

Again Soars to Record



Elmer Smith, diminutive flyer from Proport, L. I., being welcomed back to earth by her mother after the aviator had shattered the women's altitude record by ascending about 80,000 feet in an hour and a half. The special barograph sealed in the plane before the take-off was delivered immediately to an official observer for the National Aeronautic Association and is to be examined before the record can be accepted officially.

DOUBLE SPRINGS COMMUNITY NEWS

(Special to The Star.)
Double Springs, Mar. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gardner and sons, Clyde and W. H., Jr., Miss Selma Davis and Mr. Grady Davis were the Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Moore.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Greene and Mr. Dufaye Bridges spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Yates Greene at Shelby.
Miss Maude Willis spent the week-end with her sister Mrs. W. H. Gardner.
Mr. Will Davis and family from New Hope visited Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis Sunday afternoon.
Miss Etta Jones spent Sunday with Miss Nettie Jones.
Mr. and Mrs. Koven Carpenter and children visited Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hawkins Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Washburn and son, Herbert, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Canipe Sunday afternoon.
Misses Maude Morehead, Bleak and Amy Stutte from Latrobe were B. Y. P. U. visitors Sunday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Preston Neal and Mr. Gladden from near Grover and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grigg and children and Mr. L. Jenkins and daughter, Bouvine, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brooks Sunday.

Washington Scenes When Taft, Ex-President Is Buried

(By Miss Virginia Laughridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughridge of Shelby who is connected with the National Research Council in Washington.)
Late Saturday afternoon the street corners rang with the news boys' cry, "Extra! Taft Dies!" Although the solemn announcement was one the public had expected since the veteran statesman had returned from Asheville a mere shadow of his former, robust self, a tremor of shock was felt. Doors were slammed; window sashes were flung upward; eager hands reached for the fluttering pink sheet. Sunday morning newspaper rushed into print various collections of photographs, Taft at his official desk, Taft on horseback, Taft on his return from Asheville. Editorial pages were eloquent with eulogies which bespoke the greatness of the loss to the nation and then ended with the consolation that Taft had lived his allotted three score and ten years and had devoted them so completely to public service that no more could be expected. In a somewhat similar vein, an overheard remark of a friend and contemporary of Taft expressed a poignant envy of his now unchallenged peace and rest.
On Tuesday, flags everywhere at half-mast, guns booming salutes every half hour allowed no one to forget for a moment the significance of the day. An undercurrent of suppressed excitement ran through the government offices at the prospect of a free afternoon. For a time it looked as if hopes were blasted by a whim credited by some to the secretary of war and by others to the secretary of navy.
While the body lay in state on the capitol rotunda, the vicinity of Sixteenth street and Harvard was busy with preparation. Hours ahead of the time set for the funeral service, the equipment of the Pathe Sound News was placed at a strategic point, facing the All Souls Unitarian church, in readiness. A group of policemen, assembled about their chief on a side street back of the church, were receiving instructions. Trucks bearing the entire stock of the Washington florists were arriving. A little later raincoated officers of the law stood on every corner of the procession's itinerary. (Of course it was raining. That versatile mistress, Washington weather, consistently prescribes rain for state occasions. Then the electrical signals were cut off and the police directed the traffic.
At Rosslyn terminal masses shivering from the chill of the cold rain, stood awaiting the spectacle of the stately procession—crossing Key Bridge on its way to Arlington. Bits of conversation voiced regret that a man as "level-headed" as Taft was no more. A rotund lady from Ohio called to mind the country's prosperity under Taft's administration with the implication that since then a lamentably different state of affairs had prevailed. A middle-aged man answered a child's query as to why they were standing in the rain with "Taft was the first man your daddy ever voted for." A policeman exchanged jokes with a bloated man in a derby with reference to the best method of withstanding the cold. They agreed that drinking coffee was inadequate.
Gude's truck, packed with flowers, rattled over the bridge. Two immense wreaths of lilies and roses were visible from the rear. As it passed the terminal, a rose dropped to the ground. A stifled impulse to dash out and seize it shook the line along the curb. The policeman nearest the spot casually picked it up, lifted it to his nostrils, inhaled its perfume, and then presented it to a girl behind him. Smiles wiped out glances of annoyance.
Preceded and followed by a squadron on motorcycles the hearse and the line of officials cars rode by. Every one was on tiptoe straining for a glimpse of the president. Hughes, or perhaps Mrs. Gann. Then came the white-horsed calvary. The spectacle of Taft's funeral procession crossing Key bridge was over.
On the way home, his feet soaked and his fingers numb, the casual observer wonders if it would not have been as well to stay at home and listened to the broadcast over the radio.

