

# Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

There is a man in our town. And he was wondrous wise. He swore by all the gods above he would not advertise! But one day he did break this rule, and thereby hangs a tale: The ad was set in real small type, and headed sheriff's sale.

**FOUR MR. Hoover!** He appears to get it in the neck at every turn. Members of one of Shelby's best known clubs recently received a card from the secretary which bore this message: "Due to Hoover prosperity or something the membership has dropped to a point where the revenue is no longer sufficient to pay our operating expenses."

**SHELBY SHORTS:** Carlos Jones the hedge-path preacher and politician is back in town after four months' absence. That means it's about time for the political pot to start boiling. All the old ones eventually come back. About Shelby they're telling again about the three political dogs, "Merchant," "Banker" and "Farmer." Hospitals should be grateful for such families as the Shelby Hugh Logan family. Of the ten in the family five have already undergone appendicitis operations. Buck Hardin recalls that some years ago, during a fever epidemic in Shelby, one man who was sick at home alone declared that once he got able to travel he would "shake the dust of Shelby off his feet" because he came very near dying here. And he did leave but came back after four years. A Shelby man who hasn't been playing golf long dubbed three shots in a sand trap at Cleveland Springs, turned to his companion and de-

clared, "I wish I had Dr. Shumaker back in Shelby to say what I'd like to say just now." A police chief has many duties the public knows nothing about. Right often one sees Chief Mac Poston loading a sack of flour and a bucket of lard in his automobile. It's a contribution from the city charity fund and is going to the family of some man who is on the chain gang, or to another needy home. Mrs. George Hoyie grows English walnuts in Shelby. Most of the college boys and girls have already departed, yet, oddly enough, the old home town is hobbling along better than was expected with them away.

**THIS ONE,** we've been informed really happened in Shelby and in one of the exclusive residential sections where the residents still believe in having their own turnip patch.

One lady called up her neighbor. "How would you like to have a mess of turnip greens in the morning?" "The lady at the other end of the wire, for some reason, misunderstood. What she thought the lady said was "How'd you like to play a table of bridge in the morning?" "Fine, thank you," was her reply. And it was not until the next morning that they got the matter entirely straightened out.

**IN COUNTY** court recently a controversy developed over the method of determining when a man is drunk. Later one of those present recalled that it is hard to excel Samuel Mordecai's version of a drunk as given in his Law Lectures. Here is:

Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise again and drink some more;

But drunk is he who prostrate lies without the power to drink or rise.

**WITH THE** schools open and the youngsters preparing to write essays and compositions, an old school room joke is going the rounds. A teacher had been advising her pupils not to attempt any fancy writing in their compositions. "Just write what is in you," he said. A few minutes later one boy in her room turned in the following composition: "I am writing just what is in me. I have got a hart, a liver, two lungs and a stummick. The stummick has got in it a pickle, two sticks of peppermint candy and a piece of pie." And what could a teacher do about that?

**JUST A Thought or So:** Who remembers when the blue laws hovered over Shelby and a dope and a pack of cigarettes couldn't be purchased on Sunday? Jack Crawford, the automobile dealer, might be added to the list of Shelby's best groomed men. Now that the library appropriation has been cut down, guess more Whizz Bangs and other magazines of that ilk will be sold. Andrew Lattimore is another New Yorker who couldn't get the homey atmosphere of the small town out of his bones, and returned to Shelby to live. In another fortnight we'll be putting grains of corn on numbers while waiting for the magic cry B-I-N-G-O. Another reason why there can't be so much to this hard times chatter: good possum dogs are not selling much cheaper about Shelby than they always have. A couple of years ago Shelby got air-minded and numerous boys started taking aviation lessons. Nowadays one hears nothing about flying except the gossip about the high-flying of the latest family to go in the hands of the receiver. Hasn't it been a dull day?

Great Gosh!

Waldron, Sask.—R. L. Penny's version is that imitation is flattery's sincerest form. Mrs. R. L. Penny says the affair proves that the female of the species is as deadly as the male. The Pennys were playing golf together. Mr. Penny, having the honor, made a hole in one. His chest was still expanding when Mrs. Penny brushed him aside and teed-up. The hole was halved.

