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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 or respect cards of thanks and obituary notices after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

MONDAY, FEB. 25, 1929.

TWINKLES

One way of saying it is that the Shelby high school seems to have a tootin' good band.

Well, one thing about it, the knock-kneed girls will do very little knocking about the late ruling of Dame Fashion that the dress must cover the knees hereafter.

A streamer in a large daily newspaper says, "Doran Charges Laxity On Part of Officers Results in Poor Enforcement." Is that news new enough to deserve such a large headline?

Coolidge's silence at least gives him one unique place in history. He's the only fisherman we ever heard of who came in from a fishing trip and did not have a big story to relate about his experiences and catches.

We've heard about the fellow whose right hand never knew what his left hand was doing, and it appears to us as if the weather here one day does not have the least idea what the weather of the next day will be. Snow and sleet today, Spring sunshine tomorrow. Vice versa, and so on.

A Charlotte News editorial the other day was headed, "A Man Who Needs His Tongue Treated." We read the editorial with the expectation that it might mention the name of Tom Heflin. But it didn't; the man named was Herr Krupp, whom some might dare call the German Heflin.

In one way Mr. Hoover seems to have rewarded nearly all of his leading supporters, for it seems as if nearly every prominent or near prominent Republican in the county, including the leading Hoover-Democrats, have at least been mentioned for his cabinet.

Some of the Washington correspondents are wondering if Mr. Hoover, due to his Quaker faith, will swear when he takes the oath of office next month. Perhaps he can, and perhaps he cannot, but who would lay a two-to-one wager that he hasn't "cussed" a single time during the stampee about him for cabinet jobs?

Down to Raleigh they consider it big news because Representative Odus M. Mull has been calling a spade just what it is in his fight upon Republican measures. Seemingly those who considered such an attitude by him as unusual news have not been any too well acquainted with his career prior to the time he entered legislature again to be near his close friend, Governor Gardner.

OUR HIGHWAY HOPES

THIS PAPER has not the least idea whether or not Cleveland county will be given any amount of paved or improved highways during the Gardner administration, and that goes for the proposed Shelby-Polkville-Marion highway, but we do have a pretty well-fixed idea that the county has something coming its way in highways.

If politics has prevented us from getting our share of highways in the past, politics certainly should make up in part for such conditions.

AL FRANK AS EVER

IT SEEMS as if Al Smith, hated in some sections and very popular in others just keeps on being absolutely frank about what he says. According to the careful Associated Press Smith and Raskob, who was his campaign manager, were in Cuba the other day, and Raskob when he picked up a glass of champagne said, "We can't do this in our homes." "Legally," Smith qualified.

That fellow doesn't seem to know how to beat around the stump to keep from telling the blunt truth.

BEN LACY'S PLACE

A NEW STATE treasurer may have been appointed by the time this is read, but state treasurers may come and go for many years before official circles in Raleigh can overlook the void there left by the death last week of Ben Lacy, who was elected by the people for eight four-year terms in the office. Ben Lacy's name was a fixture in the public life of North Carolina and was a household word the state over. The sentiment of Governor Gardner well portrays the respect which was tendered the late state official by those who knew him:

"No finer Christian gentleman ever lived than Ben Lacy. Able, conscientious, unfailingly courteous, serenely gentle, a loving husband and father—he was the living embodiment of those qualities I have always been taught to reverence most. He loved God and kept His commandments from earliest youth on, yet there was about his life a softer glow of human understanding and sympathy. His inspiring sense of duty did not make him any less lovable. He was one of the very few men I have known who was literally not afraid to die. His sublime faith was absolutely unclouded by doubt. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken. Lacy's dust goes back to that of the state he loved so well and his spirit to the God he served with beautiful devotion. His life sheds a benediction on the public service and his memory will be cherished always by the people of North Carolina."

HAS MONAZITE A CHANCE

IN THE OPINION of some in this section a tariff may be placed on monazite at the next session of Congress thus making it worthwhile for the people of this section to again mine monazite. On the other hand, in the year of an unusual Republican victory with the South splitting up, there are those who do not expect a monazite tariff due to the fact that more tariff demands are being made now than ever before, and because the monazite hearing is along at the foot of a vast amount of tariff appeals. An idea as to the demand for protective tariff may be gained from the following comment by the New York World:

"The hearings on the various schedules of the Tariff Law have brought scores of protectionist advocates to Washington. The last schedule, on which hearings are held this week, has brought the largest crowd of all. That schedule is the free list.

"Despite its many absurdly high duties the present law admits some things free of duty. Among them we find asafetida, bananas, manna, palaeozoic fossils, broken bells, natural teeth, Bibles and joss sticks. But if the 300 spokesmen who are clamoring to be heard get what they want there will be little of the free list left. The apple growers, for example, want a prohibitive duty on bananas, on the assumption that if a consumer can't get a banana he might eat an apple. And so it goes. The American producers have gone duty-mad.

Such a situation bodes ill for the limited tariff revision which the new Administration is now committed. So many appetites have been whetted for the coming feast that the Republican leaders are going to have a hard time keeping one crowd away from the table while letting another crowd in. We expect to hear the crashing of the gate before the new session is many days old."

"Nobody's Business"

— BY GEE MCGEE —

(Exclusive In The Star In This Section.)

Something new! The "Tap Dance" just recently loomed up on the horizon, presumably to take the place of the "Black Bottom" and the "Charleston," both of which died a natural death last year. Tap dancing with its indulgence in almost solely by good-looking girls who have fine fingers that make them good-looking.

Now, this is how "tap dancing" is done:

1. Remove your dress.
2. Keep your tiddies on.
3. Do not remove your brassiere.
4. Put on thin shirt waist.
5. Pull down your stockings.
6. Keep your slippers on.
7. Line-up in Forward March formation.
8. Do the buzzard lope.
9. Mix in a little hop-scootch.
10. Kick about knee high in concert.
11. Then do it backwards.
12. And, Presto! You've "tapped-danced."

Back yonder in the early 90's square dancing was the thing, then round dancing sprung from hugging standing up, that is—a couple was caught hugging, and they began to jump around and about, and told the "catcher" that they were only waltzing, and there's where that kind of dancing got started.

Later on, other dances came and went, fur-ristence; the hoochy-koochy, common in side-shows, which were well attended by old married men and young bucks, then "Balling the Jack" came and stayed a short while and passed on, and a little later on, we enjoyed "holding the mule," and drifted into the fox trot, the turkey trot, the bunny hug, and many other social degradations.

Automobiles have just about broke up the parlor dancing. It is much easier to hug in a lizzie than it is crowded in a close room with others doing the same thing, so the lovers ride more now-a-days where nobody don't pay too much attention to them.

I am always glad to see new dances come on the market. The newer they are, the more perfectly they show up the human diaphragm, and the "American Hula-Hula" ain't very far off, according to my way of thinking. The "Hula" requires a short grass skirt, a string of beads, and a guitar, an-soforth.

Doings Around The Capitol. Washington, D. C., February 25.—The health of the community is good at present, except some of the boys down in the war department have taken the "flu" from over-work in connection with the World Peace pact which requires the early completion of 267 million dollars worth of cruisers—by the time all the nations have signed up.

President Coolidge sneezed yesterday morning on arising, but his physician says that he was able to eat 3 soft-boiled eggs for breakfast, and shows no further symptoms of sneezing, but is avoiding pepper as much as possible. He has decided to spend next Four's Sabbath in town and go to preaching.

streets last Saturday afternoon. He called at Smith's old head quarters, but the election was reported over and the business wound up. He dropt in to see Mr. Mellon and they conversed for some time about steel and aluminum. Mr. Raskob does not yet know whether he will be a Republican or a Democrat at the next presidential election, but is speaking favorably of the Hoover administration.

A pound party was given at the Willard hotel Friday night by the wives of the cabinet members in honor of Capt. Fried who was in town telling the folks how Mr. Manning saved the survivors of the steamship Florida. While there, he put on a blindfold test for the new Luckyfield cigarette, and they gave him 2 packs for his services. Nearly everybody bought a pound of candy to the party except the Sen. from California, who brought raisins, and the Congressman from Florida, who brought grape fruit. A good time was had by all.

Sen. Borah has given up the idea of collecting enough money from his colleagues to reimburse his oil friends for the sum they contributed to the G. O. P. (Good Old Pals) through the sale of the Continental bonds and the Salt Creek petroleum fields. He turned over the \$498 that he had in the treasury to the Near East Relief workers to be used in Chicago, at the new crime wave celebration which comes off next Saturday night.

The weather has been very cold in Washington here of late, and the general freeze-up among radiators and bath-rooms has been attributed to the low temperatures prevailing, according to the local weather bureau. Sec. Jardine had to walk to work last Wednesday afternoon because his lizzie wouldn't crank, due to frost. He is in very good health at present, and looks for lower prices on cotton, tobacco, and wheat.

Those Ground Bills.

Havanna.—Americans have been flush here with thousand dollar bills. Some such notes are among \$45,000 worth of valuables lost by tourists this season, found and returned by the police.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation for the deeds of kindness and sympathy shown to us by our friends and neighbors during the sickness and death of our dear wife, daughter and sister, Mrs. Maude McCurry Cornwell. May God bless and reward each and every one of you in our prayer. MR. FOREST CORNWELL, MRS. J. L. MCCURRY and CHILDREN.

Plant Shrubs

NOW! Beautify your home and enhance its value with hardy Evergreens, Shrubs, Vines, Shade Trees; also Fruits, Berries, etc. Now is the time to plant. We have large selection of varieties suited to this climate, and sell to you direct at lowest prices—no agents' commission. Half a century in business assures your satisfaction. New catalog now ready. Write today for your free copy. J. B. WATKINS & BRO., 1 Midlothian, Va.

Mr. Raskob was sleep on the Try Star Wants Ads.

Something To Think About

Next Civilization

By BRUNO LESSING.

Luther Feltman of San Francisco, writes, "I wish you would write an article sometime on the subject of 'noise.' So much talk about Prohibition, women's morals and religion, but so little is said on this very important subject, 'noise.' Here in San Francisco we folks live for the most part in apartment houses and hotels, and the noises of the streets are fast becoming intolerable. Now I am a fellow who likes to read and concentrate on works of a philosophical nature and can't think rightly unless I have quiet."

Dear Brother Feltman, this writer sympathizes with you. But you must remember that you are living in a noisy age. And you are lucky to live in San Francisco. If you want to know what real noise is, live in Chicago or New York for a while. You will be glad to get back to the Golden Gate. For real consolation, however, you should read Schopenhauer's essay on noise. Here are a few quotations from it:

"The super-abundant display of vitality, which takes the form of knocking, hammering and tumbling things about, has proved a daily torment to me all my life long. There are people, it is true—nay, a great many people—who smile at such things, because they are not sensitive to noise; but they are just the very people who are also not sensitive to argument, or thought, or poetry, or art, in a word, to any kind of intellectual influence. The reason of it is that the tissues of their brains is of a very rough and coarse quality. On the other hand, noise is a torture to intellectual people. In the biographies of almost all great writers, or wherever else their personal utterances are recorded, I find complaints about it."

"The most sensible and intelligent of all the nations in Europe lays down the rule, 'Never Interrupt!' as the eleventh commandment."

TORTURING PAINS

Ceredo Lady Tells How She Was Unable To Find Anything To Relieve Them Until She Took Cardui.

Ceredo, W. Va.—In telling how she was benefited by taking Cardui, Mrs. Perlie Yelkey, of this place, says: "At one time, I had a very serious spell which left me weak. At times, I would suffer such intense pains across my back and in my side that I could hardly stand it. I endured this over and over again. Every time the pains were worse than before. I was in despair because nothing helped me. I tried several remedies, but I continued to suffer. One day, I read about Cardui. Other women told how they had gotten strong and well after taking it. I have often been thankful for that day, for after I had taken Cardui for awhile, I felt like a different human being. It did not seem possible, but I did not suffer the old, torturing pains, and I really felt well. I can hardly recommend Cardui, for I know how much I improved after I took it. Since then, I have taken it several times when I have needed a tonic, and I have always been benefited. It is a wonderful help. All good druggists sell Cardui. Try it for your troubles. NC-199

Take CARDUI 10 YEARS OF USE BY WOMEN

ment. Noise is the most impertinent of all forms of interruption. It is not only an interruption, but also a disruption of thought. Of course, where there is nothing to interrupt, noise will not be so particularly painful."

"The most inexcusable and disgraceful of all noises is the cracking of whips—a truly infernal thing when it is done in the narrow, resounding streets of a town. I denounce it as making a peaceful life impossible; it puts an end to all quiet thoughts. That this cracking of whips should be allowed at all, seems to me to show in the clearest way how senseless and thoughtless is the nature of mankind."

"No one with anything like an idea in his head can avoid a feeling of actual pain at this sudden, sharp crack, which paralyzes the brain, rends the thread of reflection, and murders thought."

Lack Schopenhauer! He didn't know the half of it! He lived before the day of the automobile, the trolley and the airplane. The cracking of a whip, today, would fall like gentle music upon the ear compared with the frantic chugging of a motorcycle.

Sorry, Brother Feltman, that we cannot give you more consolation. But someone is taking a piano lesson in the apartment below us and we must quit for the day.



You'll Thank Your Lucky Stars

If you'll pay attention to these "don'ts": Don't try to see if there is gas in your tank with a lighted match—there is. Don't try petting a strange bulldog on the head to see if he's affectionate—he isn't. Don't touch a trolley wire to see if it is charged—it is. Don't try to save a few dimes by spending a few cents less for Gas and Oil—You can't. Insist on SINCLAIR gas and OPALINE Oil for assured quality and satisfaction.

Cleveland Oil Co. Distributors



Star Advertising Pays

Poultry Car

IN SHELBY WEDNESDAY

A carload of poultry will be purchased and loaded from Cleveland county farmers at the Seaboard station in Shelby on Wednesday, Feb. 27th.

The following prices will be paid:

- Colored Hens, lb. 25 1/2c
- Leghorn Hens, lb. 25 1/2c
- Chickens, lb. 25 1/2c
- Broilers, lb. 34c
- Roosters, lb. 13c
- Stags, lb. 22c
- Turkeys, lb. 27c

ALVIN HARDIN, County Agent.

WE ARE NOW 'BACK HOME'

AND Doing Business At The Same "Old Stand On The Corner"

The same location, but a new building, new fixtures, new equipment, new vaults—and

We Want NEW BUSINESS
The public is cordially invited to come in and inspect our new quarters. Our officers and clerks will be delighted to welcome you and show you every courtesy.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SHELBY, N. C.
RESOURCES FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

WALTER HACKETT'S PLAY

"Captain Applejack"

WILL BE PRESENTED IN THE SHELBY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM THURSDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 28, AT 8:15.

SPONSORED BY

The Rotary Clubs Of Shelby

And Gaffney For The CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S FUND

Of The Two Counties

The play is directed by Dorothy Richey, head of the dramatic department of Limestone college, Gaffney, and the cast will be made up of Limestone college girls and Gaffney business men. The same play, which is "An Arabian Night's Adventure," received a great ovation from a large Gaffney audience early in the week.

DON'T MISS "CAPTAIN APPLE-JACK," HERE THURSDAY NIGHT — IT'S A WOW!