

# Wandering Shelby Youth Is Vamped By "Russian Princess"

Ted League Tells How Dance Girl Intrigued Him During Shanghai Stay.

(This is another of the series of articles by Ted League, local cafe employee, of his experiences while wandering over nearly a score of foreign countries.)

Our stay in Shanghai was lengthened for various reasons, (most of them from the war department) so I betook myself ashore again next evening to see some more of the town. This time, I was sure to keep sober as a preacher on Sunday.

I had heard quite a lot about the Russian girls living in Shanghai and working at the cabarets and numerous dance halls there. All of them were reported to be very good looking and very easy to get acquainted with. I was advised to go first to the Alcazar cafe, known for its good drinks, good dance floor and beautiful girls.

(Before I continue with this I wish to again remind you that I am still very bashful, forcing myself to do the things I want to do but haven't the nerve. Women were a

danger to be looked out for and I thought of that phrase my mother used so often in my boyhood days. "Ted, when you meet a girl or woman, treat her as though she were the Devil." These words had been instilled in my mind until I could think of nothing else at times and I attribute my timidity to that.)

I arrived at the Alcazar, earlier than I should have, and noticed several pretty girls grouped together in the back. I walked over to one of the numerous tables, seated myself and ordered gin and tonics. The cooie looked at me rather hard but brought it nevertheless. As soon as I had been waited upon, one of the girls came over and sat at the table with me and started a conversation in very broken English. She told me she was a Russian Princess but had to leave Russia on account of the revolution but that she expected to come into her own some day soon. I listened very attentively, getting more nervous all the time, trying to think of something pleasant to say to her but for the life of me I couldn't think of a thing. Thousands of things passed through my head but I kept saying to myself, "No, I shouldn't say that. I might hurt her feelings—that wouldn't be the right thing to say, I don't know her well enough—wonder if she would mind trying to dance with me—no, that wouldn't do, I haven't tried to dance since leaving home when I used to try to dance with my sisters—etc."

Thoughts like those were running through my head in rapid fire order until I finally said, "Will you have a ginger ale?" and as soon as the words were out of my mouth I knew that I shouldn't have said it for an expression of utter contempt passed over her face—I can remember it to this day—but she said very quickly, "I do not like the ginger ale you speak of but will you buy me one Cherry Brandy?" I summoned the cooie, ordered one Cherry Brandy and let her do the talking. Of course I believed everything she said—naturally I would do that, being nothing but a "boob" ashore in a foreign place for the second time.

Then she wanted to know if I ever got lonesome for the girls I left behind me, wanted me to tell her their names, etc. I couldn't say a word because I did not have any girls to remember, particularly pleasant things to remember about them, so I told her I didn't have any girls back home and that I was just a sailor trying to get ahead but she insisted that that was an old line and wanted to hear some thing different. Here was my chance to be somebody at last!

I fabricated a long story about all the girls I had known, how many hearts I had broken, how many times I had been married and made a literal hero of myself (?) and she listened very attentively, drinking a "Cherry Brandy" every time she wanted it, at fifty cents a throw—and the throws came pretty often.

Other sailors came in by ones, twos and threes, a few marines and some white people came in and seated themselves at the table next to ours. The dancing began, music furnished by three Russians—music

that I had never heard before—beautiful waltzes, fast fox trots, things that would make your blood run hot, and then I ordered Champagne.

Dierka, for that was the Russian girl's name, begged me to dance with her as it was only fifty cents for one dance. "You are so tall and handsome that I want my friends to see what a good looking man I have for the evening. Come on, please hug me just once—don't you like the poor little Russian Princess? She has to make a living doing these things that I don't like" (and a thousand other things that I cannot remember).

To make a long story short, I took a big drink of that Champagne, pulled up my trousers, made sure that my garters were tight enough not to fall off and away we went. I would step on her feet then she would step on mine; fast music; faster than I had ever marched to in the numerous parades we had, but I kept trying. All the time she would lean so close to me, pulling my arm around her a little further each time, and making me think what I had been missing all these years.

