

Sunburn Habit May Burn Up The Brain, English Writer Thinks

Sun Rays Good For Body Not So Good For Mind, Talks Summer Resort Habits.

It is very comforting, as one clings like a stranded clam upon these scalding rocks at Cannes to remember that the sunlight is stimulating the corpuscles, encouraging the lungs and definitely averting the danger of rickets, write Beverly Nichols in the London Daily Mail.

That is to say, it is comforting if one considers only the welfare of the body. But if one occasionally considers the welfare of the mind—a low habit which, happily, is sternly discouraged by modern society—sun is not quite so comforting.

For it is clearly evident that the sunburn habit is rapidly developing into a mania. By all rights the summer season should be over, was one of the principal reasons why I came down here.

But it is still in full swing. Wives whose husbands are dictating longer and longer telegrams every day demanding their return are deliberately throwing those telegrams away (they are usually mutilated beyond comprehension in any case), and spreading themselves out in com-

SHE HAD GIVEN UP HOPE, SHE STATES

"It is simply astonishing the way I began to gain strength and feel better with the very first few doses of this wonderful Sargon."



MRS. MINDA HARRIS

"For four years my stomach was out of order. My food didn't digest right and sometimes I'd feel like I'd suffocate with the gases that would form after meals. I was so nervous at night that I seldom slept more than an hour at a time. Constipation and headaches gave me lots of trouble, and rheumatic pains were so bad that I just about gave up hope of ever being well. Since taking Sargon, my stomach doesn't give me the slightest trouble. I'm not nervous either, and am so much more active and energetic my friends hardly know me. My rheumatism doesn't bother me like it did. I sleep good and get up in fine spirits. Sargon Pills are wonderful and regulated my bowels perfectly."

—Mrs. Minda Harris, 27 3rd ave., Greenville.
Sargon may be obtained in Shelby at The Cleveland Drug Store.—adv

plete oblivion upon the sand to taste the last biting kisses of the sun before it fades.

It is like the last act of Ibsen's "Ghosts," where the curtain descends on the fevered words of a madman: "Give me the sun, give me the sun!" It is not a mere passing phrase. People are definitely planning their lives so that the tan will never leave them. A new snobbery has been born—the snobbery of tan.

Malice In Atmosphere.

Of course, at really formal and dressed up affairs, where the men wear tops to their bathing suits and the women wear lip-stick with their the primeval passions of jealousy and hatred are temporarily moderated, for the simple reason that there is not so much bare skin in evidence.

But on all other occasions the atmosphere is charged with malice. Watch any little group of women on any of the crazy terraces which are hewn from the solid rock all along this fantastic coast. Study them during the entry of one of their sisters who has flushed a deeper shade of brown than any of them. An expression of sickly loathing gradually appears on all their faces. Their lips droop, their eyes water, and their nostrils curl. The object of their hatred, who is perfectly aware of the misery she is causing, discards as much clothing as is permitted by the Code Napoleon, and struts round purring patronage.

She goes up to a friend, who is already so dark that in London one would be tempted to suspect her antecedents, and says, "Darling, if this is your first day, do be sure not to overdo it."

To another, who is glowering in a corner like a crimson danger-signal, she says, "Angel, what a relief to see a natural skin again. Poor me. . . and waves in front of her a coffee-colored arm which the crimson woman would take supreme pleasure in biting.

But these episodes are only the minor examples of a general madness. I believe the sun is actually burning up the brains of many of the people who are offering themselves, like human sacrifices, before it.

Do you remember the mesalliances of the war. . . the matches which were solely due to the glamor of a uniform? In the early days of peace the cheaper divorce courts resounded with the confessions of disillusioned wives who admitted that when the puttees had been folded into the ottoman, love had flown out of the window.

The more extensive divorce courts told the same tale, only in these cases the disillusionment was described as "alienation of affection."

Exactly the same thing is happening down here, except that the glamor of the uniform is replaced by the glamor of tan. A brown youth drifts into the life of a bored woman. In this roccoco setting, where the chiming of the clock are only heard in the rattle of a cocktail shaker, where the days are a brilliant bewilderment of blue and the nights of deceptive interlude of purple, romance blooms as easily as the clematis on the scarred cliffs. And as easily dies.

Card Of Thanks.

We wish to thank the people of this community, also the nurse and doctor, Miss Ophelia Hames, and Walter J. Lackey, for their kindness and loyalty through the sickness and death of our dear mother Mrs. A. D. Hamrick. May God bless you all.

—THE CHILDREN.

NORTH CAROLINA'S DEBT 3RD HIGHEST

Raleigh.—With the third largest gross bonded debt in the United States, the state of North Carolina will have taken up all of her present outstanding bonds by 1966, provided the state is able to meet her obligations as the bonds mature and provided the state debt is not increased to any great extent in the interim.