**ZEB'S BARBER SHOP**  
HOME OF HIGH CLASS BARBER WORK  
Four Chairs — Three Shower Baths  
One of the Best Equipped Shops in Town  
— SPECIAL NOTICE —  
Children's Hair Cuts . . . . . 25c  
Saturdays . . . . . 35c  
We Welcome You One And All  
Located on Graham St., Just Around the Corner From The Carolina Theatre.

## Braves Argentine Mob To Aid American



Ralph G. Miller, of New York, Vice-Consul at Buenos Aires, has been commended to the State Department by the consul in charge for his bravery in traversing the bullet-swept streets of Buenos Aires in his efforts to obtain the release of an American citizen.

## WEST SHELBY COMMUNITY NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Jones Visitors From Mobile. Other Personal News.

(Special to The Star.)

West Shelby, Sept. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. James Brittain and baby, Mr. Levi Huggins and Miss Sophia Huggins of Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Gibson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Huggins.

Mr. Lonzo Costner of Spartanburg spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Costner on Blanton street.

Mrs. Henry Dillingham and Bobby of Cliffside are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Canipe.

Mrs. Lem Huffstetler of Gaffney spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Smith. They accompanied her home Sunday for the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady McCraw and Mrs. Ole Jackson spent Sunday in West Hickory.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Derrick and children of Dover spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Will Bright.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jones and Junior of Mobile, Ala., visited Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Ramsey Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Walker is spending some time with Mrs. Julie Johnson of Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dover and little daughter, Margaret, visited in Morganton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Garver and children visited Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ivester and Mr. Robert Newton of Casar Sunday.

Mr. Clyde Davis of Charlotte spent Sunday and Monday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Davis.

Mr. A. A. Cox is spending some time in West Shelby with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Morrison of Boiling Springs visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morrison Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morrison and little daughter, Shirley, accompanied them home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Paris Hefner of Hickory visited relatives in West Shelby during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Gladden and little son Gene have returned from a visit to relatives in Kings Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stubbs and Eugene spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bridges.

Little Miss Dorothy Cook who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dover returned to her home at Granite Falls Sunday.

Mrs. Gertie Etowe and Betty Gray of Charlotte are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huggins.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Hambright and children visited the gattle ground at Kings Mountain Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Davis spent the week-end with relatives in Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Ivester and little daughter, Hilda, of Lily visited Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Garver Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Carson and little son, Milton, have returned after spending some time with relatives in Georgia.

Mrs. J. A. Bridges and children spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. S. Biddix of Ora.

Miss Elizabeth Lipscomb spent week-end with Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davidson of Gaffney.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Buchanan and children of Red Springs spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Francis of Athens, Ga., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Francis.

Miss Florence McSwain spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Beason near Boiling Springs.

Mrs. S. L. Ganitt of Belwood spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. T. Ramsey who continues quite ill.

Mrs. Carl Jones and little daughter, Louise, of Kings Mountain spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Jones.

Mr. Alvin Davis spent the week-end with friends in Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Biddix and Nell of Ora visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bridges Sunday.

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# Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—



**Inconsistency.**  
A certain big corporation "up north" paid its president a salary of \$350,000.00 and a bonus of \$1,345,000.00 last year, and incidentally laid off about one-third of its employes for an indefinite period and permitted the remainder to work only half time—on account of its inability to make any money. Bolshevism thrives on practices like unto that. What they should have done was: Turn off that president and take all that money and keep 3,000 mln at work for 24 months.

Cotton Letter.

New York, Sept. 12.—Southern selling had a weakening effect on September while November shorts were absorbed by Bombay longs, thus forcing the speculators to straddle—with one foot in Wall St. and the other foot in the Federal Reserve. Options were lower than due in Liverpool on receipt of private reports from Texas intimating that it thundered last night. Much covering with new December was apparent when a boll weevil was discovered in a turnip patch in Oklahoma by the farm board. Awaiting clearance—42,888 bales, counting hay, hair and hides. Stop orders were injected into the hedge market near the close, but nobody got hurt except a few bulls—who never do anything but lose.

for sail.

notis: i will sell to the highest bidder for cash next week at 5 p. m., on my premisses in front of my house and lot, the following

described house hole goods and kitchen furniture, to-wit: 3 nice dogs, fine for possums, rabbits, and mebbe coons, 5 trained beagle dogs and increase, 2 young calfs who aners to the name of jim and joe and will make fine steers of beef, also the ballance of my farming impliments consisting of 1 radio and 1 ford and one third intrust in old beck who is coming 7 next spring. I am giving up farm life and moving to town to help my 2 brothers loaf, rite or foam if you want to come up and suspect my stuff befor the sail, yores trulle, mike Clark, rfd.

