

## Brooks Urges Citizens To Know How Their Tax Money Is Being Spent; Would Help Lower Taxes

Raleigh.—More attention to the manner in which tax money is spent and administered, and not so much attention to its collection and the amount of the tax rate, would help reduce the tax rates in every county in North Carolina, since it would compel more business-like and economical administration of revenue. Dr. E. C. Brooks, president of State college and chairman of the county government advisory commission, told the members of the American Business club at their weekly luncheon here.

Business men and other taxpayers throughout the state are talking at present about taxes, Dr. Brooks said. Yet few people can give any account of how their tax money is expended, or the amounts that go for various agencies and whether or not these amounts are necessary. Still fewer know by whom the money is being expended, and they apparently do not care.

Before the United States, the state of North Carolina or the several counties and cities in the state can expect a material reduction in taxes they must get better trained men to handle the administration of public business, which means the administration and expenditure of the revenue received from taxes, Dr. Brooks declared.

The old idea was that the office was created for the benefit of the office holder, and for years this idea prevailed in most of the states and still prevails in some states and many counties, where the fee system has been permitted to remain, and where the office holder gets all the fees," Dr. Brooks declared. "Under this system, the office holder gets all the fees," Dr. Brooks declared. "Under this system, the office holder was always elected by the people, and no attention was paid to his fitness to hold office or perform a given service."

But the modern tendency is to have fewer and fewer elective positions and to have more and more appointed, because that is the only way that men with certain and definite qualifications may be selected to do certain tasks.

This tendency is already evident. Fifty years ago every county officer was elected by the people directly. But at present many of the most important county officials, such as the county engineer, who supervises the expenditure of the road funds, the county superintendent of schools, the county auditor who keeps check on the county's finances, and many others are appointed by the county commissioners instead of being elected by the people.

For the discovery has been made within the last ten or twenty years that government was created by the people for the benefit of all the people and paid for by the people, and that it is not for the benefit of the office holders, despite the fact that changes in the system have and still are being fought by the office holders.

Still, the change from the old to the new ideas in government, and especially in county and city government, have been slow because of the lack of interest which the taxpayers and especially the business men who pay a large portion of the taxes, have taken in the administration of the money which they pay into the county or city treasuries.

And this change will continue to be slow and laborious, taxes will continue to be high and government will continue to be extravagant and wasteful until the business men and taxpayers in every community make it their business to see that the administration and expenditure of their tax money is in the hands of men who are specifically trained to do this work. So the answer to high taxes and extravagance in government lives largely in the power, if they want to use it, to see that their government is administered more efficiently.

## JUDGE PRESCRIBES HONEYMOON 'CURE'

Chicago.—A honeymoon was prescribed by Judge Joseph Sabath as the salve to mend the happiness of an elderly couple, broken after 40 years of marriage.

Mrs. Amalia Enslin, 65, told Judge Sabath her husband had become "tired of her" and sent her to an infirmary three years ago. She escaped, she said, by obtaining a pass to see her dentist. The court tried reconciliation and asked whether Enslin could take his wife to Florida.

"He has between \$50,000 to \$60,000 saved up that we were going to take out honeymoon on," Mrs. Enslin said.

Enslin preferred California so they compromised on Hot Springs, Ark. They will leave Monday, stay a month and report in court April 7. "I'm going to be in Hot Springs myself in a few days," said Judge Sabath. "I'll look you up."

Three Times Disappointed.

"So you have been three times disappointed in love?" "Yes, the first left me for another, the second died on our wedding day, and the third I married."

## Declared Not Legally Dead



Mrs. Ruth St. Clair, sentenced to life imprisonment following a fourth felony under the Laumens law, pauses in the courtyard of the women's detention prison to tell the world via the microphone of the Fox Movietone that she is "not legally dead." Counsel for Edward J. Garver, the young woman's former attorney, objected to her taking the witness stand against the latter on the grounds that as a person sentenced to life imprisonment she was to be considered as legally dead. The court held otherwise. Garver was charged with attempting to bribe a witness against Mrs. St. Clair.

## Sure, A Girl Can Hypnotize Man When She So Desires

Mockville Enterprise.

