

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

It ought to be a big week for Shelby movie fans with Mariens Detrich, the latest crumb of the cinema world, on at one show, and Leo, M. G. M.'s million dollar lion, tossing his mane at another show house.

But—this is a mere personal opinion—we'll never get as much kick out of the enchanting Mariens and roaring Leo as we did in the old days out of that clutching hand that almost got Pearl White at the break-off of every serial installment, or as we got out of Bill Hart's two spouting shooting irons and his drilling eyes. And we've never laughed as we laughed at Roscoe (Patty) Arbuckle, the big fellow who came along too early in the world's progress, or retrogression. The antics that got Arbuckle kicked out of the pictures would be just good tame publicity for the more modern marry-every-week-or-two stars.

If you're not afraid to open the green covers of Dr. Menck's magazine, The American Mercury, don't miss Phil Russell's article on Zeb Vance, "Hooray for Vance." If you remember even one of the many stories your grandpa related about Zeb, you'll not pass up this opportunity of reading a well-written summary of the Civil War governor. And there were about as many Vance stories centering around Shelby as around any other Carolina town.

This department's present fad for unique names in this territory draws a fine response from Mrs. J. W. of Waco.

On the faculty of the Waco school there is a King, a Pope, and a Kiser.

Beat that for having an array of celebrities in one school faculty?

Shelby Shorts: Wonder what Federal Judge E. Yates Webb, one of the daddies of the prohibition law, thinks about the Wickersham report? The publication of the photo of Alma Rubens, the movie star, just after her death recently reminds that there is in Shelby a woman who would make a good double for the star that narcotics soothed out of life's picture Hamrick's and Ebeltoft's have been in business longer than any firm now operating in Shelby, but the old Shelby Foundry, operated by the Babington family for 55 years, has the record for long service. B. B. Babington, sr., started the foundry in 1859 and his descendants continued to operate it until 1925. It still has the same name In his Sunday letters in The Charlotte Observer General Mecklenburg addressed one letter to "Senator Peter McSwain," of Cleveland county. Why be prominent, Peyton, when the State's biggest newspaper fumbles your monicker like that? One of the longest names to be found in the Shelby directory is that of Eichelberger. The family lives on Carolina Avenue, or did live there when the directory publisher rounded everybody up C. H. S. is another man who admits reading this stuff, but in his opinion, it would be more entertaining if some one would furnish more reminiscences of the old days. That depends on the old-timers; this column can go no farther back in the past than to the days when Heavy's bacon-and-tomato sandwiches were so famous John "Clipper" Smith, the new football coach at State college, is a native of Hartford, Connecticut. Wonder if a certain Shelby native, who once played football at State—and did a good job of it—and now lives at Hartford, had anything to do with bringing in the new mentor?

Come Monday, b'gum, we'll be knowing what the weather for the next six weeks will be like. That is, those of us will who still believe in the groundhog and in planting our 'taters only when the moon is right. Incidentally, Blum's almanac says that for the remaining days of January you better pile some more wood under the house and get in another ton of coal.

Maybe you haven't heard this one: A drunk, known in cultured circles as an inebriated gentleman (?), was standing on a river bridge looking at the reflection of the moon in the water below him. Someone passed by.

"Shay there," the drunk called out, "ish that the moon down there?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Well, whash I want to know ish how'neek I got up here?"

The liveliest business we hear, in Shelby in this depression is one that couldn't thrive without the dead—the Thompson casket factory. They have some mighty charming wooden overcoats in their North Washington street plant, if you care to delve in such things before going in one.

"Walter Winchell," says a reader, "in his New York column always tells in advance when births are expected in Manhattan's most prominent families. Why not try that in Shelby?"

Here's why—New York, Old Father Knickerbocker's town, may have her gangsters, but gossip columnists up that way are never as much in danger of meeting up with a load of buckshot as a similar type would be down in these places the New Yorkers call tank towns. Advance announcements about the arrival of the stork are not talked publicly down this way—only over back-fences, at sewing circles, and over marble-slabbled soda fountains.

Our political paragraph: The next president of the United States will be one of the two men who sought to be president in 1928.

Now, which one?

And since that had to be brought up—who'll be the next mayor of Shelby?

Galli-Curci declares public is deserting the opera.

Air force revolt in Spain is crushed by artillery.