The Raleigh Times, in a story based on figures compiled for it by W. F. Moody, deputy state treasurer, and O. M. Jones, senior accounting clerk in the office of state treasurer, says that bonds now outstanding against the state of North Carolina total \$165,340,000, and that this indebtedness is only exceeded by the states of New York and Illinois.

If bonds authorized, but not issued, were added to the authorized and issued bonds, the state debt would reach a total of \$182,297,000. The bonds authorized but not issued total \$16,957,000.

The huge debt of the state was brought about in the main by the issuance within the past 10 years of \$111,000,000 in highway bonds—which was used to build in this state one of the finest networks of good roads to be found in any state in the union. The last general assembly authorized the issuance of \$4,000,000 in highway serial bonds, to mature from 1942 to 1948, but this issue has not as yet been issued.

With the exception of \$45,000,000 of the bonds, the state sinking fund will retire \$65,000,000 of the highway bonds along with bonds authorized for other state purposes. Mr. Moody said. The \$45,000,000 in bonds that have no sinking fund provision will be retired as they mature from funds collected by the highway commission.

Ike's Tale

Dear Star Readers:

Hit wuz a cold nite but we had a good fire tu set by fur soan as Sal got dun washing fur Gus Richard she hurried home an toted up enuf wood tu do til mornin, which is a part of what every woman ought to do.

We generally set up purty late if we have a good fire and can think of anything tu talk about. I like tu set thar an arter lean over agin the chimney jam and chaw tobacco with my eyes about half shet and think about the devilment me and Decatur Warlick use tu du when we wuz young. I've about quit my meanness now, but Decatur is jist as bad as ever, they say. I sat thar tuther nite and watched Sal dip snuff and a spurtin spit all over the back-log till she liken tu a put the fire out and I say unto you that she is a darn site uglier than I ever thought she wuz—she will git worse tu, as she gits older, I'm afeerd.

Strangers air ailers a throwin hit up tu me that Sal must a bin raised down at Snelby, she is so plain and homely looking. But she is of the stock that cum from way back above here in these South Mountains. How cam me tu find her and git acquainted wuz one time jist before Christmas, like hit is now, Frank Morrison went up in thar tu see if he could trade off some dollar bills fur some good corn whiskey, and he run up on Sal a helpin her daddy make sum moonshine, fur he wuz a gittin old an broke down and heeded her tu help fur all his boys wuz grown up and had good jobs on the chain gang. Frank brought back such a good report of that mountain country and of the inhabitants thereof that I got me two jugs in a sack and started out, not knowing whither I went, like Abraham of old. So, this is how me and Frank found Sal, and this thing got started but no one can know when or how it will end, but I will say this much and risk the consequences: Durn Frank Morrison fur ever making that trip up in them mountains?

Sal can't read and hits a good thing she can't or she woud a side-swiped me long ago. I guess, fur tellin things this way. But what else can a teller or but talk? Trouble is sorter like the tooth-ache—hit gits worse if you don't do sumthin fur hit. She run me off agin tuther nite—rite out in the rain and Bill's folks let me sleep in thar bed till about dinner time, and soon as I got sober I went back home and I told Sal what I thought of her and about everybody else. An now I sorter dread hit fur Christmas is a coming an purty close and I know how I am.

I hate tu ax the Governor tu order out troops tu Casar tu keep Sal offen me through Christmas; so if any of you know of any lady that wants Sal they can have her if they will pay the freight on her. But I don't want em tu cuss nor abuse her, if they can help hit, fur she has done had enough of that.

IKE.

Soon A Freak Will Be Man Not Named On Hoover Commission

Washington.—It won't be long now before the newspapers are printing photographs of the man who doesn't belong to one of Mr. Hoover's commissions. The fellow's distinction doubtless will be so unique and solitary that he will be offered movie contracts.

But if there should happen to be any unsolved problem left which has no commission of its own, the president doubtless will disqualify him from future claims to fame by repairing that error of omission.

There are, of course, millions of Americans who are not yet members of a Hoover commission and quite a few problems with which no committee has been appointed to deal. But just give the president time. He's organizing commissions as fast as he can.

He's Keeping His Promises. His message to congress bristled with reports of commissions already organized and the promises of more to come. Both he and Al Smith were busy promising all

kinds of commissions in the last presidential campaign and now Mr. Hoover is giving an astonishing demonstration of the fact that a president cannot only keep some of his campaign promises but can also go far beyond them.

The president believes that it is far better to have one man to boss a job than a group of two or more men with equal powers. But he loves the commission idea for all sorts of research, study and recommendation.

He reports a difficult problem in Haiti, "the solution of which is still obscure." So with the approval of congress, he would send a commission there to study and try to arrive at "some more definite policy" than is represented by our 700 marines now stationed in Haiti.

