

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE



Emery Dust.

The New York banks now assert that Wall street conditions are again normal. That's right. The lambs have been sheared, the rich now have all the money and own all the stocks, and the suckers have either gone back to work or to heaven through the suicide route or to the jailhouse for stealing money to speculate with. Hurrah for normalcy!

This fall has just been one disappointment after another. Dresses have become 2 inches longer and the bottled-in-the-barn bootleggers have advanced booze from 2 dollars a quart to 4 dollars a pint and the tax levy in all communities has been hiked 3 or 4 mills and it has rained too much for the farmers to gather their crop and gasoline is fetching about 19 cents per gallon more than I am able to pay.

I saw another happy man the other day. He was in the asylum. He had on a nice suit of clothes. His shoes were better than mine. He was smiling from ear to ear all the time, but he was very, very busy. He was walking about over the grounds of the asylum picking up little pieces of tin-foil which he rolled into a ball; he then hurried across the driveway with each end every "wad" he could find and oiled them into some cracks in an electric light post. That was his daily job. And no bill collectors or past due notes or family rows pestered him. Gosh that guy had the world by the tail and nary a wight thereof was in sight.

Ten years ago, the would-be-well-to-do discovered that "An apple a day will keep the doctor away," and five years later, "Every day in every way, I feel better and better" filled the world with pep. But the doctor still comes regardless of the apples, and the "better and better" folks are all dead, more or less. Liver will soon be a thing of the past, and sunburnt backs will make their exit, and vitamins and calories will be found only in the dictionaries and the masses will return to salts, rhubarb and calomel for that run-down condition and shortness of breath. But just at the present writing, I

think Dr. Thumpsem's Rag-wheeled Tonic is helping me some.

The astronomers and astrologers have discovered the distances between the sun and the stars and the moon and the milky-way, but they have not told us yet how to collect a 2-months-old open account from a fellow who has bought a car and a radio and some lightning rods and a gas stove and an electric refrigerator on the installment plan and makes 14 dollars a week less than he owes by Friday night. Boys, let's get down to practical knowledge and shorter hours, and leave off this fancy stuff that don't mean anything unless you intend to teach geography.

I have been looking over my stock of 19 and 20 relics and souvenirs today. I found those 7 second mortgages that my friends skint me out: the Federal Land Bank owns the farms now. And those pretty gold-edged oil stock certificates, issued by the Keeper Squirtin Oil company of Kentucky at 1 dollar per share, and attached to same were some telegrams telling of new oil prospects which made me buy more and more. I never will forget or forgive that preacher looking stock salesman that sold me that stuff. And there were many other evidences of my weakness for getting-rich-quick. Nothing panned out. I lost everything except my specks and they made me cross-eyed.

Why Chickens Come Home to Roost
Congress is indeed a funny animal. By protecting (?) some minor industry representing the probable success of a few hundred people, they afflict 10 millions of worthy citizens with burdens that they should not be asked to bear. In my humble opinion, it would pay the government to donate 1 hundred millions of dollars to the selfish corporations rather than force the public to come across with 5 hundred millions of dollars by reason of the import duty-tax that is now a-boring.

But why should congress worry about the public? I heard the other day that during the last session of

congress, a piece of plastering fell from the ceiling in the main hall of the house, and 2346 lobby-ists were seriously injured. A lobby-ist is a fellow hired by the big interests to go to Washington to dictate the policies of the politicians who have been elected to office by the people so that the said big interests can gouge Mr. Common Laborer till it hurts.

And speaking of other forms of graft, have you noticed how much wider the loaded trucks are today than they were a year ago? For instance, the average paved road is 18 feet wide, and the average truck of the type I am talking about (loaded with cotton or merchandise or oil) is about 14 feet wide. Now when this giant meets a John Henry in the road, John Henry has the right to take to the woods, run under the truck, jump over the truck, or run into the truck. We are wondering if any of the highway officials would mind putting on a pair of specks and taking a ride some of these days and get some information that they ought to have?

Cotton Letter.