During these times when so many publications are talking about the arms limitation conference which is in session in London, when the senatorial race is on in North Carolina, rotten business and a tasteless Hoover administration, one seldom sees a newspaper sidecast to the discussion of such questions as "woman's power over men," and the like. Even free love, self expression, personal liberty, and such like topics, have nearly faded from the printed page and slipped from the list of subjects paramount in daily conversation among men and women of refinement and culture. But all at once here comes some writer of a contributed editorial in the Concord Daily Tribune with open talk on woman's ability to hypnotize man. And it makes no bad reading. Indeed it is so much like a green, fertile oasis in the midst of a dry and barren desert that the enterprise proposes to pass it along for the diversion of its readers. Should we call it a masterpiece? Well, maybe not, but after you shall have read it, you will doubtless readily agree with us that it is certainly a well written article, and we reproduce it as much on that score as due to the fact that it is so "different" from the great bulk of the editorials which fill the pages of most publications during these trying days. Here it is:

"We have, during the past three weeks, received four letters from local swains propounding the fateful conundrum: 'Can Woman Hypnotize Man?' One of our correspondents adds that 'by answering you will not only confer a favor, but decide a bet and settle a vexatious question, as well.'"

The affirmative scoops the stakes—wins dead easy and world without end. The man who puts his doubts on the negative either never saw a woman until after she was dead, or didn't know what ailed him while under her hypnotic influence.

A young woman can hypnotize anything that wears pants, from the milkmaid on Wall street to the farmer plowing in his lovely cotton patch. She hypnotizes because she can't help it. She's built that way. Eye hypnotized Adam and made him cast away the empire of the earth and ever since her "fan" daughters have been making men imitate their remote forefather's folly.

Woman does not operate as do professional hypnotists. Instead of giving you a bright butter or brand new dime to gaze upon, she puts her dimples in evidence—malestroms of love in your eyes—moment with the dreamy splinter of her eyes, then studies the toe of her tiny, well-shaped shoe creation. She looks down to blush and she looks up to sigh—watches you go in and comin'—and you're gone.

You suspect that your judgment has taken wings unto itself, and that you couldn't tell whether you're a red-licker Democrat or a hard-cider prohibitionist, but you don't care.

She makes you drunken with the music of her voice and maddens you with the low sweet melody of her skirts. You drift nearer, and ever nearer, like a moth revolving in narrowing circles around an incandescent light, until you find yourself alone with her in some

not by your creditors forgot. Being naturally industrious you seek employment—and she gives you her hand to hold. Of course, she could hold it herself, but the occupation pleases you and she doesn't mind. Besides, you make more rapid progress into the realm of irresponsibility by taking care of it for her occasionally. She rewards your devotion to duty by a gentle pressure, and a magnetic thrill starts at your finger tips and goes through your system like an applejack toddy, until it makes your tingle, then starts on its return trip, gathering volume as it travels, until it becomes a tidal wave that envelops your world.

Can woman hypnotize man indeed!

By this time you are sighing like a furnace and writing sonnets to your mistress' eyebrow—you at fantastic capers before high heaven for the divertimento of those who don't know how it is themselves.

She may break the spell by nuzzling you, in which case you will return by easy stages to the normal and again become a sane man and useful member of society. But if she lets you down with the "sister" racket, your nervous system is pretty apt to sour.

When a young woman loses her hypnotic power she either becomes a religious crank or seeks surcease for her sorrow among the frenal politicians.

A Bit Suspicious.

Among the residents of a small town lived Robinson, a man with thirteen children, who decided to take his wife and family to London.

Robinson led them hither and thither, pointing out all the landmarks he knew. Suddenly, however, their progress was arrested. A policeman laid a detaining hand on Robinson's arm.

"I want your name and address," he said.

"What for?" asked Robinson.

"What have I done?"

"I dunno," replied the man in blue, "but this crowd following you about is a bit suspicious."—Pearsons Weekly.

Winnie Wins.

The teacher was angry when Winnie appeared at school a quarter of an hour late.

"Why are you late?" she asked sharply.

"Please, miss," replied the slinker, "it was late when I started from home."

"Then why didn't you start earlier?"

"Please, miss, it was too late to start early."

Distance Lends Defense.

A newspaper editor received a poem entitled, "Why Am I Alive?" He replied: "You are alive because you sent your poem through the mail instead of bringing it."

Sidestepin' Rhetoric.

Pete: "Will you lend me five dollars for a month, old boy?"

Bill: "Listen, silly, what does a month-old boy want with five dollars?"

## TAR HEEL SEEKING CURE FOR CANCER

Money For A Laboratory To Be Furnished by Railroad Man.

Kinston.—The efforts of Drs. John Davis Humber, young Tar heel surgeon, and Walter Coffey to perfect a cancer cure will be continued in a \$600,000 research laboratory, according to information had here by Charles W. Davis, uncle of Dr. Humber. Davis is a state highway commission engineer.

The money for the laboratory has been provided by a wealthy director of the Southern Pacific railway. Dr. Coffey is the surgeon in charge of all of that line's hospitals. Dr. Humber is superintendent of the hospital at San Francisco, one of the largest and best equipped in the west.

