

Around Our TOWN

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

COURTING NOW AND THEN: "SPARKING" AND "PETTING"

An elderly man about town (you wouldn't know it to look at him and hear him express his views) has a tip to offer Shelby girls.

If Dorothy Dix will pardon the intrusions upon her live-learn-and-lose philosophy, we'll let the old timer ruminate a bit:

"The reason," he says, "that the modern girl has a harder time of getting her man than did the girls of 30 years ago is that she permits the boy friend to see too much of her. Understand, however, that I do not mean that due to modern styles she permits him to see too much of her loveliness and charm. What I mean is that she permits him to see her too often.

"You might term my argument a debate upon the merits of 'Sparking vs. Petting.' If you'll go talk to such fellows as Set (S. A.) Washburn, Audie Rudasill and C. H. Shull, and they'll open up, you'll get my idea.

"In the old days we boys (Washburn, Rudasill, Shull, et al) went on our dates at 7 in the evening and left for home promptly at 9. Nowadays they go at 9 and leave at 2 in the morning. What's more we went only once a week, Sunday evening, and perhaps once through the week when there was some special occasion or event, but nowadays they go every night and take a ride nearly every afternoon. As a result the boys see too much of them, they run out of anything to talk about and in a short time get bored and seek new dates. If the girls do not believe it, let them try it. Permit the boy friend to come around only one night each week and he'll find the girl far more interesting. Continuous association gradually burns out the charm, perhaps that's why romance becomes a bit drab after marriage. (Who'd a'thought an old timer about Shelby could philosophize like that?)

"Why, a kiss doesn't mean anything like as much these days as it did in my sparking days. We were lucky in those days to get one kiss a year, along about Christmas time, and, boy, did that kiss mean something! After waiting a year for it and then being permitted an opportunity at those shy lips—well, I'll tell you, I've driven home in a buggy after one of those once-a-year buses and felt more like riding in the clouds than any of these aviators. It just meant so much to us fellows that right often we decided that we couldn't wait until next Christmas for another one and as a result we just went back next time and popped the question. Chances are that if she permitted the kissing frequently we wouldn't have decided that a wedding was the only way we could get them often. Do you get me? Well, these modern girls—and they're a good looking bunch—may not kiss and pet as much as the gossips say, but if they wouldn't have a date with THE boy friend every night and would make him really value that kiss when he did get it, instead of taking it as a matter of course, I believe they'd get somewhere, down 'that long, long trail' to the altar, in a hurry.

"Just go ask some of these older fellows. For weeks and weeks after that once-a-year bus we just couldn't eat or anything else. And, let me tell you, when one of the sweet things gets her man hanging over the ropes in that manner, it won't be long now."

So, there's your prescription, girls. Take it or leave it, as you will, or shaking before using or guzzle it straight. It's your business, but maybe some of the boys of today will look at it in a different light. Maybe, after all, it would be best to ask Dorothy Dix about it, but the old timer who offers the advice is regarded as a pretty wise student of human nature and he wasn't any "slow poke" among the women in his days. Nostalgia, not from what some of his pals say!

A YOUNG FELLOW SHOWS HIS MANHOOD

From Dr. C. H. H. comes a letter stating that the young Shelby man referred to may not appreciate the publicity but deserved the commendation nevertheless. Says the communication:

"The modern boy may be considered selfish and overbearing, but I saw an incident recently that proves to the contrary and the honors for unselfish thinking go to Ralph Gardner, the governor's son. A poor, unfortunate colored boy, enjoying the freedom of a parole from prison, standing on a crowded street corner in the city recently, accidentally stepped on a white boy's foot. The white youth and his companion resented the act and immediately tried to force the colored boy to a back alley for a licking. Ralph saw the happening and recognized the colored boy, and he realized that any trouble would send the black boy back to prison for a long time. He attempted to make peace and failing to do so he hurried the colored boy to a nearby building. After another talk with the white boys he finally persuaded them that the act was not intentional upon the part of the black boy. What an invaluable service he thus rendered to an unfortunate victim of circumstances. If more of us would do things of this type to give the fallen a helping hand and at least a decent break, what a better world it would be."

