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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as executor under the last will and testament of D. J. McCall, late of Cleveland county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present same to me properly proven on or before the 5th day of May, 1932, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of any recovery thereof. All persons owing the said estate will please make immediate settlement to the undersigned. This May 9th, 1931.
WILLIAM S. FORTENBERRY, R-2 Kings Mountain, N. C., Executor of D. J. McCall.
4th May 1931

Nobody's Business

CEE McGEE

If We Had Open Saloons.

If booze could be bought on every corner, the government would have to retain First Aid stations and Red Cross nurses at every mile post on every public highway in the country. Wrecking cars and crews would line all thoroughfares so they'd be handy to pull automobiles apart when they met head-on and tail-on and sideways and cross-wise.

Every third man in the United States would have to turn policeman, and court houses would have to be so thick over the country that they would be in hollering distance of one another. Townships would be fenced in and used for jails. Pedestrians would never attempt to walk down or up a main road. They would be provided with little pig paths several hundred yards away from the lines of travel.

Cities would of necessity quarantine against all automobiles. It would take 1 thousand plumbers, 10 thousand machinists, and 20 thousand common laborers to clear our streets every Monday morning after the Sunday frolics—if cars were permitted to enter our towns. Speed limits would have to be abolished. And women would wear shot-guns tied around their waists while milking or chopping cotton.

If whiskey could be had with the ease and convenience of 25 years ago, it would require 5 grave diggers to every hundred persons residing in this land of ours—to lay away her victims. Undertakers would be as thick as whiskers on a Bolshevik's chin. Ambulances and hearses would run in sections and carry trailers. Embalmers would be forced to work overtime, and judges and juries would work night and day in order that there might be standing room at the chaingangs.

All of these calamities would come because the times have changed since the advent of flying machines and good roads and bone-heads and reckless living, and so many people would get drunk at a time—there wouldn't be anybody left to nurse the baby or put out the cat. Folks are no worse than they used to be. It's simply the change in our way of living that would make it impossible to compete with John Barleycorn.

We are living in a fast age. We run at break-neck speed all the time. We trot to our work, we run home to lunch, we don't have time to be respectable, and we think we are getting along in this world. We act as poor as we were when we took things easy. We are all sick half the time. If it ain't indigestion, it's nervous break-downs. There's nothing wrong with us, meaning you and me, except we are a pack of derailed fools from beginning to end. That's all.

Spring Garden Fever.

I am glad to see so many people hustling around making preparations to grow their own vegetables through the Spring garden method. Florida vegetables at N. prices, make all of us anxious to gather our own truck from our own little back yard. I did this thing two years ago, that is—all except gather the truck. (There was none to gather.)

I recall how interested I was in that garden. I bought posts and wire and hired a good cigarette smoker to build a fence for me. He work 5 hours a day and smoked 5 hours a day and charged me for 11 hours. He sharpened his saw 4 different times while he was fencing for me. But the job cost me only \$43.25 and about half my religion.

I walked out to my garden one morning after having been as busy as a woman at a rummage sale all the previous week—getting things planted, and I observed my neighbor's old rooster and his 6 wives sitting (not setting) upon the fence and they were conversing about as follows: "Well, won't this be nice. I hope the old fool will plant corn over."



High-Hat Mascot



If "Condor" (above), 6-weeks-old pup, does not have rather high-hat ideas as a mascot, he's simply not running true to form in his chosen profession. For "Condor," shown in his sky-helmet hammock, has completed the startling record of 24 hours in the air, including one forced landing. He's the rightfully proud property of the U. S. Army bombers operating from Rockwell Field, California.

there and English pease over there and lettuce over there. And the ground is so soft, and looks just right for scratchin'.

I "shooed" the flock back toward home with a rock, but they continued to visit my garden just the same. They would scratch up 2 rows of seed while I was planting one. That bunch of fowls could have dug the Panama canal in 3 months. They were so systematic, they took everything by rows. The old rooster would raise sand if a hen overlooked a hill of anything.

I permitted my patience to prevail and finally got up a few sprouts here and there. The moles rooted subways in every direction. No seed or plant seemed able to escape them and the chickens, but as I said—I saw a few signs of my efforts. A week before my Irish potatoes cracked the crust, there were 987 potato bugs encamped around each prospect. They ate the stuff so fast, not a plant ever got its head an inch above the ground.

Then came worms of all kinds, colors, and appetites. Ants at a thousand holes through the leaves of my only cabbage. What cabbage looked like a lace table cover. Then it began to rain, and my wife couldn't get a chance to hoe any. When it cleared off, I ventured out there, grass was 3 feet high. Johnson grass and Bermuda hay had conquered everything from my sunflower to my squash vine. I found 2 peas and 1 onion and a sprig of mustard and that's all I found. No price is too high now for me to pay for "shipped in" vegetables. They are cheaper at 4 dollars a bite than trying to raise them in your back yard. In fifteen vRitoope.nTo

The highly revelatory clothes era ended just in time to keep the girls from utilizing cellophane.—Arkansas Gazette.

DR. S. F. PARKER
— PHYSICIAN —
Office Phones 64 and No. 2
Residence Phone 129-J

Horned Toads, Big Fish, Blonds And Divorces-By Ramblin' Bill

Editor of The Star:

My youngest son Jack played hockey from school one day this week and ventured into the desert wilds and captured a "horned toad" which he has asked that I send to Renn Drum. He wants everybody in North Carolina to know that he caught him with his own hands. He has named him "Arizona Lightning" as he seems to be about the liveliest young reptile we have ever seen. When he arrives, do not become frightened because even though he might look dangerous, he is as harmless as a June bride on her wedding night. He will neither bite, sting nor tell lies on you, and you will find him to be a perfect gentleman in every respect.

