

### Business Girls To Put Feet On Desk Like The Men Do

Washington.—Listen, business girls! here's advice on how to be bigger and better work: learn to look like a man with your feet on the desk. So says Dr. Olga Stastny of Omaha, Neb., official physician to America's organized business and professional women.

"Look like a man," she says. "Women will never have achieved emancipation until they can relax at ease, with their feet higher than their heads."

Dr. Stastny has had experience in being a boss. She stoutly maintains that women will be able executives when the tilt back in their swivel chairs and place their feet on the desk during their in-between-conference moments.

"An hour or so of rest, with feet up—complete relaxation," she says. "will give chance for the heart to be relieved of pumping all the time in erect posture. Less pressure on those veins that too often become varicose."

"Less general loquacity. And, yes, less thick ankles. The upward stretch will exercise the angle muscles."

Dr. Stastny does not welcome the new long and clinging skirts which would hamper the feet-on-the-desk movement.

### Increase In N. C. Schools Second

Carolina Is Second In Percentage Of Increase In Years From 1920 To 1926.

Raleigh.—North Carolina ranks second among the states in per cent increase in number of pupils in public high schools from 1920 to 1926, according to the January issue of the Journal of the National Education association, it was learned from the office of the state department of public instruction today.

This journal devotes a page of statistics, prepared by the research division of the National Education association, to the development of the public high schools in the several states. Four separate years are treated, 1900, 1910, 1920 and 1926.

According to this table North Carolina had 943 pupils enrolled in public high schools in 1900; 2,500 in 1910; 30,868 in 1920; and 84,569 in 1926. During the six year period between 1920 and 1926 the enrollment in public high schools of this state increased 174.0 per cent, where as the increase in Florida was 176.0 per cent, the greatest of any state. This gives North Carolina a relative rank of second in per cent increase from 1920 to 1926 in number of pupils enrolled in public high schools.

This publication shows further that in 1900 there was one high school student for every 2,008 persons in North Carolina; in 1910 this number had decreased to 259 persons; in 1920, to 84 persons; and in 1926 there was one high school student for every 34 persons within the state. In this respect North Carolina ranked 26 in 1926, whereas Florida had a relative rank of 33.

In per cent of increase of public high school enrollment from 1920 to 1926, the adjoining states to North Carolina ranked as follows: Virginia 125 per cent, rank 4th; South Carolina 67 per cent, rank 32nd; Tennessee 57 per cent, rank 37th; and Georgia 45 per cent, rank 46th.

### To Be Freed After 9 Years In Prison

Lexington County Men Were Given Fifteen Years For Criminal Operation.

Winston-Salem.—Harvey and Charles Brewer of the Fredberg section, who have been in the North Carolina penitentiary since 1920 following their conviction on charges of assault by criminal operation, will be released within the next few days.

Their mother, Mrs. William Brewer, has been advised by George Ross Pou, penitentiary superintendent that Harvey will be released January 22 and Charles February 12.

Each of the young men was sent up for 15 years, but the sentences have been reduced by reason of their good behavior, it is stated. The trial, held in Lexington in August, 1920, before Judge J. E. Ray, attracted much attention. Convicted with the boys was their father, William Brewer, who was sentenced to serve ten years in the penitentiary. He was paroled by Gov. Cameron Morrison, however, and died at his home in July, 1928.

The three men were alleged to have performed a criminal operation upon Robert Hudson, 19-year-old son of D. L. Hudson, a neighbor of the Brewers. They were convicted in August, but an appeal to the supreme court delayed the beginning of the sentences and they did not enter the penitentiary until December, 1920.

**Too Much For Him.**  
Mrs. Currie (to husband)—Now, tell me darlie, what really mad you stop drinking.  
Currie—Well, you see, first time your mother was here I came home late one evening and saw two of her, and that scared me.

## One Night In Flanders Field

Condensed from The American magazine. By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.

Those early trenches were extremely crude—simply ditches. Sandbags were few and far between. Corrugated iron had not been introduced. Rain had transformed these trenches into watery slots. "Dougouts" were muddy alcoves interjected at random into either wall of the trench. Muddy rifles lay in crevices. The gaps between the rifles were filled with rusting cans, which had brought us food. Here and there were slots running back from the trench, which served as toilet stations and refuse pits. Behind our unpleasant habitation, sundry small wooden crosses stuck out of the ground, recording the passing of those who could not have been buried farther away, because of the dangers and pressures of the moment.

