

Preacher Converted His Lynchers Once

Famous Missouri Preacher And Political Orator Kept His Head Cool.

Up in Iowa the Civil war is now only a part of history which children learn in school as they do the war of 1812, and the Revolution, and the grown folks give it little thought and no weight in modern affairs, so thoroughly has the late unpleasantness been forgotten.

In Keokuk, where all the Iowa soldiers were mobilized and given their training before being sent to the front, were also four large base hospitals to which wounded and sick soldiers were brought up the Mississippi river in steamboats. Some of them were Confederate prisoners, and now on every May 30, the Keokuk people decorate the graves of the Confederate dead in its National cemetery, the same as they do the graves of their own soldiers.

When Blood Was Hot. One of the large hospitals there was at that time the highest business building in America, covering a quarter block of ground, which is now being razed to be replaced with a modern business building. Living in the adjoining Missouri county was Henry Clay Dean, fire eating Confederate sympathizer, one of the most powerful preachers America ever saw, and an orator seldom equalled in this nation.

How blood was hot in those historic days in the North as well as the South is shown by a dramatic story of an attempt to lynch Henry Clay Dean by convalescents in the big hospital which was recounted recently by J. W. Murphy, editor of the Burlington, Iowa, Saturday Post, at a meeting of the old settlers of Clark county, Missouri, which adjoins Keokuk, Iowa, and in which Henry Clay Dean lived. Mr. Murphy told his auditors:

Made Speech That Displeased. During the Civil war, the Estes House block on Main street, in Keokuk, was used as a hospital for convalescing Union soldiers. Mr. Dean was much in and about Keokuk, and his attitude on the war was resented by Union men and particularly by the soldiers in the hospital.

One afternoon Mr. Dean had made a Democratic speech at Canton and then got on the boat going to Keokuk. Information of his speech had preceded him, and the convalescing soldiers gathered to the number of several hundred and massed themselves in the street in front of the hotel where Mr. Dean was a guest. They called to him to come out of the hotel as they wanted to hang him.

Some Quick Thinking. Now, whatever may have been Mr. Dean's weaknesses, physical fear was not one of them; he came right out, and asked them to do him no harm. The spokesman for the mob were inexorable and warned Dean to prepare for the execution which would take place in a few minutes.

"Surely, men, you will not kill me without giving me time to communicate with my dear wife and children?" queried Dean. "Give him 15 minutes," came a voice from the street.

"All right," said the leader, "we will give you 15 minutes to write a farewell letter—then you swing." He Needed Fresh Air. However, this was not just what Dean wanted, so he said: "There are a lot of my friends here in this crowd. I prefer to talk to them and let them carry my message to my family—I am in no condition or frame of mind to write anything as I am going to be murdered in a few minutes."

"All right again," said the leader, "go ahead and tell your message to your friends." "Now," said Mr. Dean, having got what he wanted gathered around me as much as you please, but don't come too close. I am an old man and

must have fresh air or I will break down. I want to die like a man, and I can't do it without plenty of fresh air. Give me the sidewalk for 20 feet, so that I can talk. You people stay out in the street and watch me as close as you please, and you are welcome to hear every word I say."

Talking For His Life. Again the leader of the mob agreed to Mr. Dean's conditions and pushed the crowd back off of the sidewalk into the street. "You are right," said the leader. "Of course you can't live without air; we know that."

Without further delay Mr. Dean began his last message to his loved ones. He pictured his home at Rebel's Cove, Mo., and had expressions of endearment for his wife and children.

He deplored the circumstances that had served to bring the North and the South into deadly conflict and predicted dire punishment for the conspirators responsible for it. Gradually he turned the affair into an old fashioned revival meeting; and as the interest in his fascinating oratory increased and sentiments of applause and approval were heard, he announced that the curbing at the edge of the walk would serve as a mourner bench, and urged all sinners to come forward and join him in prayer for the forgiveness of their sins.

Stage Big Rally For Max Gardner

Big Demonstration Carried Out At Washington Despite Nomininee's Absence.

Washington, N. C., Oct. 19.—The flare of hundreds of gleaming torches, the raucous sounds of cow bells, horns and other noise-making devices, the blare of a large brass band, playing the popular campaign selection of the day, the long line of several hundred marchers from half a dozen counties and the cheers of additional hundreds who thronged the sidewalks and streets watching the spectacular parade, all combined here tonight in giving eastern North Carolina its greatest and most spectacular political rally, the most enthusiastic that has been held here in more than a score of years.

It was a vociferous demonstration, staged primarily for the purpose of doing honor to O. Max Gardner, Democratic candidate for governor, and also as an evidence of the overwhelming support that is being manifested throughout this section for the national Democratic ticket. It was, therefore, with keen regret that word was received in Washington early today that Mr. Gardner was confined to his home at Shelby with illness and would be unable to attend the great rally.

