Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

How To Drive An Automobile.

1. Don't fail to blow your horn when turning a corner on 2 wheels. This will attract the attention of some people who really and truly enjoy watching a fool do foolish things.

2. Kindly sound your horn in the following manner: toot, t-o-o-t, t—o—o—t, t——oo——t, when the guy in front of you chokes down and can't get his starter to work—in congested traffic. That's the way all lunatics act.

3. When someone hits you in the back end, and tries to explain it to you, hold your temper—and tell him that it was all your fault—that you held out your hand—but that you have a small hand, and he could not possibly see it, and offer to pay for his 2 lights and bumper and your gas tank.

4. When you overtake a large truck or a covey of large trucks that occupy all of the middle of the road, stop right in your tracks, turn around, go back home, and try to make your trip tomorrow. Of course, if you are in an Austin, you can scoot under those road elephants, but if you are in an automobile, don't every try to meet or pass one of them. It can't be done safely.

5. Don't dim your lights when meeting a car. Undertakers and garage men have to make a living and you can help them by observing this rule. In parking your car, be sure to make it impossible for the car on either your right or your left to back out without mashing your fender off, or possibly ruining his own. And it's nice to park right behind the other fellow also.

6. Don't blow your horn until you have actually struck a pedestrian. If he hasn't got sense enough to stay at home or our in the woods, he won't have sense enough to know that you haven't any sense at all, so be nonchalant—put him in your car and take him to the hospital, after phoning the coroner. Then look yourself up a good lawyer. Sensible people who are able to pay damages generally carry liability insurance.

7. Always drive 65 m. p. h. If you can't pay cash for your gas, give the man a check. Dodge your creditors and our speed cops. Meet your monthly installments and let your grocer, preacher and doctor starve. Have your oil and pocketbook drained at every filling station. Keep your tail-light lit, but don't get lit yourself while driving. In case of sudden death, have your address in your vest pocket. But while living, don't have any regard for the other man's rights.

Things I'd Like To Know.

1. I can't understand how it is that we have thousands of miles of good roads, and hundreds of fine school houses, and plenty money for all public demands—while our farms are being sold for taxes, our farm dwellings and tenant houses are rotting down and our farmers are able to make only a bare (very bare) living.

2. I can't understand how so many of us have to hunt an hour or more for a place to park our cars—while bread-lines are just around the corner—and hundreds of women and little children in our community are half fed and three-fourths starved—and the officers of the law can catch only the poor man drinking or peddling booze.

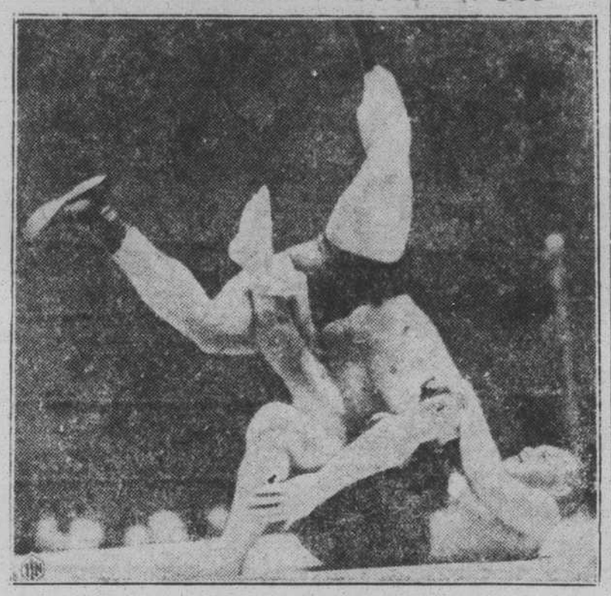
3. I can't understand why the land banks and the insurance companies continue to fore-close mortgages on real estate that they can't or won't utilize after they come into possession of it—while there is a possibility that the man who owns it would at least pay a fair rental for it and mebbe something on the principle when the Republicans get out of office and the Democrats are given a chance to bust up the big monopolies and give the working men a probable prospect.

