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Entered as second class matter January 1, 1905, at the postoffice at Shelby, North Carolina, under the 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.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1926.

TWINKLES

May it be the merriest yet.

The present styles perhaps resulted from some boy telling his gal that he was from Missouri as far as knees are concerned.

This fellow who married Nellie, "the razor girl," would be considered a man in every sense of the word even in Herrin, Illinois.

A waitress has danced with the Prince of Wales, says a news dispatch. Which isn't odd, seeing as how most all of the girls have been waiting to do so.

Somebody struck a match to several bales of cotton down in Eastern Carolina. Hereabouts the farmers would consider such extravagance as "wasting a match."

Ye Twinkler notes Highway 18 is to be oiled. Perhaps the highway commission is pouring oil on troubled waters, the trouble being that of unpaved roads in this section.

When asbestos paper is perfected Ye Twinkler intends to get an interview with a postoffice clerk on his opinion of Christmas cards.

Another indication that "times are not so hard" is that John Dee is still giving away his shiny, new dimes. And John Dee, may it be said, never dissipated with his coin when it was scarce.

How our idols crash about us: Rupert Hughes said George Washington "was a hand with the ladies." Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb, baseball's greatest, are charged with framing a game, and Red Grange has barely side stepped a police station. Next thing you know Ben Turpin will be accused of having straight eyes and North Carolina's "Committee of One Hundred" will be termed a Darwin Club.

MAY IT BE A JOYFUL ONE

To some 20,000 readers The Star would wish a merry Yuletide.

Scattered all over Cleveland county and in portions of adjoining counties are members of The Star family. Homes where The Star enters three times each week. Into these homes in the course of a year this paper carries tidings of many varying things—joy, grief, births, deaths, progress, destruction, for such is news. It's only in one season; that of Christmastime, that The Star realizes that practically every home it enters will be happy. Glad because of all days it is the day signifying the hope of mankind for a hereafter in which there will be no blend of joy and sadness, but joy alone.

To these thousands of reads in many classes of life The Star again wishes a joyful Christmas and all the happy tokens the occasion brings.

ADVERTISING COTTON

The New York Commercial advanced the idea of creating better cotton prices by advertising the product and the suggested solution to the cotton problem was taken up and broadcasted by many newspapers. Frankly it is a worthwhile tip. All business confronted by over-production, stagnation and ruin has either created a demand by advertising, or perished. Yes, it's a good idea for the cotton people, but getting it over is the problem.

To begin with farmers in general are skeptical about any organization that affects their welfare. Perhaps by experience they have a right to be "doubtful Toms." Then there is the necessity of a leader. The biggest milestone about the neck of the farming class is the lack of organization. Who is going to assemble the group that will advertise cotton goods to the world? What man, or men, will be willing to give his or their time? It undoubtedly will take quite a quantity of business brain, considerable work, and plenty of time. The problem can be solved, but as the situation moves along it has a tendency to grow worse. Advice comes in from every source—cut the acreage, produce your own feed, do this, and do that. All to no avail. None of the suggestions carry enough weight to go over with the cotton farmer and manufacturer. The cotton problem will not be solved until someone worthy of command and respect takes the helm and goes to it with the support of all concerned. Without organization and without hope of organization how will the cotton interests secure and support such leadership?

Apparently the government if really interested in "farm relief" to an excess of interest in the farm vote could turn the trick. However, the appointed committees do a lot of talking, pass along several suggestions, and point out fallacies of the cotton industry that all have known for years. It's a pity that the South could not have the Egyptian decree for a period. Not particularly in respect to decreased acreage but long enough to bring about an organization that would find other uses for cotton and advertise the product as such and put it over.

The mountaineer knows how to dispose of his surplus apple crop even if in doing so he violates prohibition laws, and the white-collar revenue officers say Carolinians have taught Westerners how to make liquor of their surplus corn crops. And the South flounders along, always struggling to get from under the oppressive weight of cotton bales, trusting and depending on the good years to carry over the lean years when every year might be a good year.

