



Hollywood, Calif.—Add movie vocabulary "graveyard shift", meaning—players who work at night.

Who'd U 'Spose. What this flick bureau craves to know is: Who's the man in Baltimore who telephones Dolores Del Rio regardless of what town she may be personal appearance-ing in? He does. And he plays both violin and saxophone. Frequently he is reported as giving Dolores a telephone concert that lasts sixty minutes or so. Is this love—or has a rose been monickered another name?

Week-End Party. When Miss Del Rio arrived in Minneapolis on her "Evangeline" tour, Captain W. H. Fawcett, millionaire publisher, and his wife chucked a lavish week-end party in her honor, to celebrate her twenty-third birthday, at their gorgeous estate, Breezy Point Lodge, 150 miles from Minneapolis. Some ninety friends of the Fawcetts were present, including their prize motion picture magazine writer, Ruth Beery Claire Windsor, Harry Curtis, son of the country's Vice-President, John Raskob, and others. Verily, a good time was had by all.

Like A Woman! Before leaving Captin Fawcett's party I gotta paragraph what happened to Claire Windsor. The guests motored to the Breezy Point Lodge. They stopped for a minute in Little Falls, Minnesota, which, it seems, is the town where Lindbergh first saw the light. The entire population of L. F.—a few hundred—turned out to view the celeb. Suddenly a bulky woman shoved aside those in front of her, pushing a timid little man ahead of her. She waved a mighty fist at the startled Claire Windsor and shouted: "There she is. Take a good look at her!"

The poor man squirmed uncomfortably. "Yeah, you," yelled the woman at Claire. "Ain't I been tryin' to keep him from seein' your pitshurs for ten years? Look at her," she shook her provider. "That orta get 'er outta your head!"

Their real name department Irving Berlin—Isadore Baline.

Screenalities: What's this, one

years ago, direction Maurice Tourneur, with Seena Owen as the girl; Jack Holt, the mar; Wallace Beery, the disgusting German, and Lon Chaney in some character or other. Speaking of Chaney, he's still having trouble with his throat and will have to undergo another operation soon. After which, he is to rest for several weeks. Their real name department: Mae Murray—Marie Koenig.

Screenalities: Bessie Love has gone a-trekking vacation bound. But 'twon't be for long. Bessie must report for grease paint duty pretty soon in Van and Schenck's initial vocaloid, "Take it Big." Nancy Welford, who will bow in "The Gold Diggers," has leased a home in Laurel Canyon. Lew Cody's health is so vastly improved that he can take short trips when he darn pleases. Lew visited friends in La Jolla over the week-end. Bob Armstrong motoring to a lil' town nearby to get his wife outta jail. Um, she was arrested for speeding. Um, with the thermometer gone absolutely crazy, the James Gleasons staggered into scenes for "The Shansons of Broadway" wearing ankle length coon skin coats buttoned to the throat! Lili Damiti, the French mamselle, is en route to ye village aboard the good ship Bremen. Sure, with trunks loaded. And—that's all.

Hollywood.—It happened thus. Fox exeks wanted Lee Tracy's signature to a contract ere he flew east to open in Chicago in "The Front Page." All because Lee gives a performance in "Big Time" that'll stagger the most blase optics.

But Mr. Tracy had other business on his mind, and somehow or other couldn't do much about that contractual offer. The Fox exeks weren't so dumb themselves. They hatched a plan. Ergo, Lee was "taken for a ride." A contract ride. Before he reached his home he had signed the piece of paper that returns him to the Fox studio late this fall or in early winter. And to a picture that will be ready for him.

A Nifty. The Billy Wellman decided to send their five-year-old daughter Gloria to the progressive school. Mrs. Wellman set about teaching her, and how to count. Gloria had her troubles remembering to leave eight in the count. On this partik eve Billy sat listening to the youngest count. She rated a perfect score.

"Now, what comes after ten?" asked Mrs. Wellman. Gloria bowed her head on the table, deep in thought. She looked up now and then, and being urged to answer the question, artfully replied at last: "It feels like eleven!"

From The Past. By the by, Wellman is to megaphone Dick Allen and Nancy Carroll in Joseph Conrad's powerful story, "Victory." The flick was made

Sweet Adeline To Come Back Into Public Favor

Chicago.—Miss 1930 will be a "Sweet Adeline" type for you I pine kind of gal, with all the trimmings that go with the character, including long hair and a pensive look.

Ernie Young, theatrical producer, called the "Flo Zeigfield of the middle west," vouches for this important advance tip, and in thirty-one years of passing on feminine pulchritude and prognosticating styles and manners, he never has been wrong yet—at least, so they say. Right about face and Ernie will tell you all about it, and he ought to know, since in the interest of the theater and what-have-you, something like 500,000 girls, or from 12,000 to 15,000 a year, have come under his critical eye.

"The girl of next year will be an almost complete metamorphosis," Ernie declares. "She will be a madonna-faced sprite of the repressed type. But only outwardly. She will grow long hair, hide her cigarette and brazen manners and act the ingenuous jeune fille.

