



Wandering Youth Lands In Singapore; China Coin Count

Ted League Tells Of His Visit To Singapore And To Mysterious Shanghai.

(Editor's Note: This is the third installment by Ted League, Piedmont cafe employer here, relating incidents of interest in years of wandering about many foreign countries.

(By TED LEAGUE.)

When we arrived in Singapore and anchored outside the breakwater there were several native boats came alongside. Requests were made to the officer of the day for permission to come aboard and after due deliberation some of them were permitted their request. East Indian fakirs, snake doctors, magicians, mediums, everything

LADY'S SUFFERING
She Writes That "A Friend Told Me To Take Cardui and I Know It Helped Me."

Greenville, Miss.—In describing how she suffered several years ago, Mrs. Mattie Dalton, of 213 Walnut Street, this city, recently wrote: "I would cramp, and my hands and feet would draw, so I came near having convulsions. I would have to stay in bed a week, and when I would get up, I just dragged around, and did not feel like doing my work. I suffered a great deal with my back.

"A friend came to see me and saw how I suffered. She told me to try taking Cardui, which I did. I seemed to have more strength, after my first bottle. After I had taken about four bottles of Cardui, I saw a great improvement.

"I quit having such bad spells, and was stronger and better than in a long time. I gained in weight. I took a few more bottles of Cardui, and felt so well that I quit taking it.

"I certainly can recommend Cardui, for I know what it is to suffer, and I know that Cardui helped me."

"Thousands of women have written to tell of the benefit Cardui has been to them, in helping them to build up their health.

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imaginable in that line were there. All of them with their stock in trade. The magicians came first with their bags of tricks and they were very good. The old Hindu trick of putting a boy in a bag, throwing the bag up into the air and letting the pieces of the boy fall one at a time; and arm, a leg, his head, the torso, etc. Then all of the pieces were placed into the bag again, thrown into the air and it immediately fell again, caught by the magician and the boy jumped out, sound as a dollar. (Houdini explained this trick in one of his many books.)

The Indian corn doctors also came, and would take out a corn or a bunion with the twinkling of an eye and "garn-tee" they would never pain you or would never come back (but I still have men, all four of them).

Almost everyone of the fellows who came on board had something to sell, everything for Ivory toothpicks and cigarette holders to precious jewels. The majority of us bought something from them, not thinking to wait until we were permitted to go on shore and bet bargains and were sorry for the trade but nevertheless learned our lesson. The "precious jewels" were nothing more or less than colored glass as we learned to our sorrow.

Landing in Singapore we were surrounded at the number of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos and other foreigners on the beach. Indians galore, all of them with a long, black beard, hair combed straight back, and their carriage was that of a prince. Ninety per cent of the East Indians are six-footers or over and make an impressive sight in column. (Quite a large number of these Indians are exported to Shanghai and other Chinese ports to act as policemen. The love of the Indian for the sailor or makes it hard for the Chinese coolies, but more of this in another chapter.)

Fine silks, quaint kimono's, "Genuine leather" suitcases and so called Gladstone bags" were on every doorstep. All of them with prices marked way down to almost nothing on account of the "sailor sale." (And they could be bought for half the price or less). Mine has lasted me until this day and I would take nothing for it.

We stayed in Singapore for several days and it was the same thing day after day—buying this and that—trying to find something to send home to the folks. Picture taking, tours through the country, (that never amounted to a single thing) then we were ordered to Batavia, Java.

Batavia was a repetition of Singapore, unless I might add that the natives were the dirtiest I have ever seen, unless it was in Amoy, China. From Batavia, we sailed directly to Manila, to begin spring maneuvers, battle practice, gun drills, submarine training, everything that comes in naval life. I will skip that part of it and take you to Shanghai, China, the best liberty port in the world. By that I mean that you can have a better time, spend less, drink more, dance more, eat more, than any other port of it's size in the world. Russian dancers, Chinese "maidens," each or any of them could be bought for a dollar, Chinese money.

Before I go into that, I will attempt to explain the method of counting your money in China, especially in Shanghai. The value of the American dollar fluctuates each day, just like a popular stock on the New York Stock Exchange. For instance, your dollar today would be worth \$2.12 (Mex) meaning \$2.12 Chinese money. Tomorrow it would not be worth that much. Perhaps more. But we will take the average price of \$2.12, and find out how much you will have when you leave the bank.