Shelby Sherts: George Washburn has worn a mustachio longer than any of the other younger men about Shelby . . . Elmer Scott, former Penney manager in Shelby for a short visit, is as effervescent and energetic as ever . . . Col. C. E. McBrayer, the army physician, resembles Dave Clark, textile magazine publisher . . . Afternoons this week it may be hard to find quite a number of Shelby men at their places of business. Football practice starts . . . Why are the fountains on the court square not operating? What did they cost when installed? When were they installed? And since they are there why not use them? . . . Pete Webb, the young golf pro, set a new course record on the Gastonia links last week . . . A checker game is going on nearly all the time in the joint office of the Blanton electric firm and that of A. B. C. DePriest, the magistrate . . . Buck Coble, former football star, has lost weight since becoming a member of the city fire department where he keeps hanging around waiting for the siren . . . Wm. Laneberger has a little joke that would indicate that awning cloth manufacturers would be mopping up because of the street pajama fad . . . How many overlooked it? Friday was the third anniversary of Shelby's worst disaster . . . That "busted-up" bridge club remark had a boomerang—and how! . . . A little colored boy sitting on the floor at the rear of a Shelby drug store, rocking in silent agony, tears coursing down his cheeks. Afflicted unknowingly with the worst form of social disease . . . no place to sleep . . . no money to purchase medicine and none for doctor's bills . . . yet a lot of us walking about whining of the bad breaks in life . . . Hal Kemp, who is being sued for \$40,000 for a kiss it is alleged he "took" from a New York girl two years ago, kissed a Shelby girl, we hear, back in the days when he was just a Carolina boy and not an internationally known orchestra leader. It's doubtful, the story being true, if the Shelby girl considered worth quite that much then . . . "If," chimes in a cynical reader, "all young Shelby women knew as much about home cooking as about contract bridge all of us men would die with indigestion." . . . Wow!

TAKE A LOOK, ZIEGFELD! TAKE A LOOK

Nominations have been pouring in for the prettiest working girl contest. Stenographers, hello girls, clerks, office assistants, etc., all, according to their supporters with enough beauty to make mere man turn his head and look again. Here are some of the entrants among the good looking Shelby girls "making their own": Louise Tedder, Helen Francis, Margaret Moss, Mamie Mayhue, Clara Hord, Blanche DePriest, Mary Reeves Forney, Della Wall, Aileen Walker, Melissa Kerr, Ruth Wilsonant, May Elmore, Ruth Hopper, Flossie Grice, and Mildred Boyles.

There must be a prize winner in that collection, but the lists remain open.

Gigantic Agricultural Enterprises Are Being Planned By Chain Store

Farming on a gigantic scale is now being planned by the big chain stores as a means to delivering cheaper and better food to their customers, according to Prof. Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia university, who has been consulted as to the economic soundness of the scheme. He asserts that one chain store is now sending one of the shrewdest farm managers all around the country, with funds to buy or lease thousands of rich acres.

"The idea," says Prof. Pitkin in an article published by Country Home, a national farm magazine, "is to supply chain stores with food from chain farms. The experiment will first be tested on a small scale. If it works, there will be available millions of dollars for the acquisition of a veritable empire.

"Will it succeed? Who knows? But we must admit that the present state of business, finance and agriculture favors it as never before. We enter an era of falling prices and declining returns on capital. That means failure for him who cannot slash production costs. It spells the doom of all those who have paid \$300 an acre for grain land complete against others, who hold equally good soil at \$50 an acre. A decade of golden opportunities will fall into the laps of only two kinds of citizens; those blessed with superior technical skill in management and those who have much capital with which to acquire farms at the bargain prices of tomorrow."

Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, predicts that within a few years multi-million-dollar farming corporations

will be coming to Wall Street for large-scale financing.

One grocery chain could easily manage a round million acres. Ten chains could swing ten times that area. And, because the cost of producing and distributing products of these fields would range far below that reached by any small farmer or cooperative, the chain stores would set market prices for all growers. It is always the lowest offer that determines the day's level. The typical farmer spends between \$110 and \$125, net, to raise a bushel of wheat. A chain store farm manager could readily grow the same for 45 cents. Prof. Pitkin, who adds that Collins in Iowa, Bird in Kansas, Wilson in Montana and Price in Texas are doing that very thing now, with acreage and capital far smaller than the chain stores.

Boo-hoo To the Professor

A professor was once accosted by a dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir?" The professor was disgusted by the dirt on the lad's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," he said, "but if you will go and wash your face I'll give you six-pence." "Righto, guv-nor," replied the boy, as he may his way to a neighboring fountain. Soon he returned, looking much cleaner. "Well, my boy," said the professor, "you have earned your six-pence; here it is." "I don't want your six-pence, guv-nor," replied the boy. "You hang on to it, and get your hair cut."

Gusty Gus—Lady, by giving me this dollar you have saved me from doing a very distasteful thing.

Kind Lady—And what is that?

Dusty Gus—Work!