"Long hair is coming in because the miss of today has found that clipped locks militate against her both socially and in business. She has discovered also that she gets nothing by flaunting herself bodily before her elders.

"The dress Miss 1930 will wear will probably adopt a close-fitting line, with the skirt coming just above the knees."

Costumes, Young said, will be loud and startling in color, although plain in design. Stockings will be predominantly flesh-colored.

Shoes are to be wild enough to occupy a paragraph all by themselves if we may believe the theatrical producer. They will carry, in so far as the ensemble is concerned, the idea that there's a little bit of bad in every good little girl. And they will be checked for riot.

"There will be a noticeable decrease in the use of cosmetics," Ernie predicts. "Particularly will there be a much lighter technique with the lipstick. From the almost purple-colored lipstick of last year, the style in mouths will swing back to amaturel.

"Powder will be used sparingly, according to indication, and scents and perfumes will be of delicate and subtle kinds."

Of course smoking isn't going to be declared out, the producer said. But it won't be done openly in taxicabs, restaurants and public places, at least not by the majority. Cigar smoking by girls, which increased this year, will not be among the flouted accomplishments of Miss 1930. They are too hard on the lungs it was found, and really no fun at all.

"Miss 1930 will take a considerably greater interest in business and the professions than her sister of past years," Young promises. "The spirit of independence is assured and that's why more and more women are entering fields that formerly were looked upon as for men only.

"Money, in hundreds of cases of working girls, of my acquaintance, is little or no object. Independence is the thing they seek."

Exit the flapper, with her pineapple or windblown bob, her breezy careless manners and disrespect for her elders. Good-bye gin flask, too. Enter, the good-bad little girl, with appearances all to the good; the girl who is a reincarnation of "the flower o-o-oo' My Heart, sub-we-e-et Adeline."

Catawba Has Four Good-Size Families. Almost every county in North Carolina can boast of a few large families, but they are rare that can boast of four such families living within a mile from the two most distant with an aggregate of 47 children. Going from Newton toward Maiden on Highway 18, one can stop at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilson, four miles south of Newton, and there find 11 robust boys and girls. Less than a half a mile further down at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rudisill are 13 fine boys and girls, and then branching to the right for a very short distance and going to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Teard, 12 children may be found. From there a short distance down the Highway 16, less than a mile from Wilson's home, Mrs. and Mrs. R. R. Coulter have 11 children. Of this number 18 are girls. There are four girls in the Wilson home; Mr. and Mrs. Rudisill have five girls, of the 11 in Mr. and Mrs. Coulter's home are girls. A remarkable thing about these four families is that neither of them have lost a child.

The parents of these children came from the very best families in Catawba county, and with the exception of Mr. Coulter they are regarded as leading farmers of the county. Mr. Coulter has spent much of his life in the nursery business and is now proprietor of a nursery second to none in that section of the state.

A successful novelist is one who can write a book naughtily enough to get banned by the censors. When those diminutive automobiles get on the highways, drivers of 5-ton trucks will be more arrogant than ever.

How A Family Lives A Week On \$22 Pay

Mrs. Gladys Caldwell Tells Newspaper How Done, Her Day Starts At 4.

(Paul Blanchard in the Nation) I wanted to know how normal people lived on the average wage they were getting in a mill village of South Carolina. I was taken to see Gladys Caldwell in her four-room cottage. She met us at the door and invited us in.

As she talked, Mrs. Caldwell was vivacious and eloquent, with flashing brown eyes and flashing white teeth. From time to time she spit snuff into the fireplace with perfect nonchalance. Her husband came in before we were through, a big man, strong and steady-eyed. He is 30, she is 29. Here is her story:

Yes, I have a husband and five children. I'm a weaver, at least I work in the weave room fillin' batteries. I get paid by the day.

I get up at four to start breakfast for the children. When you got five young'uns it takes a while to dress 'em. The oldest is nine and she helps a lot. The others are seven, five, four and three. What do we have for breakfast? Well, bread and butter and syrup, usually. No, we get a gallon of buttermilk every day for 25 cents. The children like it; but don't take much to sweet milk. They ain't use to it. After I've got the children dressed and fed I take 'em to the mill nursery, that is, three of 'em. Two go to school.

My husband and I go to the mill at seven. He's a stripper in the card in' room and gets \$12.85 a week but that's partly because they don't let him work Saturday mornin'.

I get \$1.80 a day. That's \$9.95 a week for five and a half days. I work from seven to six with an hour for dinner. I run up and down the alleys all day. No, they ain't hardly ever a chance to sit down.

At noon I run home and get dinner for the seven of us. We have more to eat at noon. We have beans and baked sweets and bread and butter, and sometimes fat-back (fat bacon) and sometimes pie. If I get time to bake it. Of course I make my own bread.

It takes about \$16 a week to feed us. We get nearly all of it at the company store with jay flaps. They are the slips the company gives you for buying groceries with after you've worked all day. Then you can get your groceries right away and don't have to wait until the end of the week for your pay. If we don't have 'em some of the people would starve before the end of the week shore enough.