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CERTIFICATE OF FILING OF CONSENT BY STOCKHOLDERS TO DISSOLUTION.

State of North Carolina,
Department of State,
To all to whom these presents may come
Greeting:
Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction,
by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof deposited in my office, that the Farmers Mercantile Company a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Lattimore, county of Cleveland, State of North Carolina (W. E. Walker being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22 of the Consolidated Statutes, preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate that such consent has been filed;
Now, therefore, I, J. A. HARTSHORN, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 10th day of January, 1931, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by more than two-thirds in interest of the stockholders thereof, which said certificate and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 28th day of January, A. D. 1931.
J. A. HARTSHORN, Secretary of State
28-1931

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— PHONE 113 —

Lattimore News Of Current Week

Milan Callahan And Thelma McEntire Best All Round Students. A Win Over Grover.

(Special to The Star.)
Lattimore, Jan. 26.—The seniors of Lattimore high school have elected their superlatives for the year. The result of the elections is as follows:

Best all round boy: Milan Callahan; best all round girl: Thelma McEntire; prettiest girl: Jessie Pearl Irvin; most handsome boy: J. C. Moore; best athletes: Milan Callahan, Thelma McEntire; most popular: Thelma McEntire, J. C. Moore; most brilliant: Shannon Hamrick; daintiest: Elizabeth Hewitt; most original: Shannon Hamrick; most influential: Thelma McEntire; best sports: Thelma McEntire, Milan Callahan; most dependable: Lucille McSwain; most ambitious: Shannon Hamrick; cutest: Jessie Pearl Irvin; laziest: Sam Gold; most friendly: Thelma McEntire; most talkative: Verne Cabanis; biggest shiek: Kell Powell; biggest flapper: Elizabeth Hewitt; most concealed: Ladd Brooks, Elizabeth Hewitt.

Mrs. Forest Crowder and little son, Forest, Jr., returned home from Spartanburg Thursday, where the baby has been taking treatment under Dr. Smith, a baby specialist, for several days. The baby is improving nicely now.

Little Edward Harrill still remains very ill, but is showing signs of improvement.

Miss Elsie Orders returned to her school work here Monday after a week's illness at her home in Mooresville.

Mr. and Mrs. Coster Wright and family of Mooresboro spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harrill.

Mrs. Joe Costner of Henrietta spent the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. E. White.

Those spending the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Blanton were: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wallace and children of the Beaver Dam community and Mr. and Mrs. Foy Lemons, of the Sharon community.

Miss Gladys Horn spent the week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mackey visited Mrs. Mackey's sister, Mrs. Glenn Painter in the Shelby hospital Sunday.

Mr. Sidney Wall of the High Shoal community spent the day Friday with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harrill.

Miss Candace Rayburn, who was absent from school last week on account of illness was able to return Monday.

Miss Mada Wilson, of Claremont, spent the week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Jordan were supper guests Monday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Grady McSwain at Boiling Springs.

Mrs. Ida Humphries who nursed little Aubrey Calton, Jr., during his illness last week, returned home Friday.

Wins Over Grover.
Lattimore defeated Grover in a basketball game in the gym here Friday night.

Mr. James Rayburn of Boiling Springs junior college spent the week-end at home.

Miss Carrie Kuykendall of Hendersonville, sister of Mrs. Clifford Magness, was a visitor in the Lattimore school Friday.

Mr. John Taylor of Kings Mountain spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Doty.

Mr. and Mrs. William Whisnant of Shelby spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Blanton.

Misses Bessie and Effie McEntire of the Union community visited Mrs. Onnie Smith Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates Hamrick, Mr. and Mrs. Fay McSwain and Miss Verdie Walker spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. Z. Harrill in the Trinity community.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walker visited relatives at Ellenboro Sunday.

Mrs. Effie Moore of the Piedmont school spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Blanton.

Mrs. J. E. Morehead spent the week-end with her brother, Mr. Dovie Moore, at Boiling Springs, who is seriously ill. Others from Lattimore calling to see Mr. Moore Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawton Blanton, Mrs. Effie Moore and Miss Maude Morehead.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rollins and children of Ca. keep visited Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Blanton Friday night.

Mrs. W. A. Crowder is ill with influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Harrill of Charlotte are spending several days with Mr. Harrill's mother, Mrs. Julia Harrill.

