suffering Love A Lake View (Ill.) high school pupil defined a passive verb as "used when the subject is the sufferer, as 'I am loved.'"

SMUGGLING ON THE THAMES IS EXPENSIVE FOR ENGLAND

Customs Official Declares That Half Million Dollars in Revenue Is Lost Annually.

London.—Half a million dollars in revenue is lost annually by the British government as a result of smuggling into London by way of the Thames, according to the recent estimate of a customs official.

Although the smugglers and their accomplices are said to in no way approach the American bootleggers when it comes to desperate tactics, it is believed that only 10 per cent of them are apprehended by the authorities.

The authorities have admitted that the job of apprehending smugglers is not an easy job, despite sarcastic criticism of the futile efforts of American prohibition officers, and considerable study is being given the matter of checking the evil.

Since the ships which come up the Thames usually carry the same type of cargo for the same consignees time after time, it is a comparatively simple matter for the smuggler to get articles ashore. Goods which may be sold at a great profit in England, such as perfume, cigars, brandy and jewelry, are merely lowered over the side of the ship to lightermen friends who are regularly on hand to take delivery of the overside cargo.

It is pointed out that these latter may easily secrete smuggled goods on board their barges, which no customs official will ever search unless acting on information. The barge is loaded and towed to some private wharf where the lighterman brings the parcel ashore and disposes of it at a profit which varies according to the nature of the goods smuggled. This profit is split on a "fifty-fifty" basis.

The manner of approaching the smuggling problem will be decided within the next two months, but it is as yet unknown whether the drastic steps contemplated will include a careful and minute examination of ships, the imposing of new penalties, the placing of great responsibility upon the seamen themselves or all three.

London Firm Building Speedy Armed Boats

London.—High speed armed motor boats are being built here for an unnamed foreign power, according to the spokesman for John Thornycroft company, the builders.

Two other boats of this type which have been completed for the Dutch East Indies to serve under the Dutch naval flag, are an improved development of the famous coastal motor boats first used in the war.

It is understood that those now building are not being constructed for the Dutch navy. The purchaser's name has not been disclosed.

The boats are 55 feet long and do not weigh over 15 tons loaded. They are powered by two 375 horsepower engines and are capable of doing 28 knots. Their beam is 11 feet, and the draught when stationary about 33 feet 3 inches.

When under way a single step hydroplane lifts the bow clear of the water and they do not draw more than a few inches. Because of their high speed and shallow draught, they are particularly adapted for crossing mine fields.

Two torpedoes, fitted with a special releasing gear for dropping them astern when the boat is traveling at full speed, are the chief features of their armaments. They also carry Lewis guns and depth charges. The latest addition is the installation of a smoke screen forming apparatus.

A crew of three men is required to operate these boats.

Rebuked Parishioner for "Ungodly Strut"

Portland, Maine.—The New England preachers and church deacons of an earlier day were frankly outspoken. Even in their prayers they did not hesitate to become personal. One of these Puritanical exhorters named Moody was ordained pastor at York, Maine, in the year 1700. A village blade had publicly called attention to some fine new clothes the minister was wearing, so the pastor staged a "come back." In his prayer he said with a continually rising declension, "And, O Lord! we pray Thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut!"

In dry spells it was not unusual to pray for rain. One Maine minister is credited in the town records with this phraseology: "O Lord, Thou knowest we do not want Thee to send us a rain which shall pour down in fury and swell streams and carry away our hay-cocks, fences and bridges; but, Lord, we want it to come drizzle-drozzle, drizzle-drozzle for about a week. Amen!"

Daughters of Peers to Dance for Hirohito

Kyoto, Japan.—From the daughters of prominent peers eight young women have been chosen to perform the gossechina mai, or sacred dance, before Emperor Hirohito at the coronation ceremonies here in November.

They have begun rehearsals at once for the ancient classical dance, which is always performed at the enthronement of a Japanese ruler. Only daughters of peers between the ages of seventeen and twenty-six may take part in the dance. The household department makes the selections.

Special dressmakers appointed by the imperial household will make the dancers' kimonos, which will be crimson, embroidered with gorgeous flowers and birds.

Biting Farewell From a story: "I've had a delightful evening," he said, as he bit her good-night.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

LONG LAYOFF WON'T HELP TUNNEY AND HEENEY REALLY HAS A CHANCE, CHAMP IS CONFIDENT, HOWEVER, AND SHOULD WIN

BY PHILIP MARTIN

ONE of the things that ranges in the realm of possibilities is a victory by Tom Heenev, the rugged challenger, in his coming fight with Mr. Gene Tunney at the Polo Grounds in New York on July 26.

While the big New Zealander is not the favorite to win at this time and probably won't be when the zero hour arrives, you can't get away from certain conclusions of numerous ones wise in the racket.

Granted that Tunney is bigger and better than ever, as some of the boys are saying, and probably 25 per cent better with his punching, you can't side-step the fact that Heenev is one of those birds who fatten on punishment and that Tunney has boxed but 20 rounds since he won that title on a certain rainy night in Philadelphia two years ago this September.

Heenev is a tough baby. Don't forget that, and don't overlook the fact that this will be a 15-round bout. Gene hasn't stepped a 15-rounder in some years. It is doubtful whether Gene can slay the New Zealander down and there is some question whether he will be able to step lively for 15 rounds.

On the other hand, Heenev, lumbering fighter that he is, will be hard put to combat the speed of Tunney. He doesn't hit so terribly hard himself and he'll learn when he faces Tunney that it is much harder to hit a fast-moving chin like Tunney's than one of these slow-moving ones he has boxed to previous fights here.

THERE prevails at Speculator, N. Y. where Tunney is training, so atmosphere far, removed from the prize-fighting business but one which, nevertheless, breathes absolute confidence that the outcome of the July 26 bout will be a Tunney victory.

Tunney is confident he will win. He was confident in the same manner before the first Dempsey fight although only one or two writers thought he would weather the attack of Dempsey.

He was equally confident last year. And you know he won both times just about as he said he would win, although in his fight of last year there occurred a seventh round episode which had not been reckoned on.

TUNNEY, in talking with one of the writers at Speculator recently, said he lost his temper last September and that explains why he was knocked in that still position in the seventh round. "You can't get angry in this business," he explained. "But I was angry at Dempsey for that open letter and wanted to knock him stiff, and I forgot everything. And I got knocked down." Perhaps those are not the words Mr. Tunney used in telling of that incident, but, anyway, it sums up what he said.

The big New Zealander, naturally, thinks he will win. He couldn't express any other belief for the public petting. He bases his belief on his ruggedness, his ability to take punishment, his—well, the fact that he has been fighting consistently in recent months and Tunney hasn't and winning means more to him, than it does to Tunney. We shall see. But who do we think will win? Well, since it ought to be said, we like Tunney (in a whisper).



Gene Tunney (top) and Tom Heenev (in a whisper)

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FOR CHARLOTTE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS
 LEAVE SHELBY:—10:50 a. m.; 12:50 p. m.; 2:50 p. m.; 4:50 p. m.; 6:50 p. m.; 8:50 p. m.

FOR WILMINGTON AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS
 LEAVE SHELBY:—10:50 a. m.; 2:50 p. m.

FOR FAYETTEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS
 LEAVE SHELBY:—7:50 a. m.; 10:50 a. m.; 2:50 p. m.

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- One-piece steel rear axle housing
- Streamline bodies by Fisher
- Theft-proof steering and ignition lock
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