Can't Be Fooled.

Entebbe, Uganda.—There's one sharp constable here. He can't be fooled. He stopped a car and informed the passengers they could not proceed until the Prince of Wales had passed. A government official explained the prince was in the car. "Oh, I've heard that before," said the constable, taking out his little notebook. The prince and four stepped on the gas.

Gunman's Sweetheart Feared Torch Victim



Louise Rolfe, pretty blonde and former sweetheart of Jack McGurn, Chicago gunman, is thought to be the woman murdered and whose body was found burned and dismembered in a Summer cottage at Deep Lake, Ill. The reason for the murder is said to be that she knew too much.

England's Pride at Cape Town



(Left to right) The Prince of Wales, the Countess of Athlone, Lady May Cambridge and the Earl of A. alone at the Government House, Cape Town, Africa, where the heir to the British crown was officially welcomed upon his arrival at this most southern part of Africa.

Philomathian Group Active At Fallton

(Special To The Star.)
The Philomathian society was organized in 1928 by a group of energetic and ambitious students, who were interested in acquiring knowledge that could not be found in the regular high school curriculum. The name, Philomathian, derived from the Greek language which means lovers of knowledge, has always been an incentive for us.
Our programs have always been designed to meet the interest of all our members. A week seldom passes without having a debate in our society. As a result of this practice, Fallton high has sent debating teams to Chapel Hill for the past two years.
We have made extensive studies of



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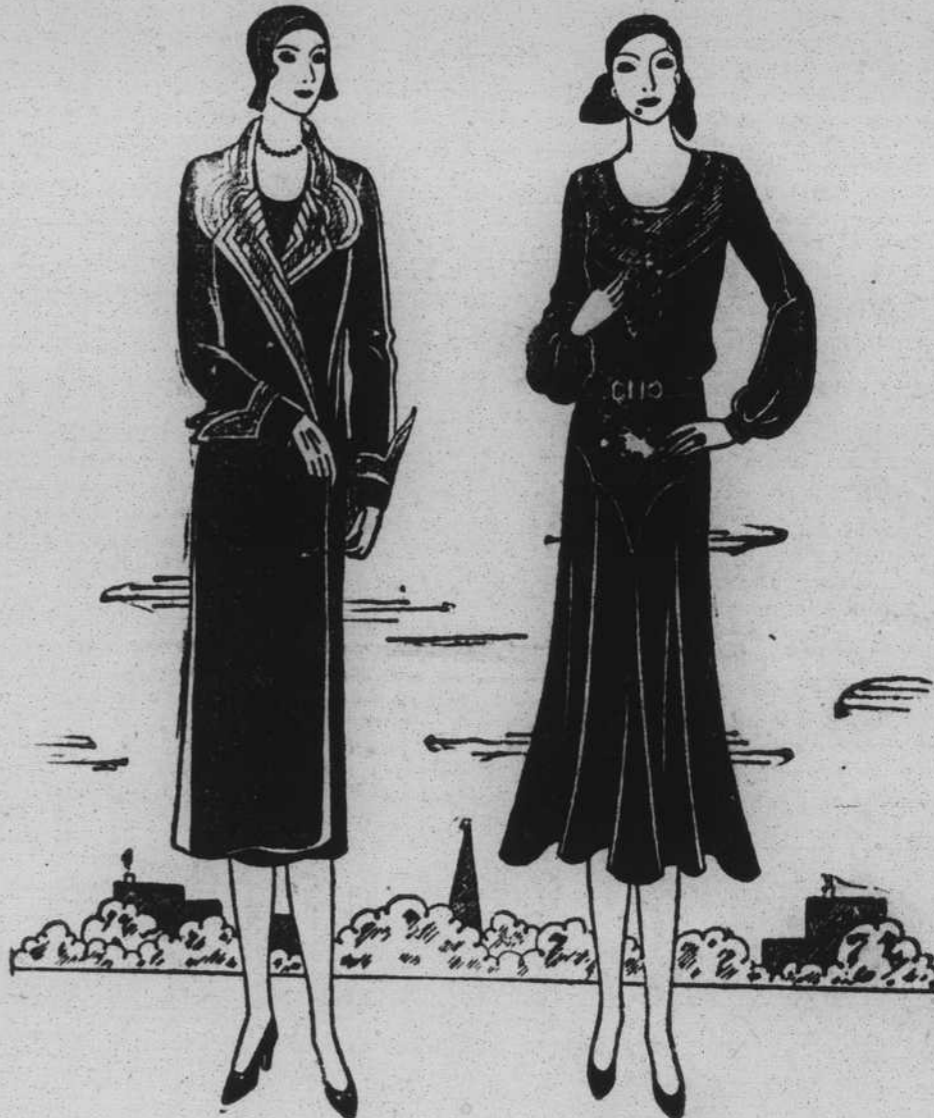
Eskridge News

