

The Cleveland Star

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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, MARCH 18, 1929.

TWINKLES

Perhaps we could lessen some of the many needless and foolish laws we have if there were penalties for legislators who pass bad bills as well as for counterfeiters who pass bad bills.

North Carolina ranks first, we read, in pupils transported to schools, but will some one please tell us how far we rank from first in the type of schools the pupils are transported to?

Perhaps, as The Citizen says, Candler discovered the formula for his drink by chance, but Candler certainly knew how to, and was prepared to, take advantage of his chance. His life story is one of the South's outstanding business romances, and it symbolizes, too, the climb back of the South.

Commenting upon the Rockefeller victory over the Stewart interests in the recent Standard Oil battle, Charity and Children say, "Col. Stewart was foolish to go up against a man with as much money as John D. owns, and especially when Rockefeller had right on his side." Was it necessary to add the last clause to prove Col. Stewart foolish?

Perhaps it comes from our pride in the profession, but it is our opinion that if Judge Rufe Clark the newspaperman, could have the veto power of killing or approving all legislation passed in North Carolina, the State would benefit considerably more than it does from the biennial gatherings of the lawmakers. But perhaps no one wants plausible, workable laws instead of political legislation.

CANDLER'S LIFE STORY

THE RECENT death of Asa G. Candler, the Coca-Cola king, recalled his remarkable rise in the business world—a true story of the type that still arouses ambition and inspires young American men and boys.

When the South was at its lowest ebb, just after the war of the 60's, a youth left his father's farm in Georgia and tramped to Atlanta with \$2.50 in his pocket and the smattering of an education he had been able to get in the public schools together with a course in pharmacy. Finally securing a job in an Atlanta drug store, the 21-year-old youth, Asa Candler, for months slept in the store, not being able to live elsewhere. Later he went into debt for a store of his own and while being pressed by his creditors, he acquired the formula of a new drink. Today perhaps the best known soft drink in America. From that period on he moved up rapidly and Atlanta moved with him. A fortune, which has been well distributed for worthy causes over the South, was made in the manufacture of the drink and later Candler sold his company for 25 million dollars. For a lengthy period he was the South's outstanding business figure and leader.

The acquiring of the formula for the new drink which made his fortune was, The Asheville Citizen says, "an accident." Perhaps so, but to our way of thinking three things were in the make-up of Candler resulting in his remarkable success: The determination to keep climbing, the insight, which many lack, to see a future in small things, and the proper appreciation of the importance of advertising. The first of the trio needs no explaining; some have it, some do not. Many young men anxious to succeed can think of no other way to do so except by the handling of big things. Think how many fortunes have been made upon small articles selling for coppers, nickels, and dimes? Candler saw a future to a product selling for five cents, and in his rise he passed, no doubt, many young men with a better start than he had but unable to see a fortune in anything but dollar terms. As to Candler's belief in advertising: Where and how often do you see the name of his drink flashed before your eyes on billboards, in newspapers, in magazines, everywhere? His advertising plan made it so that the average man thought first of Candler's drink when he approached a soft-drink fountain.

FIGHTING FOR A PRINCIPLE

THE North Carolina Press Association has waged a successful fight in the Legislature at Raleigh on a principle of taxation which the other manufacturing plants of the state should appreciate. There originated in the mind of some extreme Eastern Carolina Representative an idea that newspapers should pay the state a license tax based on the number of typesetting machines in use. A scale as contemplated would have cost the publishers of the state about \$5,000 a sum which they are no doubt paying as a license for doing business, but paying to the cities and towns where they are published, so in the final analysis, the cost to the publishers might not have been more than they are now paying.

But a principle was involved—the principle of the state levying a license tax on all industrial plants, basing such a license on the number of looms a cotton mill has, the number of cars operated by a railroad or the number of machines any plant uses in its manufacturing. If this newspaper license tax had gone on, other industrial plants might have seen the same unjust, unfair and pernicious tax extended to their machines. The principle was wrong, the editors

claimed, and convinced the law makers that such a course would be unwise at this time. Already industrial plants are paying ad valorem taxes to county and town on their machinery and to add a state license tax, would be gross injustice.

The editors, therefore, in winning a victory for themselves, feel that they have won a victory for other industries in North Carolina. No newspaper wants to escape its just burden of taxation to support the government, but it does not wish to be made subject to a tax which is not general in its application—certainly so since the newspapers are such a force for education and uplift in the state.

WITH OUR CRITICS

DR. HENLY L. MENCKEN, America's best known and most feared critic, has indexed nearly every other celebrity we have and now his description of President Hoover should be interesting if nothing else: "He is an American who came within an inch of being an Englishman, a Republican who came within an inch of being a Democrat, and a dry who came within an inch of being a wet."

