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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, JULY 13, 1928.

TWINKLES

Speaking of consistency, suppose every public dry who isn't so dry privately should vote for Al.

One thing about Hoover, he is fat enough to stay astraddle the prohibition fence without physical discomfort—that is, out in the open.

Georgia postmasters have been paying privilege money, it is alleged, to the G. O. P. to hold their jobs, and it won't be long now until would-be postmasters in Georgia, the Carolinas and elsewhere will be yelling "You Know Me, Al."

In one of our exchanges we note that the home town pro consistently drove straight down "the fareway." A golfer who handles his wood and irons like that should fare well in either the fairway or rough, and he may be in a fair way of stepping along in Bobby's tracks.

The Charlotte News knows of a doctor who thinks it a bad practice to bound out of bed in the morning immediately upon waking, and the Greensboro News adds: "That's a good doctor," but what we want to know is: who'n the heck ever practiced that, anyway?

A prominent Frenchman returning to his native country after a sojourn in America expressed disgust at the manner in which American girls drink and smoke to excess. How disillusioning real life really is—we'd been hearing all of our lives about those "wild wimmen" in France and now a Frenchman is disgusted at our wilder ones.

In the 1927-28 Federal tax period North Carolina paid the United States government a total tax of over 225 million dollars. Compare that vast sum, third high in the union, with what North Carolina gets back in appropriations and other matters from the Federal government, then go ahead and vote for a continuation of the Coolidge policies this fall, if you care to.

FAIR TIME APPROACHES.

IT IS GOING TO be a big year. First of all it is election year, then Carolina prognosticators are looking for 30-cent cotton, and generally the pumpkins will yellow under favorable conditions, but in all the hubbub and excitement Cleveland county isn't likely to overlook that it is not many months until the biggest county fair in the Carolinas will be underway at the fair grounds between Shelby and Kings Mountain.

Already one hears reports of the ladies preparing this and that for the growing competition of the fair departments, and for weeks the farmers have been lining up this and that entry they intend to make. Meantime, of course, every one rests assured that the entertainment angle and the general details of the entire fair are being well-taken care of by the liveliest fair secretary to be found in or outside of any fair exhibition.

If you're thinking it's going to be a right busy season don't forget to mark off one week on the calendar for "a whale of a time" at the Cleveland county fair. They always refer to each coming fair as "bigger and better" and if it were not for the lack of originality the Cleveland fair officials could start yelling that very line.

GARDNER'S CAMPAIGNER.

OF CONSIDERABLE interest over the state, and particularly in this section, is the announcement of O. Max Gardner that he would like to have one of his closest friends, in private and political life, as the chairman of the Democratic party in the state. In saying that he would appreciate it if the state executive committee would name Odus M. Mull, of Shelby, as chairman, Mr. Gardner sets forth the qualifications of Mull for the office—not as a friend but with a cool, dissecting mind which sees first of all the campaign ahead.

Naturally it is the duty of the state chairman to lead the November campaign, and just as naturally it is proper in the political world for the gubernatorial candidate to have a say in selecting the man to lead his campaign—just as proper in North Carolina as nationally with Herbert Hoover picking Mr. Work for the job and Al Smith picking Owen Young, or whoever he may pick.

But to get back to the man Gardner would like to see named chairman—His suggestion of Mr. Mull falls in line with a consistent Gardner trait. Few men have stood behind the Shelby statesman more loyally than the hard-driving, never-swinging O. M. Mull who fights with the blood of the Irish in his veins, and in Gardner's make-up there is a bed-rock principle which stands for remembering those who have remembered him.

Getting away from the personalities, Mr. Gardner suggested Mr. Mull not only because of friendship. In surveying the Mull party record coolly he finds, and the citizens of the state will find that few men excel him in loyalty and in successful political campaigning. Taking the chance of sounding provincial The Star will state that it believes there are few better political campaign directors in the state than O. M. Mull. There are numerous better personal campaigners, that is readily admitted, but few better supervisors or more faithful workers—and behind the ballyhoo, oratory and color of a political campaign there must be a figure shifting the pawns, directing the attack, and maintaining a concentrated drive. In that line Mull is adept. He has managed at least six major political campaigns throughout Piedmont and Western Carolina with success. Never has he seen his candidate defeated. That record, we contend, had more to do with the Mull choice than the personal friendship of the next governor.

And, in conclusion, those who follow things political closely will note that Mull will make a chairman who "fits" the times peculiarly well. He was a Hullite, or a Hullian, as you prefer, but he was, and will be a party man always. He is a Democratic dry of another type from that described by Will Rogers, meaning that he doesn't vote dry and drink wet for he knows not the taste of an alcoholic beverage. Behind him is a substantial moral background.

