

"ORNERY" BLIND DOG, BYRD HERO

Cur Mongrel Of Low Degree Becomes Leader Of Dog Pack At Pole

New York Telegram

Cuffed around, rejected and scorned by all who knew him, old Snooze Mouse, a colossus mongrel and a cross between an Eskimo and a wolf husky, blind in one eye and with no physical charms whatever, lies basking in the cool breezes of the North River aboard Admiral Byrd's flagship, the City of New York lappy in the knowledge that virtue always triumphs in the end and into his

Sets the standard for every home use



Budweiser Barley Malt Syrup
LIGHT OR DARK RICH IN BODY NOT BITTER

BLACK FLAG MILLS

Files - Mosquitoes
Roaches - Bedbugs
Ants, Moths, Fleas.

BLACK FLAG MILLS
ALWAYS COSTS LESS

KINGS MOUNTAIN WOMAN

Praises Pearson's Herb Tonic and System Cleanser.

Mrs. Lillie E. Reynolds writes as follows: "For a long time I suffered dreadful stomach trouble, and I had indigestion and I was so nervous I could hardly stand my children around me. I would have dreadful swimmy headed spells and I was in an awful run down condition and bothered lots with constipation, and I began taking PEARSON'S HERB TONIC AND SYSTEM CLEANSER taking several bottles, and now I am doing all my work and I feel like a new woman. I heartily recommend PEARSON'S HERB TONIC to any one suffering as I did."

"MRS. LILLIE E. REYNOLDS, Kings Mountain, N. C., R. F. D. 4, BOX 25."

PEARSON'S HERB TONIC AND SYSTEM CLEANSER

PAUL WEBB & SON, DRUGGISTS, SHELBY, N. C.

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CAROLINA MADE SHELBY, N. C.

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Eagle Roller Mill Co.

MAIL CARRIER HAS WORN OUT 6 BIKES

Ridgville, J. R. Grogan, rural mail carrier No. 3, wound up his 27th year last week. In those 27 years he has used six bicycles, six horses, three autos, and one day in July, 1909, he walked 19 miles of his route, traveling in that time a little over 193,000 miles.

Old Snooze knew what "gee and haw" meant. He threw his ears back to catch every word coming from the mouth of his driver. And he had to the nth degree that intangible something which husky drivers call "leader's sense."

That husky would make the other dogs follow him by giving a peculiar tug to his harness. Sometimes, if things weren't working right, he would turn back and around the others dogs up. The slightest jerk on the reins would pull Old Snooze up with an alert questioning look.

"That old fellow was a gem," Braathen said, his eyes glowing with pride. "From then on he was the leader of the pack and how he worked those other dogs! He must have traveled 5,000 miles over that ice barrier with sleds."

Also a Fighter
But if Snooze Mouse was a leader he was also a fighter. And strange as it may seem, he kept peace among the pack because he was not too proud to fight.

He was always, Braathen said, having the end battles among the huskies until one eventful night: Old Snooze licked the whole bunch. But the husky's real ingenuity was not displayed, his master declared, until the flagship docked at New Zealand on its return trip.

There all the sled dogs were to be taken off and Old Snooze Mouse was broken-hearted. He loved Braathen as much as the driver loved him.

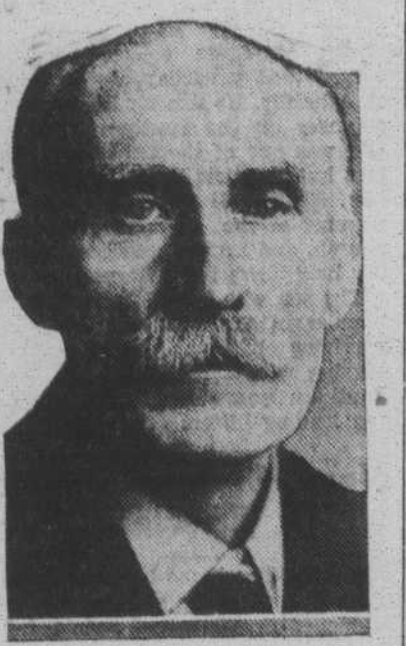
Thereupon Snooze took matters into his own hands. "Believe it or not," said the explorer, "that dog went over to the anchor and deliberately got his harness tied up in it so that he might remain on the ship. He figured, after watching the men about the ship, that the anchor would hold him."