Press associations have carried several stories recently of the possible cure perfected by the surgeons. They experimented with a serum derived from supra-renal glands of sheep on patients suffering from heart disease. They were surprised to discover that the serum caused cancer tissues to slough off, layer by layer, in a short time. Drs. Coffey and Humber have not yet convinced themselves they have found a cure, but the fact remains that the serum gives temporary relief and that it attacks the cancer cells in vigorous fashion.

Coffey is confident the pair have made "an important discovery." Dr. Humber, while withholding the discovery from the general profession until he is completely satisfied of its efficacy, is working on scores of patients at the West Coast city, with excellent results to date, according to reports. On a recent night he worked until daybreak preparing serum with which to treat those applying to him. Hundreds are understood to have begged him with requests for treatment. They are being treated as experimental subjects.

Dr. Humber is only 34. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Humber, of Greenville. He graduated from Wake Forest college, attended Yale medical school, took special courses at Harvard and the University of Wisconsin, graduated from Tulane, instructed in anatomy at Tulane and instructed in surgery at the University of California before going to the San Francisco hospital. He is co-author with Dr. Coffey of a book on "Angina Pectoris." This work attracted international attention in medical circles last year and is now being widely distributed.

## EUROPE NOW HAS JUST 6 DICTATORS

De Rivera, Spanish Boss, Is Out. Many Changes Made In World Powers.

Primo De Rivera, ousted Dictator of Spain plays the 'cello while his successor, Cerenguer, operates a phony piano.

This shows progress, according to American standards, writes M. E. Tracy in New York Telegram.

The fiddle and all its amily belong to the mid-Victorian era, while canned music is up to date, if our habits mean anything.

But Berenguer is said to be polished in his manner, while De Rivera is coarse if not uncouth, which is contrary to what one would expect.

The Spaniards are not worrying themselves over such questions. What they want to know is whether or how much the tourist trade has been hurt by all the turmoil.

One Of War's Not Results.

Six little dictators where they were seven three months ago, and each of them wondering who will be next.

Stalin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, Pilsudski in Poland, Horthy in Hungary, Kemal in Turkey, Alexander in Yugoslavia—good little dictators all, though one rules as a king, one as a president, one as a premier and one as merely the head of a party, while the other two are hard to identify.

And rubbing shoulders with them are ten or a dozen kings, proving what a war to save the world for democracy really accomplished.

Britain's Case A Paradox.

Paradoxical as it may seem the safest king of them all and the coldest throne are in democratic England.

Stalin, Mussolini and even Alexander run much more the even chance of being tossed into oblivion ere the House of Windsor falls.

And this is all due to the fact that England has been steady and cautious in her progressiveness. Other nations have jumped from one extreme to another, but gained little in the long run.

Three times France has turned from republic to monarchy and back again in the last 140 years.

More Consistent In The East.

No form of government has lasted so long in the western world.

One must go to the Orient to find enduring systems.

The Japanese monarchy has changed little, save in outward ap-

pearance, for twenty-six centuries. Until the revolution of 1911 China could point to a much longer period of fixation.

But when one moves over to the sphere of white civilization, so called, it is to find a very different tale.

Some Very Drastic Changes.

Rome, to which every one refers as a shining example of stability, was first a kingdom, then a republic and then an empire.

The changes in Greece came so fast that it is hard to keep track of them.

Three hundred and fifty years ago Spain was by all odds the greatest nation on earth, while England was just a little island. Italy a collection of warring states. France a hodge-podge of feudalism and religious war and Germany an inchoate mass of free cities, guilds and princelings.

The Real Root Of Conservatism.

White civilization is dynamic. For that reason, if for no other, no one should take anything it does, or any move it makes, as permanent.

The greater the extreme to which it goes the more probable is violent reaction.

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gaid to the future and irreverent with regard to the past.

It contains few reactionary elements in the larger sense.

As a matter of fact, its conservatism is due chiefly to those who can't keep up with the procession.

Expect Whites To Wear Out.

Oriental, schooled to regard permanency as a sign of intelligence, look to see the white races wear themselves out.

Western civilization cannot last, they say.

But that does not worry Westerners one bit.

White races have no desire to see their civilization last in the sense of becoming static.

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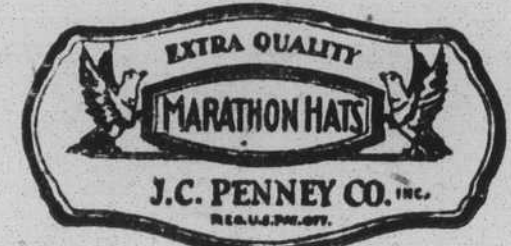
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