

THE CLEVELAND STAR

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LEE B. WEATHERS President GENN DRUM Local Editor

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, SEPT. 23, 1927.

TWINKLES

Wonder how O. Henry would tell about this recall election in Greensboro Monday if here were climaxing his puns in this late day?

The Cleveland County fair gates will open Tuesday morning. A record attendance is being predicted. Of course those who predict are "figgerin' on you" to be there.

North Carolina Republicans are at least lion-hearted. They tried to attract interest by a party brawl on the day of a three million dollar scrap.

Those who have given the folks down Alabama way the sarcastic warble over floggings thereabouts should be particular, especially those in this county who without thought express a heated opinion about a few race rows. Such expressions do not smooth ruffled feelings.

TWINKLES

Why clamor for a cabinet committee to stop the trans-Atlantic flights? Had you noticed how the hopping publicity died away during the Chicago fight propaganda? Now with the football season here and a lingering wonder if Babe'll do it the aviators will be content to remain at the home fire-sides. No publicity, little hopping.

WHY THE ADMIRATION?

More praise was heard in Europe of Col. Lindbergh and Bobby Jones than of any American visitors in many years, according to a returning Shelby party. As the Stanly News-Herald points out without saying it the praise was not primarily because Jones is the world's best golfer, or because Lindy is the best aviator, but because both played modestly the role of true sportsmen. Says the News-Herald: Max Gardner, who has just returned from Europe, says that Charles Lindbergh, the aviator, and Bobby Jones, the golfer, were the greatest ambassadors America has ever sent to Europe. That statement is no doubt true, and the reason is summed up in the fact that they were both REAL MEN.

ONE OTHER REMARK.

Considerable editorial space in this and several other newspapers has been used up recently in discussing the origin of the word "souging" following a query from The Star to The Monroe Journal as to the source. In the discussion many suggestions have been advanced and to our mind the thought that the word developed from "scrouting" is the proper one. However, the word-building theories have swung far and wide. One fellow explains that "souging" came from "sough," which is defined to "moan, murmur, or sigh. Very good tracing as it were, but it happens that "souging" was not the word in question. There is no "h" perhaps because "hit's H'English—in the "souging" referring to a big load, so we trail along with Ebeltoft and some of the other elderly fellows who knew what "scrouting" was in their days.

Meanwhile, for all that it matters, the word "souging" may be traced back to the Darwinian principle of farther.

ACTION VS. TALKING.

Hereabouts, and no doubt it is likewise in the majority of towns and cities, there are those who hold a more set refrain about community progress than the pifflicated do on "Sweet Adeline." Often we hear the remark "the thing we need is more industry, or payrolls." And after hearing the remarks most as many times as "line's busy" over the telephone it is only natural to wonder what those same fellows say when approached by a representative of an industry who wants to locate his plant on property owned by the talker. Does the professed community builder make a little cut in the price he thinks right to help bring in new industry? Or does he push up the figures so as "to get his?"

Talking about new industry is just like talking about anything else. If it is not backed up it is not worth half the price of a field of cotton in which a boll weevil family decides to take an apartment. Talking does not turn the wheels of industry and it does not get them to a town to start turning.

Up at Hickory, as mentioned heretofore, a drive is on to secure a new silk mill. Anent the drive The Hickory Record—not realizing perhaps that they are fortunate to even get a drive started—says:

Those who do a lot of talking about community progress now have a chance to put out considerable action. Before the new silk mill is moved to Hickory there must be sold locally \$100,000 in stock. Leading business men have pronounced the investment as perfectly safe. It will bring 200 employees to this city and will increase the merchants business five percent. It will mean a great step in the direction of progress, but there aren't the men in the city who are willing to back the movement.

Hickory must fully realize what the bringing of new industries mean to its development.

NEXT WEEK FAIR WEEK.

Numerous people consider the Cleveland County Fair secretary an optimist. He is, for he puts things over and a pessimist seldom attains such achievement. There may be good things Sib Dorton has started out to do that he did not do (we never heard of 'em) but it is a fact that no one heard him say he couldn't until the last straw was plucked. That optimism built the Cleveland County Fair into one of the greatest county fairs in the south. Attendance records have been falling each year.

This gets us down to the fair which opens Tuesday. Dorton says it will break attendance records. Sounds almost impossible, but considering events of the past, and knowing the fair secretary, The Star will string along with his opinion until the figures prove otherwise.

Now the secretary advances a reason or so for his anticipation of a record crowd. His major basis for the prediction is that it will be different. Heretofore the fairs have been highly entertaining and educational, but last year the similarity of some of the attractions and exhibits began to pall a bit. This year it is learned there will be an entire

new array from gate to gate. Anything that is different gets the crowds and there is no indication that the fair will lose any of its attractiveness by being a bit different this year.