Instead of abandoning its plans, the committee in charge of the parade announced that the mere fact of Mr. Gardner's inability to be present could not by any means dampen this section's enthusiasm for either him or the national ticket. They sent out a hurry call for a speaker and there was general election when it became known that J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Elizabeth City's gifted orator, would be present at the rally.

And so, at 7 o'clock the crowds began gathering on the streets. The parade formed on West Main street. Scores of placards, designating different divisions of the parade were carried on tall standards. There were delegations present from every precinct in Beaufort county, as well as large representations from Hyde, Pitt, Martin, Craven and other counties in this section. There were a large number of women marchers, carrying banners which noted their adherence to "Al and Max."

Every available seat in the huge auditorium of the John H. Small school was taken. Standing room was at a premium. Following the singing of several campaign songs, led by Edmund Harding, Congressman Warren read a telegram from Mr. Gardner expressing his regret at being unable to attend. And then, Mr. Warren read a telegram which was being sent by the Democratic executive committee on behalf of Beaufort county as a whole, pledging the most loyal support to Mr. Gardner in his campaign for election as governor and also during his administration as governor. The crowd roared its approval of both messages.

Barbs. The Graf Zeppelin has been here several days now and no couples have been married on it yet. Passengers weren't allowed to smoke on the Graf Zeppelin. The airship never will become popular with the ladies.

Mrs. Ford describes Henry as "easy going." Not a bit like Lizzie used to be.

British scientists are reported to be at loggerheads over the problem of whether the moon some millions of years hence will fall upon the earth, or will gradually move away from it. Maybe they ought to take a straw vote on it.

According to the current trend of the American drama, golfers are cherishing poetry by not dashing off a couple of plays.

Behind The Scenes In Hollywood

By DOROTHY HERZOG (Copyright 1928 Premier Syndicate)

Hollywood.—Mingled cries emanated from Walter Morosco's office. Even a disinterested male would have been a-twitter with curiosity. Hence my curiosity simmered to the point where I dared knock imperiously and eagerly to the invitation "Come in."

Mr. Morosco sat rocking in his swivel chair, grinning. Forrest Halsey, scenarist for the Corinne Griffith pictures, sat grinning. Gene Towne, the youthful gag man and title writer for Miss G.'s flickers, stood innocently in the middle of the floor.

"Anything wrong?" I queried hopefully. "Nothing, Nothing 'atall," beamed the irresponsible Gene. "Walker here turned down my subtitles and I'm just trying to earn my weekly salary."

Whereupon he commenced turning handspindles, ruminating up and down the desks and hopping on one foot.

"I'm getting out of here," Forrest roared, "before that guy lands in my vest pocket." He fled.

"I can't take a chance either," cried Walter. He fled.

Gene smiled. "There's gratitude for you." And the two of us sauntered out on the First National lot.

This Gene Towne is what may be popularly termed a character. He's just a kid—twenty-four. He earns around \$650 a week. He "gagged" Corinne's last flicker, "Outcast," and he's doing ditto for her forthcoming one, "Saturday's Children." He has written a play which Fannie Brice wants to produce. He has written another that Jed Harris wants to collaborate with Forrest Halsey on one. Gene's chief distinction is disregard for his moustache. He rates the only man I have ever seen with a lip decoration who doesn't yank at it to be sure 'tis still in place.

When Corinne Griffith was four years old she ran away with a circus. She did too. The Griffith family had moved to a small town in Texas. Corinne's father was a railroad man, so they arrived in a private car, thereby averting their future neighbors no end. A circus



CORINNE GRIFFITH

came to town. Corinne followed the beautiful red wagon. The circus folk made the four year old welcome. Her mother was worried sick. Her father set forth to find her, and the town being lilliputian he succeeded.

Corinne, to his despair, set up an awful howl. She didn't want to go home. She liked the circus. Being a delicate child, she had always won her way. Mr. Griffith yielded. He did more. He bought the circus! When Mrs. Griffith heard this she packed up her baggage and with the other two children departed for mother's house in a nearby town. The next day the sheriff came to see Mr. Griffith. Seemed there were matters of law to be settled not mentioned by the former circus' owner. Mr. G. returned the tent and the freaks with his compliments. Mrs. G. returned to the fireside and Corinne forgot the beautiful red wagon.

Dr. Poteat Warns Against Church Entering Politics

Cites Examples Of Christ In Shunning Political Policies to Gain Objectives Church Higher

Chapel Hill.—"The church of Christ cannot enter politics," Dr. William Louis Poteat, president emeritus of Wake Forest college, declared here in the last of his three lectures before the university school of religion.