Going Strong



Just to prove that her seventy-eight years do not handicap her, Mrs. M. L. Chase (above), of Atlanta, joined a party of eleven in an attempt to climb Stone Mountain, Georgia's great boulder. Five finished the arduous journey, and you can bet Mrs. Chase was included.

Night Hawks

Wine—Paul, the neighbors are complaining about you running the lawn mower at six o'clock in the morning.

Hubby—Which neighbors?

Wife—Those that play the radio till two a. m.

Two Year's Supply of Wheat Already Made

If Wheat Crop Is Cut In Half, Price May Advance To \$1.00 Per Bushel.

All American farmers are urged to cut their wheat acreage exactly in half by Thomas Cathcart, agricultural editor and statistical interpreter. He estimates that there is a total available supply of wheat in the United States for the 1931-32 season of 1,169,000,000 bushels, or somewhat less than two years' normal requirements.

"Should farmers cut their acreage of winter wheat for 1932 by 50 per cent or more, the price might go up to a dollar a bushel," he writes in *The Country Home*. "But, human nature being as it is, we cannot hope that there will be any such drastic reduction. The course for the cautious farmer seems clear. He had better not grow wheat all if he can find anything more profitable to fit into his rotation. And those to whom wheat is normally an important cash crop might do well to ask themselves these two questions: 'Can I afford to grow wheat which may not be worth more than fifty cents a bushel next year?' and 'Can I profitably grow wheat as a feed for livestock at present price levels?'"

"If a farmer cannot answer either of these two questions in the affirmative he would do well to look around for some other crop. To disregard again the lesson of 1931 would be nothing short of gambling against great odds."

Unliterate

Oswald—But, dear, a kiss speaks volumes.

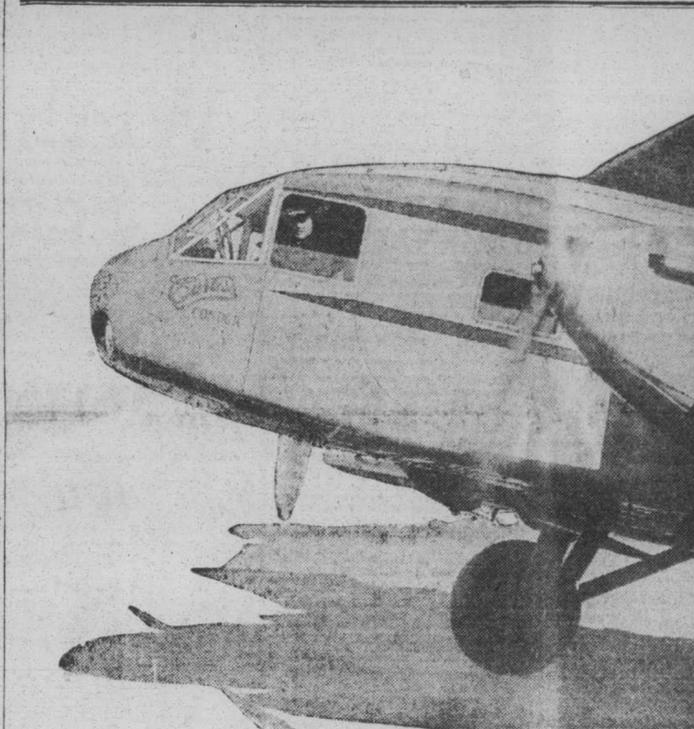
Matilda—Well, I'm not fond of books.

Follies Girl in Jam Again



Just because she happens to know "Tough Willie" McCabe (right) the rude New York police arrested and questioned Hilda Ferguson (left), former featured Follies girl. Hilda says she doesn't know a thing about the fight in a Gotham speakeasy during which McCabe, notorious gambler was stabbed several times, but the rude police think differently. An even ruder Judge held Hilda in \$5,000 bail as a material witness.

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Aboard Airliner Eastern Air Transport



Smoking compartment, Washington-New York plane. Hostess offering Chesterfields. Photos by courtesy Eastern Air Transport, Inc.

66 Dear Peggy

I'm almost too excited to write, and there's so much to see, both inside the plane and out. We've left Washington behind now, and I've just had a Chesterfield in the smoking compartment—they serve them on every ship. "Among the eighteen passengers there's a senator and a foreign diplomat, and I'm surprised at the number of women. The trip is two hundred miles and the meter in the cabin reads two miles a minute; think of that. "For me, the Chesterfields were the nicest touch of all. I was just dying for a smoke, and when the hostess passed them (and my favorite cigarette at that) everyone else seemed as tickled as I was. And my—they did taste good!"



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