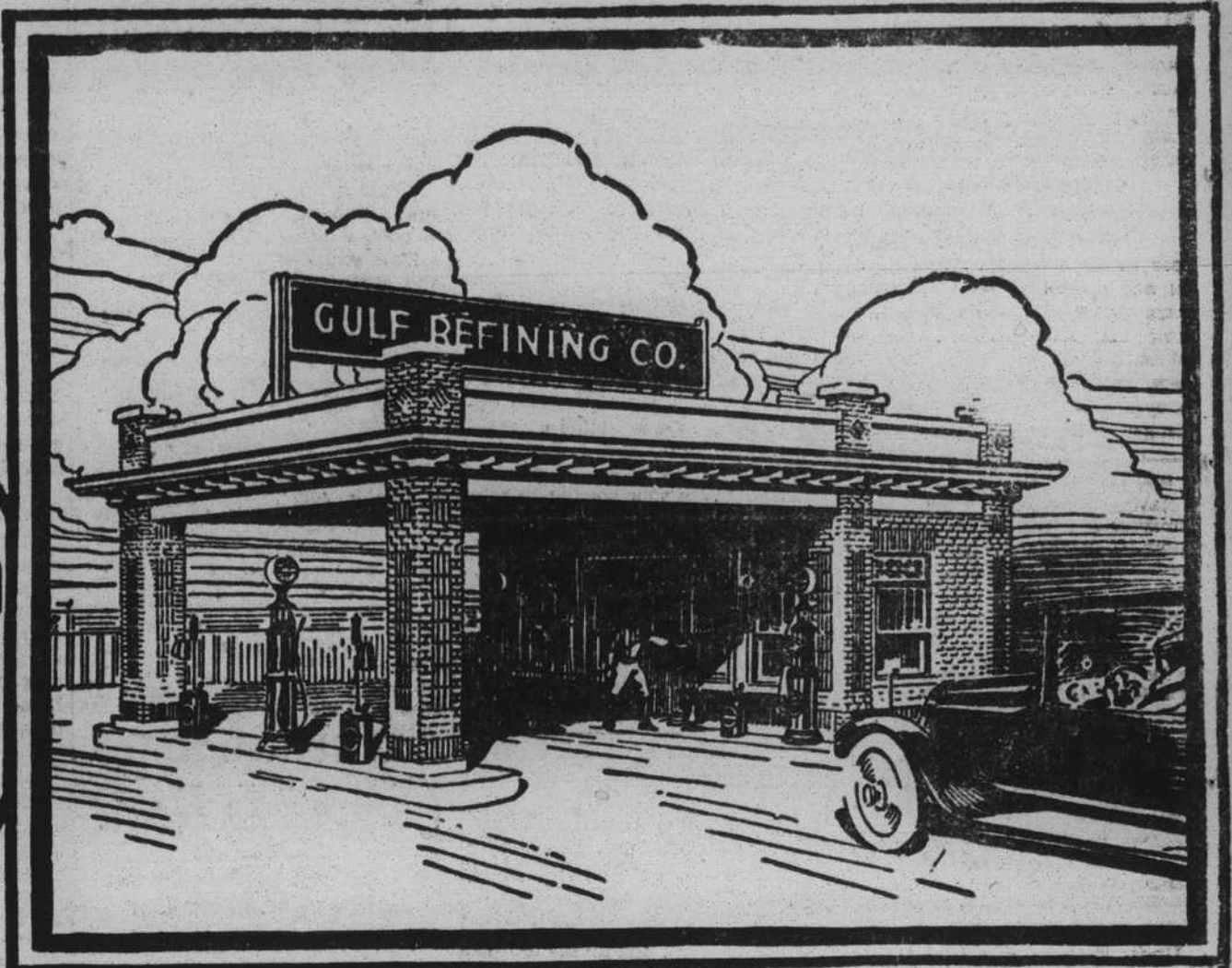
Mr. Hoover mentioned to congress the way he had been calling meetings of business men and others recently with the idea of heading off a business depression; and although he did not refer directly to his plan for organizing permanent "prosperity councils" of business, labor and agriculture, there would be more commissions or boards growing out of that plan.

If it isn't a commission it's a committee. The president also told how he had appointed an inter-departmental committee consisting of the secretary of the navy, secretary of commerce, postmaster general and chairman of the shipping board to survey mail contract policies with reference to the merchant marine. Turning to banking, he urged

careful investigation of various problems and suggested a joint commission of members of congress and other appropriate federal officials to study and report.

He recommended a new "federal power commission, holding that the secretaries of interior, war and agriculture now comprising the commission could not give power problems proper attention and that full-time commissioners should replace them. The radio commission, too, he said, should be reorganized into a permanent commission instead of being allowed to die.

Talking about Muscle Shoals, he went on to suggest that congress create a special commission "with authority to negotiate and complete some sort of contract or contracts on behalf of the government."



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