I go into the bank with \$10.00 American money. The banker tells me the rate, gives me two ten's (size eight by twelve inches) a silver dollar, six twenty cent pieces, one dime and fourteen clackers (pennies the size of our half dollar). It takes twenty four of these pennies to make a dime, one dime and twenty-four clackers to make a silver dollar. (I get this) six twenty cent pieces, one dime and eight clackers to make one dollar. Mex! That looks funny I know, but the clackers, dimes, twenty cent pieces and half dollars (used in some sections, are known as "small money" and not worth as much as large money, or the silver dollar. Some stores will not accept money made during certain dates or during a certain reign, because of their superstition, and ignorance.

Counterfeit money, especially the silver dollars and as prominent as pennies are here. It is no crime to have counterfeit money in your possession, and if you are a greenhorn you'll soon have lots of it and will have to await the coming of some other "boot" to get rid of it. If you went into a store to buy something and offered payment in silver dollars, the attendant would ring each of them on the fingernail of his thumb. If it sounded "O. K." you got your purchase, if it didn't, you walked out without it and tried some other store. Eventually you will find someone who is willing to take a chance on getting rid of them to somebody else.

Paper money is not so prominent in China as the silver. It is not unusual to see a man with a bag of silver dollars in his hand. Sailors with pockets bulging with them is a common sight.

Shanghai, that mysterious, unknown city of the Orient, the one place in China where a man can do "almost" as he pleases. The rushing rickshas, pulled by a coolie—the low hanging signs, written in Chinese, the chants of the street peddlers, the whine of the Chinese violin with the drone, high pitched voice of the singer—wield, quaint. All of it so unreal, so fantastic. It just makes me shiver to think of it. But, to see and hear these things for the first time, it is for one to wonder that such a race of people could live and be called humans. Those people with their weird superstitions and religious' beliefs.

When I made my first liberty in Shanghai, and set foot on Chinese soil for the first time, the first thing that struck me so forcibly was a ricksha. A ricksha is a two wheeled cart, so balanced that when a person gets in the shafts will barely tilt and then the coolie or Chink as he is more commonly called will step between the shafts and away you go with a honking of horns, tooting of whistles or with the loud, shrill cry of "Cheela" (translated into English meaning "get out of the way.") The reason for this "striking acquaintance" is that when a sailor comes ashore, there are from fifty to five hundred coolies there, each with a ricksha, and each wanting the fare. The one who got me into that thing was a short, shriveled up fellow with a wonderful smile, who said nothing, but waited on the outskirts of the rushing mob to attract attention—and he did. I pushed and shoved my way through those fellows until my white suit was as dirty as though I had been shoveling coal in it all day—and that is the truth. The Chinese are very dirty, especially the coolie.

After shoving through the mob I got into this fellow's ricksha and directed him in sign language to the Y. M. C. A., the sailor's hang-out, until dark especially. Another reason for directing him to go there was because the Y. M. C. A. is located centrally in Shanghai and it is easy to find your way from there to places of amusement, (and other dives).

Alighting before the Y. M. C. A. I asked "how much?" and he replied "Much Money," and since he had brought me about ten city blocks I gave him \$20 Chinese money. He made an awful howl and asked for more, I foolishly gave him another dime and started away. He started howling again, and as I abhor notoriety I started to give him more when an Indian Sikh (policeman) intervened and asked me in perfect English how much I had given him, where he had brought me from, etc. I told him from the dock and he told the coolie to give me back my money and then he asked me if I had any coppers. I produced several, about ten I imagine, and the Sikh gave them to the coolie, struck him across the back with his baton, grabbed for his ricksha seat, missed it, and the coolie was gone. He explained to me that if he had gotten the seat of the ricksha the coolie would have had to appear in court, redeem the seat and lose his license for a week, and that meant starvation, but that it was the only way to protect the "new sailors" from extravagance. I thanked him, proffered a half dollar which he accepted, and walked away.

I entered the Y. M. C. A., made myself known to Mr. Brown, the secretary, was assigned to a room, cleaned up a bit, and went out looking for a place to eat. (And the fun began).

Chinese I love and always will be a mystery to me and most of us "ignorant Americans," so of course, being new to Shanghai, not knowing where to go, knowing no one that would direct me to a decent place, I accosted a friendly sailor on the street and asked where to

eat. He directed me to "Smoky Joe's," and called a ricksha, spoke to him in Chinese and away we went.

