

Clean, Cool Milk Does Not Get Sour

Dairy Expert Tells How To Keep Bacteria Count Low, Handling Milk.

If milk is kept free from bacteria after being drawn from the cow, cooled immediately after milking, and kept at a low temperature, much of the loss suffered by North Carolina dairymen from sour milk will be prevented.

"Sour milk must be converted into butter or used in other ways not so profitable to dairymen when it has been allowed to sour," says John A. Arey, dairy extension specialist at State college. "The milk as drawn from the cow is clean. Much of the contamination comes from outside sources. Chief among these are the cow's body, the milker's hands, the air surrounding the cow at milking time and the containers used in handling the milk. Every attempt should be made to have clean, sanitary surroundings especially at milking time."

To keep the bacteria count as small as possible, Mr. Arey suggests rubbing the cow's flanks and udder with a damp cloth before milking starts. Then use a small-mouth bucket and milk with dry, clean hands. The milking should be done in a place where the air is free from dust and particles. Especial attention must be given to the vessels. Rinse them in cold water, wash with warm water to which a good alkali washing powder has been added, and then sterilize them with live steam, boiling water or some chemical.

Even then it is impossible to keep out all bacteria and the milk must be handled so as to retard this development. This is accomplished by cooling the milk immediately. Mr. Arey says morning's milk must not be mixed with night's milk until it has been thoroughly cooled also. He recommends a small cooling machine for the average farm and then keeping the cans immersed in cold water to the height of the milk on the inside of the can.

Teacher—Willie, where's Toronto?
Willie—Right between Davenport and Pittsburgh.
Teacher—Where did you get that answer?
Willie—On our radio set.

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Restless, could not sleep

"THERE were days when I felt like I could not get my work done. I would get so nervous and 'trembly' I would have to lie down. I was very restless, and could not sleep at night.

My mother advised me to take Cardui, and I certainly am glad she did. It is the first thing that seemed to give me any strength. I felt better after the first bottle. I kept it up and am now feeling fine."—Mrs. T. R. Gibson, Fort Payne, Ala.

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Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

PUTTING US "ON THE SPOT"; WELL, MAYBE

"Has Shelby any organized crime? Are there any criminal gangs in the city? If so, who is the 'number one' man of the gang? Are the bootleggers organized, and who is the king of the lot?"

Those are the questions tossed at this column by an imaginative and curious reader. Perhaps he thinks he is putting us on the spot, but he isn't. If there were organized crime and rackets in this staid old burg—which, according to Tom Bost is an unusually good town because not a single lawyer boozes—this corner would admit knowing very little about it. Knowing too much, if one talks too much, doesn't pay.

Shelby, so far as we know has no Al Capone and no organized rackets. Shelby does have bootleggers—and what town doesn't, Parson Tom Bost to the contrary notwithstanding. But the majority of them, we judge, do free lance work. Several of them may work together and use the same source of supply, but, according to local officers, no one person, or no gang, controls the home-brew and short-pint privileges of the town. It is one of those towns, y'know, which believes in the old saw about every man for himself and may the best man win.

The questions dished out in the first paragraph must have come from some reader of the Chicago and New York tabloids—or, perhaps, he is a regular reader of the detective and crime story magazines. We hate to disappoint him, but, honestly, we do not believe there is any call for him to fear that a machine gun may start tit-tatting from a passing automobile and make a sieve of his body. Our idea is that he read of the attempted holdup and shooting just east of town about daylight Saturday morning and then permitted his imagination to run wild.

At that, there are some colorful figures among those the officers of Shelby and Cleveland county keep their eyes on. (Our questioner would likely call it the underworld). These personages, if they may be called that, are to be met on the streets almost every day. They appear to be just average people—regular folks. Our idea is that the same is true up in Chi. Many people, we suspect, have sipped their coffee on a stool next to some of the biggest of the big time gangsters not realizing who they were rubbing elbows with.

