

Here's Young Farmer Who Frames Up On Old Man Hard Times, Wins

Has Kind of Brains And Native Ability Thomas Edison Looks For

(W. D. Troutman in Statesville Daily)

Troutman.—Fletcher Harrington is nothing but a poor man. I bet he never had a thousand dollars at one time in his life. You can laugh at him if you want, then read this tattle and laugh some more. Yes, sir. He has a half interest in a little farm near here (write over the big half), but they didn't heir it.

Fletcher has only one wife, two babies, three horses, six cows, 12 pigs, 100 chickens, then there are his truck patches together with his orchard and garden and that's the source of his income. Had to cut down his cotton acreage this year because he was so poor.

Speaks just fairly good English and knows what all the words mean except just the one word "can't." That young delegate doesn't know what "can't" means and he can't learn.

Five years ago when apples were plentiful and cheap he sorted him out a big load and drove to Statesville to sell them. He had his little spiel fixed up to sell his stuff and had his own price set. They told him he couldn't sell apples there at that price and that you could get all the apples you wanted at so and so. Harrington told them there were no apples on the market like he was selling.

Good size, fine flavor, no culls, no worms, just ripe enough but not too ripe. They were scrupulously clean and just ready for consumption and by jimminy he sold the greater part but did not sell them all—in the shape of apples. Come home and ran the remainder with some more through his cider mill and endeavored a safe under different guise. Everybody wanted a jar of cider which had been made from sound well ripened fruit, so he turned a number of bushels into dimes and quarters, but didn't sell all his cider. He made up some more cider and added to his present stock, then barreled it up into clean sterilized containers. He did some little extra things to it and set it away for a year. By that time his cider had transformed itself into a sparkling hundred and forty horsepower pure apple vinegar, the like of which is seldom on the market. He set his own price

and went to selling and the greater part of it moved at a good price, but still there was a portion of one barrel left. He grew a quality of tender little red beets and when they reached a size sufficient to make a good big mouthful, they cooked the beets, steeped them in this strong vinegar and jarred them up into tempting packages so that the last of the apple crop went on the market to a big hotel for cash two or three years after he was told that he couldn't sell the apples.

Same way with his pigs. One year when pigs were plentiful and cheap there was a very choice bunch of pigs at Harrington's but as usual he set the price. Sold about half of them, but others didn't sell. Carried them along for six months under high pressure, then sold the most of them as porkers at his own price, but as usual not quite all. The others were butchered, salted down, smoked, peppered, cured and offered to the dear public, as breakfast strip, hams and cured salt pork. Sold this product for more than 'twas selling for elsewhere but under a guarantee for elsewhere but under a guarantee of money back if you didn't think it worth the price after eating some of it.

Could he have learned what "can't" means, he could have saved himself so much trouble by simply throwing the apples away, and selling the pigs at a loss. That is the way many farmers would have done.

Harrington's salary isn't much. It consists largely of nickels and dimes pouring into their pockets like shot rattling down into a tin pan. These nickels and dimes run down into a long legged stocking and when the stocking gets to weighing about a pound they take it out and spend it.

Now the ordinary layman would not think this farmer's wife was a farmer's wife. To see her on the street, you'd judge her to be a high school girl. Nothing of that tired drab mien so often seen in good farm women. This woman walks with her shoulders up and with a quick business like elastic spring in her every action. Wears silk dresses, sheer stockings and French heels which are all paid for before they ever go on her. She's the secretary of the exchequer and the dynamic force which keeps the nickels and dimes rattling in like shot.

Their little old farm isn't a show place. Not yet. They've lived there

only half a dozen years and to buy and pay for a farm and make it outstanding is a life's work, but their place is terraced and wired and clovered and already you can begin to notice that it sticks up out of the world just a little bit higher. Not much cotton, of course, but they can't afford too many acres. Their dairy, chickens, gardens and orchards take up too much time to fool too much with cotton.

MORE MORE MORE They live in one of those little mansions built of pressed bricks, which is trellised and vined outside and drugged and rugged inside from cellar to attic. Paid for, by golly, with nickels and dimes which is the result of six years' work.