Mrs. S. L. Beam of Shelby returned to her home after spending several days with her mother, Mrs. S. O. Rayburn who is sick.

Miss Lydia Poston, the home economics teacher in the Lattimore high school is at her home, ill with influenza.

Just So.
Ladies' shoes are to be more pointed. Husbands will probably continue to make tactless remarks at dinner parties, but their shins will find them out.—London Opinion.

Half ton of morphine is seized at pier in New York.

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

Brown-Kills.
... If there is anything in the world worse than a "bad cold," I have never been introduced to it. Whoever named that disease a "bad cold" knew from experience what he, she or it was talking about.

... I didn't catch this cold; it caught me. Nobody sneezed in my face and I am sure I didn't wipe my nose on a towel that a "bad colder" had wiped his face on. In my opinion, the bad cold germ, floats about in the air and an open mouth is its paradise, and I guess I had my mouth open.

... For 5 nights I never got one cubic inch of breath through either nostril, but my respiration functioned through my mouth, and by 10 o'clock my palate and other mouth-organs were as dry as a powder puff.

... Everybody was kind to me during my attempts to demise, and remedy after remedy were offered me by friends (not physicians, however) absolutely without charge. You ever notice how serious a guy gets when he tells you've got from mumps to blind-stagers? Here's what they said to do:

Rev. Doolittle: "When you go home tonight, have your wife take a quart of good blackberry wine and add 4 lemons and 6 or 8 raisins and mix in along one-half pint of newly-made corn whiskey, (but he didn't tell me where I could get the whiskey), and pour this concoction (after bringing the same to a lukewarm simmer) into a wash-basin and soak your feet in it for 5 hours and 42 minutes." I didn't try that remedy, and furthermore— I hope I'll never have to listen at him preach again.

Mrs. Swinnings: "I always put my husband to bed (when he has a cold) and give him hot salty water in broken doses every 3 minutes and sweat as much alcohol out of him as possible. Then I leave him for a day or so, and he recovers. He is getting so now that he doesn't pay any attention to a cold."

Old Aunt Dinah: "Look-y here, Mr. Gee. You better be doing something for that new-mony cold and cough you seem to have. What you need is some medison made out of 2 parts sassyfrac roots and 2 parts possum livers which has been dried out by the sun and bled in a pot with some jimson weed roots and ginger. Dat has cured my ole man man time and agin, but he hidde the last time he ketched a cold: I couldnt find no ginger."

Dr. Jones: "Pay me what you already owe me, go home and drink plenty soda water. Here's a dime to get you a pound of salts. The directions are on the package. Good-bye Who's next?"

... Well, I got better after the cold finally got through with me. Instead of selling Christmas seals to help fight T. B., somebody ought to start selling Everyday stamps at a nickel apiece to combat colds. And politics are also something to worry over. Ever figger how much taxes you are having to pay and who you've got in charge of spending that money?

As He Thinketh, So Are The Times.
While up town a few minutes yesterday afternoon, we found it convenient to interview a few fellows who were all loafing. Our question to each person approached was the same: "How's everything?"

Mr. Brown, The Shoe Man: "Well, it can't be this way all the time. Most everybody has worn out his shoes and folks are too proud to go barefooted. I look for a little bit less riding and somewhat more thinking for now on. But something got to be done about taxes."

Mr. Green, the Farmer: "Us farmers have just about got useter having our stuff took away from us. There ain't much difference at our house. We have pinched and skimped all our lives, and expect to keep it up. I intend to work as hard as ever, cut my 'fertilize bill 50 per cent, and shoot every kind of agent that comes in sight of my house. Look it this suit one of them sold me in December."

Uncle Jack, the Hedge-Trimmer: "Yasar, boys—Ise all right. We has a mighty good preacher now. Glad to see this putty sunshine weather. My ole woman has almost got well of her rommy-tism and now washes for 4 families. I cuts hedges and rakes 'old leaves. Mr. Gee, please give de old nigger a chaw-terbaker, or a dime or somethin'."

Mrs. Gray, the House-Keeper: "Everything is pretty good with us. The boys have gone back to college. Bob thinks business will pick up

soon. We are letting our car sit under the shed—we can't run it and pay for educating our children at the same time, so we decided to walk, as they are more important. Folks will have to come down, that's all. Groceries are cheaper, but Bob is worried to death about high taxes, and says our county could get along on half as much as they are now spending."

