

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.

MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — FRIDAY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

By Mail, per year \$2.50
By Carrier, per year \$3.00

THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

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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.

MONDAY, JAN. 14, 1929.

TWINKLES

Have you as yet donated a book to the Boiling Springs junior college library? If not, fall in line!

Hereafter we look for quite a number of defendants to be sick and unable to attend court when Judge Oglesby comes to town to preside over the session.

Well, the financial report of the city school system, for which there was quite a bit of clamoring, has been published, so where do we go from here, now that it has?

Ample proof that Shelby is so much of a city now that denizens are unaccustomed to things rural is seen in that Shelby house cat which got caught in a rabbit trap.

This paper continues to be an ardent defender of the modern girl, for what modern girl, pray, doesn't demonstrate her belief in the newspaper slogan that "it pays to advertise"?

Leave it to the New York Post to sound off with the prize political pun of the year. And here's how: "Hoover has crossed the equator 15 times, but he is better known as the man who crossed the Mason and Dixon line." Ouch!

Governor Gardner wants the farmers of this county to move up into the 75,000-bale class while he is away running things in Raleigh, and all we have to say is that if he does as good a job of governing as he expects our farmers to do farming, then he will make every bit as good a governor as we thought he would.

Now that we have Governor Gardner elected and inaugurated it seems as if Shelby's political interest is slowly, but steadily centering itself upon the next municipal election. Such is Shelby, but generally it seems as if "a good time was had by all" in our political meales, for we keep coming up for more, even though the Union Republican does insist that we very near took a Chicago count on the November bout.

At first Ye Twinkler became exceedingly proud and boastful when the Shelby postoffice attained first-class ranking, but if being up in that class bodes any such future argu-a postoffice sight, then, as far as we are concerned, it suits us if they put Shelby back into the crossroad town class where the postmaster reads all the post-cards. It's a sight how Greensboro has been worried about that postoffice site.

A SERMON BY A JOKESMITH

SOME OF THE most sensible advice comes from the so-called comic writers and some of the most direct sermons are preached by jokesmiths.

As a sample, try this sermon by Will Rogers in which he takes as his text the freak run of the poor captain-elect of the California football eleven in the game with Georgia Tech:

"Everybody is a-picking on that poor boy out in California that ran the wrong way with that football. If I was an editorial writer like Mr. Hearst, Mr. B. Ishane, Bruce Barton, Glenn Frank and all of those, I would ask how many out of the hundred and ten million of the rest of us are headed the wrong way: How many out of us have ever had presence of mind enough to pick up a fumble: How many grabbed out of the scramble what they think is success and don't know till they reach the goal line whether it's the right one or not?"

OGLESBY CRIMPS' CRIME

THE MESSAGE we have to say somehow expresses itself best in the language of the street, and that message is that Judge John Oglesby certainly knows how to put a crimp in crime.

After reviewing the decisions of the Concord jurist during the court term here last week The Star is of the frank opinion that if North Carolina had enough Judge Oglesbys, or enough jurists sticking doggedly to the Oglesby style, the state would witness a big decrease in crime.

Glancing over the court's work of a week on the criminal docket one fails to find a single instance where a convicted defendant was let off with one of those much abused suspended sentences, or even a fine. And at this particular point The Star digresses long enough to say that in our opinion suspended sentences and fines have never put a halt to a crime wave.

On the major part of the criminal docket which Judge Oglesby presided over twelve defendants were convicted and when Judge Oglesby got through sentencing them the one dozen prisoners had something like 33 years of "time to do?" To some people the sentences passed by the Concord jurist may appear harsh and a little hard, but let three Oglesbys hold court in succession in Cleveland county, or any other county, and that particular county will be finding itself minus much of its usual crime. Sentences such as those Oglesby passed would not seem harsh to any one were we all accustomed to sticking to the letter of the law instead of permitting sob stories and tender hearts to carry us into the very midst of a crime wave.

Right at the outset of his first court Judge Oglesby in-

formed the bar that he would hear all the cases and then pass his sentences. His reason for following that course was very well explained. It is mighty hard upon a judge for lawyers and relatives to keep going to him during a court term begging for a few months to be cut off this sentence, and a few dollars off that fine. Under such procedure we suspect many jurists just to get rid of those pestering them alleviate sentences already passed. But not so the Concord jurist; he reserved his sentences to the very last and let the bar know that what talking the members desired to do had better be done before the sentencing period. And as a result he passed his sentences according to the law, the evidence, and the jury verdicts, and not after going through the strain of being harassed and pled with by scores of people.

