

# Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE

### If You Want To Know

Some old mean robbers robbed a bank in Kentucky the other day and got 8 dollars and 40 cents, and they would have got the other 2 dollars and a quarter if the president had not of had it in his pocket. And speaking of banks, did you ever hear about the man who entered a note for his very best and said he had to pay it and now a said friend won't even speak to me? Moral: If your friends really love you, let them piddle their own nose so you can retain their friendship.

New York, Dec. 4.—Private estimates from the soda jerkers under Hoboken caused December to drop 25 points, but the horse-jackers straddled and sold short, most of the punkin was predicted far south as Florida last night, on account of southern selling, riding precipitated a slant in arch contracts, and very few demands were made for call money. The man who has it now seems somewhat deaf since the stock market broke. . . . everybody except the men who become richer. The relief board is still busy helping the farmer, but nobody seems to know how. We advise raising in some-brew.

An old lady told me that she was at the county fair not long ago and she saw a hot dog jump out of frying pan and chase an old man, and from heresay reports, it is him right behind the smoke-house, but I don't believe a word of it.

Personally, I am very fond of cars and never miss them if I can possibly procure a pass to same. While meandering through one of the tents at our recent exploitation of the farmers' effort in our community, Mrs. Jones asked me which of the agricultural exhibits I liked best and I told her the "hoochy-hoochy," and she didn't seem to like it, but that's just the way some Baptists are.

Yo-yo-ing seems to be subsiding to some extent in our city. The school children have only 3 yo-yos piece now, and the old ladies have actually got down to only 4 to 5. It's funny how a craze runs its course and is soon forgot. Remember the walking stick mania of 19 and 25? And have you forgot the over-buckled garters of 19 and 20?

### NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed dated the 23rd day of February, 1928, and executed by C. Green to Mr. Oris Martin as a purchase price mortgage as shown in book number 139, at page 182 of registry of deeds for Cleveland county, which mortgage was given to secure certain indebtedness and default having been made in the payment of indebtedness thereby secured, the undersigned mortgagee will on the 27th day of November, 1929, at about 12 o'clock a. m. offer said land for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door at Shelby, North Carolina, which land is described as follows:

### Wakefield's Reminders

You must bring me flowers to get a reserved seat!



### Wakefield's FLORAL SHOP

5. LAFAYETTE ST. PHONE 120-803

This is a second mortgage to one held by the Federal Mortgage company of Asheville, N. C. Sale is subject to this mortgage. This 28th day of October, 1929. MRS. ORIS MARTIN, Mortgagee Lee T. J. J. Attorney. Administrator's Notice. Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Johannah Burchett, late of Cleveland county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same to me properly sworn on or before the 12th day of November 1929 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery hereof. All persons owing the said estate will please make immediate settlement to the undersigned. This November 12, 1929. F. L. SUTTLE, Administrator. Estate of Johannah Burchett, deceased.

## English Language Is Safe With Present-Day Cowboy

Phoenix Yelping Like Coyote About The Fiction Writers Who Make The Cowpunchers Talk Bad.

Phoenix, Ariz.—They's gold in them thar hills, stranger, and I reckon if I didn't have to rustle these yere longhorns down thru the injun country—

Stop right there, Phoenix, Arizona, doesn't like it. Phoenix is yelping like coyote, through the columns of local papers, about the fiction writers who make the cowboys talk bad grammar. According to Phoenix, the pellucid air of its own balliwick has nothing whatever on the pellucid English used by a preponderance of the boys in chaps, whose educated conversation rings out as true as their jangling spurs and whose culture is as broad as any that flung skyward at a rodeo.

You'd be surprised, especially if you have been reading those ill-informed stories of western life which induce in the consumer the erroneous belief that cowboys occasionally split an infinitive. They'd no more do that than shoot up a saloon, and every one has heard that prohibition came here long ago.

Observations of and conversation with cowboys autochthonous to Arizona and New Mexico compels the admission that Phoenix is right. There appears to be something about riding the range which makes for education. As a matter of fact unless you have studied plenty of languages, it is particularly impossible for you to attain the vocabulary needed for punching cows. Many cow-waddies address their herds in terms which go straight back to the fine old days of the Jutes and Angles; nevertheless, it is vigorously denied that the painted desert got that way because a waddy once stubbed his toe on a mesa.