GREATEST CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

Along with the sacred joy and happiness that comes with dusk on Christmas eve a Yuletide topic is essential. Nearly 30 years ago, in 1897 to be exact, Frank P. Church wrote a Christmas editorial in the New York Sun that stands today supreme when Christmas editorials are discussed. It is foolhardy to attempt to write a better one. The Star has used Church's touching article before, and may do so again. In our opinion it is worth using several score times. The editorial that was appropriate 30 years ago, is appropriate today and will be 30 years hence, follows:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the

communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?—VIRGINIA O'HANLON, 115 West Ninety-first street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment except in sense and light. The external light which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, or even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love and romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture supernal beauty and glory beyond it. It is all real! Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

What's A Year
More Or Less At
Christmas Time

Two Shelby Business Men Pass
New Mileposts In Life. "Work
Harder" One Says Of New
Trial.

William Lineberger and John M. Best respectively donned their Number sevens to Father Time yesterday. They severally and collectively took a squirt at the hour glass, and noted that there was more sand at the bottom than at the top. Then, severally and individually they went out and got a dose.

Lineberger punched the time clock at forty, and Best at 41. Yes, we can tell you which one is carrying his age the better, but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Best says August looks just as good to him as April, and he has no fear of November.

Mr. Lineberger, asked if he had his life to live over again in what way he would change it, said: "I would work twice as hard as I did." What do you know about that! By the way, Mrs. Mary McGraw remembered it was Mr. Lineberger's milestone day, and called him up.

Butler-Doty
Marriage In S. C.

(Special to The Star)
A wedding of much interest to people of Cleveland and Rutherford counties was that of Mr. Willie Butler of the Dobbins community to Miss Reba Doty of New House, which took place at Gaffney, S. C. Saturday afternoon December 18 1926. Probate Judge Lake W. Stroup, officiating at the ceremony. Only the groom's sister was present, Miss Minnie Lee Butler.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Butler and a most splendid young man of excellent character, he is an energetic farmer, while the bride is the attractive daughter of Mrs. Hessie Doty, and she never was more charming than she was in her lovely wedding costume which was blue crepe with tan accessories to match. She is a talented musician and has a splen-

did voice which will be missed in the choir at Sandy Plains. After the ceremony was performed they motored to Shelby to the groom's sisters home, Mrs. Hattie Bridges where a bountiful supper was served in honor of the newly weds. Their friends wish for them much happiness. They are making their home with the groom's parents at present.

New York Plans
Real Skyscraper

New York.—The world's tallest building, towering 110 stories above the street, will soon be constructed in the Times Square district, according to plans filed with the bureau of buildings. The structure, which will be 1,208 feet or almost a quarter of a mile high, is to cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000,000. Plans for the super-skyscraper were filed by John A. Larkin. It will be known as the Larkin building. A yearly rental of \$3,000,000 is expected.

The building will be served by sixty high speed elevators. The objection to couple autoing at night is that they're liable to go too far.

An automobilist never brags, but he likes to blow his own horn. He's not so much interested in an eye for an eye, but he wants a tooth for a tooth.

Son! son! called a voice from the garage, come out here and help Papa bring in the Saturday Evening Post!

Good Singers,
Comedians, Girls,
7 Vaudeville Acts,
Including A Keith
Act—
"THE DANCING
SISTERS."

Cherokee Makes
Coin On Chickens

Gaffney.—The two cars of live poultry shipped out of Cherokee and Union counties during the past week netted the farmers of the two counties approximately \$5,800, according to a statement given out yesterday by County Agent S. C. Stribling of Cherokee county.

The first car was very nearly loaded at Union on the first day, and was largely composed of turkeys. It brought the Union county farmers approximately \$3,200. A second empty car was located and brought to Gaffney for loading. It loaded at Gaffney on Wednesday and at Blacksburg on Thursday and was then brought back to Gaffney and continued loading on Friday and Saturday. A total of 12,150 pounds of chickens and turkeys was secured in Cherokee, which netted Cherokee farmers approximately \$2,600. The two cars, with a third car loaded in Newberry county, were bought by Clarence C. Lee of Pittsburgh, Penn.