Just a few sketches assembled from conversation dropped here and there by officers—

One of the alleged big-time rum-runners in this section is a handsome fellow with a husky physique as attractive as his facial features. Although officers have a tough time getting the goods on him, they infer that his beautiful wife pilots some of the high-powered rum-running cars on occasions.

At least two of the men officers believe to be whiskey dealers never take a drink themselves. Perchance they're too sensible.

But that should be enough food for our questioner's appetite for one day. If he desires further knowledge of a thrilling and interesting type, he might find it worthwhile to have several informal chats with officers. They know a lot and can tell a lot informally that they cannot give out officially. Much of it, or most of it, could not be published or handed out as true information by the officers. They may feel confident that certain things are going on, and they may so inform reporters, but they must know it for a fact and must show it in the court room before it can become official public information.

Our questioner might as well go back to his detective story magazines and his tabloids. Shelby, when it comes organized crime, is a rather tame town. The only jargon of the big-city underworld heard in a court room here recently was the statement made by one defendant that he was fed up on "taking a fall" for someone else.

Shelby Shorts: Odus Mull, head man of the Democratic party in North Carolina and more recently a Shelby textile manufacturer, says business is booming down here compared to what it is in little ol' Noo Ark. Many offices and suites in the mammoth Empire State building, he says, are empty and the chief revenue of the giant skyscraper comes from sightseers who go up to peer down through the clouds upon the remainder of the city. . . . This time last year people who lived near miniature golf courses in Shelby complained about the noise made at night. This year such complaints are not heard. Draw your own conclusions. . . . A colored youth rattling out Marion street in a red-and-white striped collegiate flivver. On the tire cover the slogan, "From Sun-up until Sundown." Wouldn't it be a bit more in keeping with collegiate habits to have it read "From Sundown until Sunup?" . . . Ever notice the pet dog at Jolly's soda rendezvous? . . . Beg pardon again, three young ladies were strolling uptown t'other day in pajamas. Give 'em time, boy, give 'em time; these Shelby girls lack much of being back-numbers. . . . A Shelby girl once competed in the bathing beauty contest in Florida. Now scratch your head and start guessing.

FOR HOME-COMERS; OTHER PEOPLE DON'T READ

This home-coming idea for fair week this fall continues to click here and there over the local where natives have migrated. Lots and lots of them are coming back that week. Some of them are all thrilled about going out to Chapel's Bend for a swim and a picnic. If you don't believe it read these memories contained in a letter from a Shelby boy of other days who lives 'way up yonder along the Atlantic seaboard:

"Who is that fellow, who after twenty years threatens to swim by the rock at Chapel's Bend? Sounds like Rufe Roberts—that don't interest me—the picnic does—many of the old timers would come back for another chance at fried chicken, devilled eggs and little 'cintern' pies—Harry McBrayer could eat a whole chicken—including the gizzard—Do they still fry the neck?"

"I can always tell when DeWitt is lying—his upper lip quivers—Charlie Williams would have fought his weight in wild cats—licked 'em too—John Wynn got his knowledge of horseflesh first hand—the old boneyard—Harry McBrayer can't swim—a stroke—Rufe Roberts wouldn't play baseball unless he could pitch—first time I ever kissed a girl J. D. caught me—more careful next time—hadn't been for Joe Cabaniss we would all have flunked Latin—Buck Hardin and myself climbed water tank daily, Oh Boy!—Toms Dover never missed a Baptist convention—unless it was inside the church—Jake Rudasill had first phonograph in town—Claude Flack wore girls' shoes until he donned long pants—Speight Beam could always make a good speech and never got over it—Graham Dellinger wrote the prettiest hand I ever saw. This whole gang was arrested once—for horse racing on Sunday at that—Max Gardner's first case, or close to it—wonder if he ever collected his fee—Fix up the old spout—this gang will want a bath—Hatcher Webb knows location.

"Everybody should come home once a year, at least—longest time I have been away, four years. Several men said they forgot I lived—six months has been the limit since. Shelby doesn't fully appreciate the Court Square—one morning it was littered with beer bottles—I like canned tomatoes better than fresh—Do the stores still give crackers with cheese?"