With Mr. Gardner we agree that his choice has some mighty fine requisites for leading the party this fall. And that removed as far as possible from a "home town viewpoint."

**Boxing Gets Refined,
A Tar Heel Helps It**

— Add Becomes An Addison —

(By RENN DRUM.)

During the last scholastic year there departed from the University of North Carolina a young student by the name of Addison Warren, but better known in red-suspender circles as Add Warren. In college he attained considerable renown as a football player, but more renowned as an amateur boxer.

Having learned more than the average youth learns at college young Warren decided that there was more of a financial future in boxing than in instructing the youth of the land in their three "Rs," or whatever they term rudimentary education these days. In order words, Add looked at the millions accumulated by Tunney, Dempsey and Rickard, then glanced at the threadbare clothes of his favorite university instructor, and decided that he would take an upper cut for the millions.

Racket Changes.

So far so good. His name, Add, sounded much like a good fighting name in the cauliflower ear racket. That is, such a name sounded good in the old days when Dempsey, Big Jess and the Wild Pampas bull floored 'em right and left. So Add began flattening out ham-and-egg-ers and has-beens as regularly as he could be booked in the south. Eventually up in the east they heard about the fellow who had a habit of finishing his bouts before the second gong. A missionary came down to rescue him from the south.

Give Him Polish.

And, presto, the work of making Add Warren, the pride of Carolina boxing fans, into Addison Warren, a Gene Tunney counterpart, began. The time when the fighting racket was fond of a fighting name and rough-neck ideas has been superseded by literary young fellows who quote poetry to their seconds between rounds. Add Warren would have been all right to bring up under a Dempsey regime, or a John Sullivan, but for a promising youngster to have a show in a Tunney time he must be known as Addison—and he must know literature, which Warren, secured "smattering" of while at the university. Then the sport writers and promoters checked up their new find and rubbed their hands in a pleased manner much like a Hebrew does when he sells a \$40 suit, or rather a suit for \$40.

Educated like Tunney, fond of poetry as Gene, can talk high-brow, looks much like Gene, etc. Next result: Addison Warren, our same Add, gets a half column editorial on the dignified editorial page of the eminent New York World, Sullivan, Fitz, Dempsey and those boys merely knew the editorial page as one of those pages to turn by as they looked for the sport pages or the comics. But along came Mr. Tunney with his Shakespearean shuffle and elevated boxing from the sport page to the editorial page. Now Addison Warren, his counterpart, gets there too.

Wasn't Addison smart in picking his path in life? Perhaps the cultured friends in years gone by had shown him that only learned, refined teachers and inventors draw editorial praise from the big papers, and perhaps Addison—no, it was Add then—scuffed inwardly and said to himself "I'll show 'em." And, boys, he has.

Had Addison come along 10 years ago Hype Igoe might have written in his boxing column: "A tough young ham-and-egger, Add Warren, has blown into the city and may get a chance at the racket in a prelim one of these days." But Addison coming as he did drew dignified remarks from the editorial writer—and, who knows, that writer may have been Claude Bowers who jabbed all those raptier-like phrases into an oily elephant hide at Houston?

May Differ Some.

The World editorial, too, mentioned a thought of our own when it suggested that perhaps Warren with all of his traits similar to Tunney might have one additional trait: that of a real, old-time sock in one of his arms. Somehow we believe Add—beg pardon, Addison—has. Maybe, after all, he'll be another literary marvel and 'em another slugger who can pack 'em into Rickard's high-priced seats without falling back on the literary ballyhoo. And since Add is a native Tar Heel we're hoping so, if you don't mind.

MR. THRIFT LIVES UP TO HIS NAME

Detroit, Mich.—Sheriff C. A. Thrift of Decatur, Ill., lives up to his name. When Detroit police wired him last week that they had arrested John McDonald, 35, wanted in Decatur on an abandonment charge he asked them to hold the prisoner until Monday.

Arriving he explained there was an excursion rate to Detroit from Decatur that day and that he had taken advantage of it to come after his prisoner.

EARL PERSONAL NEWS MENTION

New Hope Church Young People on Picnic, Personals of People Coming and Going.

(Special to The Star.)

Earl, July 12—The senior girls and boys classes of New Hope Baptist church enjoyed a picnic supper at Love Springs last Wednesday evening celebrating the 4th of July.

Mrs. Lucius Cline of Greenville, S. C., was a caller in the village Saturday.