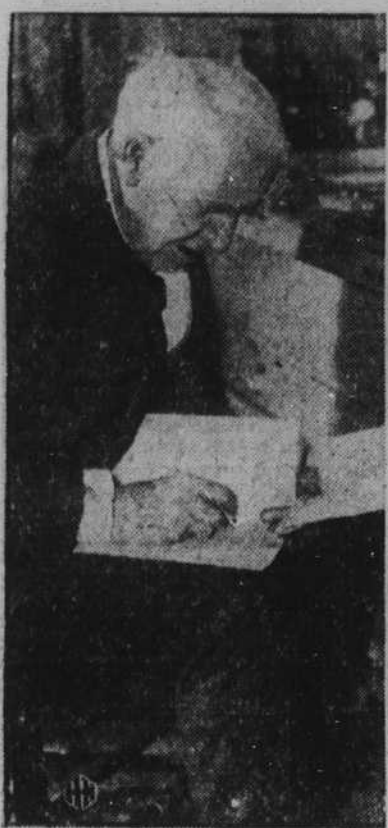
New York, Dec. 11.—In sympathy with Coca Cola, January sold off 23 points about noon, but as Uro Rat Pizen advanced \$10 a share, 1 point of this loss was regained. Southern selling and dull cables interspersed with Bombay hedging and Shanghai straddling, reduced New Orleans spots to a new low for the month. Some realizing took place with the shorts while the longs were raising the discount rate, but spinners takings were in keeping with the private estimates, therefore Hoover permitted the tariff bill to cover wash rags, underwear, onion sets and doll saw-dust, and thereby relieved the tension on brown sheetings at the ports. We advise larger margins and shorter wheel-bases.

Paris has discovered that it is necessary to make the bottom of the skirts out of heavier material. It has been observed that 999 flappers out of every 1000 (who sit down) immediately begin to pull at the

hems of their so-called dresses trying to get the same to stretch down over their knees. . . which they want somebody to believe that they desire hidden from vision. Up to date, only 1 girl has been able to stretch the short garment enough to prove of any benefit along this line, and in doing so—she broke the straps loose that go across her shoulders. Won't you please pass the gravy and hush that foolishness?

Try Sar Wants Ads.

Goldenrod Yields Rubber to Edison



Thomas A. Edison has discovered a process whereby synthetic rubber can be produced in commercially profitable quantities from the common goldenrod, one of America's most prolific weeds.

PRINCE ASKS CHARITY GIFTS FOR WEDDING

Turin, Italy.—Prince Humbert, heir to the Italian throne, wants wedding presents—lots of them—on the occasion of his forthcoming marriage to Princess Marie-Jose of Belgium; but only for other people. Through his principal aide-de-camp, the future monarch has let it be known that he and his bride wish nothing for themselves. These who really desire to please them may donate good round sums to charity or education. The prince particularly commends

the foundation of scholarships for poor students, as a worthy manner of feting his wedding.

Craven County Hogs.

Craven county farmers have sold co-operative carloads of fat hogs on northern markets this year. A new line of co-operative shipping was begun this fall with the marketing of a co-operative car of peanuts.

Delores Lee Dudley of New Philadelphia, O., has attained considerable fame as an evangelist at the age of 15.

Play To Be Given At Poplar Springs

(Special to The Star.)
A play, "The Old Maids Club," will be given at Poplar Springs church Saturday night, December 14.
The cast of characters follows:
Miss Luella Matilda Primrose president of club, Martha Hamrick; Miss Susan Jane Hopewell, vice president, Evelyn Patrick; Miss Maria Jane Hopewell, treasurer, Mozell Wilson; Miss Sallie Brown, secretary, Selma Lemons; Miss Dora Doolittle, Mary Sue Holland; Miss Faith Snowmorer, Gladys Lemons; Miss Julia Jones, Lola Wesson; Miss Maud Hopeworth, Cora Wilson; Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith, Alma Queen; Miss Viola Longfellow, Mallie Wallace; Miss Lucretia DeWitt, Ruby DeBrew; Miss Martha Weinbauer, Ruth Hamrick; Miss Lucy Rosebud, Lillie Martin; Miss Betsy Buhluet, Alda Wilson; Mr. Tommy Doolittle, "Old Maid's Pet", Alice Jones; Mr. Phillip Andrew James, newspaper reporter, Jim Allen.
This play is of length about one half hour. Come and enjoy yourself. December 14, Saturday night, at 7 o'clock. Proceeds to go for church.