Dr. Poteat made the statement in the course of a discussion of "religion and business and government and the Christ's Way."

"When Jesus was meditating his plans in the Jordan solitudes it was suggested to him that he adopt the political policy which had proven successful in the kingdom's established before his day," Dr. Poteat said. "But Jesus repudiated the suggestion under the most solemn sanctions. He would win his kingdom, not by force, but by an inward spiritual ministry. He would achieve social righteousness by the leaven of individual righteousness."

No Instructions. "Jesus left no specifications for the construction of his regenerate social order, no creed, no code of laws, no instructions in the duties of citizenship. He spoke no word about political institutions, but he is the only radical and sure reformer of them. And that because he deals with men, not mechanisms, with the springs of action, not activities. It follows that his church cannot enter politics."

In stating his position regarding the church and politics, Dr. Poteat said: "Allow me to suggest a second preliminary caution. The Christian church is an organized community of those who accept Christ as savior and Lord and are committed to realizing his ideal in the life of the world. It is the nurse and trainer of the Christian life, an agency through which the Christian impulse may express itself in worship, in realizing the personal ideal of Christian character and service and the social ideal of the Kingdom of God. It is not the kingdom of God. It is not the instrument and agency of the Kingdom for winning its universal sway."

SHELBY PARTY RETURNS FROM TENNESSEE TOWN

Messrs. William Lineberger, Julius A. Suttle and Herbert Blanton composed a party that returned the last of the week from a trip to Memphis, Tenn., where they visited the National Dairy Show.

This is in reality a composite

A. S. Burleson Calls Simmons Embittered

He Says Senator's Disappointment Over McAdoo Has Clouded Judgment.

Austin, Texas.—Replying to the charge made by Senator Simmons at New Bern, N. C., that the Democrats are conducting a "two-faced campaign" on the prohibition question, Albert S. Burleson of Austin, who was postmaster general in the cabinet of President Wilson, said that Senator Simmons, "like McAdoo, is absolutely frenzied in his support of prohibition" and "because of his disappointment at Secretary McAdoo's failure to get the nomination for president in 1920 and 1924, and the complete collapse of McAdoo's political strength this year he has become sorely grieved and bitter and consequently his views are jaundiced and his judgment clouded."

Mr. Burleson declared that Governor Smith's campaign has been frank and courageous in all

his declarations, and not one of the leading opposition newspapers has charged that he has repudiated his party's platform on prohibition or any other issue. "Bigotry, ignorant religious intolerance, alone, are moving these people to abandon the political convictions of a life-time," declared Mr. Burleson.

"Now, let us apply the acid test," Mr. Burleson continued. "Suppose Woodrow Wilson were alive and was the nominee of the Democratic party at this time. He was at all times an anti-prohibitionist. He was against the eighteenth amendment. He vetoed the sacred Volstead act. He was warring with Cox, Davis or Smith. Now, 'Honest Injun' how many of these bolters would be opposing his election? Every one of these politi-

cal parsons and pious prohibitionists whose souls, according to Simmons, are wrapped in the cause, would be for his success."

The Henry Ford says he is in favor of the old dances, he didn't put same old shimmy into his new flivvers.—Beloit (Wis.) News.

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By modern vaporizing ointment—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE

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Family trees aren't like others. In others, appearance the sap is an indication of continued vigor.—Washington Post.

Plant Shrubs

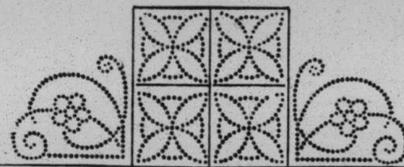
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Opening Announcement

In Wednesday's Star



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TERRIBLY ILL

Kentucky Lady's Health Was Very Bad. Had Severe Pains and Could Not Sleep.

Lexington, Ky.—Mrs. J. H. Nichols, who lives at 513 Elm Tree Lane, this city, says that Cardui has been of valuable assistance to her on two occasions, which she tells about below: "Some few years ago, my health was bad. I had very severe pains in my sides. My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not rest. The lower part of my body was very sore. I could hardly stoop over to lace my shoes. I would have to put my foot on a chair. I did not feel like eating, and did not sleep well at all at night. "A friend of mine recommended Cardui. I began taking it and saw quite an improvement in my condition. I kept it up until I felt strong and well."

About a year ago, Mrs. Nichols says, she found herself in a nervous, run-down condition. "I took Cardui again," she adds, "and it helped me wonderfully. It is a splendid tonic."

Thousands of women have written to tell how Cardui helped them get rid of pain and suffering. Cardui is a mild, medicinal tonic, made from purely vegetable ingredients. At all drug stores. NC-190

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