Mr. Hubert Haas who has been in Gastonia hospital for treatment caused from a burn has returned to his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Sepaugh are visiting relatives in Fayetteville.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Acree of Atlanta, Ga., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Jones.

Miss Aileen Acree of Atlanta, Ga., is the guest of Miss Ophelia Moss.

Miss Ola Byers of Gaffney, S. C., was a caller on the Misses Bettis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Hambricht of Grover, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sarratte, Sunday evening.

Mr. B. F. Jones of Milledgeville, Ga., is visiting home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Washburn and little Betty Lowe, of Shelby, were callers in the village Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Anderson of Kentucky, was the guest of Mrs. B. F. Jones last week.

Mrs. Bud Hause and the Misses Bettis spent a couple of hours in Gaffney, S. C., Thursday.

Miss Thelma Earl who is working for Efrids department store at Shelby spent the week end in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abernethy and two children of Cherokee Falls, S. C., spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. B. Austell.

Rev. J. T. Jenkins, was the dinner guest of Mr. and W. F. Bettis Sunday.

Mrs. Sue Moore and children of Laurinburg, were the guest Sunday of her sister Mrs. Lloyd Wylie.

Trinity Community Late News Mention

(Special to The Star.)

The boys senior class of the Trinity Sunday school entertained the senior girls with a picnic Friday evening. All had a nice time.

Mr. M. G. McSwain of Shelby and father Mr. B. E. McSwain, Mrs. Etta McSwain and Miss Bettie Beason enjoyed a delightful trip to Asheville Sunday to visit the former's daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Z. Harrill and Miss Eva Beason were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Greene of Mooresboro Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis McWhorter and children of Shelby visited her mother Mrs. Freeman McSwain a few days last week. Miss Janelle McSwain returned with them to their home to spend this week.

Mrs. Albert Morrison is spending few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morrison.

Mrs. W. F. McSwain and daughter Misses Florence and Pearl McSwain spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Beason. Miss Mattie Sue Beason accompanied them to their home in West Shelby.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Beason, Mrs. A. D. Bridges, Mr. Clarence Bostic and Mr. Furman McSwain were among the number who spent the Fourth at Lake James.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Holcombe called on her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Bostic on Sunday afternoon.

Misses Jonnie Lee and Lucile Beason were the dinner guests of Miss Ollie Bridges Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Furman McSwain spent Saturday night with his parents Mr. and Mrs. B. E. McSwain.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellie Jolley and children of Shelby visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. K. D. N. Jolley, during the past week.

Mr. M. M. Beason and daughters Lovelle and Nellie and Miss Etta Bostic and Mr. Paul Humphries were shopping at Shelby Saturday.

Misses Bettie Beason, Etta Bostic and Annie McSwain spent the night with Mrs. Etta McSwain last Tuesday.

Misses Etta Bostic and Malina Jolley were joint hostesses at a lawn party at the home of the former on last Wednesday evening. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess consisting of an ice course and accessories.

Misses Sarah Harris, Ethel and Reba Lovelace and Miss Ruby Greene of Mooresboro, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Greene of Lattimore Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Harris and children visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bridges.

Mr. and Mrs. Furman McSwain, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morrison, Mrs. Etta McSwain, Annie McSwain, Homer Wall, motored to Flat Rock Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Harris Jr., and son visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Harris Sunday.

"The Cat Birds Song."

(By Lloyd Mauney.)

I heard a noise just outside
"It's old man Cat Bird I gladly
cried."
He's come at last to sit and sing
And help to make the clear sky
ring.
His voice is clear and very loud
Of his old song he's mighty proud
He sits and chirps in his own way
And keeps it up the live long day.

He sits upon his limby throne
And claims the world as his own.
His song of cheer and song of woe
Can fill our minds with things just
so.
His temper mild and cheery sway
Will always chase our blues away.
He loves to call soft and low
And let us know the tidings so.
He calls to friends up in the sky
That answer with their jolly cry.
They know full well his breezy plan
And they soon cover the earth and

land,
They know that there will surely be
A task to perform or something to
see.
They scamper above and take their
way
To cheer some lonesome heart today.
He sits alone as just before
And sings his song at my own door.
He seems so happy and content to
me
As he sways and rocks in his favorite tree.

He sings his anthem loud and glad
He's done his best with what he's
had.
He has a look of pride and joy
And has done his best to convey,
A share of fun and of cheer
To help to lighten the hearts of
the drear.
I hear him singing now outside
He's calling and blessing the coun-
tryside.

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