If you could drift by this poor man's home today about 12:30 you'd doubtless see a big old comfy chair somewhere in the shade and the poor man, would be sprawled in it with his magazine dropped down on the floor and his eyes shut. A mockingbird would be singing from a rose bush, a nightingale from the kitchen; in the icebox a dozen Jenny Lind cantaloupes would be boring guinea nests in the top of a big cake of ice; little calves would be blating and cows mooing; June flies cadencing and all the summery sounds with which an omnipotent God has surrounded his home. No big debts to worry about; no neighborhood unpleasantness; no nightmares in his daytime nap. Just a poor farmer with one wife, two babies and life's eternal stretch. Now laugh.

Man Gets Lots of Trouble When He Strikes Newsboy

Columbia, S. C., Aug. 7.—Take it from J. M. Grice, 50, it doesn't pay to slap an eight-year-old newsboy.

He slapped young Charles Drake last night, and, in addition to being nearly mobbed by a Main street crowd, he was given his choice today of paying \$50 or serving 30 days in jail by Recorder Heyward Brockinton.

Testimony as to the cause of the differences between the two is at variance. Grice says Drake cursed him. Drake admits loose language but says it was only after Grice had cursed him.

College Lad (arrested for speeding)—"But, your honor, I am a college boy."

Judge—"Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody!"

Unintentional Suicide

Many people are slowly poisoning themselves just as surely as if they drank toxins every morning for breakfast. They are daily absorbing the toxins, or poisons, created by accumulated waste matter in their constipated digestive systems. Sooner or later disease will conquer their weakened bodies.

If you have dizzy spells, headaches, coated tongue, bad breath, insomnia, no appetite, bilious attacks or pains in the back and limbs, you are probably suffering from self poisoning caused by constipation. The surest and pleasantest relief for this condition is *Herbine*, the vegetable cathartic which acts in the natural way. Get a bottle today from PAUL WEBB & SON AND CLEVELAND DRUG CO. (adv.)

CALL MAUNEY BROS.

For prompt and efficient RADIO SERVICE Parts carried for all popular makes. "Service Is Our Specialty." Phone 518

Have Your Eyes Examined Regularly

DRS. H. D. & R. L. WILSON OPTOMETRISTS Office Over Paul Webb & Son's Drug Store.

For your Vacation

COACH FARES 45% off

Richmond \$13.12 Norfolk \$15.73 Washington \$16.88 Jacksonville \$18.58 Miami \$33.06 St. Petersburg \$27.88 Any Seaboard Agent

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

CLEVELAND CLOTH VILLAGE ITEMS

(Special to The Star.)

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Veal and family spent the week-end at Toluca with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Willis.

Miss Alberta Murphy spent the last part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith.

Mr. Tom Willis of Toluca and Mr. Paul Willis of Gastonia, visited Mr. and Mrs. Veal Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Montjoy and family of Florence, S. C. visited Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Wilson Sunday and carried back their daughter, Mary Frances and their mother, Mrs. M. J. Montjoy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson and daughter, Bobby, visited Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cooke at Spindale.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Walker announced the birth of a baby girl Sunday. Both mother and baby are getting along fine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilson and family visited Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Wilson, at Spindale.

The families of Mrs. O. P. Allen, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. B. B. Button and others enjoyed a picnic at Stices' Shoals Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Huffins and their mother, Mrs. J. M. Huffins, visited friends here Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald Newman, of Chicago, Ill., spent the week end with Mrs. Newman's sister, Mrs. C. D. Buntan, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Padgett.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson and Miss Flossie Wilson motored to Charlotte Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Walker and family attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Walker, at Spartanburg.

Misses Louise and Grace Smith are spending the week with their aunt, Mrs. Murphy.

Little Albert Harvey of Newton is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. M. B. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cagle are the proud parents of a baby girl, born Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burns, Mr. Lawrence and Jim Hunter spent Sunday with their sister at Newton.

Mrs. H. L. Reynolds visited Mr. L. R. Reynolds, at Spartanburg, S. C. Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Burgess and family, of Greenville, S. C., and W. L. Johnson, of Travelers Rest, S. C. spent the week end with Mrs. Ella Trammell.

