

Around Our TOWN

OR

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

AND SO SHE MET THE PREACHER'S WIFE

They're telling it about town, and the "they" are people who go to church, so we'll pass it along with that background for veracity:

It was the first Sunday that the new preacher occupied the pulpit at Central Methodist church. After seeing the preacher himself the ladies of the congregation are always interested in seeing the wife, and the younger folks, in case the person has sons and daughters, are eager to meet other members of the family. Anyway, one lady came in and look her seat. Without looking around, she said to the lady sitting next to her: "If you know the preacher's wife, I wish you'd point her out to me when she comes in. I'm anxious to see her." For a moment the lady to whom the request was addressed said nothing. Then the lady who made the request turned around and looked at the other woman—and the other woman smiled and whispered, "I'm the new preacher's wife."

Now, if it isn't so, you'll have to argue it out with some people who are regular church-goers.

TRADE ALLEYS IN ANOTHER HEYDAY

A few years back (was it a dream?) when things were prosperous and a lot of people were inclined to pity the fellow who had to ride in a flivver everybody parked on main street in Shelby and traded at the best stores along the Main Drag and used cash money for their trading. But years before that, when Cleveland was not such a big cotton county and the people not in the monazite business had to sell cotton bark, herbs and other little marketable articles for their spending money, Shelby's best known thoroughfare was Trade Alley. What memories that should bring back for some of the older folks. Trade Alley and "Boneyard" Court week and horse trading. In fact, in the old days, so we're told, you could get a trade on anything along Trade Alley, and nearly everybody in town and all who came to town were after trading something or another. In those days the purchase of a blue work-shirt was a more serious transaction than the purchase of a couple of suits in the boom days, and a quarter was a lot of spending money for a boy to have for the Christmas season. Those were the days when everybody, including the hoity-toity townspeople had a Sunday suit and Sunday shoes. Then came the war boom and people who never burned a

lamp except on evenings when the newspaper came in order to cut down the kerosene bill started burning gasoline every day and night. Some few got rich, others made more money than they ever thought existed, and everybody got the idea that they'd sooner or later be rich.

It was then that Trade Alley lost its activity. Trade Alley, y'know, is the first street west of LaFayette street, running north and south. On it today are a few lively stables and blacksmith shops that have hung on by their teeth after the horse-and-buggy era gave away to the motor car. Then came Harding "normalcy" and on its heels Hoover "prosperity" and Trade Alley and the trade alleys are coming back.

If you don't believe it, take a stroll down one of the alleys leading off the main streets of Shelby. The most active alley just now, it seems, is the one that runs west from South LaFayette street between the Chocolate shop and Ebird's. Along that alley one day this week, believe it or not, they were trading everything from pocket knives and banjos to plug horses. On it one could purchase a mess of turnip greens, fresh pork, chestnuts, shoguns, lumber, turkeys, chickens, second-hand furniture, mules, third-hand automobiles, farms, radios, phonographs, and a multitude of other things.

Trade Alley, once a colorful section of town, is in for another heyday. Men who have been trading in big items and trading successfully in recent years, because they were endowed with that born talent for horse-trading, are again trading horses and lesser things. They're looking for dimes and dollars now instead of corner lots that will bring in thousands overnight.

But don't get the blues about it. Those old Trade Alley days that are returning were happy days. And, it may be good for the mentality, horse-trading, and all trading done on the horse-trading basis, takes the kinks out of the brain—or sends you scotching out highway 20, east, to the poor house.

SHELBY SHORTS:

Rev. Rush Padgett, former pastor of the Second Baptist church, is the only minister we remember having seen in Shelby who wore a bowtie George Wray has eaten more peanuts for his age than any person in the city. Always has some in his pocket Henry Massey, the hardware man, eats a block or two of chocolate every night before he goes in One Shelby woman always has her pet cat perched on the back of the car seat when she motors uptown. And several others are never seen out in their cars without their pet dogs We've seen numerous Shelby women smoke, some few in public, but we've never seen one using those long cigarette-holders the ritzy society dames are shown holding in the big night club ads "What does Ballyhoo pay you for the free ads given it?" asks F. M., a cynical reader. Nothing but more laughs to the line than we've ever had The time is here again when the folks who come to town can be seen in the rear of grocery stores making a lunch of cheese and crackers. And it's hard to beat Jesse Washburn, in from High Point with his wife (formerly Miss Edna Jordan, a school teacher, who was among the most popular several years ago) and their daughter, Margaret, is wearing a musache If some of the dry cleaning plants have barrels to lend, a lot of us fellows will have our suits cleaned and pressed while the price-cutting war is on Those new model Buicks and Chevrolets being proudly

exhibited by Lawrence Lackey and Huss Cline are nifty affairs.

WHY NOTICE THAT THEY DO SO?

Last week a young lady, signing her name as "Fluffy," started writing questioning little verses to the editor of The Charlotte News. Among other things she asked why men looked at her feet when she walked down street—walked down street. The style must have made a hit with someone in Shelby, for look what we received in the mail today:

Why do women cross their legs,
Cross their legs,
Cross their legs?
Why do women cross their legs?
It's just as easy not to

IVA SEENEM

PIED NAME EXPERTS IN THIS BURG

Tangling up a name so that it will be difficult for the already expert tangledtype wizards of Shelby to untangle is something else. The three presented Monday were not difficult enough to be interesting; that's what a dozen or more people have said. Walter Fanning and some of the other Star carriers had them unjumbled in a short time as did J. D. Hambright, Addle Canipe, and numerous others. The international council at the Key club, which will argue—and settle—anything from safety matches to the Manchurian mele, figured them out in a couple of split flashes and suggested that the next list be published without the least hint as to who they might be. If anyone happened to fall asleep before solving them, here they are:

LILIEVIOEZER—Zollie Riviere.
ILUSUJLETTUS—Julius Suttle.
BARHUGYOURARMY—Mary Yarbrough.