4. I can't understand why a cotton mill hand earns only $1.50 a day while his brother gets $1.50 per hour for doing a little job of plastering that very little intelligence and only a smattering of experience are required, nor can I understand why a board of directors will pay one man a bonus of $1,345,000 per year while thousands of the men who made that money are loafing—waiting for business to come back—to Wall St.

5. I can't understand why our congress and our legislatures continue to appropriate so much money for useless purposes (in many, many cases) while they know it will serve only to bankrupt our country in the long run. I can't understand why a politician hasn't got backbone enough to stand up for the rights of his people instead of sitting down for what tickles his political fancy.

6. I can't understand how the man in debt will ever get out. I can't understand why a poor man prefers a car to ride in rather than a house to live in. I can't understand how "Big Business" ever got such a strange-hold on our nation. I can't understand why so many men are crying for the return of whiskey when they don't want their own younguns to drink it, and I can't understand why I have been goose enough to write this article which I don't understand.

When East Meets West



This is not a scene from an oriental mystery story. It is merely Taro Miyaki, of Japan, applying a trick hold on Gino Garibaldi, of Italy. Despite Taro's struggles Garibaldi was declared the winner after ten minutes of grappling at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Only Cupid Knows

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick (upper), former Illinois Congresswoman, refused to deny or confirm her reported engagement to former Representative Albert Simms, of New Mexico (lower). Mrs. McCormick and her son are now visiting in Albuquerque.

The actual value of lespedeza as a soil improving crop will be tested in a soil building demonstration for five years on four or five plots of poor land in Rowan county by W. G. Yeager, county agent.

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

If you haven't been tricked already, use precaution and take a second thought for the remainder of the day. This, y'know, is April Fool's Day.

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But to help along if you're looking for fun, why not pick out a friend who enjoys a joke and does not have heart trouble, and wire him as follows:

"We are please to inform you that the judges have today decided that your article best describes the advantages of the new cellophane wrapper for Camel cigarettes. Watch the mails for your $25.000 check. R. J. Reynolds Co."

Some of these days, if the scientists keep it up, we'll be able to turn on the faucet in the kitchen, name the kind of fish we desire for dinner (or supper) that night, and the fish will come swimming out.

The way science has transformed things in recent years we wouldn't blame grandpap if he were to come back take one peep and faint all in a heap. Grandma with her smelling salts couldn't bring him to.

* * * *

We refer now to the latest oddity, but in the meantime express our inclination to be a doubting Thomas.

In the old days, y'know, when we started to go a'fishing we took the mattock and shovel and journeyed down behind the barn to dig our fishing worms. Well, all that's over now folks. H. M., one of Shelby's hardware store proprietors, informs that there is on sale now a liquid known as "Gitzem" which will draw the worms from the ground without any digging. All you have to do, so they tell us, is to put a couple teaspoonfulls in a tub of water, pour the water on the ground, get your bait can and wait. In a few minutes the worms—big ol', nice ones that should make any fish's mouth water—will begin crawling out. An added feature is that the worms will be whole when they crawl out. Remember in the old days we frequently cut them in two with the mattock?

And, so say the boosters of this "doodle-bug" oil, it will bring 'em out of anything except a concrete sidewalk.

All of which is almost as hard to digest as the biggest Bridgewater fishing story of the year.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Reynolds Tobacco Company, we are informed at the Piggly Wiggly, was not the first business concern in the country to use cellophane wrapping paper. Not by a jugfull! Go in the average grocery and you'll find that Mr. Bost, the Shelby baker, wraps his cakes in cellophane or something very similar thereto. And the majority of other bakery cakes are so wrapped. Likewise, clothiers will tell you that certain brands of shirts are wrapped in a similar paper.

(P. S. But please note that the Camels go the ups on the others by telling the people about it a la newspaper advertising. Us newspaper folks can do most anything except to make enough money to retire or buy new attire for the Easter parade.)

More Information: A citizen of the county with a good reputation for general truthfulness hands along this news: "Even the bootleggers are getting out and scrambling for business with cut price attractions. T'other day one sold me a 16-ounce pint—16 ounces, get me?—for fifty cents, and then said that it wasn't worth that but he'd have to have that much."