Miss Pauline Ballew and Miss Eva Mae Hopper are spending the week at Great Falls, S. C.

Miss Dorothy Francis is spending the week with Miss Mary Sue Lawrence at Kings Mountain.

Mrs. H. L. Martin and family are spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coker.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reynolds and son, Clyde, and Miss Gwendolyn Powers motored to Newton Sunday.

Mrs. W. O. Bolling, of Greenville, S. C., visited Mrs. H. L. Reynolds during the week end.

Mrs. M. J. Reynolds was called to her sister's bedside, Mrs. Walters of Charlotte, Sunday evening.

Miss Fay Wright and Mr. Howard Brandon visited Mrs. W. J. Cashin Saturday evening.

Mr. Willie Wilson, of Kings Mountain spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Enslly.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne are the proud parents of a baby boy, Richard Earle, born Thursday. Both mother and baby are getting along fine.

Mr. J. E. McGill and daughter, Gaynell, and Mr. Lewis Gallaway, spent the week end at Greenville, S. C.

spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coker.

Mr. H. W. Coker and Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Setzer spent the week end at Myrtle Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reynolds and son, Clyde, and Miss Gwendolyn Powers motored to Newton Sunday.

Mrs. W. O. Bolling, of Greenville, S. C., visited Mrs. H. L. Reynolds during the week end.

Mrs. M. J. Reynolds was called to her sister's bedside, Mrs. Walters of Charlotte, Sunday evening.

Miss Fay Wright and Mr. Howard Brandon visited Mrs. W. J. Cashin Saturday evening.

Mr. Willie Wilson, of Kings Mountain spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Enslly.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne are the proud parents of a baby boy, Richard Earle, born Thursday. Both mother and baby are getting along fine.

Mr. J. E. McGill and daughter, Gaynell, and Mr. Lewis Gallaway, spent the week end at Greenville, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilson and family visited Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Wilson, at Spindale.

The families of Mrs. O. P. Allen, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. B. B. Button and others enjoyed a picnic at Stices' Shoals Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Huffins and their mother, Mrs. J. M. Huffins, visited friends here Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald Newman, of Chicago, Ill., spent the week end with Mrs. Newman's sister, Mrs. C. D. Buntan, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Padgett.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson and Miss Flossie Wilson motored to Charlotte Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Walker and family attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Walker, at Spartanburg.

Misses Louise and Grace Smith are spending the week with their aunt, Mrs. Murphy.

Little Albert Harvey of Newton is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. M. B. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cagle are the proud parents of a baby girl, born Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burns, Mr. Lawrence and Jim Hunter spent Sunday with their sister at Newton.

Mrs. H. L. Reynolds visited Mr. L. R. Reynolds, at Spartanburg, S. C. Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Burgess and family, of Greenville, S. C., and W. L. Johnson, of Travelers Rest, S. C. spent the week end with Mrs. Ella Trammell.

Miss Pauline Ballew and Miss Eva Mae Hopper are spending the week at Great Falls, S. C.

Miss Dorothy Francis is spending the week with Miss Mary Sue Lawrence at Kings Mountain.

Mrs. H. L. Martin and family are spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coker.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reynolds and son, Clyde, and Miss Gwendolyn Powers motored to Newton Sunday.

Mrs. W. O. Bolling, of Greenville, S. C., visited Mrs. H. L. Reynolds during the week end.

Mrs. M. J. Reynolds was called to her sister's bedside, Mrs. Walters of Charlotte, Sunday evening.

Miss Fay Wright and Mr. Howard Brandon visited Mrs. W. J. Cashin Saturday evening.

Mr. Willie Wilson, of Kings Mountain spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Enslly.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne are the proud parents of a baby boy, Richard Earle, born Thursday. Both mother and baby are getting along fine.

Mr. J. E. McGill and daughter, Gaynell, and Mr. Lewis Gallaway, spent the week end at Greenville, S. C.

Hailed Heroine in 1926 Forgotten Today



Gertrude Ederle, pioneer queen of Channel swimmers, was the toast of the world four years ago, and today is a forgotten teacher of swimming in a boardwalk pool at Rye, N. Y. Her hearing is failing her as an aftermath and most of her earnings have been spent in an effort to restore it.

