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 BENN DRUM Local Editor

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 January 4, 1906, at the postoffice at  
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 Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We wish to call your attention to the  
 fact that it is, and has been our  
 custom to charge five cents per line  
 for resolutions of respect, cards of  
 thanks and obituary notices, after one  
 death notice has been published. This  
 will be strictly adhered to.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1926.

**TWINKLES**

Apparently the "Opportunity  
 from the West" knocked on  
 doors that opened none too well.

Even the victors over Cleve-  
 land can't have swelled heads  
 considering winning votes. Al-  
 though there are those who are  
 somewhat depressed.

What's so rare in Cleveland  
 county on the sixth day of June  
 as 30 candidates all contending  
 that they would receive 3,000 or  
 more votes?

Congratulations are in order  
 to the official winners named to-  
 day and the best of luck to those  
 who never give up the ship until  
 after two doses.

One candidate is said to have  
 stated after Saturday that he  
 made the race for fun. What we  
 can't understand is where the  
 laugh comes in considering his  
 vote.

No less than a half dozen  
 newspapers are now telling how  
 they revealed the identity of the  
 thought-to-be Charlie Ross. Yet  
 they all queried The Star as to  
 his identity and place of resi-  
 dence.

The Gastonia Gazette would  
 compliment the Chester weath-  
 er prophet on bringing rain. So  
 would we if the prophecy is  
 worked a little more.

Every Shelby business man  
 should be a booster for the pro-  
 posed luncheon club gathering of  
 several neighboring towns here  
 during the month. Towns and  
 cities that cooperate in progress  
 usually make a section famous.

A photo of an art club in a  
 Charlotte school is art indeed.  
 Only two chances were missed to  
 display knees and in exclusive  
 New York circles knees are con-  
 sidered art by the timid, while  
 more of the anatomy is required  
 to be art for the intelligentsia.

Virginia and South Carolina  
 should note that a "first" not  
 claimed in North Carolina is that  
 of being first to get the election  
 returns straight. It's a good  
 thing some of the veteran poli-  
 ticians can predict how things  
 are going else we wouldn't know  
 just what happened for a fort-  
 night, or maybe more.

**MOLDERS OF MEN.**

Down to State college the other  
 night a complimentary dinner  
 was tendered Professor Thomas  
 Nelson, dean of the textile school.  
 The writer knows not Professor  
 Nelson or his workines, but  
 steps in to say that it was a  
 creditable affair.

Taking it for granted that  
 Nelson receives the common  
 classification of college profes-  
 sors it is remembered that usu-  
 ally college professors are listed in  
 men's minds by "nicknames" and  
 puns. And as the years pass col-  
 lege graduates forget almost en-  
 tirely such characters. Reunions  
 with classmates bring back mem-  
 ories that include the favorite  
 teacher, but otherwise the man  
 in the background remains there  
 while student after student  
 marches on to success in life, a  
 major part of the success, per-  
 haps being due to the back-  
 ground.

Year after year many textile  
 graduates pass out of State col-  
 lege to the new industry of the  
 Southland. These graduates have  
 had much to do with the rise of  
 the South and North Carolina in  
 the textile world—a rise that is  
 one of industry's most entertain-  
 ing romances.

And as the moon plays an im-  
 portant role in romances of life-  
 so has exceptional training made  
 the industrial men of the South.

It is our idea that every time  
 a new textile plant rears from  
 the ground in Carolina, and ev-  
 ery time a bit of industry swines  
 the circle south that Prof. Nel-  
 son and men of his type should  
 be remembered and given proper  
 credit.

**GETTING OFFICIAL VOTES.**

On the third morning after  
 the primary of Saturday it was  
 still impossible to get the offi-  
 cial vote cast by Cleveland coun-  
 ty voters.

Which may be a tribute to the  
 intelligence and progress of the  
 county—maybe.

The most remote of mountain  
 counties in the district a day be-  
 fore had their official returns  
 filed so that there would be a  
 definite understanding about the  
 Superior court solicitor.  
 Cleveland county folks would  
 readily become riled if compar-  
 ed in general progress to a county  
 or so, yet their election returns  
 do not cope in modern methods  
 with the same counties.

This is not a jab at any par-  
 ticular person, or group. Appar-  
 ently the fault is that of care-  
 lessness and antiquity. Voting  
 methods, of course, are as out-  
 of-date as the one horse shav,  
 and election return gathering a  
 gallon or two behind the shay.