Shelby Shorts: The out-of-town newspapers have been saying quite a bit about five-cent loaves of bread, but they're not so much in evidence around Shelby. Merchants who have such could do a good business, our guess is, by passing out that info in a Star ad . . . . A recent issue of the Billboard, show and carnival publication, carries a photo of a carnival scene in Shelby in 1930. It's a photo this colyum has referred to heretofore. The carnival, at which the photo was taken, was held on the court square. Grouped around the ferris wheel were men with 10-gallon hats, and gawking at the strange sight with them were women in wide-brimmed hats, white shirtwaists with patent leather belts and skirts that swept the ground. Over behind the ferris wheel can be seen the top of the old red-brick court house. W. B. Fincher calls attention to the publication of the old scene . . . . Don't you know Paul Webb, George Blanton and many other young bucks had a big time that day drinking red lemonade and carrying on with the girls? . . . . . Speaking of pets, which no one was doing, Red Newman has one pet that he can't get rid of—a polecat. Cage Ellis, the transfer man, has a big black crow . . . . One brunette in the beauty contest is of the opinion that some of the dark-haired entrants will be declared Miss Shelby over the blondes. Now it's the blondes' turn to pull hair; and as we recall there were one or two brown-haired lassies entered . . . . On occasions they call off baseball games because of rain, and it may be that they'll have to call off this approaching city election because of a lack of interest.

TRY STAR WANT ADS FOR RESULTS

Meat Is Cheapest That It Has Been In Several Years

Washington.—Families with small or restricted incomes are told by E. W. Sheets, of the agriculture department, that they would find inexpensive cuts of meat cheaper than ever.

Sheets, chief of the animal husbandry division, said meat now costs less than in many years, with breast and neck of medium lamb selling for as low as seven and one-half cents a pound.

Pork shoulders, he added, could be bought for 14 to 19 cents, and picnic shoulders at from 13 to 21 cents.

Full flavored goods, such as meat, tomatoes and onions, were urged by the bureau of home economics for persons limited to minimum food supplies.

Car Will Not Start, Driver Kills Self

Woodbridge, N. J.—Joseph Chotash, 22, tried for more than half an hour to get his automobile out of the mud. He failed.

Another driver, John Onder, saw Chotash's plight and started to aid him.

Before he could get there Chotash drew a pistol from his pocket and killed himself.

We Call Your Attention

To The Articles We Are Showing

On Our First Floor

Living Room Suites, Odd Overstuffed Chairs, Smoking Stands, Center Tables, Floor and Table Lamps, Clocks, Mirrors, Pictures, Window Curtains, Draperies, Tapestries, Rugs, Mascot Ranges and Hundreds of Novelties.

MOST OF THESE ARE GOING AT HALF PRICE.

And You Can't Afford To Miss Them. Every Home Needs A Few Of These Odd Pieces.

A Visit To Our Store During This Sale Will Convince You That We Are Offering The Lowest Prices That Have Ever Been Offered In Shelby.

The Paragon Furniture Co.

SHELBY, N. C.

SALE CLOSES SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 4TH.