We "danced" several times, came two o'clock and the lights went out very suddenly while we were dancing. She threw both arms around my neck and kissed me for the first time. In fact she was the first girl I had ever kissed in my life. Oh! what a sensation! I'll never forget it as long as I live.

"You great big bashful boy, come on now and take me home. There is room for you too if you don't have to go back to the ship tonight." I started trembling all over at the mere thoughts of sleeping in a strange house, with Russian people everywhere and not knowing whether they would awaken me in time to go back to the ship or not.

Believe it or not, I refused absolutely to go with her but I offered to escort her to her home. "No, no, that will not do, you must spend the night; come on now, take the rest of that drink with you and let's go!" I went. Then came the dawn!

Dead on my feet, headache, corns hurting, feet swollen, my subconscious mind torturing me every moment—golly but my conscience had never been hurt so before. Really, I was ashamed to go back to the ship and face my buddies. I felt as though all of them would know where I had been, etc. But I went.

I didn't go ashore again for twenty-seven days after that. No, thank you, I had had enough of Shanghai. Then the ship was prepared for visitors day. Strange people came aboard, most of them women, all looking for something or someone. I was standing on guard at the ladder up my Russian Princess! I couldn't turn away—I couldn't speak. I could only stand there with my head thrown back, hand on my gun, and a strictly military appearance throughout. But inside I was boiling—to think that she should come to the ship looking for me. Just as soon as she came on the ship she went to the officer of the deck and asked for Mike Levinsky and told him he had promised to marry her and take her back to the states and that she had several letters signed by him to prove it. The O. D. read the letters, called the executive office on the phone, asked for the record of Mike Levinsky and was informed that there was no such man on the ship. Then the fun began. She raved and how! She said some things in Russian that none of us could understand but knew that it couldn't be printed in English. So to quiet her down the O. D. sounded general quarters (all hands on deck) and he took her by the arm and started to look at each and every man on the ship to see if she could pick out her Mike. She looked but all in vain.

My romance was shattered, knowing that there had been another man in her life, thinking perhaps there might have been several. The thoughts of it nearly drove me bug-house but I stuck to my post and was relieved at four p. m. and went ashore to forget her by drinking more Champagne. The more I drank the more I worried until I ended up in a Chinese shack. Taken there by the ricksha cooie without my knowledge but let come what would I was going to forget that woman, devil that she was. As I entered the door of the "shack" I was shocked at the almost nude appearance of the Chinese girls there. Fifteen of them with nothing on but a cape, or wrap I should say, and the man in charge asked, "Which one you like best?" My reply was "How much?" He said "How much you go?" Finally I gave him a dollar, picked out a girl after she had rather nonchalantly let her cape fall back that I might view her and she proceeded to entertain me for the evening. The show was furnished, music on a Chinese banjo and a cooie to sing for me. Wine was brought up and I dozed off to sleep, and forgot my princess.

Things like this began to happen every time I went ashore and then for some reason, our ship was ordered to Canton, China, a city further south and known for its many revolutions. That is where most of them are hatched out and fought out. Evidently one had started and some Americans were in danger.

(Another installment of League's rambling and exciting incidents while he answered the call of the wanderlust will appear later in The Star.)

# Western Films Now Losing Grip With Patrons Of Movies

Only Two Western Films Being Produced; Most Companies Will Produce No More.

Hollywood, Calif.—The Old West may be passing but much more rapid is the death of western motion pictures. What was once the leading form of screen entertainment for the youngsters of the land, and many of their elders, as well, soon will be no longer available.

A check of Hollywood film studios disclosed that only two western films are being produced. Paramount is singing the swan song to its western program with a last Zane Grey story starring Wallace Beery. When that is completed there will be no more. Universal is the only other western producer with Ken Maynard signed to star in a series of wild and woolly films. Hoot Gibson has just completed the last film under his year's Universal contract.

More than a half dozen young men of the plains who have thrilled movie fans of this and other countries with their reckless riding either are idle or have turned to other forms of screen endeavor.

Rex Bell, a Fox western star, is doing very well as a leading man in straight dramas. Colonel Tim McCoy, former First National ace, has returned to his Wyoming ranch. Jack Hoxie, Buck Jones, Yakima Canutt, Art Acord—all names once well known—are heard of but seldom in screen circles.