After dinner I wash the dishes and run back to the mill. There's a faucet with runnin' water on the back porch and a regular toilet there, too. You can see we have electric lights, but we don't have any heat in' stove.

When the whistle blows at six I come home and get supper. Then I put the children to bed. We have three double beds for the seven of us. The baby's pretty young. I 'spose all of the children'll go into the mills when they get a bit older. We'll need the money all right.

We've moved five times since we was married—that's 11 years ago. It don't cost much to move when you move a little way. But they ain't nothin' in movin' from one mill to another in the long run.

My husband reads a book once in a while but I don't get time. I went through the third grade in school and then when I was nine I went to work in the mill. My husband didn't go to school neither but he picked up readin'. Yes, we take a paper.

When supper is over I have a chance to make the children's clothes. Yes, I make 'em all, and all my own clothes, too. I borrow the use of a sewin' machine. On Saturday night I wash the children, and do the weeks laundry. It costs nearly \$2 a week. Our rent in this house is only \$1.30 a week, and we get the water and light free.

I always make a coat last seven or eight years. My husband gets a suit every two years but he ain't had one for the last six years. Things have been pretty hard. I like the movies but I haven't been to one in about six years now. I don't get time to go to church.

We been lucky about sickness. The children ain't been sick at all for years. Let's see, my babies cost \$25 except for the first one and that cost \$30. Taint every doctor that will do it for that. I never had any trouble. I worked up to two months before, mostly, and went back when the child was about four months old. I had to hire a colored girl when the babies comes. That cost \$7 a week.

Yes, maybe my children ought to get away from the mill village, but if they went anywhere they would go back to the farm and there ain't no use don't that. The farmers haven't got it as good as we have

Mr. Jonas Again? Charlotte News. The Cleveland (County) Star, ever vocal on things political, raises the interesting question: what will be the congressional fate of Representative Charles A. Jonas in 1930? The Lincoln Times, printed in Mr. Jonas' home town, reprints The Star's article and comments on it in headlines.

This ninth congressional district, The Star points out, is not normally Republican. Mr. Bulwinkle's defeat was a lesser phenomenon of the Hoover landslide.

Hence, The Star points out, Mr. Jonas' biennial task of keeping the seat which the good Lord and the voters furnished him is complicated by a possible reversion to type of the Democratic ninth district.

The Star suggests two men for the Democratic candidacy. One is Clyde R. Hoey, than whom Democrats and Republicans will agree there is none finer. Yet Mr. Hoey, who resigned a congressional seat once upon a time, is not likely to seek re-election, The Shelby newspaper continues.

The other prospective candidate is Mr. William Warlick, youthful attorney of Newton, a World war veteran, and a man constantly increasing in popularity. Then there are, according to The Star, numberless politicians in Mecklenburg that would cut each other's throats for the nomination. (Let us blush and swallow the statement with as good grace as possible.)

Mr. Jonas, in the brief time that he has occupied an office in Washington, has displayed an amazing knowledge of the political game as it ought to be played. He has contrived, through sundry and legitimate means, to solidify himself with many of the voters who sent him to the capital city. He has rendered his district laudable services, and that apparently without portraying the selfish Senator Sorghum.

Mr. Jonas is possessed of tact, a genius for getting his name in the newspapers in connection with legitimate and newsy activities, in engaging personality, a knowledge of legislative methods. He is possessed also, if The News may say so without seeming to boast, of an efficient and invaluable secretary in Mr. Thomas J. Revell, formerly connected with The News.

It is possible that Mr. Jonas, before November, 1930 rolls around, will succeed in convincing dyed-in-the-wool Democratic ninth districters that all Republicans are not poison. He may contrive to inoculate the voters, who cast their ballots Republicanwards but once in a purple moon, with the theory that a Representative from North Carolina who casts his vote with the majority in the House may serve the in-

terests of his district satisfactorily. In that case Mr. Jonas stands a better than even chance of being returned to the House. His prospects are further brightened by the almost inevitable fight that will ensue when the Democratic party in this section sets itself to name a candidate.

Yet Mr. Jonas' situation is to say the least characterized by elements of precariousness. A tradition of sixty years, violated once in 1928 because of Rum, Romanism, and Senator Simmons, may be resurrected and reinvigorated in 1930.

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that for the last few months had been in Gastonia. He stated that a traveling companion who was with him went on from York to Lockhart to distribute literature there. When arrested here Schultze was distributing circulars at the Travora mill. The operatives there seemed but little interested in his literature. The circulars contained vituperative matter about Gaston county officials and other persons there.

Margaret Wintermeyer, 22, of New York recovered her speech after an airplane ride, during which she received the "aerial scare cure."

Card Of Thanks. We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their sympathy shown us during the sudden death of my dear wife. Harris Mathes.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE. Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of W. R. Poston, deceased, late of Cleveland county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned administratrix on or before the 20th day of September, 1930, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

This 15th day of Sept., 1929. MRS. F. F. POSTON, Administratrix. C. B. McBrayer, Atty.

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