Try to visualize this scene, over which rifle shots "crack" intermittently; then try to realize that this is where you must live, and that there can be no escape except on a stretcher. If you can do this, you will have a picture of the spot in which the first Christmas of the war found us.

What a Christmas! Lurking in a filthy slit that wound its way across an ex-trench field! Yet when the spot arrived on Christmas Eve, bringing several small packages of food and cigarettes from those back at home, the effervescent nature of the British soldier showed itself, and we all cheered up a bit. By about midnight, songs were breaking out here and there.

How painfully ridiculous it seemed! Nation facing nation from two long, winding slots in the ground. This, after all the mental evolution of map through the ages, was the method used to settle a dispute! How strange is the dual nature of civilization which cares even for hopeless cripples at enormous expense in peace, and throws its strongest and best into a mechanical hell in war. So I thought, as I sat idly scraping the mud off my boots.

Suddenly a sentry on my right turned down the trench and shouted excitedly, "Shut up, you fellows! Listen!"

The music stopped dead. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"The Germans is singin', sir, Listen, and you'll 'ear 'em!"

Sure enough. We all distinctly heard the distant sound of a concertina, coupled with voices and occasional laughter. Our men seemed pleased to think that the Germans could sing, and play music too. There was much laughter and interest at this phenomenon. We all went instinctively to the point where our trench approached the German line most nearly, and listened again. The German singing and playing continued, amidst much jocular comment from our men.

Suddenly, one of the crowd scrambled up the parapet and shouted out "Come over 'ere!"

There was a laugh amongst us at the absurdity of the notion. Someone else repeated the invitation louder. There was an un-understandable reply from the German trenches, which brought forth still

further merriment on our side of the field. Even this terrible war had been unable to check the Spirit of Christmas that seemed to be abroad. Here, on Christmas Eve, something had snapped!

An excited soldier ran to me.

"They've met, sir! One of our men and a German! Out there in the open!"

I hastened back with him to that part of the trench, and found that this had not only really happened, but that one or two more from both sides were on their way to do the same thing. The situation from a military point of view was absurd. Were soldiers who had fought, and had got to continue fighting. To what should be done about it? We stop suddenly and be friendly seemed a preposterous thing. But there was a greater force than armies at the front that night.

As dawn came, I was able to see the situation. Our soldiers were everywhere in disorder. Some were standing on the parapet, a position which at a normal time would have meant sudden death. Others were straggling out into No Man's Land.

Looking towards the German lines I saw precisely the same scene! The soldiers of both armies were approaching one another across No Man's Land with smiling curiosity. There was a mutual trust about the whole thing, although naturally accompanied by a curious shyness at first, which rapidly wore off. There was no trace of hatred or antagonism. One felt the establishment of that friendliness which forms itself between companions in misfortune.

I met a young German officer, and exchanged buttons as souvenirs. With my wire-cutter pliers I removed a button from his tunic, and gave him one of mine in exchange. Later I was photographed by a German with several others, in a group composed of both sides. Not far from us lay some dead, now approachable for the first time. The scene was so strange that in a simple foolish way I felt the war could not endure in face of it all.

This fraternization was now taking place on a front of half a mile. Strolling about in No Man's Land, I observed the extent of the thing. No Man's Land! where only a few days ago it would have been impossible to move without disaster, but where now soldiers were exchanging food, souvenirs, and cigarettes.

What would have happened if this curious situation had spread in both directions, until such a scene was being enacted along the entire length of the front? With hate, and all the propaganda that is used to inflame soldiers, gone from the war, it would be hard to get the thing started again. If someone could have shouted loud enough to have been heard all along the front—then what?

What could the directing few do if a herd, numbering a million, refused to start again? And what is the right point of view to have if such a condition arose? Should Peace and Good Will—Christianity—be fostered, leading to amicable settlement of the dispute, or should armed force prevail? But if someone powerful enough had arisen in No Man's Land on that morning and advocated a "stop fighting"

policy, he would have been court-martialed and executed.