There doesn't seem to be any doubt but what practically every healthy person in the county will be headed for the fair grounds Tuesday. Cotton is opening fast, being picked and sold. And the price, mind you, is "a leetle different," too, from that of last year. A great week is that promised next week.

What To See In Juarez, Old Mexico, And El Paso, Texas.

(BY ROBERT C. MILLER.)

El Paso, Texas, is the largest city on our Southern border and the door to Old Mexico. The old name of the city was El Paso del Norte, "the pass of the north," because above El Paso and Juarez, Mexico, the Rio Grande flows through the only water pass in the Rocky Mountains.

El Paso is 3,719 feet above sea level. It is built in a natural pass at the crossing of several old trans-continental highways. Railroads following these highways, have made it an important transportation center.

El Paso handles a large proportion of our Mexican trade and is an important port of entry for cattle imported from Mexico.

Stock raising was the last important industry of the vast surrounding range country, which found its market in El Paso and now annually produces \$60,000,000 worth of livestock. The stockyards receive as many as 400,000 head of stock yearly. An unlimited timber supply is within the city's trading area. Easy access is had by rail to the 3,500,000 acres of white pine forests across the border in Chihuahua.

El Paso is the center of \$15,000,000 Rio Grande irrigation project under the Elephant Butte Dam 159 miles up the Rio Grande river that serves 200,000 acres of the most productive soil in West Texas Southern New Mexico and Northern Mexico. Cotton, alfalfa, cantaloupes, fruits, vegetables, grain, dairy, poultry and honey are the major crops.

Located in El Paso is one of the largest customs smelters in the United States, a large cement plant, and numerous factories.

On the outskirts is Fort Bliss one of our largest garrison posts. A sporty 9-hole golf course with large trees on every side has been hewn from fine woods. There are several beautiful parks and a great many beautiful modern residences in the city.

About sixty-five per cent of the people of the city are Mexicans. The city has 102,000 inhabitants. The climate is delightful in winter.

Juarez, Mexico, the most important port of entry to Mexico, is situated on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande. It was named in honor of Benito Pablo Juarez, president of Mexico, who once maintained his capital in the city.

During the revolution in 1910, Madero made his rebel headquarters in the mountains to the west of Juarez, from which place he besieged and captured the town on May 11, 1911.

The first provisional capital of the revolution was established in the old custom house on the main street.

Later General Pascual Orozco made his revolutionary headquarters

East Side Americanized—Bowery Is Gone, And Chinatown Is Tamed

(By James L. Kilgallen, INS Staff Correspondent.)

New York.—The famed "East Side" is not what it used to be.

Gone is the old Bowery; the picturesque characters such as "Gyp the Blood"; the ruthless and crooked politicians; the houses of ill repute; the distressing poverty; the rows of dilapidated tenements—and many other evidences of a primitive type of people who fifteen or twenty years ago were subject matter for the writers of vivid fact and fiction.

The immigration laws, restricting the influx from foreign countries, have wrought a decided change.

Today, the East Side is pretty much Americanized. Instead of a babble of tongues you hear the English language along the "Side-walks of New York." You see intelligent young men studying in the night schools; you hear the older men discussing with a knowing air such as Mr. Coolidge not "choosing" to run again and Al Smith's chances of becoming president; you see neat, silk-stockinged flappers "ankling" along in the approved Fifth Avenue manner and you notice that there are less children wild on the streets than years ago.

Chinatown Is Tamed

Chinatown, in the heart of the East Side, has tamed down considerably and a tong war is now quite an event. The merchants of Chinatown, in itself a little city, have learned by experience that tong wars are disapproved in America, and that they don't pay.

True, there are pushcarts still, but they are becoming fewer and fewer and are being propelled by elderly men who can't do anything else to earn a livelihood. Like the bootblacks of the Horatio Alger novels they are becoming noticeably scarcer.

The apacine-like gangsters of twenty years ago have been replaced

Village, located on the western fringe of the lower East Side, has lost nearly all of its individuality and recovered all of its respectability. There are a dozen or two cafes and cabarets with queer names making a pretense at "featuring the gay life but it is, indeed, pretense. The old, spontaneous naughtiness of the Village is gone. There is no crying going up for "freedom." Everybody seems to have it now. Girls don't have to go to Greenwich Village to smoke cigars or bob their hair.

So, in viewing the East Side of today you find that most of its old-time ugliness and sordidness has vanished; that the older stock of the Ghetto has become, with amazing swiftness, a new stock; that the immigrants of yesterday are pretty well off today.