"Go to New York often, but seldom spend the night there—never got over being a small town boy—one of most pleasant nights in New York started at Rudy's Villa Vallee—wonder what people think when he comes over the air. J. D. had the first auto in Shelby—\$3.00 per hour—goggles included—Do the stores really do much business before eight and after six?—Drove a car to Lincoln on one—took all day—was three months getting car back—Shelby is as far west as Cleveland, OH—Well, See you on the Ferris Wheel at the Fair Week Home Coming this Fall."

State-wide Interest In Capital Parkway Which Passes Shelby

(Special to The Star.)

Asheville, June 23.—The movement to establish the Capital Parkway, a motor route from Washington, D. C. to the Great Smoky Mountains national park, has invoked state-wide interest in a program to enhance the beauty of all highways in the N. C. state highway system. A preliminary survey of a state-wide beautification plan, is now being prepared for E. B. Jeffress, chairman of the N. C. highway commission, by Earl S. Draper, landscape architect of Charlotte. The survey was inspired as a result of the plan to mark and beautify the Parkway route.

The proposed route to the Capital Parkway extends from Washington, D. C. through Richmond, Va., Raleigh, Greensboro, Salisbury, Charlotte, Shelby, Asheville and other cities to the Great Smokies at Bryson City, N. C. The movement to establish the route has received added impetus from recent meetings held at Raleigh, Richmond and Washington. An organization meeting at which plans for the marking, beautifying and advertising of the motor route, will be placed in active operation, will be held at an early date at Greensboro. Dr. L. B. Morse of Chimney Rock is chairman of the committee in charge of the organization work.

If plans of the Capital Parkway committee bear fruit, the motor route will be one of the most attractive touring routes in the south with the borders of the highway landscaped with shrubbery and with bare cuts and banks covered with attractive vines and flowering plants. The Parkway route will be marked every five miles with distinctive highway markers.

A survey recently conducted by Elmer Jenkins, manager of the touring bureau of the American Automobile association at Washington, in which 2,000 motor travelers were queried, revealed the fact that North Carolina was second state in the United States as a preferred touring region. Good roads and scenic attractions were reasons given for the preference of the motorists. Although no definite plans have been made by Mr. Jeffress for the beautification of the state highways it is believed that the state highway commission will follow the example set by the Capital Parkway, in making highways of the state more attractive to motorists.

State Highway No. 20 May Be Hereafter Known As U.S. No. 74

Intimated That State Highway Numbers May Be Dropped And U. S. Numbers Used.

(By M. R. DUNNAGAN.)

Raleigh, June 22.—Many North Carolina highways now stand to lose their identity, their individuality, their distinguishing North Carolina numbers, and to be absorbed by United States highway numbers.

This is not an announcement, but an intimation from Chairman E. B. Jeffress, of the State highway commission, who seems inclined toward a single number, a U. S. number, probably, rather than dual numbering of many of the leading highways in the State.

Dual numbering can easily be confusing to the traveler, even though the U. S. number is on a shield and the N. C. number on a square or rectangle. Moreover it is expensive. North Carolina has to pay, not only for the N. C. numbering, but also for the U. S. numbering on highways so designated in this state. Then the question is asked, why the two numbers?

No. 20 May Be U. S. 74

U. S. 1 from Maine to Florida crosses North Carolina, bearing westward from a southerly direction, entering near Norlina on the north, through Raleigh and into South Carolina by way of Rockingham. It follows N. C. 50 all the way. Why have a N. C. 50 when U. S. 1 designates the road?

North Carolina's "main street," Route 10, might even be lost. From Asheville to Beaufort it is U. S. 70. From Asheville west via Murphy and into Georgia it is U. S. 19. Its companion, N. C. 20 is U. S. 74 from Asheville to Whiteville.