Judges and registrars have  
 long followed the olden custom  
 —riled so by elections not pri-  
 maries—of bringing in the offi-  
 cial vote a day, or two days after  
 the vote was cast. Evidently  
 when primaries come along the  
 same system is followed. The el-  
 ection board may be ready and  
 waiting, but an official tabula-  
 tion cannot be made until all the  
 precincts have officially report-  
 ed. Perhaps indirectly the el-  
 ection board could alleviate the  
 situation. Orders could be sent  
 out to the various precincts that  
 the official vote, or a copy,  
 should be brought or sent in to  
 the board just as soon as tabula-  
 tion is complete. Then no doubt  
 Cleveland county folks would  
 know whether they lost or won  
 their vote before a week passed.

As it is when there are num-  
 erous candidates and likelihoods  
 of second races one cannot tell  
 just whether the vote will just-  
 ify another primary, or not.  
 Those computing district re-  
 turns find it hard to officially  
 name the two leaders, or for that  
 matter third and fourth places.

Modern progress is such that  
 the public expects to know all  
 about a thing soon after it hap-  
 pens.

Let's continue to hepe.

**DRINKING GENTLEMANLY.**

This has to do with drinking  
 —however, not of the hip vari-  
 ety.

Over on Shelby's court square  
 there is a well with "bubblers"  
 where the thirsty of the town  
 and county seek refreshments  
 from a water that is unusually  
 pure. Needless to say the water  
 there is used widely. Many peo-  
 ple carry it away in receptacles  
 for home use, while hundreds of  
 others drink daily from the  
 "bubblers."

The latter method of refresh-  
 ment as used is sanitary. It  
 should be considering the num-  
 ber of people who drink there  
 and the many germs that hang  
 over it.

But, as human kind goes  
 there are some folks who take a  
 joy in despoiling things. Fre-  
 quently in mornings filth is  
 found about the "bubblers," ap-  
 parently placed there intention-  
 ally.

Wherein it is revealed that  
 some one who visits the fountain  
 had exceedingly "bad raising",  
 as they say up where Dirty  
 Ankle mountain makes an odd  
 break in the South Mountain  
 chain. And the hope is hereby  
 expressed that some day one of  
 the local officers gets the oppor-  
 tunity of trying out a new sand  
 bag on an ivory dome.

**Celebrates Birthday  
 And Primary Voting**

Corn Cracker Still Maintains his  
 Votes Without Advice. But This  
 He Has Always Done.

Editor of The Star.

As all great men were born in June,  
 this is to serve notice that on June 8,  
 1926, I passed my 69th mile post. I  
 have not piled up colossal wealth, have  
 not been the author of a great book  
 nor an immortal poem, but have vot-  
 ed early and often in primaries and  
 general elections. This is one privi-  
 lege I assert and enjoy and allow the  
 same to every other qualified voter.

One cause for congratulation in the  
 recent primary was the high perser-  
 nel of the candidates. In many instanc-  
 es it was hard for me to make a  
 choice; but managed to decided with-  
 out the help of local oracles or poli-  
 tical rings. Some young men I was  
 sorry not to support; but they are  
 likely to have a political future. Gra-  
 dual reflection, however, is the fact  
 that the best men are sometimes un-  
 fortunate in their political aspirations.  
 Henry Clay was a peerless and patri-  
 otic party leader; but struck three  
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 standing Republican of his day and  
 generation; but failed to realize his  
 political ambition. That plumed knight  
 of democracy, W. J. Bryan, was too  
 gifted, too patriotic and too honest to  
 win the presidency; but was head and  
 shoulders above any man who ever  
 defeated him, and towers like a giant  
 among pigmies above his post-mortem  
 ridiculers and defamers. So, some of  
 the boys who fell outside of the  
 breastworks in the recent battle of  
 ballots may thank God and take  
 courage.

For ten years I have been a pro-  
 ponent of the Australian ballot, to eli-  
 minate some of the bribery, corruption  
 and other glaring iniquities that are  
 perpetrated by iniquitous political  
 rings. My policy has been to support  
 no man inimical to this measure; and  
 I want an honest-to-goodness enact-  
 ment that has teeth and pulls teeth.  
 I am aware that some local oracles  
 and plumed emesaries of darkness in  
 political rings think such audacity on  
 my part should be re-scinded, and I  
 should be muzzled; for such things  
 are beyond my orbit. Some cousin in  
 the country — and some oracle in a  
 town are the only people who have  
 comprehension and sagacity to deal  
 with such lofty measures.

But the band is playing "the  
 Campbells are coming" and the elec-  
 torate is lining up for this beneficent  
 measure.