This paper by temperament is anything but a calamity howler, and we get irked regularly at the fellow who keeps yelling that the world is going to the dogs, but put it down here and now that unless more Oglesby tactics are practiced in the court rooms of North Carolina we need not expect a halt in the increasing crime. Instead of worrying about the pace being set by the young folks, our jails filling up with young boys, and our highways almost too dangerous for a sane person to venture out upon, we should interest ourselves in supporting jurists of the Oglesby type. No young fellow is going to over exert himself walking the straight and narrow when he sees no more punishment coming than a suspended sentence, or a fine for his dad to pay. And how often, may we ask, do you hear of suspended sentences going into effect? Seldom, if ever, and no one is so unsophisticated as to believe that every man who has had a suspended sentence over him dodges law violation for the remainder of his life.

We are already advanced into the new year, but let us reiterate that the big need for North Carolina for 1929 is a few more Oglesbys—no, not just a few, but any number of them.

ANOTHER "PHOOL" BILL

MR. POOL, of Hoke county, who some years back attained a bit of fame or notoriety by introducing a bill to prohibit the teaching of evolution in North Carolina—a bill, incidentally, that was dubbed the "fool" bill—is to offer a similar bill at this legislature, Raleigh reports have it. Which assures that there will be plenty of "moneyshishes" in the current session to entertain the state, and, most of all, other states.

Seriously, however, it is further noted that Mr. Pool thinks his bill will put a halt to the increasing crime of the state. "This evolution thing," he declares, is the factor that is filling our penitentiaries with young white men, because, he adds, the young folks haven't any standards or religion any more. Of all the tommyrot we've listened to since the presidential campaign that takes the prize! But it seems as if R. R. Clark, Statesville editor, pops one at Mr. Pool that will be hard to answer in that connection.

"But if Mr. Pool is correct (about evolution theories causing crime), few young white men will be found in the Tennessee State Prison?" writes Mr. Clark.

Wonder if Lawmaker Pool ever thought of that? You know out in Tennessee "there aint no sich thing as evolution," and of course they do not have any such thing as crime—oh, no! To our way of thinking one dose of Oglesby, if you'll pardon our doubling up today, will be more valuable in combating North Carolina crime than every "fool" bill Mr. Pool ever has or will introduce.

Something To Think About English As Wrote

By Bruno Lessing

A little boy of four years had the measles. And his father, to amuse him, invented a new game. (The writer vouches for the truth of this story.)

"Let's repeat 'The Cow Jumped Over the Moon,'" said the father. "You say one word and I'll say the next." The little boy was delighted, because he knew the poem. "He," said the boy, "jumped," said the father. "So," said the boy, "High," said the father. "Itty," said the boy. The father shook his head. "You lose," he said. "That's wrong."

"It's right," declared the boy, indignantly. "That's the way it goes: 'He jumped so high itty touched the sky!'"

And the father saw light. Ignoring the phenomenal abuse of the cow's sex, he had a glimpse of how children learn English. It trickles into the child's ear and finds phonetic vent through the tongue. The phrase, "that he," had been absorbed by the boy as "itty."

"He jumped so high that he touched the sky." Which the boy rendered, "He jumped so high itty touched the sky."

All of which, with double apologies to the cow for calling her "he," is silly.

BUT—

The writer paid \$2 for a detective story. (It's wonderfully resting to read the average detective story because it involves no strain upon the mind.) And he came upon this phrase:

"Even though he was tied to the chair he would of made an attempt."

But the boy who said "itty" was only four years old.

It is conceivable that a child or a very ignorant person should think

that the phrase "would have," or "he would have," is written "I would of," or "he would of." Because the sounds that come to the ear through the spoken language may be confusing.

But what can possibly be said in extenuation of the crime of a writer putting such gibberish as "he would of" on paper or a publisher putting it into print?

"Of the making of books there is no end."

The desire to write and to have the writing appear in print is implanted in myriads of souls. This ambition, as a rule, is based solely upon the conviction that the budding author has a message to give to the world.

Neither this writer nor any other self-respecting columnist will ever say a word to discourage this ambition. Because you never can tell where the next bolt of literary genius will strike.