YORK NEGRO CLAIMING 'POSSUM CATCHING HONOR'

York.—So far it has been a most successful season with Sam Wylie, well known colored hunter so far as the taking of opossums are concerned. According to Alton MacMackin of the force of the local Southern Public Utilities company, who hunts a lot with Sam, the colored man and his hounds have so far this season taken 114 of the mammals. "Sam never eats a 'possum," said MacMackin in telling about it—"just gives them or sells them to those of his white and colored friends who might like 'possum and 'taters."

Star Advertising Pays

Confesses Killing Georgia Professor

Elwell Hardegree Surrenders to Police And Admits Slaying Of Prof. Hamilton.
Atlanta.—The story of Elwell L. Hardegree, a cigar maker, who walked in the office of the Atlanta Constitution Monday night and said he killed Prof. Alexander Hamilton Johnson, of Hartwell, Ga., during the convention of the National Education association here last June, offered a possible solution for a mystery that has puzzled police for nearly six months.
Hardegree said he and Johnson had been drinking and that he beat the teacher to death with a brick after the professor attacked him while they were riding in the latter's car.
"We were drunk and got to fighting about who would drive. I was defending my own life," Hardegree said. "I know I didn't take anything. I just left."
He said he had visited Cincinnati and Montgomery, Ala., since the killing, but "this thing has been eating at my conscience and I want to get it all over with."
Identification Mark.
Johnson's body was found in his automobile on a residential street. Police said Johnson's companion on the night he was slain was a man with a "black eye." Hardegree said he had engaged in a fight the day before with a man "who hit me with an iron bar and my eye was bruised."
Hardegree was held on a charge of suspicion today pending further questioning and his appearance before garage employees who saw Johnson and his companion.
Hardegree said he told a World War companion, M. L. Padgett, of Monroe, La., of the killing at the American Legion convention at Louisville, Ky. He said he had been married twice and that he had a daughter, Mrs. Helen Marie Norval, living at 337 South Hamilton street, Indianapolis.

Market Reopened

The fixtures and equipment of the HOME PROVISION CO. has been purchased by Bert Canipe and will be opened for business THURSDAY, DEC. 12, under the management of Ernest Johnson, who will conduct the business at the old location next door to Paul Webb's Drug Store.

We will endeavor to give the Buying Public the best Fresh Meat, Fish, Oysters, Live and Dressed Poultry, at the very lowest CASH prices.