Why does an expression of my  
 opinion infuriate some of the sov-  
 ereign voters? I indulge in no malicio-  
 us personalities and nobody ever sees me  
 browbeating anybody around the  
 polls. But I go to no local oracle to be  
 wound up, nor to a henchman of the  
 Shelby ring. I claim every privilege  
 of citizenship and accord the same to  
 every other sovereign voter. I do  
 not vote for a man at the suggestion  
 of some cousin, nor because he "has  
 from six to eight children." To some  
 extent, I am influenced by friend-  
 ship; but the main reason for my  
 support is the qualifications of the  
 candidate.

Another cause for congratulation,  
 we had no Republican helping nomi-  
 nate a candidate in June to vote against  
 him in November. This is just as un-  
 fair as for a Methodist to want to  
 help elect a Baptist preacher, and I  
 have always opposed participation of  
 the opposite party in Democratic pri-  
 maries. This act is a tacit pledge to  
 support the nominee — and should be  
 carried out in good faith.

I enjoyed your portrait gallery and  
 those eulogistic biographical sketches.  
 As a few subjects of these luminous  
 sketches fell outside of the breast-  
 works, many will wring their hands,  
 weep—and say, "Behold, a prince in  
 Israel has this day fallen." But poli-  
 tics is a mercurial game and often  
 the bottom rail gets on top. Some of  
 the defeated candidates are the best  
 qualified men who offered; but if they  
 will hold their heads up and support  
 the nominees they will realize that  
 there is a well-founded claim in the  
 perseverance of the saints.

So, with congratulation to the win-  
 ners and condolence for the losers, I  
 leave it with you until November.  
 M. L. WHITE.

**ENQUIRER DISCUSSES  
 HAIR AND HOSIERY**

Views and Interviews Gets Ideas On  
 Silken-Clad Ankles and Bobbed  
 Hair. Some Opinions

Yorkville Enquirer.

"If the women of the South would  
 quit wearing so much silk in their  
 dresses, and so many silk stockings  
 and begin wearing cotton dresses and  
 cotton hosiery, it would make the  
 price of cotton go up and go up quick  
 and would cause the keeping of mil-  
 lions of dollars in the South that are  
 now going elsewhere," so observed a  
 working man this morning.

"I am sure that if the women  
 would wear more cotton stuff they  
 would look just as well and it would  
 cost the folks that have to pay for all  
 this silk stuff a whole lot less and I  
 am sure that if this silk and satin  
 craze keeps on there's going to be a  
 break somewhere down the line. It  
 will just have to come. I know people  
 who are wearing their silk dresses and  
 silk hosiery about this town who are  
 not able to much more than wear  
 cotton dresses and cotton hosiery and  
 sooner or later there is going to be a  
 bust somewhere; but I should worry,"  
 he concluded with a laugh.

As to Bobbed Hair

"Yes, I hear 'em say as how bobbed  
 hair is so much less trouble and saves  
 so much time and is so much cleaner,  
 and all that kind of stuff," said a  
 young woman this morning to Views  
 and Interviews. "Well, I can just tell  
 you this, that is all bunk, pure bunk,"  
 she continued.

"Yes, I knew that long hair is  
 some trouble for the women who have  
 it, but so is the bobbed hair for those  
 that have it. They have to be con-  
 tinually combing it and washing it,  
 and going to the barbershop to have  
 their necks shaved, and the hair trim-  
 med and all of that sort of thing, and  
 on top of that it is somewhat expen-  
 sive to keep bobbed hair looking  
 even just fairly decent and if it is not  
 kept trimmed and the neck shaved  
 and the hair combed, it surely is one  
 mess; if I am any judge. But those  
 who want lobbed hair and can stuff  
 themselves into believing all that stuff  
 can have it if they want it, but as for  
 me, I prefer mine just like it is."

**NEGRESS, 126, IS  
 CALLED BY DEATH**

Los Angeles, June 8.—Elisa Allen,  
 who was a middle aged negro "mam-  
 my" on a plantation before the War  
 Between the States started, is dead  
 here. She died yesterday at the home  
 of her daughter. According to the  
 only figures obtainable she was born  
 126 years ago near Louisville.

We shan't believe feminism wholly  
 triumphant until a man can get his  
 picture on account of his shape.

If you save a dollar today, that's  
 thrift; if you save it tomorrow, that's  
 will power.

These know-all chaps who aspire to  
 run things might begin with the lawn  
 mower.