But one can, at least, suggest that writers should know how to handle the tools of their trade. And just as a carpenter must know how to handle a hammer or a saw, every writer must know the rules of the grammar of the language in which he writes.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I have this day qualified as administrator of the estate of S. L. Gantt, deceased, late of Cleveland county, N. C. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned and all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me properly proven for payment on or before January 12, 1930, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This January 12, 1929.

J. T. RAMSEY, Administrator of the Estate of S. L. Gantt, deceased.
Ryburn & Hoey, Attys.

Around Our Town

— Shelby Sidelights —

With Renn Drum

THE BOSS, BACK FROM THE Gardner inaugural ceremonies, brings us a good little pun of inauguration day which goes to prove that there are some things the sophisticated Raleigh correspondents fail to get—anyway, none of them, insofar as we've noticed, has published the story, and to our way of thinking it was about the best bit of repartee staged in Raleigh last Friday.

It seems as if there were a couple collegians staggering about the hallway on the top floor of the Sir Walter hotel. Pretty well in their cups, or well-flavored to use a more modern expression, they finally wandered to the elevator door. "Going down," sang out the colored elevator girl.

"Nope," replied one of the young fellows as he tried to stagger in the elevator door. "We want to go up . . . hic!"

"Going down," reiterated the elevator girl.

By that time the well-flavored young gents became a bit riled. "Nope, I tell you. Me'n my friend here—he's a fine feller—We're going up. I shay."

"Well that's funny," replied the elevator girl as she grinned her white teeth into full view. "Seems to be that both yo boys air as high as yo kin git."

Now, did she mean that they were on the top floor and couldn't go any higher on the elevator, or was the "high" she used referring to inebriation? Perhaps she properly meant both.

IN ANNOUNCING IN TODAY'S paper that he will be a candidate for mayor again, Mayor Dorsey while expressing his appreciation of those who vote for him writes this line: " . . . The more votes a fellow gets the more he feels like serving the people."

Now, if we had an inclination to be a wise-cracker we would have written that line in this manner: "The more votes a fellow gets the more likely he will be of having a chance to serve the people."

IF MATCHMAKER ARTHUR Sides' boxing bout, here this month pans out well the colyum would suggest that Mr. Sides match the winner against Joe Jenks' fighter, Dynamite Dunn. We've comicked along with Joe and his fighter so much of recent weeks that we're getting anxious to see his pelted left hook that paw of his in actuality.

SEEING AS HOW PROHIBITION has dried up things hereabouts the Shelby street corner quartets may change the line in that old ditty to read: " . . . A bottle of bay rum and you!"

OUR PRIZE, WHICH DOESN'T rank quite as high as the Pulitzer journalism award, for the best newspaper heading of the year goes to the Webb City Sentinel. In a report about two men being sentenced for stealing two dogs from a farmer that paper used the following headline:

"2 Dogs, 2 Men, 2 Years, 2 Bad." That, we would say, is right 2 the pencil's end.

SOME TIME BACK A SUPPOSED friend, who appears to be overly interested in our future—we suppose "our hereafter" would be the best way to say it since we mean the next world—handed us a book on evolution. And while we're supposing we don't suppose it would be the healthy thing to do to contribute that particular volume to the Boiling Springs library drive?

NO DOUBT GOVERNOR GARDNER is feeling right happy and pleased with himself as he sits in his chair in the executive offices at Raleigh, but our bet is that before a fortnight is up he will long one or two times to climb the old battered stairway in Shelby, walk in his old office, toss his feet up on the desk, and yell across the hall to Odus Mull about a round of golf out to Cleveland Springs.

But why mention such pleasures? He might get homesick, if he should find time to read this chatter.

JUST AS A MATTER OF INFORMATION we'd like to know what color that is being used on the new hotel—cream, yellow, or one of those new-fangled colors used for description in the hosiery ads?

ANENT THIS SHELBY SCHOOL problem our suggestion would be to postpone any proposed procedure until the Benjamin Duke will is read. News reports are that the will leaves a bit of money to educational institutions dependent upon charity and to poverty-stricken sections. Who knows? And you know "where there's a will there's a way."

Don't throw that brick!

EUGENE ASHCRAFT, WRITING in his Monroe Enquirer, says: "If I were a banker I wouldn't loan one cent of money to a Union county farmer this spring."