More nonking of those screeching horns, more "Cheela" and finally arrived at a place where I would be afraid to be caught after dark. Ill smelling, disreputable characters hanging around, ricksha coolie's apparently awaiting for someone, and over a dirty door was marked in badly written English, "Smoky Joe's." I gave the coolie ten coppers turned away. Nothing was said this time, luckily, because there wasn't a Sikh in sight.

Entering into that ill smelling place I was surprised to find a decently laid out American restaurant, the bill of fare plainly marked on the wall, clean Chinks moving about which I took to be waiters, and behind it all, there was one of the most evil faces I have ever seen or even dreamed of. Smoky Joe, himself in person. An over fat, large man, with eyes that pierced through your very soul, seeming to ask a question of every newcomer.

I was seated at a table near the entrance and placed my order with a soft footed Chinaman who seemed to know his business. He asked me in broken English what I would like to drink and since I was not in the habit of taking strong drink and not knowing what to order I asked him to send Smoky over, and the reply was "Maskee" (Which I learned later to mean, "alright") Smoky came over, I introduced myself and asked him what kind of good wine he carried. The reply astounded me, for these were his very words: "My friend, we serve here only the very best of wines, liquors and champagnes. Our guests are of the best for it is here that we have those famed parties of the admirals and the rulers of China." Frankly I was amazed at this statement for the appearance of the place was enough to discredit his statement, but I wisely held my tongue and ordered champagne.

Now champagne, as you old timers know, is a mild but most exhilarating drink, and I perhaps took it too freely, and since was my first experience with the good tasting drink I kept on. My dinner was served, and I started to eat and found some of the most delicious tasting food since I had left home. After the first course, I could not distinguish one plate from another, and Smoky Joe came over again.

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No. 1 Township News Of Interest

Many Attend Funeral Of Clyde Beason Who Was Killed. Mrs. Della Crawley Dead.

(Special To The Star.)

A number of our people attended the funeral of Mrs. Della McCraw Crawley at Cliffside.

Mr. and Mrs. Summie Allison and son Raymon and Mr. and Mrs. John Martin visited Master Jimmie Allison at the school for deaf and dumb at Morganton Sunday.

A number of our people attended the funeral of Mr. Clyde Beason at Mt. Pleasant. He got killed at Cliffside Sunday. Mr. Beason was well known here; Mrs. Beason being principal of Holly Springs school.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bridges spent Saturday night at Mr. Bate Blanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob Jolley spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Rome Davis.

Miss Eloise Mintz spent the week end at Mr. Paul McCraw's.

Mr. and Mrs. Rome Davis and

That is the last thing I remember but next morning at the Y. M. C. A., I was rudely awakened from dreams of, well—er—a just dreaming as most of us do occasionally. Was told by a shipmate that I was found seated on the curb, giving a coolie a twenty cent piece every time he taught me to say a Chinese word and what it meant.

(Other installments of League's story will follow).

Misses Bunah and Ferlene Davis spent last Monday night at Mr. Julius Price of Gaffney.

Mr. and Mrs. Deek Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Gil Lytle of Converse, S. C. spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Byars.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bailey spent Sunday with Mr. Frank Baileys.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Byars and Mr. Emmett Byars were visitors at Rome Davis Thursday night.

Misses Myrtle and Viola Bridges spent Sunday with Miss Beloa Hawkins.

Miss Lois Price of Cliffside spent the week-end with Miss Eloise Hamrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Mintz of Grassy Pond spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mintz.

Miss Ruby Humphries visited her grandfather Mr. Tom Phillips Friday night.

Mr. Horace Hamrick spent Saturday night at Mr. George Huskeys.

Mr. and Mrs. Sum Bridges, Miss

Mal Bridges and Mr. Tavo Bridges visited Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Humphries of Greenville, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Garland Hamrick and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Carvus Hamrick of Cliffside Sunday.

Mr. Raymon Hamrick spent Sunday at Mr. Grover Hamrick's of New Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bailey were visitors at Mr. Glenn Humphries Sunday.

Mr. Roland Hamrick spent Sunday at Mr. L. Surratts of New Pleasant.

Epworth League To Give Pageant.

A pageant, "The Fruits of His Labor," will be given by the Epworth League at St. Peters church, Sunday evening, April 7 at 7.30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend. No admission will be charged.

A Great Deal

Depends on the breaks in the game of life as this little incident proves: "Winter has lost it's snap," said a friend the other day. "Yes and I lost my shirt the other night" said a fellow in the next seat. We wonder how.

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