The above shipment makes approximately 35,000 pounds of poultry, valued at approximately \$7,500, shipped from this county in 1926, which added to 21,419 pounds with valuation of \$4,071 in 1925, makes a total of 56,669 pounds of poultry valued at \$11,571 shipped from the county since the poultry exports began in May, 1925.

Indications now seem favorable that in 1927 the farmers of the county may ship as much poultry in the one year as has been shipped in the last two. The poultry business is becoming "the biggest little thing in Cherokee county."

Fable: Once upon a time a poor man bought an automobile and believed he could run it and still have money enough left to buy a few worth while things.

We suppose a car is the only place where that tired feeling is really an advantage.

One of the Rare.

Greensboro News.
A dozen years ago David V. Picker, of New York, failed in business and his creditors lost a hundred thousand dollars, which was marked off by bankruptcy proceedings. Such procedure is a legal settlement and is so accepted. There is nothing to pay with and those who are liable to forget it. Whether they do or not, the debtor usually considers the incident closed. He is discharged of his obligations and has an opportunity to make a new start. But this David V. Picker was one of the rare exceptions. He retained the notion, considered somewhat antiquated, if not foolish, that an honest obligation can't be outlawed; that whatever the legal status the moral obligation remains in full force and effect. David V. Picker went into business and prospered. As soon as he got ahead he began paying of the hundred thousand with interest. His creditors scattered and some of them died. He had trouble keeping up with them and their heirs. He had to hire special investigators to trace some of them. But he found them and this month he is sending out checks for \$30,000, the last payment on the hundred thousand that he owed when he was forced into bankruptcy.

There are a few like that, but not so many that a report like the Picker case isn't news, it being very unusual.

Why all the shoe ads out this way? This is the place where so many cars "run out of gas."

The trouble with traffic regulation, says Chief Hamrick, is that while streets may be one-way, laws are not.

WHAT IS THE
RED PLAGUE?

Our Hopes!
WE HOPE THIS CHRISTMAS finds
you as happy and carefree as a child—
making merry midst a thousand Gifts
—feeling that this is a cheery and "big-
hearted" ol' world after all!
AND that that
Happiness will
carry over into the
New Year with
the Prosperity we
hope will be yours
in 1927.
Wray-Hudson Co.

TO OUR PATRONS
AND FRIENDS—
We Wish You All A
Merry Christmas. And It
Is Our Hope To Serve
You In The Future As In
The Past, And To Main-
tain The Same Pleas-
ant Relations.
SUTTLE'S DRUG
STORE



Christmas Wishes
To Our Friends and Customers:
We extend to you all the season's
greetings.
We appreciate your patronage, and
it is our plan to make this store more
and more respond to your demands,
that each succeeding holiday season
will find us more closely knit into your
regard.
May Your Christmas Be One Of
Good Cheer And Many Blessings.
J. C. McNeely Co.
CLEVELAND STAR EVERY-OTHER-DAY

SHELBY CAFE
SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
DINNER
\$1.00
Oyster Cocktail
Hearts of Celery — Mixed
Sweet Pickles
Cream of Chicken Soup
With Rice
Roast Young Turkey With
Cranberry Sauce and
Oyster Dressing
Potatoes au Gratin
Early June Peas
Baked Cauliflower With
Cream Sauce
Hearts Of Lettuce
Mayonnaise Dressing
Hot Home Made Mince
Meat Pie
Coffee, Tea or Milk
SHELBY CAFE

WISHING YOU A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
We have had a wonderful business in 1926, culminating in the present Christmas holiday trade. To our patrons and friends who have made this possible we thank you, and in a sincere spirit of co-operation and unity extend our best wishes for a season of prosperity and good will for you.
GEORGE ALEXANDER - - Jeweler