MAR. 14, 1930. NO. 54.
Caterpillar for a demonstration of the New Improved Model A Ford. The new grace of line and contour will please the most discriminating purchaser. The carefully planned harmony of every detail of design is outstanding in fact the beauty and performance of the New Model A Ford Car has set a new high standard for a low priced car.
Waitress: "Did you have split pea or barley soup, sir?"
Patron: "I don't know. It tasted mostly like boiled soap."
Waitress: "Oh, that was split pea. The barley soup tastes like glue."
Delegate: "Bring me a bottle of ginger ale."
Waiter: "Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?"
Delegate: "I would, but this convention only lasts three days."
There are many enjoyable spring week end outings and Sunday trips ahead of the owner of the Model A Ford car. Are you ready to take advantage of the good weather that is now just around the corner.
Call or telephone No. 241 and we will gladly place a car at your disposal for a demonstration.
"Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."
"That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."
Black: "So you have had a chance to see the king's palace in England, eh? What did you think of it?"
White: "Well, after seeing our own movie houses, filling stations, and hot-dog stands, it isn't very impressive."
It will soon be time to change the grease in the differential and transmission from the winter grade of lubricant to the summer grade. We have a very complete greasing and Aluminizing department and are ready to serve you at any time.
The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She took the remains back to the optometrist. "Will I have to be examined all over again?" she asked.
"No," he replied, "just your eyes."
Man (in search of wife): "Nora do you know anything about my wife's whereabouts?"
Nora: "Yes, sir. I put him in the wash."
A man made the statement in our place the other day that what this country needed was a child labor law to keep them from working their parents to death.
Don't forget to call or telephone for that demonstration and to bring your car in to our place and have it completely greased by the new Aluminizing method. Try it once and notice the difference in the performance of your car.

CHAS. L. ESKRIDGE

It's time to select Your New Spring Costume

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Now . . . right in your own J. C. Penney Co. store are new Spring coats, frocks and ensembles, inspired by those that so recently made their debut in Paris. Each one with a dressmaker's touch of flattery that even the prettiest frocks have not had in years. For the French originals like our own adaptations, show the universally becoming lingerie touch on almost every dress. In the important matter of skirt length, too, we've followed the dictates of the great courtiers and made them a trifle shorter than in the Winter mode. . . . These are but two of the many details of new fashion interest reproduced in our collection for Spring. And each dress . . . coat . . . and ensemble that they adorn is made with the care that women expect to find in J. C. Penney clothing.

New Spring Hats \$2.98
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