**Composers See New  
 Music Of Melody**

New York—American composers  
 and lyricists here believe that out of  
 all the Blues, Jazz, and Rag of re-  
 cent years is coming a new American  
 music of melody and rhythm.

The development has been gradual  
 but from now on it may be expected  
 to become pronounced. For com-  
 posers are devoting themselves more  
 and more to music of a serious vein.

"Jazz" in the opinion of George  
 Gershwin, whose "Symphony in Blue"  
 has attracted wide attention. "Will  
 always be with us, even though it may  
 change its form and color. Any music  
 typical of America will feel and ex-  
 press its influence.

"Jazz has been looked down upon  
 by many people, and rightly so, be-  
 cause in a majority of instances it has  
 been incoherently played. Properly  
 presented, it is very hard to play.  
 The real jazz compositions of today  
 can hardly be recognized as related to  
 those of the past."

On the other hand, Jerome Kern,  
 who wrote "Sunny," "Sally" and  
 "Stepping Soons," looks upon jazz  
 as merely a treatment of music. Since  
 it is generally recognized that class-  
 ical music, as well as popular, may  
 be jazzed, he believes composers now  
 are turning to the writing of more  
 serious compositions.

Sigmund Romberg, famous for  
 "Blossom Time," "The Student Prince"  
 and "Princess Flavin," is convinced the  
 old type of jazz is dying out and the  
 trend is toward something more seri-  
 ous and beautiful. The jazz that re-  
 mains, he said, is of a higher and bet-  
 ter type than the old.

"For the last five or six years, our  
 composers have been interested in  
 finding new rhythms," said Otto Har-  
 bach, who wrote the lyrics for "Sun-  
 ny," "Rose Marie" and "Song of the  
 Flame," the last two especially noted  
 for their approach toward the grand  
 opera type of music.

"They have developed a lot of them  
 —some marvelous and beautiful. But  
 in this concentration, they neglected  
 melody. Now the trend is back to-  
 ward melody. It seems to me that  
 we are to have many beautiful melo-  
 dies of the kind which appear to  
 come spontaneously from the author's  
 mind. The kind which run smoothly to  
 the end, free from the taint of having  
 been manufactured.

"The new American music, I be-  
 lieve, will be found in these melodies  
 through which will run the charming  
 rhythms we have found and develop-  
 ed."

As for the public's taste, Edwin C.  
 Mills, of the American society of  
 composers, authors and publishers,  
 contends remains the same.

"The public's ear at present is just  
 like that of the past generation," he  
 said. "It wants good melodies with a  
 few novelties. Good ballads always  
 have been popular and always will.  
 The same is true of any good music.  
 "Ragtime, Blues and Jazz are the  
 novelties and we'll always have more  
 or less, the 'Banana,' 'Hot Mama,' and  
 'Sweetie' type of songs."

They say the Pole keeps shifting.  
 Oh well, no wonder they've had such  
 a time finding it.

**COUNTESS OF CATHCART  
 TO WED WED AMERICAN**

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 Cathcart, and Gideon Boissevain, of  
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The Graphic quotes Mr. Boissevain  
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"We only met a few weeks ago, al-  
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 only figures obtainable she was born  
 126 years ago near Louisville.

We shan't believe feminism wholly  
 triumphant until a man can get his  
 picture on account of his shape.

If you save a dollar today, that's  
 thrift; if you save it tomorrow, that's  
 will power.

These know-all chaps who aspire to  
 run things might begin with the lawn  
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 generation; but failed to realize his  
 political ambition. That plumed knight  
 of democracy, W. J. Bryan, was too  
 gifted, too patriotic and too honest to  
 win the presidency; but was head and  
 shoulders above any man who ever  
 defeated him, and towers like a giant  
 among pigmies above his post-mortem  
 ridiculers and defamers. So, some of  
 the boys who fell outside of the  
 breastworks in the recent battle of  
 ballots may thank God and take  
 courage.

For ten years I have been a pro-  
 ponent of the Australian ballot, to eli-  
 minate some of the bribery, corruption  
 and other glaring iniquities that are  
 perpetrated by iniquitous political  
 rings. My policy has been to support  
 no man inimical to this measure; and  
 I want an honest-to-goodness enact-  
 ment that has teeth and pulls teeth.  
 I am aware that some local oracles  
 and plumed emesaries of darkness in  
 political rings think such audacity on  
 my part should be re-scinded, and I  
 should be muzzled; for such things  
 are beyond my orbit. Some cousin in  
 the country — and some oracle in a  
 town are the only people who have  
 comprehension and sagacity to deal  
 with such lofty measures.