Tom Mix, one of the best known of the wearers of chaps and spurs, who demanded and got from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a week for a long time during the height of his popularity, is touring Europe on a vacation. Harry Carey, another old favorite in films depicting melodrama on the plains, has turned to straight dramatic roles and has just left for Africa to play the lead in "Trader Horn."

Bill Hart, dean of them all, is living quietly on his ranch near Hollywood. He comes into town frequently to get his mail and renew old acquaintances but the screen doesn't call.

Until a few months ago, a certain busy Hollywood corner was the gathering place for a group of cowboys—real ones from the grazing lands—who gathered there daily to swap confidences and discuss the easy money they are picking up in the pictures. They are scattered now—gone back to the cattle country or into other lines of endeavor.

While the popularity of westerns has been on the wane the talking pictures delivered the death blow. The public fancy has turned to the newer and noisier form of entertainment and the producers, lacking sentiment and quick to respond to the public demand, have shelved all western stories in favor of the more intimate drama depicted by the "talkies."

Whether the westerns will come back is debatable. Certainly they will if fans demand them but any such call at present is too weak to be heard above the chatter of the audible entertainment.

**The Upper Berth.**  
From The Detroit Free Press.  
"The discomforts of the upper berth" are under discussion by the American Railway Engineering association. The biggest one is the lack of a window to look out of in the morning before it is time to get up. If Pullman designers will stick in a second-story window, the "upper" will come into its own, particularly among those who appreciate a gentle cradle motion between sleeping and waking.

Of the 17 sons of J. B. Candrill of London, four are lawyers, two are judges, five are physicians, three are ministers and three are being educated.

### INDIGESTION

Taxi Driver Goes Back To Medicine He Had Taken When a Boy to Find Relief.

Nicholasville, Ky.—"Running a taxi is my business, and I am called out at all times, sometimes just before meal time, and this makes my eating as well as my sleeping very irregular," says Mr. Jesse Dickerson, of 302 Central Avenue, this city.

"I had indigestion, on account of this irregularity. I would feel very uncomfortable after meals. I would be constipated and have dizziness. I knew I had to take something. I remembered how, when at home before I was married, my mother would give us Black-Draught, and how she believed in it.

"So I decided to take it again. It sure did me good. I am glad to let others know what a good laxative Black-Draught is. It clears up a dull headache, and makes me feel like a new person."

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# The Presidential Handshake.

New York World.  
The time has come, it seems to us, when the president of the United States can safely and properly abandon the custom of shaking hands with every tourist who shows up with a letter from his congressman in his pocket.

There was a time, of course, when there was some justification for this practice. The idea was that the president should not be an aloof figure on a pedestal, but should be accessible to the common man; association with such citizens as cared to call, it was thought, was good for him as well as for the citizens. But times have changed. It is no longer practical for the president to have any extensive association with the common man, for if he attempted it he would have no time for anything else. Furthermore, the necessity for conserving his time—for placing a limit, that is, on the number whom he will receive—has completely reversed the character of the rite. Those who attend it are not now the generality of citizens. They are such citizens as have been able to exercise a little influence in order to be present; not much, of course, for a letter from a congressman is perhaps the easiest thing in the world to obtain, but enough to permit them to return home and boast that they have been recipients of an honor that is not open to the many but reserved for the few. In other words, what we have here is not an instrument of democracy but an instrument of snobbery of the pettiest and sleaziest sort.

The drain on the president's vitality that all this entails is obvious. On Wednesday Mr. Hoover shook hands with 1,757 persons and has been nursing a sore hand as a result. It does seem idiotic that we should go to such pains to obtain the best man we can for this office

### Man so Nervous Gets Sore When Spoken To

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and then subject him to such silly chore as this. In our opinion Mr. Hoover will do well to abolish the receptions altogether, or else, if he likes to retain the idea they represent, make a brief appearance at a gathering which all may attend, but which would involve no handshaking and hence no fatigue.

# 18 AIR PASSENGER ROUTES WILL START THIS SPRING

Chicago—Eighteen air passenger routes covering more than 14,500 miles will be opened during the spring and summer months according to a survey of the American Air Transport association.