STOP THAT COLD WITH A & O

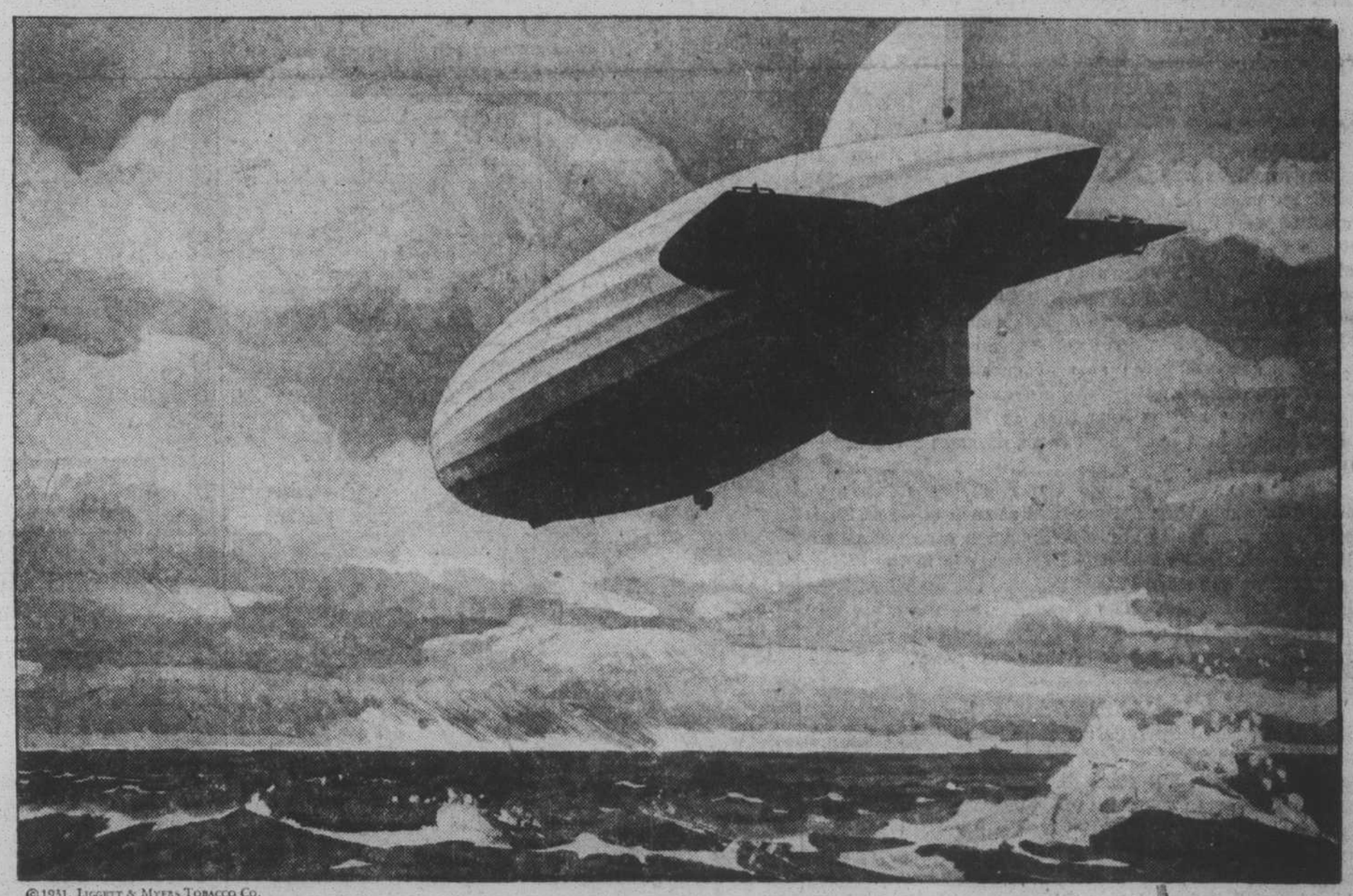
IT'S LIQUID PRICE 25c RELIEVES A COLD IN 24 HOURS

SOLD BY PAUL WEBB & SON and ALL DRUGGISTS

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee.

"I've flown with the Pathfinders of the Air

—says Chesterfield



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Yet you meet me in the city's crowded canyons"

Along the invisible lanes of the air, or among jostling thousands in the city's streets . . . it's all the same to Chesterfield. For here's a cigarette that goes everywhere, and that *tastes* right anywhere. Milder and better tobaccos —nothing else— that's what you *taste* in Chesterfield. And, thanks to the "cross-blend," all of that mild, good *taste* and *aroma* is retained!

FOR NINETEEN years, our Research Department has kept intimate touch with every new development of Science that could be applied to the manufacture of cigarettes. During this period there has been no development of tested value or importance to the smoker which we have not incorporated into the making of Chesterfield cigarettes.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

They Satisfy —that's Why!