Charity Gets Huge Fortune

Wendel Pile, Made By Eccentric Family, Is Divided

New York—A fortune in real estate estimated at upwards of \$100,000,000 which three generations of Wendels have spent their lives amassing, is to go to charity when a frail little old lady, last of the Wendel line, dies.

The will of Mrs. Rebecca Wendel Swope, who died July 30, was filed today and provides for that disposition of the Wendel holdings after the death of her sister, Miss Ella, now 80.

Mrs. Swope, at the request of her sisters, had held all the Wendel properties in her name after the death of her brother, John, 15 years ago. She was the only one that married.

Her personal property, Mrs. Swope left to her nephew by marriage, George Stanley Shirk of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. She also made bequests of over \$90,000 to relatives, servants and charities.

The residue, after the death of Miss Ella, who was left the entire estate, most of it in trust, is to be divided among fourteen charities.

The Wendel family for years has been an enigma to the rest of New York. Living in an old brown stone mansion at Fifth avenue and 39th street, they resisted all progress, lived in almost monastic simplicity and refused to sell any of their real estate holdings.

The family fortune was founded in the nineteenth century by John Wendel, a fur trader and contemporary of the first Astors. With the turn of the present century there remained only seven grand children, six sisters and one brother.

The brother, who also bore the Christian name John, forbade his sisters to marry, saying that no man was good enough for them.

One, Georgiana, tiring of the restricted life, fled to Europe and showed herself publicly in hotels and other public places. On her return her brother had her declared insane, a verdict later over-ruled, and committed to an asylum. She finally won her freedom and sued her brother for \$50,000 but dropped the suit and returned to the old Fifth avenue home, there to live out her life behind closed shutters. She died in 1929.

One by one the sisters passed away, until now only Miss Ella is left. As did her sisters, she dresses only in black satin, cut in the mode of 40 years ago and sewed by her own hands. She never leaves the house so far as is known, except to walk her aged, fat poodle in the yard behind the house, known as the "million dollar dog run" because of the value of the property and the fact that it is used for no other purpose.

Some day she too will die, the public will learn of it days, weeks, perhaps months later, and the old house, last stronghold of an old tradition that surrendered only to death, will give way perhaps to a new building, taller than all the rest.

Farmer Strangles Snake In A Bundle

Washington, N. C.—There are, of course, more ways of killing a snake than by choking it to death with one's bare hands.

E. P. Cunningham, farmer, simply finds that way convenient at times.

Cunningham picked up an armful of tobacco sticks, something wigged. A poplar leaf moccasin, caught in the bundle, was striving to free itself.

Cunningham took the snake's throat in his hands and strangled it.

Satisfaction "Is this train ever on time?" growled the grouchy passenger. "Oh," replied the conductor, "we never worry about it being on time. We're satisfied if it's on the track."

Indiana Women Help Mutilate Bodies Of Negroes In Lynching

Horde of Screaming Women Trample Body. Use Their Finger Nails

Marion, Ind.—A frenzied mob of 1,000 persons which stormed the Grant county jail late Thursday night snatched two negroes from their cells and hung them on the courthouse square.

The victims of the mob's fury were Thomas Shipp, 18, accused of fatally shooting Claude Deeter, 23, of Fairmont, Ind., and Abe Smith, 19, who police said admitted attacking Deeter's girl companion after the shooting on a lonely country road east of here. Using sledge hammers after they were driven off once by use of tear gas bombs, members of the mob smashed a hole in the masonry beside the jail door and broke their way through two steel doors to reach the cells of the negroes.

Shipp's clothing was torn from his body by the maddened men and he was borne in a blanket to the courthouse yard and hanged from the bars of a window in the building.

Women Tear Flesh Smith, borne from the jail by a group of men after they had knocked him unconscious with their fists and hammers, was thrown on the ground where a horde of screaming women trampled on him and tore his body with their finger nails. He then was hung on a tree in the courthouse yard.

The mob dispersed after it had taken from the jail and severely beaten Herbert Cameron, 18. Today 5 state policemen and police officers from surrounding towns, armed with submachine guns maintained order, while Governor Harry G. Leslie said he stood ready to recall the national guard from its training quarters at Camp Knox, Ky., if further trouble developed.