But the band is playing "the  
 Campbells are coming" and the elec-  
 torate is lining up for this beneficent  
 measure.

Why does an expression of my  
 opinion infuriate some of the sov-  
 ereign voters? I indulge in no malicio-  
 us personalities and nobody ever sees me  
 browbeating anybody around the  
 polls. But I go to no local oracle to be  
 wound up, nor to a henchman of the  
 Shelby ring. I claim every privilege  
 of citizenship and accord the same to  
 every other sovereign voter. I do  
 not vote for a man at the suggestion  
 of some cousin, nor because he "has  
 from six to eight children." To some  
 extent, I am influenced by friend-  
 ship; but the main reason for my  
 support is the qualifications of the  
 candidate.

Another cause for congratulation,  
 we had no Republican helping nomi-  
 nate a candidate in June to vote against  
 him in November. This is just as un-  
 fair as for a Methodist to want to  
 help elect a Baptist preacher, and I  
 have always opposed participation of  
 the opposite party in Democratic pri-  
 maries. This act is a tacit pledge to  
 support the nominee — and should be  
 carried out in good faith.

I enjoyed your portrait gallery and  
 those eulogistic biographical sketches.  
 As a few subjects of these luminous  
 sketches fell outside of the breast-  
 works, many will wring their hands,  
 weep—and say, "Behold, a prince in  
 Israel has this day fallen." But poli-  
 tics is a mercurial game and often  
 the bottom rail gets on top. Some of  
 the defeated candidates are the best  
 qualified men who offered; but if they  
 will hold their heads up and support  
 the nominees they will realize that  
 there is a well-founded claim in the  
 perseverance of the saints.

So, with congratulation to the win-  
 ners and condolence for the losers, I  
 leave it with you until November.  
 M. L. WHITE.

**DRINKING GENTLEMANLY.**

This has to do with drinking  
 —however, not of the hip vari-  
 ety.

Over on Shelby's court square  
 there is a well with "bubblers"  
 where the thirsty of the town  
 and county seek refreshments  
 from a water that is unusually  
 pure. Needless to say the water  
 there is used widely. Many peo-  
 ple carry it away in receptacles  
 for home use, while hundreds of  
 others drink daily from the  
 "bubblers."

The latter method of refresh-  
 ment as used is sanitary. It  
 should be considering the num-  
 ber of people who drink there  
 and the many germs that hang  
 over it.

But, as human kind goes  
 there are some folks who take a  
 joy in despoiling things. Fre-  
 quently in mornings filth is  
 found about the "bubblers," ap-  
 parently placed there intention-  
 ally.

Wherein it is revealed that  
 some one who visits the fountain  
 had exceedingly "bad raising",  
 as they say up where Dirty  
 Ankle mountain makes an odd  
 break in the South Mountain  
 chain. And the hope is hereby  
 expressed that some day one of  
 the local officers gets the oppor-  
 tunity of trying out a new sand  
 bag on an ivory dome.

**NEGRESS, 126, IS  
 CALLED BY DEATH**

Los Angeles, June 8.—Elisa Allen,  
 who was a middle aged negro "mam-  
 my" on a plantation before the War  
 Between the States started, is dead  
 here. She died yesterday at the home  
 of her daughter. According to the  
 only figures obtainable she was born  
 126 years ago near Louisville.

We shan't believe feminism wholly  
 triumphant until a man can get his  
 picture on account of his shape.

If you save a dollar today, that's  
 thrift; if you save it tomorrow, that's  
 will power.

These know-all chaps who aspire to  
 run things might begin with the lawn  
 mower.

**COUNTESS OF CATHCART  
 TO WED WED AMERICAN**

London, June 8.—Vera, Countess of  
 Cathcart, and Gideon Boissevain, of  
 a Dutch-American banking family,  
 The Daily Graphic asserts, are engag-  
 ed to be married.

The Graphic quotes Mr. Boissevain  
 as saying in an interview:

"We only met a few weeks ago, al-  
 though when I was in New York last  
 winter I happened to attend the first  
 night of the countess' play. It has  
 really been a pure romance, and of  
 course we are both very shy about the  
 whole affair."

"We have already gotten the en-  
 gagement ring, and the marriage  
 takes place next week."

The Graphic also quotes Countess  
 as saying:

"Although my finance looks so  
 English, he is really an American, so  
 I shall be an American, too."

Have faith. If modern men are bet-  
 ter to their mothers, it is because  
 the mothers are producing the better  
 men.

Still, if nobody dropped out of the  
 8th grade, who would be ready to hire