

SHELBY, N. C.
MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — FRIDAY
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

By Mail, per year \$2.50
By Carrier, per year \$3.00

THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
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Entered as second class matter January 1, 1906, at the postoffice at Shelby, North Carolina, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. We wish to call your attention to the fact that it is and has been our custom to charge five cents per line for resolutions of respect, cards of thanks and obituary notices, after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

MONDAY, DEC. 16, 1929

TWINKLES

The burning question of the hour in many homes this season of the year, says The Mecklenburg Times, is "Who will get up and start the fire?"

Some wise fellow in the past declared that the average man could tell everything he knew in three minutes, and in The Charlotte Observer we read a headline that "Congressman Fish (New York) Tells Hoover All In Two-Minute Interview." And that's about our idea of some Congressmen—and Senators.

Last week The Star had occasion to mention the rapid growth of Forest City, the neighboring Rutherford town to the west. Since that time we have heard many complimentary remarks, from citizens of Shelby and elsewhere, regarding the very alluring method Forest City has used in decorating the business section for Christmas. A town should advertise just as well as a business firm, and Forest City certainly is receiving some very valuable advertising.

DUKE STILL BUILDING.

ONE MIGHT PERMIT the imagination to work freely in thinking of the future Duke university. The men behind the scenes, building what will be one of the world's greatest universities, are going at it step by step and are not unmindful that every angle must be well taken care of. One of the latest moves, and one that will, undoubtedly, have much to do with the growth of Duke, was the employment of Henry Dwire, of Winston-Salem, an able newspaperman and executive of ability proven by experience, as public relations counsel.

AND SHE IS NOT LISTED AS A WAGE
EARNER AT ALL?

BEFORE VERY LONG, as The Gastonia Gazette notes, the census takers will be out gathering their information about America's population. These census takers ask several questions, and one is the occupation of the person being listed. It has been the custom not to list a woman as a wage earner unless she goes out into the world as a stenographer, business woman, teacher, or nurse. Concerning this item Collier's Weekly carried the following very interesting editorial:

"She never 'earned' any money. She lives on a farm. She is somebody's mother, maybe your own. She has earned no money. No, but in her thirty working years she has served 235,435 meals; she has made 3,190 garments, 35,500 loaves of bread, 5,930 cakes, 7,960 pies, 1,500 gallons of lard; she has grown 1,525 bushels of vegetables and 1,550 quarts of fruit, she has raised 7,860 chickens, churned 5,460 pounds of butter, put up 3,625 jars of preserves, scrubbed 177,725 pieces of laundry, and has put in 35,640 hours sweeping, washing and scrubbing.

At accepted prices this work is worth \$115,485.50. She has no bank account to show for it. She can't retire on her savings, she has to keep on. Not earnings, no. How do you define the ordinary American woman's contribution to her family's wealth—and to the nation's wealth?

COMING PRIMARY AND ELECTION
WILL BE WARM.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT but what the next Democratic primary will be a campaign in which there will be as much or more interest than developed during the Al Smith—Hoover fray, provided, of course, that Senator Simmons is opposed in his own party. If he is not the election in the fall will attract more interest than has a Republican-Democratic contest in this State in many, many years.

Practically every politician of note in Eastern Carolina has been mentioned as a rival to Simmons, but as yet—unless J. W. Bailey gets one out after this is written and before it appears in print—none of those mentioned has formally entered, because the majority of them realize that what type of battle it will be. Much of the interest in the approaching ballot battles will be a carry-over from the 1928 election due to the Simmons stand against the Democratic presidential nominee. But there are other things which will add to the increasing ardor of the prospective fray. All of North Carolina, even in the Democratic party, has not been in love with Simmons long before 1928. Still others, perhaps believing as Simmons did last year, want to see the end of the Simmons "machine," which the aged Senator termed a "myth." And then the Republicans see the best opportunity ever of seating a Republican in the United States Senate as the warring Democratic factions fight their party battles.

Speaking of the political gossip concerning the senatorial race The Roxboro Courier says: "All sorts of rumors come out of Raleigh, especially from Tom Bost's headquarters, the latest being that Senator Simmons may decide not to run for the Senate, but retire in favor of Mr. McLean. To our mind there is one thing, and only one thing, which will prevent the Senator from entering the race, and that thing is—Death."

GARDNER'S GREATEST CAMPAIGN, IF
IT IS SUCCESSFUL.