About noon, as the general laxity and friendliness were growing, a football match was suggested. Someone had evidently received a delirious football as a Christmas present. Playing football with the enemy doesn't sound right somehow. However, this project was interrupted.

I was suddenly sent for by the captain of my company, and something within me told me that all was not well. I arrived at his dug-out and heard that there was displeasure in the mind of the Colonel at the proceedings.

The news had reached the General, and sharp orders had arrived to terminate any fraternization immediately. What else can a general do? Chatting with the enemy takes no place in his profession. So, with much trouble, the officers in the front line began herding the soldiers back. The Germans were made to understand that the friendly meeting was over. The orders to return to the trenches were reluctantly obeyed.

Christmas Night saw both sides back in their lines, and on our left a few still-mingling soldiers, who had not grasped the serious nature

### Garden Tips

(E. B. Morrow In Progressive Farmer.)

Some means of growing early plants should be provided for every garden. For the average farm garden, the manure-heated pit hotbed is perhaps best. In most parts of the south twelve to eighteen inches of manure is enough in building it. Less manure is required for starting such crops as cabbage and lettuce than for such warm-season crops as peppers and tomatoes.

**Adding Manure.**  
Before packing the manure in the pit it should be piled and re-piled until it is heating uniformly.

The war had started again. Rifles spat forth death across the shell-scarred turnip field, banishing the Spirit of Christmas that had fitted in a strange way across No Man's Land, and for a few hours had triumphed.

throughout. For best results, use fresh horse or mule manure containing about one-third strawy litter. If it is dry at the time of piling the manure should be moistened to start fermentation. Pile it four or five feet high and allow it to stand until it begins to steam; then re-pile, throwing the inside of the old pile on the outside of the new to insure uniform heating. In filling the pit the manure should be spread out well, a layer at a time, and trampled down. Fill the pit to within four to six inches of the top and finish filling with good garden soil in which to sow the seed. If the seed is to be sown in flat boxes instead of directly in the hotbed, two or three inches of soil is sufficient. The temperature will run high for the first few days after the hotbed is made so no seed should be sown until it has dropped to around eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Get a good thermometer and place it in the hotbed permanently.

**Location Of Bed.**  
After digging the pit and filling with manure and soil, build a frame around the bed. For average conditions, the frame should be about fifteen or eighteen inches

high at the back and from nine to twelve inches in front. Build the bed in such a position that the cover will slope toward the south in order to take advantage of the greatest amount of sunlight. The best cover for a hotbed is glass sash, although cloth and a number of other substitutes are sometimes used. Proper temperature, proper ventilation, and proper watering are very important in the growing of plants in hotbeds.

**Timely Suggestions.**  
1. The supply of garden seed should be bought in January if possible. If postponed too long, seed of your favorite varieties may be exhausted.

2. Try some of the new varieties each year, but stick to the standard kinds for the main garden crop until the new ones prove themselves better than the old. This business of trying out new things is a fascinating game, so I suggest that a small part of the garden be set aside for this purpose.

3. Plan the garden now for the whole year. It is well to have on paper just about what you expect to do from now till next Christmas. It is never possible to follow a plan to the letter, but if you know how a

when and where, half of the battle is won.

4. If you do not have a good strawberry patch, by all means start one this spring. The first of spring fruits, the strawberry is one of nature's choicest delicacies.