"When I saw that—well—I made up my mind that Old Snooze Mouse and I would be pals for life. Just as soon as I got located Old Snooze is going to want for anything. I would not trade him for a million dollars."

Cucumbers For Pickling
Craven county farmers delivered under contract, to the local pickling factory last week.

SAYS NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE TO IT

"I don't believe there is a medicine made that will compare with the Sargon treatment. When I



Wm. LEE KELLETT
"turned seventy" three years ago and rheumatic pains hit me all over and I had to use a cane to get about, I realized I was in a "bad way." I went on a strict diet for two years, and took medicines regularly for my stomach and constipation. Nothing helped me until I started Sargon. I haven't a sign of rheumatism now, never have to use a cane any more and my feet and legs are as good as they were 20 years ago. Sargon Pills regulated me perfectly. They act easy and natural, which is something I can't say for any other laxative I ever used."—William Lee Kellett, 300 E. Coffee St., Greenville, S. C.
Cleveland Drug Co., agents.

Adults Contract Children's Diseases
Adults can, and do, contract many children's diseases. And, usually, they suffer from them much more than children do. For instance, many adults contract worms, an ailment usually associated with children. Sometimes they suffer intensely and take expensive medical treatments, without realizing that worms are the cause of their troubles. Yet, the symptoms are the same as in children, loss of appetite and weight, grinding the teeth and restless sleep, itching of the nose and anus, and abdominal pains. And, the same medicine that surely and harmlessly expels round and pin worms from children will do the same for adults—White's Cream Vermifuge, which you can get at PAUL WEBB & SON AND CLEVELAND DRUG CO. (adv.)

WILL ROGERS GIVES TO CHURCH IN N. C.

Hendersonville.—T h e y are planning a new church at Edenville, this county, and Will Rogers, noted humorist, has contributed \$25 towards its erection.
Mrs. John Branch, a member of the Edenville church, wrote Will, as well as persons in 12 states asking for subscriptions towards the building of the church. She asked Will if he knew where she could get \$100 and he sent her a check for \$25.

NEW YORK'S DIN SHATTERS NERVES

New York.—The increasing din of New York's street traffic, radio loudspeaker and steamboat whistles threatening the health and efficiency of the city, the first report of the noise abatement commission said.

A state of emergency exists, the commission reported, and unless the noise is reduced at once the health and efficiency of the city will suffer. Careful study and research work disclosed, the report continued, "that the continual pressure of strident sound to which New Yorkers are subjected tends to produce impairment of hearing to introduce harmful strain upon the nervous system leading to loss of efficiency of workers and thinkers, and finally to interfere so gravely with sound, refreshing sleep that rest is difficult, and in some cases impossible."

The commission, appointed last November, said that steamship representatives have promised cooperation in eliminating unnecessary whistling by harbor craft and owners of large trucking fleets have promised aid in lessening promiscuous blowing of automobile horns. Subways are trying out noiseless turntables and curbs has been placed on radio loudspeakers in the commission's anti-noise campaign.

Women Prisoners Doubled.

(From The Literary Digest.)
The emancipation of women sees more women behind the bars.

That is the paradoxical situation observed in New York City, where the number of women criminals in the municipal and penal institutions has more than doubled during the last 10 years.

Figures submitted by Richard C. Patterson, commissioner of correction, in his annual report, disclose that while in 1920 there were 1,150 women inmates, in 1929 the number had increased to 2,391.

He says that the problems of the woman defender can no longer be regarded as of slight importance in relation to the broad general problem of crime.

They Can Afford 'Em.

A bricklayer said to a foreman on a new job: "I'd like to work here, but I can't find a place to park my car."

The foreman replied: "I guess you won't do. This is a high class job and we want only bricklayers who have chauffeurs."

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Small Town Life Defended By Sherwood Anderson, Novelist

(New York Herald Tribune.)
Sherwood Anderson, who is one of the most superb and most confused philosophers of American life—superb because America is superb and confused because America is confused, too—writes of the cotton mill towns of the South in the July Scribner's. His article is a hymn to the machine, a hymn to the village swimming pool, and an indictment of Sinclair Lewis.

Many a dapper young critic, writing of the American literature of the 1920's, brackets the names of Sherwood Anderson and of Sinclair Lewis. Anderson published "Winesburg, Ohio," in 1919, and Lewis "Main Street" in 1920. These books seemed to express a common revolt against the narrowness of life in the American small town. But Lewis continued to write diatribes, while Anderson bought a country newspaper and returned to the small-town life whence he had sprung. He loves the small town. He wants other people to love it. He loves people and wants other people to love them. The hate that crops out in Lewis' writings pains him. The whole modern crop of hate literature pains him. To be quite in line now," he writes painedly, "a man should be quite hopeless of everything American." Of the small town. Of the cotton mill. And he likes them.

"On the whole," this superb, confused philosopher says, "I like the people I have found in American small towns. . . . I like to hang about the courthouses of small towns, go to ball games there, go fishing with small-town men in the

spring and hunting with them in the fall. I like to go to county fairs and the Fourth of July celebrations. At night when the moon is shining, I like to get with some small-town man and take a walk with him on the country road, preferably in the hills."

Sinclair Lewis wrote of Marion, N. C., as well as of Sauk Center, Minn., a sort of newspaper pamphlet, burning with indignation. Anderson does not like it. "You can't quarrel with its facts," he says; "only it does not tell enough facts." What Lewis sees the mill doing to people is not all it is doing; and even the Southern mill owner is much more than Lewis saw. Mill workers, mill owners—all are, to Anderson, people to understand and get to like; he resents writing that makes of any of them more people to hate.

It is very confused, this article of Sherwood Anderson's, made up of nostalgia for the swimming-hoic days of his boyhood, of the kind of vast content that country sunshine gives and of that balance, delicacy and truth that lie in the machine. His is no sugared "good old days" attitude; he smells the sweat in the factory town and writes of it. But he likes the people who sweat; he does more than complain of the heavy atmosphere. And perhaps this Sherwood Anderson that is growing with in the shell of the man who wrote Winesburg, Ohio, is a portent of something that is happening to the soul of America—as significant a portent as "Winesburg" itself was back in 1919. Certainly his under-

AT AGE 119 SHE ENJOYS HER SMOKE

Mrs. Belle Ryans, born in 1811, when the conquests of Napoleon was news, sat on her porch in Savannah Saturday and philosophized as becomes such maturity.

Life has unfolded itself gently for her, and without excitement, although she was young when this republic was young, a baby when Perry defeated the British at Lake Erie, a young woman when Taylor led his Americans against Santa Anna, in Mexico, a mother when Sherman marched through Georgia. She and those who knew her said she was born in Tennessee on March 4, 1811. She married Bill McBee at 15, in Knoxville, and lived with him 75 years. They had five children. Two sons were killed as Confederate soldiers, and all her children are dead now. McBee died when she was 80, and she married John Ryans, 79.

He, too, is dead. In fact, all her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren are dead. A great-great grandson lives in Florida and she lives here with her great great granddaughter.

Mrs. Ryans has not yearn for the horse and buggy days. "Automobiles," she said, "are much better. And airplanes? Now

standing of Main street, for all its confusion, seems far more complete far more just, far nearer the truth, than any picture that can be gained from the sharp superficialities catalogued by Sinclair Lewis.

that's traveling. I have never been in one, they won't let me, but I would like to fly.
"Modern youth? Everybody asks me about flappers and airplanes. Well, they both fly high. I have no patience with short-skirted, cigarette-smoking girls. Now, a good old pipe—"
And she took a draw from hers.

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