To which Nell Battle Lewis, North Carolina's most entertaining critic and observer, added: "The last cause is noteworthy, for, so far as I know, this is the first time anybody has been able to discover whether Mr. Hoover is really a wet or dry."

And while we are presenting the recent views of our leading critics, who among them can excel the parting shot of Jim Reed the Missourian, when he left the United States Senate: "I am ready to go home now that an Englishman is president, an Indian is vice president, and a negro is in Congress."

After all, the critics to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a pretty good world when the first buds begin to pop out and the first robins arrive—provided, of course, the weather man decides that we've had enough rain for the time being.

"Nobody's Business"

— BY GEE MCGEE —

(Exclusive In The Star In This Section.)

I Do Not Chew To Choo-Choo.

Writing "Nobody's Business" is my past-time. I quit chewing a few years ago, and took up writing. I just had to have some bad habit, and didn't want to begin going out at night at this late day. I never know what I am going to "feature" until I begin, and occasionally I hesitate a moment and grabble around for a subject. I just asked my wife what I'd write on tonight, and she said: "Write on the typewriter." Gosh that woman's smart.

Now when I started out with this column, I decided to talk about chewing gum. That's a good subject. Chewing gum is useful as well as ornamental. I am very fond of not chewing gum but I like to watch other folks do the stunt. A flapper has the right idea: she chews and sucks her gum at the same time, and she also stretches it with her thumb and fingers and makes little ribbons out of it, and then she pops it by compressing air in the upper part of her loud-speaker, and suddenly releasing it through her wad of gum.

Chewing gum is also a fine thing to step in. Women are especially fond of getting a quid tenaciously attached to the heel of a slipper so's they have to limp a wee bit when they strut down the street. Chewing gum is also handy for such purposes as being stuck under tables in cafes and under the pews in the churches and on the bed posts ansforth. It also makes a good cushion to sit on if parked in the chair that you like most.

Very few folks know how and when to chew gum. A person who desires to become an adept at this thing should observe the following suggestions: Always chew at least 4 sticks at a time, and chew fast as the dickens at all times. Don't slobber in your friend's face while talking to him or her. This can be overcome by piling the gum on the left or right jaw, just west of the wisdom teeth. Make as much noise as possible while chewing. Your companions enjoy the smacking of a mouth full of gum. But it makes old people feel mighty Wrigley at times.

Chewing gum occupies a place in this world, and that place is the mouth-piece of civilization. School children are taught to chew gum during school hours in some communities, but the teacher doesn't always do the teaching. There's always a rich boy in school that slips enough chewing gum out of his daddy's store to do nearly everybody, and he's the guy that does the teaching. Were it not for chewing gum, millions of folks wouldn't have anything to do, as all they do is chew.

Mack And Jack.

Mack: Saw you with a new girl last night.
Jack: You're wrong. That was Susie, done over.
Mack: Still sticking to you Eh?
Jack: Nope. Still sticking me.
Mack: Hearty eater, I suppose?
Jack: Mor'n that. She orders a plank steak for dessert yesterday.

Mack: She's a swell dresser all right.
Jack: What few clothes she wears are Fifth avenue.
Mack: Can she keep that up after she marries.
Jack: Dunno. Owing to who she lands.
Mack: Why, who but you?
Jack: She ain't never said.
Mack: Her daddy rich.
Jack: He better be.
Mack: And why?
Jack: I am as expensive as Susie.
Mack: How's the Ma taking it?
Jack: Swallowed me, hook and all.
Mack: Got the shiner yet?
Jack: Nope. Can't meet the first payment.
Mack: Oh, yes. I talk General Motors and Aconda Copper.
Mack: What do you mean?
Jack: I dunno.
Mack: Well, why talk that bull?
Jack: Suits old man fine.
Mack: What does he know about stocks.
Jack: What I told him.

SOCIETY WOMEN GO INTO "TRADE"

Social Register Names Appear On Scores Of Shops In New York.

New York.—It used to be that you could learn who was who in New York's smartest society only by consulting the social register or newspaper columns devoted to the doings of the city's most exclusive circles. Now you can learn nearly as much by walking along Fifty-Seventh street or Madison avenue and noting the names on the windows of the small, smart shops.

Society women—the daughters of those who used to speak of "trade" as if it were a disease—have gone into business so rapidly that the occasional one who does nothing nowadays is regarded as a bit odd by her sisters.

"Since the war, the idle woman, the waster, the parasite, have almost vanished," says Charles Hanson Towne, commenting in Harper's Bazar on this sudden transition. "Society, so-called, no longer has the appeal it once held for thinking men and women. The days when the climber had to be literally an acrobat to 'get in' are practically gone. Just to dine out and dance and be 'entertained' by dreary entertainers is insufficient."