Longer But Thinner.

Long dresses have definitely arrived. I saw a flapper with one on yesterday, and when a flapper begins to conceal her principle works of art, it's good by John. That was a pretty dress though, and I am sure that she didden have on anyvate else, as the sun was shining. It was of flimsy material, loose as a laundry bag everywhere except at the sleeves which did not exist, and had little cloth dangles dangling all around the bottom of the skirt. This dress was about 4 inches longer in front than at the rear and the north side was 1 inches shorter than the south side. But I broke only 1 fender when I ran into it the telephone post. Moral: Stop, look and listen when you meet a jane like that. Don't risk trying to drive on down the street.

Who Needs Whiskey?

Why all this fuss and feathers

about whiskey? Every paper you pick up is filled with prohibition and anti-prohibition stuff. Every magazine is loaded with what "wets" and "drys" have to say about the Volstead act. We have a straw vote every now and then. What's it all about nowhow? Let's see.

I have been trying to find out who wants booze and why? I am anxious to ascertain just what place whiskey has in our present civilization—that it must cause such a bally-boloo year in and year out. Now, folks, I have been "inquiring around" to get the facts, and here they are:

I asked the president of the Last National bank what he thought of whiskey and he said that whiskey might be all right, but he wouldn't keep a man in his employ that drank it even in a mild way. A merchant told me that he could not risk a drunk man in his business.

My preacher stated that he much preferred that none of his members would touch whiskey, and the Superintendent of our schools spoke out loud that he would not keep a teacher a minute that used intoxicating beverages and he further informed me that all pupils who fool with whiskey would be expelled without argument.

The cotton mill bosses intimated that it would be dangerous for a drunk man to attempt to work in their mills. The oil dealers swear that they will discharge any truck driver that shows up drunk while on duty. The city turns off policemen who drink, that is—the right kind of city does. A bootlegger won't hire an agent if he drinks.

The farmers don't care to feed tenants that get two sheets in the wind, much less three. A drunken barber is not often allowed to work. A street car motorman must let booze alone or hunt up another job. Railroad presidents are not looking for booze fighters to run their trains and look after their road beds.

Fathers and mothers don't want

## Largest Carillon in World



The 22-ton Bourbon bell, which completes the largest carillon in the world, being hoisted up the front of the new Riverside Church, on Riverside Drive and 121st street, New York City.

The carillon is in memory of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller and was a gift to the church by her son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. All the bells in the carillon were made in Croydon, England.

their boys and girls to drink. About 22 percent of the folks in the poor houses are there because they drank booze or were the victims of husbands who did. 96 per cent of the

men in the penitentiaries were drunk drinkers before they were locked up and the asylum is full of folks that sucked the bottle. So, folks, I'd like to know what we need whiskey for if it hurts everything it touches.

Fewer Culls  
Less Mortality  
More Eggs



WITH SQUARE MEAL EGG MASH

There are fewer culls when Square Meal Laying Mash is used for the health of the hen is always preserved. The abundance of proteins, minerals and vitamins repair the worn parts and keeps the hen healthy.

AND MORE EGGS

This means more profit in your pocket. Square Meal is the well balanced ration that supplies all the ingredients for the maximum production of eggs for the longest periods, all through the season.

FEED SQUARE MEAL

to all your chickens. It is the safe and profitable feed. Your local Square Meal dealer is ready to serve you.

Square Meal Feeds for Cows, Hogs, Horses



Interstate Milling Co. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEALERS: Let us tell you more about Square Meal feeds. Write or wire for prices.