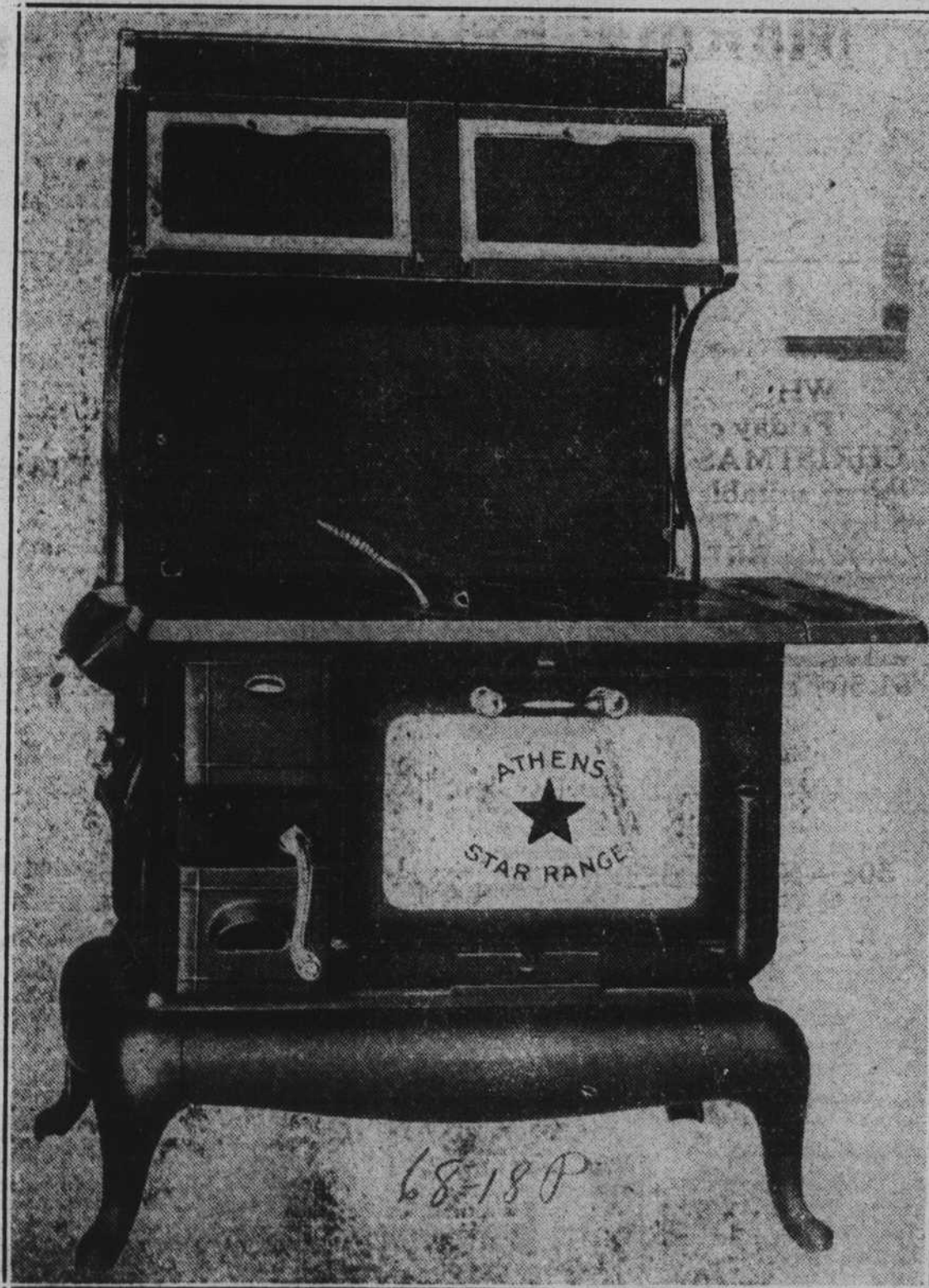
OUR OPENING SPECIALS ARE:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Pork Chops . . . 22c | Mixed Sausage, lb. 20c |
| Pork Roast . . . 20c | |
| Pork Steak . . . 30c | |
| Pork Ribs 22c | |
| Country Style Pork Sausage 25c | |
| Good Beefsteak, lb. 25c | |
| Prime Beef Roast 20c | |
| Choice Rib Stew Beef 15c | |
| Hamburger Steak lb. 20c | |
- We will also have a good variety of Fresh Fish which we dress without extra charge.
- We invite the public to visit our store and compare the prices and the quality with others.

CASH MARKET

ERNEST JOHNSON, Manager.

"WE SELL FOR CASH AND WE SELL FOR LESS."



NOW is the time to BUY!

STERCHI'S

RED STAR RANGE

\$59.85

\$10.00 ALLOWED

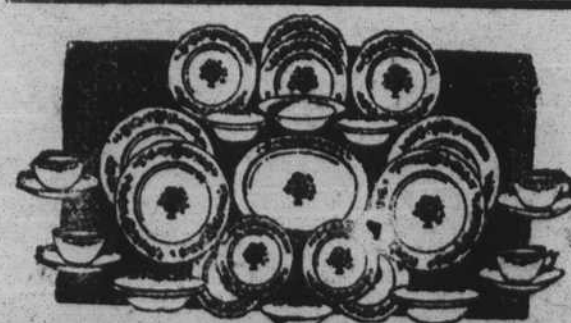
FOR YOUR OLD RANGE

Regardless of its age or condition we will credit your account with \$10.00 for your range on the purchase of a RED STAR Range. This week only.

The Greatest VALUE We have EVER offered!

STERCHI BROS.

—NEXT DOOR TO A. V. WRAY—



FREE

With each one of these Ranges sold this week we will include, at no extra cost to you, one of these beautiful 32 Piece Dinner Sets.