"It is not that a little nonsense now and then is not still relished by the wisest men and women, for one will still see them, after the day's work, glad of a glimpse of the places of fun and frolic. But one notices that they go home earlier than they used to do, for there is work to be done on the morrow—and staying up until two and three o'clock in the morning is no longer

Mack: What you know about 'em?

Jack: Nothing. Just heard of them in the paper.

Mack: Susie very affectionate?

Jack: I have to get a plumber pull her from around my neck every evening.

Mack: Think you'll like married life?

Jack: Yep, provided it's companionate enough.

Mack: When you going to do your honey-mooning?

Jack: Dunno yet. Susie ain't said.

Mack: Are you really engaged?

Jack: She is.

Mack: To you, of course

Jack: Hope so.

Mack: Her folks got a family skeleton in the closet?

Jack: Nope. Got 2 walking the street and 1 in jail.

Mack: Those things don't hurt her with you?

Jack: Nope. They foot the bills.

Mack: Going to raise a family?

Jack: Susie ain't never said yet.

Mack: What size family is your ideal?

Jack: Million dollars, 2 cars apiece, and Monte Carlo.

Mack: Well, here's my car.

Jack: And here's hers. Good-

bye Mack.

possible if one's nerves are to be steady at the shop."

Women, especially those of the younger generation, who represent many of the best-known names in the social register either own or are associated with fully a hundred business enterprises. Marjorie Oelrichs was one of the first, and her success is widely known. Mrs. Robert McAdoo, Mr. Edward S. Cowles, Agnes Porter Wright, Mrs. Wiltbank, Natalie Slocum, Margaret Phelps, Mrs. George Howard, who owns and operate shops both in New York and Florida, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, who deals in antiques—these are only a scattered few.

There are a score of titled foreign women, particularly those of the Russian and other deposed nobilities who have adopted New York residence and are earning their living by daily attendance at business. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the New York governor, owns and operates a furniture factory; the daughter of an Episcopal bishop conducts a travel

agency. "No longer need anyone feel surprised over this state of things, however," says the Harper's Bazar editor, "for evidences of a similar feeling are in every city where the doors among women are striking out for a closer contact with the world of affairs."

J. D. Varnell of Wilson county has begun the systematic thinning of a 75-acre woodland on his farm.

Tom Tarheel says top-dressing his small grain with quick-acting nitrogen material paid him well year and he intends to follow the same plan this spring.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of John H. Garver, deceased, late of Cleveland county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to undersigned at Lawndale, N. C., on or before

March 18, 1930, on his notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This March 18, 1929.
A. A. GARVER, Administrator of John H. Garver.
Jno. P. Mull, Atty.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Bert H. Hamrick, deceased, late of Cleveland county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Boiling Springs, N. C., on or before the 15th day of March, 1930, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 15th day of March, 1929.
W. C. HAMRICK, Adm.
Quinn, Hamrick & Harris, Attys.

TRY STAR WANT ADS

AT THE AUG. W. SMITH CO. ONE ALWAYS FINDS APPAREL THAT IS INDIVIDUALLY SMART AND BECOMING.

Because The Aug. W. Smith Co., has been specializing in apparel for over a quarter of a century—in fashions of the moment at moderate cost—selected by over 50 nationally known stylists in New York.



FROCKS

We are proud of our selection of silk frocks in all their alluring spring tones and prints—fashioned of crepe—georgette and chiffon—each with some smart touch of fashion distinction—for wear from two in the afternoon
\$6 to six ----- \$15 to \$95

ENSEMBLES

Every woman will wish to include an ensemble in her outfit, because they are smart this season and ideal for "general" wear—fashioned of fine woolen mixtures, plain and printed silks ----- \$15 to \$95

COATS

with new cuffs—novel collars—shoulder bows—throw scarfs—fashioned of kashas—moires—tweeds—rodier—creola—casmana—kashmirola with fur collars of caracul—fox—lynx—American broadtail—monkey fur ----- \$15 to \$110

ACCESSORIES

Gloves—Bags—Scarfs—Jewelry—Hose—Handkerchiefs—Boutonnieres all can be chosen with the idea of making your costume harmoniously complete—The Aug. W. Smith Co.'s selection of colorful accessories makes this possible.

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

APPAREL, 2ND FLOOR. ACCESSORIES, STREET FLOOR.

SPARTANBURG'S LEADING STORE FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.



HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT

OUR NEW HATS—FOR
DRESS—TOWN AND
SPORTS WEAR?

The Aug. W. Smith Co.'s individual hat shop features the new hats of the moment as selected by over ten famous hat stylists—and its to your advantage to choose now what's chic for spring as shown on 5th Avenue and Paris

Straws of course offer the greatest selection—

Paris Meme—Parymar—Perlevisca—Sisol—Balibuntal—Bakou—Cellophane and Bangkok are the favorites—

\$5 to \$20

The Aug. W. Smith Co. Hat Shop
SECOND FLOOR.