EACH YEAR THE PEOPLE of North Carolina send 250 million dollars out of the State for food and feedstuff. That is enough money, it has been figured out, to pay all property taxes, town and county for four years. Furthermore it is almost twice as much as the State has spent for roads in 10 years. If the big sum was drawn proportionately from every citizen, it would mean \$81 from the pocket of every man, woman and child in the State each year, or over \$400 for every average family.

Give that some deep study. Then recall that this week Governor Gardner will give a banquet to 200 North Carolina newspapermen at which nothing but North Carolina food will be served. The newspapermen will be his guests because they, better than any other profession, can get the idea before all citizens.

Think how much more prosperous this State would be, individuals, communities, counties, and all if that gigantic sum could be kept at home each year? It could be. North Carolina can produce practically everything for which the 250 millions are spent. It is Governor Gardner's major aim to get the people to see it, and if he is successful, he will have turned out his greatest benefaction for his State.

His home county, held up as an agricultural leader, could profit thousands of dollars by following his advice—advice he gave time and again before he left Shelby for Raleigh. Cleveland county with farmers unexcelled nowhere in the South sends thousands of dollars out of the State each year for hay and other feedstuff. Cleveland county with one of the South's best known creameries, the home of a butter known all over the country, lacks quite a bit of producing all the milk consumed in the county.

Nobody's
Business

GEE McGEE—

Stumbling Blocks About The Home.

There are many things in and around the home to stumble over. Some of them are bad but most of them are worse. I have been stumbling over things left in the way for about 20 years, and it now affords me much pleasure to tell the world of my troubles of this nature.

About the most terrible thing I ever stumbled over was a tricycle my baby left in the sitting-room one night. I got in from prayer-meeting about 8:30 after having heard a very satisfactory discourse on Job and his patience. I opened the front door and walked in as usual. My left foot landed on the back axle of that tricycle and I stumbled for 10 solid minutes and woke up the next morning in the hospital.

On another occasion, I got in just about good dusk. It was very dark, however, in the hall, I had a nice present for my wife. Her 35th birthday had arrived for the 7th consecutive time. I had a pretty good business all that week, and didn't stint myself for a wonder. I bought her the nicest vase Kress had. The vacuum cleaner had been left in my way. I stepped on the suction end of it, the handle flew up and bluffed me in the face and I landed 14 feet further down the entrance and lodged against the bathroom door. . . . minus 2 teeth and nearly 1 eye. (The vase got broke).

One Sabbath night after preaching, we had a few friends to come home with us. They sat till we had eaten up practically everything about the house and then they went home. One of the girls forgot her umbrella. She left it open in the sitting-room. But I didn't know it till 2 days later. I got up to answer the telephone about 11:45 p. m. I thought the front door was open, so I proceeded to close it, but before I got to it, I stepped in the umbrella. Two of the ribs stuck in a knee apiece, and the bars that hold the ribs got rung around my toes. I fell forward. The door kissed me on the nose, and when I tried to right myself, the hat-rack caught me on the back of my head. I collected 65 dollars accident insurance that time, so I was rather glad the phone rang.

But I shall never forget "her" knitting basket. She was then and is still a terrible knitter. Well, she left that in my path one night when I was in a hurry. My right foot forced itself into the basket and stayed put. Two of the knitting needles entered my ankles. I began to slide then, trying to get loose. The floor had been waxed. I slithered and black-bottomed around over the room for about 3 minutes, and succeeded in busting my shin on a rocker. The ball of thread in that basket got all tangled up around my lower extremities, and I stumbled 14 different times, and got a terrible lick between the corridor and back door. When I was discovered the next morning, I was so completely tied and bound, the undertaker first thought I had been hatched in a setnet and fetched home in it. My doctor charged me only 25 dollars to stitch me up, and I had to pay it myself that time; my accident insurance had lapsed. And then, there are skates and yo-yos and scouring

mops to stumble over also.

"But The Way."

Jake Johnson who works a small farm for me on "halves" ambled into my office the other day and said: "Boss, dat stallment agent has done come for my sewing machine or the monney." I asked him which installment agent; he replied:—"Why, a nice gentleman come to our house last fall and tuck and sold us a machine nearly all on credit, and we done gone fur as we can wid it."

I learned that the poor old nigger had bought a 20-dollar sewing machine for only 80 dollars. By selling his corn and chickens and 2 pigs, he managed to pay 65 dollars on his debt. He paid 25 dollars down and has been turning over 5 dollars a month ever since that time. The cloth in their house in 2 years. The old lady couldn't sew on a machine if she had the cloth to experiment with, but a slick agent and a gullible pair met and something happened.