Unjumble these:

SEE-R-JIGS-BEDS
SAM-U-BE-SOT
WISE-MA-U-R-TEACHER

Figure out their business for yourself, but you can see all three men uptown somewhere practically every day in the week—perhaps in a store, at the court house, at the bakery, in the city hall, around the postoffice, watching the stock market, in a bank, or somewhere.

An Apple A Day.

(From T. P. Flashes.)
Profitable distribution permitting, there should be enough apples to keep the doctors away this year. The commercial crop is estimated at \$113,000,000 bushels, an increase of 16 per cent over 1930. Washington, New York and Virginia lead in production with estimated crops of 8,500,000, 4,350,000 and 3,780,000 bushels respectively.

She Laughs Herself To Death Over Movie

Los Angeles—In the midst of laughter over the antics of Joe E. Brown, film comedian, who was making a personal appearance in a theatre here last night, Mrs. Mary D. Armstead, 53, fainted from a heart attack and died before aid could reach her.

Bank Serves Coffee To Scared Patrons

Fergus Falls, Minn.—Depositors demanding their money from a local bank Friday received coffee and doughnuts with it. Officers, who said the institution was in good condition, said they were serving refreshments to make the brief stay of their customers more pleasant. Withdrawals began after two other banks here closed in the last two days.

Advises Banks Not To Pay Dividends

Raleigh, Dec. 4.—Gurney P. Hood, state commissioner of banks, in a formal statement Friday night, recommended that all North Carolina banks pay no dividends this year in order to charge losses suffered and to depreciate inflated values. Expressing the opinion the banking situation in the state was slowly improving, Hood declared "safety for depositors should be the first consideration of all officers, directors and stockholders."

New York's Foundlings.

Welfare Bulletin.
New York City's founding hospital used to keep a cradle outside the front door to receive unwanted babies. This is not done any longer. Activity of pre-natal clinics, and social workers who reach the unmarried mother before her baby is born and aid both, and the strict law in regard to abandoning babies, are said to be the reasons. And to the credit of New Yorkers be it said, the supply of foundlings does not begin to meet the demand for babies wanted for adoption.

One Way To Reduce

Dr. Cutter—I have a patient who lost 25 pounds of flesh in one day.
Dr. Sawyer—Ah, a very interesting case of malnutrition, indeed!
Dr. Cutter—No, I cut off his leg.

Runaway Girl Can Go Back Home Now

New York.—Helen Kuprowski, 16 and modern, who ran away because she didn't like living with an old-fashioned father, can go home now. Her father is dead.

—Helen left home in June, 1930, shortly before her mother gave birth to her sixth child. She was unheard from until this week, when her mother received a letter which said:

"I am happy and working and I love you. Father doesn't understand me. He is old-fashioned and has the ideas of the old country. I will never return unless father leaves or dies."
The father, jobless for months, three of his children in an institution, read it and said:

"Don't worry, mama. Helen will be home for Christmas sure. I have a feeling she will be."

Everybody Satisfied.

A banker greatly disliked because of his tyrannical disposition had a stroke of apoplexy and died. A few days after the funeral two of his fellow citizens met on the street.

"Have you heard of Mr. Blank's death," asked the first man.

"Why, yes," responded the second man, "what was the complaint?"

"No complaint at all," answered the first man, "everybody was satisfied."

We Hope You Haven't.

An Englishman, according to popular legend, gets three laughs from a joke—first, when the joke is told; second, when it is explained to him, and third, when he understands it. The Frenchman gets only the first two—he never sees the point. The German gets one—he won't wait for an explanation. And the American gets none at all, because he's heard the joke before.

Just ONE Question..

"HOW GOOD ARE THEY?"—THAT'S WHAT SMOKERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT CIGARETTES

SMOKERS, nowadays, aren't taking things for granted. They're shopping around . . . asking questions.

Old man habit has been discarded . . . forgotten. "How good is it?" . . . that's what they want to know about any cigarette they smoke.

"HOW good is it?" Brother, you put your finger right on it!

You want a cigarette that's milder. You want a cigarette that tastes better. You want a pure cigarette. And above all, you want cigarettes that satisfy.

Now when you say that, you're talking Chesterfield's language—none other!

IT STARTS with fine tobacco. Chesterfield buyers are experts in the art of judging quality leaf. They can spot the finest tobacco in any country . . . and they won't take anything else.

You'll find the same painstaking care . . . the same skillful handling . . . in the curing, the blending, and the cross-blending.

Blended and cross-blended . . . that's Chesterfield! And what a difference it makes in the way it smokes and tastes!

FROM field to package, Chesterfields are protected by the strictest purity standards; the most modern sanitary manufacturing methods.

They're rolled in the finest, whitest paper . . . that burns without taste or odor. Wrapped in a clean, attractive package . . . neat, fresh-looking; moisture-tight . . . but easy to open.

And delivered as fast as they're made . . . from 3 big factories . . . to every cigarette counter in the land.

THAT'S the story of why Chesterfields satisfy. That's the reason they're milder . . . that's why they taste better. Light up . . . and answer your own question!



"No question about it—They really Satisfy"