The opening of the new lines will have a lowering effect on air passenger rates the association report said.

### MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon me in a deed of trust executed by R. C. Hicks, widower, and B. C. Hicks, widow, on the 23rd day of July, 1926, and recorded in book 136, page 230, of the register's office of Cleveland county, N. C., default in payment of the indebtedness there-in secured having been made and the holder of said indebtedness having requested foreclosure, I will on

Saturday, May 4, 1929, at 12 o'clock M., at the court house door in Shelby, N. C., sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder the following land, to wit: All that piece, parcel or tract of land lying in No. 9 township, Cleveland county, N. C., containing 128 acres more or less, and being more particularly described and defined as follows: Beginning at a pine stump, D. R. Hoyle's heirs' corner, and runs with their two lines N. 40 E. 40.3 poles to a stone; thence N. 77 1/2 W. 65 1/2 poles to a pine stump; thence with Lewis Evans' land S. 39 1/2 W. 39.9 poles to a stone; thence N. 79 1/2 W. 56.3 poles to a stone; thence N. 77 W. 28 poles to a stone, Everard Killmyre's corner; thence with his line N. 72 W. 62 poles to a stone; thence N. 77 W. 77 1/2 poles to Grassy branch; thence down the branch 10 poles to the road; thence with A. S. Peeler's line N. 68 1/2 W. 12 poles to a hickory; N. 25 W. 9 1/2 poles to a stone; N. 77 W. 25 poles to a persimmon, Annie Peeler's corner; thence with her several lines S. 10 E. 28 poles to a stone; W. 13 poles to a pine; S. 10 E. 13 poles to a stone; thence E. 13 poles to a stone; thence S. 85 E. 28 1/2 poles to a stone in the old road; thence

with the old road S. 5 W. 25 poles to a stone; thence S. 29 E. 17 poles to a stake in the branch; thence S. 6 E. 9 poles to a holly bush, W. J. Carter's heirs' corner; thence with their lines N. 8 E. 36 poles to a pine stump; S. 77 E. 93 1/2 poles to a stone; thence S. 1 pole to a stake, Charles Elliott's corner; thence with his line S. 61 E. 29 poles to a stake; thence S. 17 1/2 E. 12.3 poles to a stone, M. G. Canipe's corner; thence with his line S. 78 1/2 E. 58 1/2 poles to a stone; thence S. 28 E. 26 poles to a stone; thence S. 75 E. 64 poles to a rock; thence with J. E. Hoyle's line N. 5 W. 36 poles to a stone; thence with his line N. 22 1/2 W. 52 1/2 poles to the beginning, said tract made up of the tracts conveyed by B. C. Hicks to R. C. Hicks on March 18, 1926, by deed recorded in book 3-T, page 54; of the tract deed by C. R. Canipe and wife to R. C. Hicks November 6, 1917, by deed recorded in book CCC, page 265; and of the tract deeded by C. S. Lee and wife to R. C. Hicks, March 22, 1926, and recorded in book 3-R, page 593, all of the Cleveland county registry. The foregoing land will be sold subject to a prior encumbrance under a deed of trust to the North Carolina Joint Stock land bank, recorded in book 141, page 117, and a prior encumbrance to E. Worth Hicks recorded in book 136, page 226, and to unpaid taxes any and other prior lien, and the purchaser at said sale, in addition to his bid will have to satisfy said prior encumbrances to perfect his title. This March 30, 1929.  
BYNUM E. WEATHERS, Trustee.

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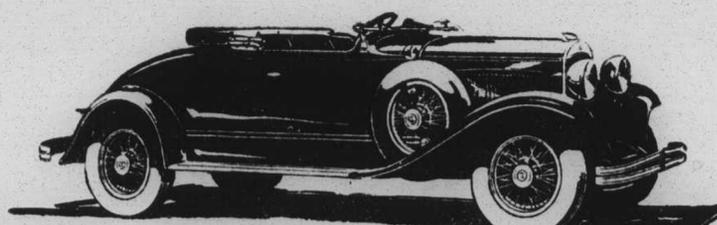
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