You should catch him some small red ants and black ants, flies, etc., and put him in a box with plenty of dry sand as he likes to bury himself in the sand occasionally when he happens to be blue and disgusted with this "Hoover Prosperity." I believe he is a Democrat because I showed him Hoover's picture and he spat at it and looked very angry. I then showed him Al Smith's picture and he looked pleased and if a Horned Toad ever smiled Arizona Lightning did surely do so.

Go To England.

I am sure that he will make the trip all right as I have sent them all the way to England and they were just as fresh and full of pep when they arrived in the Kingdom as when they were galivanting in the desert sands.

Jack says when he becomes a man he will catch you a full grown Mountain Lion and send to you. He has ambitions to become a champion wrestler and is getting all the training possible during his early days. Evidently, he does not entertain ambitions to become a college professor because we cannot keep him in school more than three days per week and when he is not doing the truant officer, he is playing hide and seek with his mother around the wood shed. He likes to play with Horned Toads, Gila Monsters, Giant lizards, Bull snakes, and other desert confetti and he is especially fond of blond girls. This one trait only makes him akin to me, as I do not like snakes and reptiles at all but have never found any fault with blonds. However, I am told that blonds are more dangerous than the reptiles of the desert. One just killed her husband here a few days ago because she caught him joyriding with a brunette of the senorita type. No one ever heard of a snake being jealous like that.

Shelby Fishing.

I just read a very good fish story in The Star where a gent from Shelby caught a 25 lb. Rock fish. That was fine. But when anyone wants to actually catch fish come to Phoenix and visit the hundred and one artificial lakes where bass abounds, or take a little trip to the Gulf of California 250 miles from here and catch some real fish. Should I tell the size of fish I caught in the Gulf just 100 miles from Ajo, Arizona, everybody in Shelby would cancel their subscriptions to The

Star for publishing such. But the best way is to come out here and take a fish trip, and bring some of them 25 pound fish along for bait.

Get a Divorce.

While on this trip, one can visit Reno, Nevada, and get a divorce in six weeks time. It's not far and lots of Phoenix people avail themselves of the divorce evil while on their vacation and usually bring back another wife with them.

Mad All the Time.

My neighbors states that his wife is the most even tempered woman in the world. She is mad all the time. Friends wife and I have only quarreled once since we were married. It started in 1917. We were married that year. This is the age of consistency and we are trying to be consistent.

I note that the luxury or sales tax was passed by the North Carolina legislature at their last session. I Hope that kissing one's wife was not included in that bill as a luxury. Even so, I am sure that they will not be able to collect a great amount on that item, but should they have included a tax for kissing the maid, well, it might have been different. We have no maid, so that lets me out, but I am glad there is no law to prevent an old codger like me from sitting on his front porch and watching the pajama parade pass by.

Pajama Rage.

I do not know whether the pajama craze has hit North Carolina or not, but its surely hit this state. Old girls, young girls, tall girls, small girls, brown girls, blond girls and black girls and girls and women of all description are wearing pajamas on the streets. In my opinion, they look like the dickens and I would rather see them wear an old fashioned calico dress or even a bathing suit than pajamas. But they seem to think they look cute in pajamas, or else they are trying to compete with Hoover times, because pajamas cost about a dollar wherein a dress costs several dollars. Can't blame 'em I guess. If Hoover's re-elected we will all be lucky to wear BVD's and in another four years, we will not be able to carry an overcoat let alone purchase one.

Sincerely,
RAMBLIN' BILL,
Box 1682, Phoenix, Ariz.
May 23, 1931.

Train Blown From Rails By A Tornado

Fargo, N. D., May 27.—A tornado wrecked the Great Northern's passenger train "Empire Builder" about eight miles southeast of here tonight killing one person and injuring a number of others. The twister lifted the train from the tracks. Twelve steel coaches comprising the train were turned over on their sides. The engine and tender alone remained on the track. The man killed was believed to have been a section worker. He was pitched through a window as the coaches were blown from the rails.

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FOR ASHEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS:
LEAVE SHELBY:—9:45 a. m.; 8:45 p. m.; 8:45 p. m.
FOR CHARLOTTE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS:
LEAVE SHELBY:—7:40 a. m.; 11:10 a. m.; 1:40 p. m.; 4:40 p. m.; 9:40 p. m.
FOR WILMINGTON AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS:
LEAVE SHELBY:—11:10 a. m.
FOR FAYETTEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS:
LEAVE SHELBY:—7:40 a. m.; 11:10 a. m.; 1:40 p. m.
— FOR FURTHER INFORMATION — PHONE 450 —
QUEEN CITY COACH COMPANY

Shipment Of Nitrate Arrives In New Bags

A new shipment of Chilean Nitrate of Soda has been received by C. C. Falls, local fertilizer dealer. All of the stock is in new 100-pound bags. This handy-size bag is an innovation in the industry for up to this year practically all of the nitrate from Chile was shipped in 200-pound bags. Besides being easy to handle, the new bag insures the arrival of the nitrate in better mechanical condition.

Orders taken by Mr. Falls show that local farmers are taking advantage of the new low fertilizer prices. He says that Chilean nitrate is the lowest in price it has been for 23 years. Invest \$1.00 now and get \$4 in return this fall.
CLAUDE C. FALLS, Local dealer and broker. adv.

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PHONE 90

PAINS QUIT COMING

"When I was a girl, I suffered periodically with terrible pains in my back and sides. Often I would bend almost double with the intense pain. This would last for hours and I could get no relief."

"I tried almost everything that was recommended to me, but found nothing that would help until I began taking Cardui. My mother thought it would be good for me, so she got a bottle of Cardui and started me taking it. I soon improved. The bad spots quit coming. I was soon in normal health."

—Mrs. Jewel Harris, Willsboro, Texas.
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