A knowledge of the Spanish language is also part of the equipment

of every efficient cowboy; he would no more think of mauling his horse without a couple of carambas in reserve than he would think of leaving his six shooter back on the dressing table in the bunk house. What's more, his pronunciation in any language is absolutely accurate and if you differ from him on any delicate point you'd better be a pretty good shot yourself. Flung in his direction a few paragraphs from Cleere's Denunciation of Catiline, for example; or quote from the Vedda of the Hindus or any other dialect that sounds a bit approbrious; and the results will be enlightening. There is no tongue in which you can address him, especially if you employ gestures, without his having an instantaneous come-back. That's education, what we mean, and the same cannot be said for every graduate of Oxford.

In practical matters, also, the cowboy is right there with the Ph. D., LL. D., and Magna Cum Laude. Once he had to know only about roping the attacks of Apaches and cattle ticks. Now he is not acceptable in cowboy circles unless he possesses a knowledge of fence mending and wind-mill oiling. Lassoing grizzlies and other fauna used to be the high peak of his talent. Today he can take a motor car to pieces

and put it together again without having any parts left over—much. What surplus of spark plugs and cylinders may remain after this operation he uses as markers for the columns of Einstein on Relativity; Andre Maurois on Modern Ethics; or Masenfield's poems, which he always carries in his pockets. On the other hand he may use a volume of De Maupassant to eke out a space which none of the left-over cylinders seem quite to fit; for versatility is perhaps his greatest cultural charm.

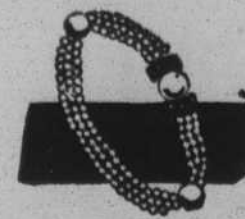
Seriously however—not that one would wish to be otherwise with a coterie that carries guns even under his arms—a sizeable percentage of former cow-waddies is to be found or, a representative list of important Americans. Look at John B. Kendrick, of Wyoming, who got to be governor and United States senator. Look at Colonel House, confidential adviser of President Wilson look at Tex Rickard, who, after being city marshal of Wichita Falls, Texas at the age of 211, was heard from in New York City; at the late Dwight B. Heard, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Phoenix, Arizona; or at Colonel Ike Pryon, of San Antonio, who—born in Tampa, Fla.—lost both parents at the age of 6, became self-supporting at the age of 9, followed the Union army during the Civil war to sell it newspapers and became president of half a dozen land cattle and water power companies

in Texas. Look at Fred H. Bixby, of Long Branch, Calif., college graduate, ranch sheep and cattle owner. Or at those other two college graduates, H. O. Harrison and Charles Howard, of San Francisco, who are among the biggest dealers in motor cars on the Pacific coast, or anywhere else. Look at L. C. Brite, of Marfa, Texas, cattleman, banker and multimillionaire oil magnate. Look at Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma, superintendent of schools in the Indian Territory, instrumental in turning Indian Territory into a state and later congressman. Or look at Will Rogers, also a graduate cowboy, who gets paid to talk exactly as Phoenix, Arizona, says cowboys don't.

Understood And Satisfactory. From The Kansas City Star. Since Professor Einstein has declared the American girls the most beautiful in the world, we're beginning to understand as well as endorse the theory of relativity.

In order to gain entrance to a store in Toone, Tenn., thieves bored 51 auger holes in a wooden door and removed the panel.

Because she said she made beer to keep her husband home, Mrs. Mary Cruz was freed by Judge Lellan Tuck in Pawtucket, R. I.



RINGS — WATCHES — TOILET SETS AND NOVELTIES

Now Selling at COST and BELOW— AT MORRISON'S

We are selling out our entire stock of JEWELRY, and the sale comes at a time when you will be able to effect wonderful savings in GIFTS. We have some beautiful things to offer you at prices you can not match elsewhere by half.

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Warren St., Next to Haines Shoe Store.

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# R-C-A CROSLEY

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