The Atlantic Coastal highway, U. S. 17, passes over N. C. 341, 342, 30, 20 and 202 in crossing the eastern part of the state. U. S. 29 just extended through the state from Birmingham to Washington includes parts of N. C. 205, 20, 15, 10 and 70. U. S. 21 is N. C. 26 through the state until it reaches Pineville near the South Carolina line, where it becomes 261. U. S. 321 runs over N. C. 60, 17, 10, 16, into South Carolina. The U. S. Highway from Boone to Wilmington will follow N. C. 60 all the way. U. S. 19 and 23 run over much of the same highway 19 splitting into 19E and 19W east and west, both going over several N. C. routes in the mountain area and into Tennessee. U. S. 13 runs over N. C. 75 practically across the center of the state.

Supply More Fruit And Less Meat In Hot Weather Meals

We may reduce our intake of food during the summer because there is no longer need of the foods that keep the body warm. The weather takes their place. The best advice for the hot weather, writes Doris W. McCray in Hygeia, is not to over eat and to leave off entirely the habit of nibbling.

Luncheon should be light, including a vegetable salad, she advises, or it may be made up of a cold meat, one hot vegetable and a fruit salad. The evening meal should be ample and should include meat, a salad, a vegetable, a fruit and something sweet to give a satisfied feeling at the end of the meal.

Since breakfast comes so long after a previous meal, it is not advisable to cut down too much on that. A summer breakfast suggested by Mrs. McCray includes fresh or stewed fruit, a cereal, with cream and sugar, bread and butter, and possibly an egg with a strip of bacon.

One way to avoid overeating in summer is to refuse second helpings, says Mrs. McCray. If the homemaker serves plate meals, this can be managed.

In summer avoid the following foods: hot breads, freshly baked bread, griddle cakes and waffles, baked beans, lima beans, sweet potatoes, corn, onions, cabbage, turnips, pickles, catsup, relishes, mustard, candy, and sweet cakes.

Two Thieves Take Motorcycle Of Cop

Sumter, S. C., June 24.—Stealing the motorcycle of a state highway patrolman is not quite the sensible thing to do.

Joe McLeod of Sumter and Sullivan Dagenhart of North Carolina found that out very easily.

Stopping by a filling station where State Patrolman Belk had gone inside, they spied the motorcycle. It appealed to them. They tried to start it, but unsuccessfully. Then they began to push it up the road. When they got just a short distance away Belk came out of the filling station. Giving chase, he quickly overtook them and placed them in jail.

This Farmer Cares Little About Crop

Gastonia Gazette.

A Landrum, S. C., farmer is unaffected by the cold spell and the unfavorable weather conditions for cotton. He does not care whether the weather gets warm enough to bring up cotton or not. He declares that none of his family can eat cotton; consequently, he did not plant any. The Landrum dispatch says: "A farmer of this section, upon being asked this morning whether the recent cold spell had hurt the young cotton, said, 'I don't know; I didn't plant any this year.' Explaining this unusual practice, he said further, 'My wife doesn't eat it at all and I care very little for it myself, and, as nobody else seems to want it, we planted something both of us like to eat and that we can sell to others. I have eight bales on hand now, which will probably be enough to last us the rest of our lives.'"

"He stated that he could have gotten 3 cents a pound for two bales raised back in 1923 and a fairly good price for much of the rest of it. He laughingly said that many people had told him how many kinds of a fool he was not to have sold the

cotton at a good price, but that most of those same people had sold theirs and spent the money—mostly foolishly for cars now on the scrap heap and gas that had exploded and evaporated.

"He still has his cotton and plenty to eat. Departing, he said 'Now you figure out who is the fool!'"

BELWOOD SCOUT MEET ON THURSDAY NIGHT, 25th

All Belwood Boy Scouts are requested to be present at the regular meeting Thursday night June 25 at 8 o'clock.

It is important that all boys be present as we have some business to settle. All boys come prepared to pay scout dues.

J. ALVIN PROPST

Early tobacco in Columbus county is growing off slowly and indications are that the acre yield will be low.

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R. L. WEATHERS, County Tax Supervisor

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