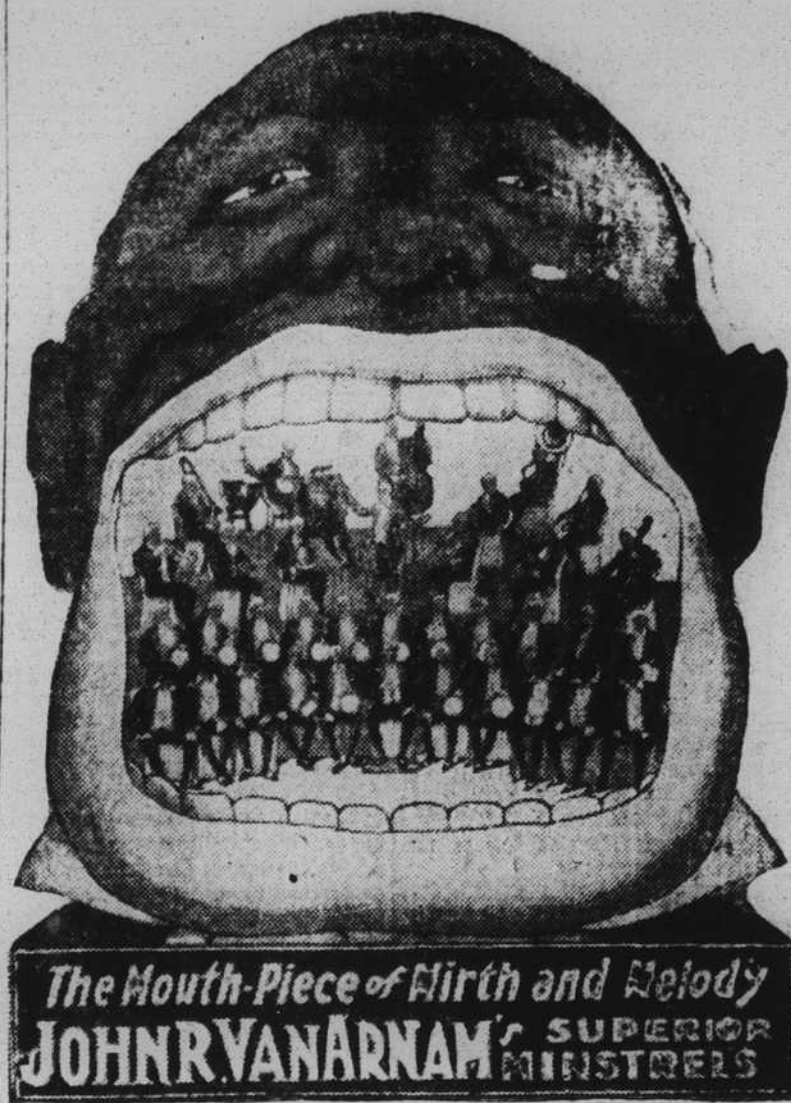
And now we'll make our last wagger of the day: We bet quite a

It Won't Be Long—NOW!

Princess THEATRE SHELBY Tues. Jan. 15

VanArnam

And His Band of Merry Minstrels.



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FIRST TIME AT THESE LOW PRICES
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WATCH FOR THE BIG STREET PARADE

4,800 Homes Receive The Star Every Other Day—Mr. Merchant Get Your Message To The Home Through The Star—You Will Get Results That Will Satisfy.

WE ARE CLOSING OUR SALE SATURDAY NIGHT

Positively this week ends our January sale. All tags and sales cards come off Monday of next week. Our buyers are now in New York and new Spring Merchandise will begin to arrive within a few days. If you'll shop this week the savings will amount to a good deal.

TAKE ADVANTAGE

of this sale this week. You'll find just lots of things here at reduced prices, you'll be needing this spring and summer. It's a wonderful opportunity to supply your needs for now and the future. This is our year's biggest sale, when prices are cut to reduce stock and raise cash.

STORE WIDE REDUCTIONS

This is not a sale on just a few items. It's all over the house. From the Basement to the Top Floor. Yellow Tags with sales prices tell the story. Wise shoppers will take advantage of these last few days and visit us often. You buy high grade merchandise and the prices are lowest.

THE PARAGON DEPT. STORE