Some folks will buy anything that they can get on credit. The great-

RUPTURE EXPERT
HERE

E. J. Meinhardt, of Chicago, the well-known Rupture Shield Expert will personally be at the Cleveland Hotel, Spartanburg, S. Car., on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, from 9:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M. only.

NOTICE—Only gentlemen are invited to call at the time as special arrangements will be announced later for women and children. There is no charge for demonstration.

Mr. Meinhardt says: "The Meinhardt Rupture Shield" will not only retain the Rupture perfectly, but it exercises and strengthens the weakened muscles—thereby contracting the opening in 10 days on the average case, usually giving instantaneous relief, without standing all strain regardless of the size or location of the Rupture.

"The Meinhardt Rupture shield" has no understraps. It is also perfectly sanitary and practically indestructible and can be worn while bathing.

Rupture often causes Stomach troubles, Backache, Constipation, Nervousness and other ailments which promptly disappear after the Rupture is properly retained.

SPECIAL NOTICE—All customers that I have fitted here during the past five years are invited to call for inspection for which there will be no charge.

Please note the above dates and office hours carefully. Business demands prevent stopping at any other city in this section. (This visit is for white people only.)—E. J. Meinhardt, Home Office, 1551 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago—adv. 2f-13

DR. H. C. DIXON
DENTIST
Office Over Woolworth's.
TELEPHONE 195

est opiate that has ever been invented is "only 2 dollars down and the balance on the easy-payment plan." There is no such thing as an easy debt to pay. I was in the house of one of my tenants not long ago and I saw 10 bottles of dropsy medicine sitting on the fire-board. I asked the wife who had the dropsy and she said: "Nobody, but the agent was so good to us, we just bought it. There ain't no telling when some of us might be took down with the dropsy, and then the medicine would come in mighty handy." They were paying only cents a month on the 20 dollar obligation.

Old Uncle Aaron Bird bought 10 volumes of "Beyond The Grave Comes Peace." Not a single member of the family can read a word, but Uncle Aaron explained that the preacher came around occasionally and read some to them. He said they were mighty fine books. I observed that he had also bought a large wall map for which he paid 4 dollars. No one in the house held knew the difference between Texas and the Pacific ocean, and they thought the Panama canal was something to eat. They all seem to enjoy getting up the money for the collector, and they said they always had it ready for him. He was mighty kind; he had never sent them no duns by mail, so Uncle Aaron said. Billhu Smoak paid 2 hundred and 25 dollars for a set of lightning rods for his house which is mortgaged for twice as much as it is worth. He got easy terms. Sam Weller had a range in his kitchen that carried a 98-dollar balance on the mortgage. His little hut was rented and it took real scrambling to meet the weekly rental demand. Old Aunt Dinah Green showed me the pretty bedroom set, consisting of a bowl and pitcher and 5 other pieces. It was trimmed in purple with a gold stripe. She never used it any herself and never let anybody else have that privilege. She got it delivered right in the company room for only 27 dollars and 45 cents. The poorer the family is the higher prices they are willing to pay for junk or non-essentials.

Uncle Sam's Idea
Of A Girl's Form

Washington—Broadway theatrical producers may have their own ideas of the measurements for the glorified girl, but Uncle Sam has given the stamp of approval on certain sizes which will, to say the least, impress the public.

These sizes have been issued by the bureau of standards in the course of studies on standardization for dress patterns. They were prepared by a conference of representative manufacturers and merchants.

The "standard lady" or "thirty-four" should have bust of that measurement, 28-inch waist and 37-inch hips, the third dimension taken seven inches below the waist line. The famed "perfect thirty-six" of bygone days, which lost its appeal to the slender boyish type, should have a 31-inch waist and 39-inch hips, according to Uncle Sam.

Other sizes ranging from a 38 to 50-inch bust, with waist ranging from 32 to 44 inches and hips from 41 to 56 inches, were listed as standard.

In cases of "misses" the standards

Baby's Colds
Best treated without
dosing—Just rub on
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OVER 12 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

start with 14. A 32-inch bust, 27-inch waist and 36-inch hips are essential to be in this rating. The ever-popular sixteen-year-old has a bust of 34 inches, waist of 28 inches and hips of 37 inches; the 18 size, 36, 30 and 29 inches, and the 20 has 38, 32 and 41 inches.

Dumb.
"Do you know Adolph, the butcher boy? Well, he just dropped six feet."
"Er—Sixty feet! Did it kill him?"
Dumb—"No, they were pigs' feet."

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