# ONE will always stand out!

A BOOMING SALUTE for the skipper who first crosses the line! His victory is hard-won and deserved.

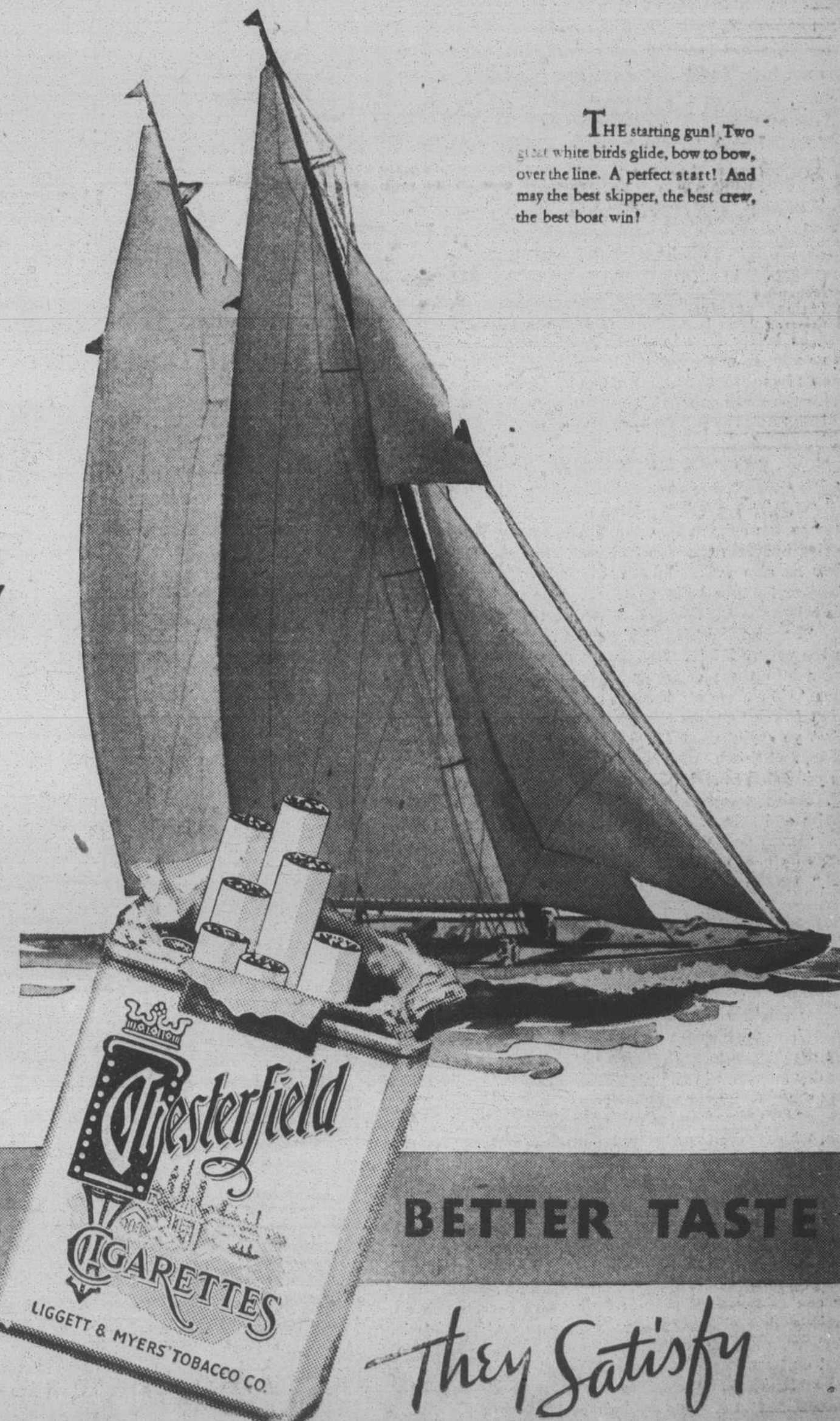
No less deserving is Chesterfield's popularity — here is one cigarette that never leaves the course of Milder... and Better Taste.

MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

## for Milder

Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



## BETTER TASTE

They Satisfy

Try Star Wants Ads.