Wrong Youth The vengeance of the mob was appeased after Cameron was returned to the jail. It was discovered the men had intended taking Robert Sullivan, 19, who was implicated in the killing of Deeter, instead of Cameron, whose connection with the other negroes was only that of an accomplice in several recent robberies.

A move toward Sullivan, after the mistake was discovered and Cameron returned, was thwarted by a man who said he was an uncle of the girl attacked. He harangued the mob, saying the two men directly involved had been punished, and advised against further violence. Soon after the crowd broke

up into small groups, and the danger of another outbreak was considered slight.

The bodies of Shipp and Smith still swing from the places where they were hanged, the lynchings announcing they would be left there, until noon as a warning to other negroes.

Shot In Parked Car Deeter was fatally shot Wednesday night as he sat in his parked automobile with Miss Mary Ball, 19, of Marion. Four negroes appeared and after ordering him to throw up his hands, shot him four times. One of the assailants then attacked the girl.

Deeter was brought to the Grant County hospital where he died yesterday afternoon.

Adds Marital Mix-Up to Chicago's Baby Mix-Up

Mrs. Anna Van Stan Watkins, Philadelphia entertainer, claims she is the first and undivorced wife of William Watkins, dad of one of Chicago's famous "mixed" babies. A bigamy suit is threatened.

Hopeless He had proposed and the girl had turned him down. "Ah, well," he sighed dejectedly. "I suppose I'll never marry now."

The girl couldn't help laughing a little, she was so flattered. "You silly boy!" she said. "Because I've turned you down, that doesn't mean that other girls will do the same."

"Of course it does," he returned with a faint smile. "If you won't have me, who will?"

QUEEN CITY COACH LINES FOR ASHEVILLE, CHARLOTTE, WILMINGTON FAYETTEVILLE. FOR ASHEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS: Leave SHELBY:—9:45 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.; 8:45 p. m. FOR CHARLOTTE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS: LEAVE SHELBY:—7:50 a. m.; 10:50 a. m.; 12:50 p. m.; 4:50 p. m.; (6:50 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.) 9:50 p. m. FOR WILMINGTON AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS: LEAVE SHELBY:—10:50 a. m.; FOR FAYETTEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS: LEAVE SHELBY:—7:50 a. m.; 10:50 a. m.; FOR FURTHER INFORMATION — PHONE 450 QUEEN CITY COACH COMPANY,

Kill this pest - it spreads disease

Gulf Venom Kills Flies and Mosquitoes. Roaches Bedbugs Ants Moths. Gulf Refining Co.

CITY ELECTRIC CO. Electrical Con. and Repairing. PHONE 230 — SHELBY, N. C.

BILLIARDS-Cleveland Cigar Store Hotel Charles Bldg., Corner Trade and W. Warren Sts.

T. W. Ebeltoft Grocer and Book Seller Phone — 82

Back Quit Hurting CARDUI Helps Women to Health

HOSIERY HOSPITAL, Inc. (Of Charlotte, N. C.) Branch At Mrs. Harmon's Hemstitching Shop

FRETFUL BABIES Need DR. THORNTON'S EASY TREATMENT

SPECIAL EXCURSION FARES TO GEORGIA, ALABAMA, LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI

SPECIAL LOW FARES SHELBY TO Washington D. C. \$24.85 Baltimore, Md. \$27.05 Philadelphia, Pa. \$32.20

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

DR. R. C. HICKS — DENTIST — Office Phone 421. Residence Isaac Shelby. Phone 74.

DR. R. C. HICKS — DENTIST — Office Phone 421. Residence Isaac Shelby. Phone 74.

Have Your Eyes Examined Regularly DRS. H. D. & R. L. WILSON OPTOMETRISTS

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

DR. R. C. HICKS — DENTIST — Office Phone 421. Residence Isaac Shelby. Phone 74.

DAN FRAZIER Civil Engineer And Surveyor Farm Surveys, Sub-divisions, Plats and General Engineering Practice. Phone 417

SPECIAL LOW FARES Round-Trip SHELBY To Niagara Falls

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY