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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, MARCH 8, 1929.

TWINKLES

In one of the daily papers we note that there is a professor on the faculty at Duke university by the name of Calvin Hoover. Now who wanted to know what caused all that anti-Smith sentiment about Duke university last fall?

The Shelby charter bill scheduled to go before the present legislature makes it possible for the mayor and manager to draw a total salary of \$4,230 and some of the citizens are offering strenuous objections. It is quite a hop from the present salary to \$4,200 when one recalls that about a half dozen fellows seemed anxious for the job last time.

Unless the press dispatches overlooked it, Representative Odus Mull did not wear that red vest belonging to Senator Willie Person when he stampeded the House on the appropriations bill, but then, you know, Mr. Mull is red-headed and plays gold left-handed, as Judge Clark has heretofore noted.

WOMEN COME ACROSS

THE WOMAN'S club has taken up the suggestion of The Star that the civic and service clubs of Shelby should see that every Confederate veteran in Cleveland county gets to the annual reunion in Charlotte in June. Now it is up to the others. You can count always upon the women when the cause is a worthy one such as tendering a big event to the tottering old fellows in gray who have well earned the privilege of enjoying the few remaining reunions before them.

Get the veterans to Charlotte!

CRAMER'S POLITICAL REWARDS

BACK IN the days following the November election while North Carolina political leaders were still trying to shake the surprised daze from their heads and wondering "how come" the flop of the State into the Republican column, the cool observers were already answering "Stuart Cramer."

As the weeks passed the experts continued to reason out North Carolina's jump from the Democratic party to the Republican and nearly always they wound up their deductions with that name—Stuart Cramer. Many of them, although they did not say it, were a bit alarmed over the entry of the New Yorker, Al Smith, into the North Carolina and the Southern political situation, but very few of the leading Democrats could bring themselves to believe that the Republicans could form an organization in such a short period of time capable of switching the state nationally speaking. But that's what happened, and now those considering themselves politically wise will readily admit that the big textile man from Cramerton furnished a big part of the brains and quite a bit of the money behind the turning of North Carolina into the G. O. P. ranks.

Immediately there came talk of Cramer for a cabinet position. Not only had he been a big factor in the Republican victory in North Carolina, but he also had aided much in splitting up other portions of the "solid South." Furthermore he was closely connected with the Coolidge administration by his close personal friendship with Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, a classmate at Annapolis. Added to that Mr. Cramer called upon Mr. Hoover during the cabinet-picking days the president-elect spent in Florida. If a man ever earned and deserved a reward it seemed as if it were Mr. Cramer. Surely Mr. Hoover could not pass up a reward for those who made it so that he was the only Republican candidate to ever shake the foundations of the solid Democratic South. But Mr. Hoover named his cabinet and Mr. Cramer's name was not in the list, nor was there a name of any Southerner, Republican-Hoover-Democrat.

The Raleigh News and Observer correspondent in Washington writing to his paper avers that the textile magnate was given the cold shoulder, so to speak, because of two things. First, because the "Big Three" in Republican ranks in North Carolina—Charlie Jonas, David Blair, and Brownlow Jackson—did not "go down the line" for Mr. Cramer as Mr. Cramer did for Hoover. All public maneuvers necessary were made for Cramer by them, he writes, but still they did not "go down the line." Just what the Washington writer means we do not catch. Second, he reasons that Mr. Hoover's overlooking of the South leaves the Republican South where it has always been—merely the dupe and pawn of the northern and eastern Republican interests; votes appreciated, and such, but nothing more. Perhaps he innuendoes in his explanation about the "Big Three" that they did not overly exert themselves for Mr. Cramer's appointment, because in the year of an unusual Republican victory a great amount of pie might not be left for the others if a cabinet slice was taken off to start with. And perhaps Messrs. Blair, Jackson and Jonas did all in their power for Mr. Cramer without results. Anyway, the headline writers are putting it, "Cramer's Political Sun Has Set."

SILENT MAN GOES BACK

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, average citizen, is back once more in his beloved New England foothills—back home again after six eventful yet colorless years, years just as colorless as Mr. Coolidge himself. But in stepping from the limelight the former president leaves the country generally

in a mystified state; in passing from the White House the inner Coolidge is just as sphinx-like to the world as he was when he entered office. Despite the constant pursuit by writers, photographers, and experts of the game of drawing out the innermost secrets of man, the "Strong, Silent Man," as The Hickory Record describes him, has kept within himself, as scrupulously guarded as is New England wealth, all that would make it possible to describe his personality.

And today, just as it has for hundreds of days past, the world asks itself what is the Coolidge personality?

During his administration he did nothing tremendously important, said nothing of startling import, and brought about no changes radical enough to cause even a slight gasp from the most sensitive student of public government. As others have said, he did little other than his duty, and he did that quietly, silently and without the customary fanfare of public movements. In not a single transaction of his duty did he take unto himself the role of a martyr or the role of a great leader—roles often assumed by the great and the near-great. His strange, aloof hold on the American people, what is back of it? The Coolidge personality? And, if so, what is the Coolidge personality?

Could it not be that his simple, unassuming manner of going about his duty is the real basis of his power? He stated when he entered America's highest office that he would not attempt to be a great president, but would merely do his duty as he saw it and according to his ability. Which meant, no doubt, that he would not lead along new lines, but would do his best to steer the course in proper, fitting style along known and tried channels. After all isn't the role that Mr. Coolidge would not place himself in the very role that instills one weakness in our democratic method of government? Do we not have too many leaders and too many occupants of high offices who are satiated with the desire to be different and outstanding for some act of their own instead of carrying out plans and methods already known to be workable? Is it not a popular custom of American office-holders to wreck the systems of their predecessors and attempt to build machines, or organizations of their own?

As The Hickory Record informs, Mr. Coolidge is going to write and perhaps in his writing he will explain that mysterious thing about him which causes many of us to admire him although actualities forbid that we ever class him among the great in the sense that we vision great men these days. But until he does reveal something, now unknown, by his writing we are content to believe that his strange hold on the country came from the fact that he was satisfied merely to carry on, leaving to others the glory, the shouts, and the colorful historic pages brought about by their pioneering, experimenting, and charting of new courses. A descriptive word of Coolidge is beyond us except in negative form: He certainly was not an experimenter.

"Nobody's Business"

— BY GEE MCGEE —

(Exclusive In The Star In This Section.)

Divorces.

I live in a state where divorces are not granted or countenanced, yet, I must say that I think divorces are justified in some instances, and I will endeavor to recite the grounds for which divorces should be granted, according to my way of thinking, as Al Smith used to say before he went into the banking business ansoforth and here they are.

1. If the party of the first part chews gum while playing bridge, and invariably leads the wrong card while the party of the second part is her partner, then he should sue for a divorce and ask for alimony in the sum of not more than 5 dollars a week, including the war and luxury tax.

2. If the party of the second part practices spilling gravy on his vest, and wiping the buttermilk off his whiskers with one corner of the table cloth, and refuses to ask the blessing except when company comes, I am sure the party of the first part is entitled to an act of divorce without alimony, as her husband is no doubt busted.

3. When the party of the first part persists with much vehemence to snore into the face of the party of the second part while wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, (N. B. Morpheus ain't another man, as no doubt most of you thought at first), and won't turn over and snore in the other direction, after repeated requests, then the law should permit, grant, deliver, release, and relinquish a divorce without strings on it to the party of the second part.

4. And when the party of the second part continues on all occasions to say—"I taken a dose of medison," and "I seen her a loan last night," and "She had not came when I left and furthermore—I don't think she ought to have went in the first place,"—after repeated efforts by the party of the first part to correct such flagrant expressions, then the marriage vows should be annulled and the children (all 10 of them) ought to be willed to an orphanage without recourse on either of the aforesaid parents.

per box, and coffee is out every fifth or sixth morning and not discovered until breakfast is on the table—then suicide, murder, hysterics, and divorce are all in order, and the party of the second part should have plenty flowers at her funeral. That's the only good reason I can now think of for legal separation after a family has been started.

The race is on.

We have had our swimming marathons, and our dancing marathons, and our sprinting marathons, but the greatest marathon ever staged in this old world of woe is now going on between Chicago and Mexico, each straining every nerve and sinew to see which can commit to most crimes in a 12-month period.

A few weeks ago, a man shot the president of Mexico. Chicago, not to be out-done, shot 2 men that night in a restaurant. A few days later, Mexico tossed a bomb into the street, and 4 persons passed into the sweet beyond where the wood-bine twineth, and memory reveareth not. The following Tuesday night, Chicago walked into a cabaret, and shot down 5 men in cold blood.

Mexico didn't like such a strong come-back so she marched a few guerillas into the mountain district of Ouchicha, and before anybody knew it, a bunch of men and women were herded into a small lot, and were done to death with bullets. That got Chicago's goat, so she ups and picks out a covey of 7 or 8 folks, and backs them up against a wall and machine-gunned them till they were no more.

And on they go, first—Mexico is in the lead, and then Chicago forges ahead. It costs nearly 3 dollars in Chicago to have a man shot, but the gunmen are taking orders to shoot 2 men for 5 dollars, or 3 men, 2 women, and a few children for 11 dollars and a quarter. All of this would cost only about 6 dollars and 75 cents in Mexico.

The governments of these 2 murder zones differ in many respects. If a man shoots another man in Mexico, after conviction—he is hanged, or shot. But in Chicago, if a man shoots another man, after trial, he is turned loose and given 3 or 4 extra pistols. But if he keeps this up, and kills more than a dozen men, he's liable to be sent to jail for 30 days, and fined 30 cents. Chicago certainly does punish her criminals—by turning them loose and making 'em shoot for a living.

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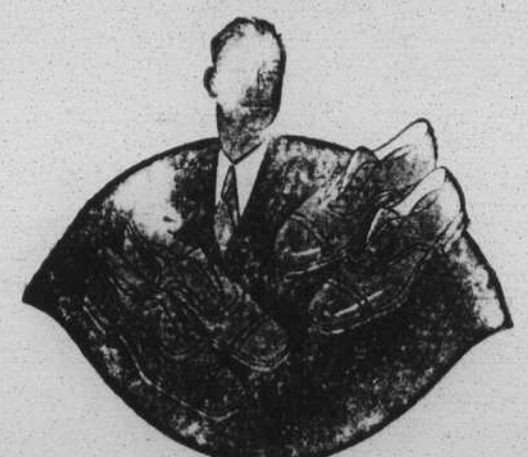
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