H. Etheridge of Clay county cleared over \$300 above his feed bill in November from a flock of 600 white leghorn hens.

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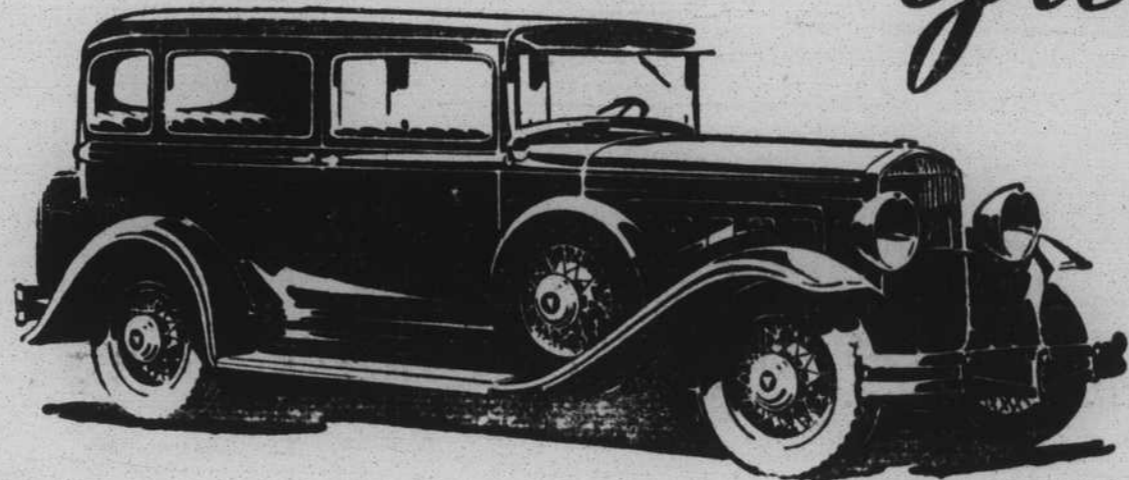
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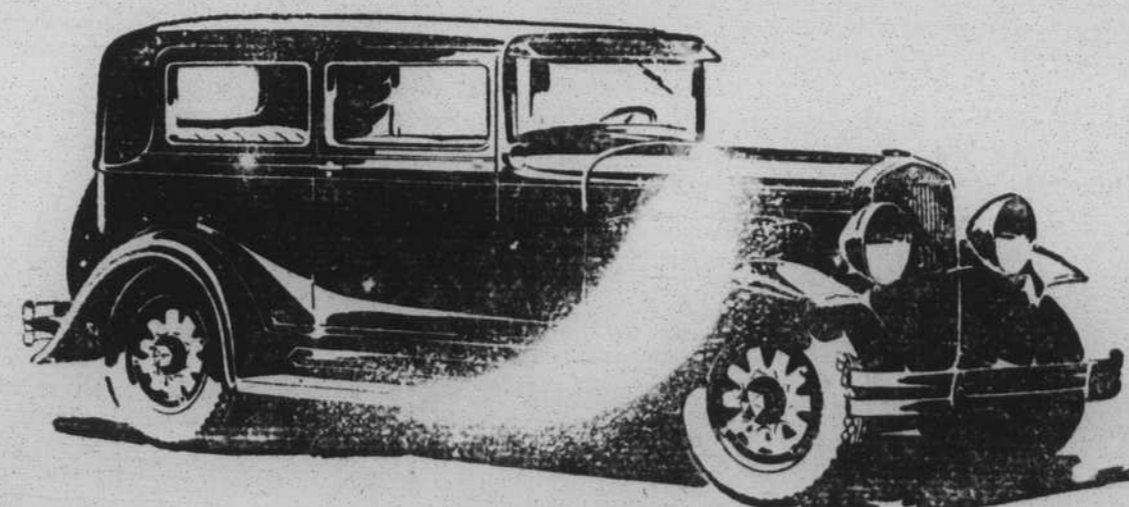
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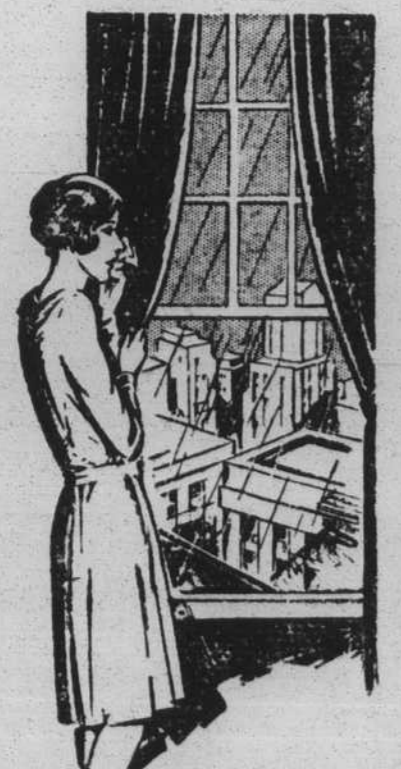
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