Mr. Redd, the Filling Station Man: "Yep, there's a right smart of riding going on yet. The young folks can't quit. Just swapped 10 gallons of gas for that basket of eggs and that bag of sugar. Gas is bearing a heavy load: 6 cents tax, or about 40 percent on the dollar, but folks never growl about the gas taxes—it's the house and farm tax. We have only 54 bad checks on hand now. Drop around and let us fill your installment plan some time."

Mr. Blue, the Bench-Warmer: "Well, this old country is gone to the dogs, and Hoover done it. They are stealing the farmers cotton and corn. I look for a revolution if things don't get better. Five of my younguns is now out of a job, and we simply can't stand it. The state will soon own all the land, and we folks will be slaves. Gotter match?"

Farmer Wants Land Revalued This Year

(Special to The Star.)

I, as a farmer want to say something through your columns about the revaluation of real estate. If I understand the law it says that land must be revalued every four years in the months of January and February. January is almost gone and nothing done. The people are anxious if the commissioners do not do something pretty soon I think the land owners of the county should call a meeting and demand that something be done. Taxes have become burdensome and the farmer must be relieved of some of the burden if he is to exist much longer. Let's hear from other farmers of the county. I am only saying these few words with all due respect to everybody.

Sincerely,
A FARMER.

Negroes Buy Pure Breds.
Negro farmers of Alamance county sold three pure bred Jersey bulls to negro farmers of Harnett county recently making a total of four the colored dairymen of Alamance have disposed of in the last few weeks.

Will Reduce Cotton.
The acreage to corn, soybeans and sweet potatoes will be increased in Hoke county this season with a consequent reduction of cotton and tobacco acreage, say the leading farmers.

J. Z. FALLS,
Shelby, N. C., 1-27-31.

Party leaders in senate agree on deferring world court vote.

Squire Falls For Gardner Cut Plan

Says Governor Is For Down-Trodden Farmer, But Higher-ups Yelp.

To The Editor:
I noticed in the Charlotte Observer open forum two articles, one from Zeb Green, which I read with profound interest.

Now I want it distinctly understood that I have always stood for education, but no special favors. I am for equal rights to all and special favors to none. Now as to our colleges: All respectable denominations have their own colleges equal if not superior in point of morals to our university. Each denomination has to tax itself to support their own colleges and then dig up hard-earned money to support the state institution. There was once a time when we needed that institution but I am like our late lamented Zeb Vance, who was an old line Whig and believed in a protective tariff to protect infant industries. But he said a half century ago that when a baby got to be 100 years old it ought to stand on its own legs. The same rule applies to our State university; it is high time this institution should cease to crawl and get on its own legs.

Some of the best men in our own day never butted their heads against the State university. For instance, our distinguished Clyde R. Hoyer, the idol of Democracy, never entered a college and is a self-made man of our grand old commonwealth; and he, too, has a national reputation as an orator. On the other hand when we educate a man at this expensive institution he has to have a silver spoon in his mouth and offer a stiff drunkard's grave.

If there ever was a time when we need a cut all the way, like our distinguished governor has outlined, it is now. There is no room for criticism of his policies. I voted for him but did not always agree with him before he was elected governor, but I can see that he is for the down-trodden farmer who needs help. It is like William Jennings Bryan once said, "You can burn the cities and towns and they can rebuild. But if you destroy the farms, the city streets will grow up in grass." However you may differ with our governor in his views we must acknowledge that he is trying to steer the old Ship of State as best he can without special privileges and partiality. It is his policy to favor no class and it is our duty to hold up his hands and let Mr. Fountain go with his crowd that has an axe to grind.

As to the lady writer she is no doubt to be pitied. However she has taught in the school of those boys with a silver spoon in their mouth—that state institution, the pet child, for which there are those who would have the state sell out the poor farmer.

As to the salary of the higher-ups who draws double and more than that of the under teacher, if there is any discrimination, it should be in favor of the under dog. But it is not the under dog that is yelping, it is the hit dog.

Shoot it to them, Governor Gardner an J. Z. Green.

J. Z. FALLS,
Shelby, N. C., 1-27-31.

Party leaders in senate agree on deferring world court vote.

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