THE WHOLE IN ONE.

Being The Opinions Of The World's Never Paid Editor.

C. LORENZO KEEL, II

This is introducing a new column in The Star. I think perhaps that it has been headed wrong. Anyway I believe that I shall let it go at that until a better name is found.

From the outset I do not want anyone to get the idea that this is a column for intellectuals to read. It is just opposite. In fact it'll have to be opposite, deriving its information and opinions from such source as it does.

I will later on dedicate the same to the "world's never paid editor" seeing as how there is an editor at the top of the ladder and also another contemporary at the bottom. I will be modest and claim that I am half way up the golden stairway.

Starting off—it was rumored about town Sunday that from that day week—or maybe three weeks—that all the Big Chiefs of the town would gather in one place and hold a council of war. It is assumed that all the injuns will be there and they will go on record as favoring a lower wage scale for the big and mighty Big Chief.

I am hoping that the council comes to some kind of agreement. I was considering joining the ranks, believing that canned heat will soon go out of style.

These next few line fillers were

to have been written about the fight. It so happens that a stroke of the southern drag struck your editor and he did not catch the wave in time to get in for the big fight.

But you could see that the fight had the grip on most of our brainiest men. I could not see it otherwise. The atmosphere was right. Anything that would draw a three million dollar crowd would be foremost in the minds of all, whether they understood it or not. It was a certainty however that they understood the three million dollars.

I was on the inside of the ring that picks the winner. The ring knows whereof it lays its dough. I was sorry that I was not able to tip my friends, but in the future if you want tips I shall be glad to give you the opinion of the ring. Just see me or drop me a line. I have a leased wire from the aforementioned ring. Hot tips at all hours.

Another thing about the ring. The same ring controls the World Series dope pan. If you have been thinking that far ahead I shall be glad to give you the opinion of the ring. This ring stuff is not supposed to go out to everybody, but in letting out information I shall be the judge of that.

I have taken it for granted that the "world's never paid editor" should know the human race and be able to detect friends out of the crowds that will swarm about me for information and tips.

So if you are ready for the World Series let me know. Time passes swiftly.

As this is the first installment I will not bother my friends with too much inform. But later as I swing into the home stretch with all the football teams I will let loose.

Next time I will give a full account of the council of war, especially, and anything that happens to pass through the semi-editor's mind.

Until then, it is the "world's never paid editor" speaking.

There's a society for everything else—why not one for the prevention of wasted effort?

The state of Michigan has lifted the ban on speed, evidently on the theory of what's the use.

Two is company, three is a crowd and four is an average load for a two-passenger automobile.

TRY STAR WANT ADS.

THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT IS OVER

And Tunney Wins and KOLSTER RADIO served its purpose in giving Shelby and the surrounding country the fight round by round.

THE WORLD'S SERIES

Is just around the corner and if you didn't get your KOLSTER for the fight, place your order now and be ready for the big Ball Games.

If you have a KOLSTER in your home you can enjoy all the sport and the finest music the world affords at a very small cost.

Let us demonstrate this fact to you.

Pendleton's Music Store

TRY A KOLSTR — THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

James J. Corbett says, "Faversham's advice decided me on Luckies"

Famous former heavyweight champion, with Mrs. Corbett after breakfast at their home at Bayside, L. I., recommends Lucky Strikes.



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William Faversham, The Popular Actor, writes:

"For years I have been a Lucky Strike enthusiast, in fact, I never smoke any other cigarette. In all this time I have never been troubled with throat irritations. In addition to the enjoyment that I get from the superior quality of Lucky Strikes, it is wonderful to know that my voice will never be affected by smoking."

William Faversham

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted" No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

ADVERTISE IN THE STAR — IT PAYS.

NEW FALL SHADES IN HOSE

The new fall colors in Hosiery are now on display in our store in Rollins Silk Hose in Fall weight and the Sheer Chiffon from 95c to \$1.95.

SPECIAL 75c

Heavy full fashion Silk Hose, all colors. A regular \$1.50 grade, first quality at 75c.

Children's Derby Rib Hose in the new Biscuit colors — 25c.

Full line of School Hose here for the Children from 10c pair up.

Ladies' Cotton Hose in black, beige and Peach — 10c.

UNDERWEAR

The cool weather calls for heavy underwear. We have a complete line for Men, Women and Children—all sizes. See us before you buy for our prices are much less than today's market.

SWEATERS

Now is the time to try one of our new Sweaters or Lumberjacks.

CHILDREN'S COATS

See our line of Children's New Coats in the new Winter Style.

THE STAMEY CO.

FALLSTON & POLKVILLE.

CLEVELAND STAR EVERY-OTHER-DAY