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SHELBY, N. C.

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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 22, 1929.

TWINKLES

The baseball season opens at the high school park today, and as far as sporting Shelby is concerned, Spring has arrived.

Now that he has brought and then non-suited two big damage cases in local courts it seems as if this man Vanduyke has received sufficient publicity to run for some office.

The Raleigh News and Observer announces that on Sunday it will tell just what the recent legislature did. And unless we miss a guess there may be a few of the lawmakers who will read the paper to find out just what was done.

Enforcement of the laws is the chief item on the Hoover slate, it is said, and whether or not Mr. Hoover gets them enforced, it must be admitted that the non-enforcement of the law is the chief drawback to America of recent years.

The change in the city charter making it so that the next mayor of Shelby will have to have a majority vote to go in office came along at an opportune time, for on the following day Shelby's list of candidates for the office reached three with more than a month to go before the election comes off.

At this time it may be appropriate to remind that after the first announcement of a political candidacy, which is news, that The Star has an advertising rate which applies to future boosts of any candidate's qualifications or to criticism of an opponent's lack of qualifications. All of which heralds, in a mild manner, the approach of another election in Shelby.

The recent disappearance of a Charlotte minister was headed by one newspaper in this manner: "Minister Leaves Flock Waiting." Of course that minister or no other minister has ever had to wait on his flock either for his salary or to have them hear him preach; neither has he been interrupted during his sermons by members who waited too late before starting to church. Oh, no!

It all depends upon where you get your news from Raleigh as to what you hear. Early in the week, just before the legislature adjourned, afternoon papers headlined that the legislature had been "antagonistic" to Governor Gardner. A day or so later at least three morning papers summed up the legislative session as one of friendliness to the leader in the executive mansion. With such conflicting reports it is presumed that one at long range will have to be content with the impression that Governor Gardner and the legislature got along "so-so."

WORKING THE PUZZLE

WELL, as Will Rogers might say it although more intelligently, the North Carolina General Assembly has ended its session, during which the lawmakers passed 1,080 new laws, about which the people know very little about, and it could be that the creators know very little more. While Governor Gardner is in the appointing mood it might be well for him to appoint some cross-word puzzle expert to explain those 1,080 new laws we are to obey.

Just one thousand and eighty new laws and just about 80 of the many thousand we already had being enforced now and then. And if you do not believe that it takes an expert to interpret the material for our new law books, just ask a school man what there is to the new school law. He doesn't know, and if he doesn't, who does?

NEED ANOTHER AYCOCK

THE recent legislature, among its other deeds worthy of commendation, fittingly honored the late governor, who has been revered for years throughout the State as the "immortal Aycock." Of that recognition The Gastonia Gazette says:

In its closing day the General Assembly passed a bill providing for the placing of a statue of Charles B. Aycock in the remaining niche the State has in Statuary Hall in the capitol at Washington. It was a fitting tribute to the memory of a man who was known as North Carolina's "educational" governor and who was more largely responsible, perhaps, than any other man for instituting a renaissance of learning in the Old North State. Aycock's name is indelibly stamped on the pages of North Carolina's history and the honor thus bestowed is but a modicum of our debt to him for his life and labors.

That the selection of Aycock to fill the only remaining place the State had in this National Hall of Fame will, we believe, meet with general endorsement over the State.

The honoring of Aycock will, without doubt, be generally approved by all North Carolinians, and in line with the thought, and in view of North Carolina's recent apathy about schools and educational facilities, perhaps the honoring of Aycock may induce another man with Aycock's educational vision to come forward now. Certainly another such leader is needed.

NORTH CAROLINA CALLED DOWN

SOME of the North Carolina newspapers and many North Carolina citizens were just so anxious for Mr. Hoover to show Republican North Carolina he appreciated the vote the state gave him last fall that they've gone to almost every extreme to show that President Hoover was appreciative. And all to no avail.

Of course, it was said prior to the selection of the Hoover cabinet that the new president would reward the South for shaking off its solidity, and more than likely, they added, he would express his appreciation direct to North Carolina by naming Mr. Cramer or some other loyal Tar Heel to his cabinet.

Mr. Hoover didn't even hesitate it seems over North Carolina while selecting his cabinet material. But still there was hope. And about that time he named Josephus M. Dixon, of Montana, assistant secretary of the interior.

Then the folks who just knew Mr. Hoover would express his appreciation began to check up on the family Bibles. Of course, now since you mention it, an assistant secretaryship just isn't a cabinet berth, but it's a pretty big job, y'know. And after a time those searching the family Bibles found what they were looking for—

"Whoopie!", or something to that effect, the headlines screamed, "Hoover Appoints A North Carolinian." Appreciative Herbert, what a fine fellow he is although a Republican! For Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon is nothing else but, if you'll pardon the expression, a native North Carolinian. "Whoopie!"

But let The Montgomery Advertiser finish the neat little job of showing us up in our search for "firsts" and recognition by the new party which now claims North Carolina:

"No use trying—you can't lose North Carolina. Consider the case of Joseph M. Dixon. He was a congressman from Montana, then United States senator, then governor for four years. Last year he came within an inch of beating Senator Burton Wheeler. The other day President Hoover named him assistant secretary of the interior. He has been twice a Republican and once a Bull Moose, but never a Democrat. Where does North Carolina come in? Only to say in the headlines of its newspapers, "Native of North Carolina Appointed by Hoover."

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

Economy Hints

Having been born with nothing, raised with nothing, married with nothing, and lived ever-after with nothing, I am an adept when it comes to economizing. I can stretch a dime from a grocery store, thru a meat market, and half around to the baker-shop before it shows any strain. I get a nickel just like a flapper gets a poodle. Yes sir ree, I know the value of a quarter from experience.

Now when we find ourselves in need of some talcum powders, we don't rush down to the drug store and pay a dollar and 75 cents for a 25 cent package of Madame Hooski's Beauty dust, but instead—we go to the 10 cent store and get a big 5 cent package of talcum powders for 25 cents, and fetch it home and open it and drop in 2 or 3 drops of Hoy's German cologne, and presto! We have a pound of high grade odor smotherer.

And when we get hungry for chicken salad, we simply buy a cheap beef roast, and bake it the first day, and eat a few meals therefrom, then we re-stock it into what is known as hash, and we eat a few meals from that concoction, and the residue—meaning the remains of the original roast, is taken and a few cubed Irish potatoes are added, plus a small chicken feather pow and then, and before anybody knows it, except the home folks, we are serving chicken salad sandwiches.

Of course, as everybody knows, hair cuts are selling for 35 cents in most towns. Such things are necessary even in the most disrupted families, but being 75 percent bald-headed, the said baldness being caused from having too much sense when I was young, I see no need of spending so much money for a haircut when I have no hair. I get a first class tonsorial trimming every December, and during January, February, March, April, and May—my wife shaves my neck, and long about July, she takes the sheep shears and severs the long hair that is trying to crawl down my back, and by thus exercising her culinary art of elimination, I manage to go to December again before having to darken the door of a barber shop.

Shoe shines are another necessary luxury in this complex civilization of ours. I get a good boot-black (1 out of every 99 is of that stripe) to give me a real shine about once every 3 months, and after that—I won't walk in the dust, or kick anybody if their britches are dirty, or stumble over anything, and by being careful, I manage to keep my shoes looking fairly good for a long time, but brush them off with my handkerchief just before I go into the church, or meet a good-looking woman. I certainly do save my money. Since the war, I have banked \$2.95.

One of the harest fought battles

of fistic history was pulled off last night in Bill Johnson's pasture, the contestants being Mike Clark, rfd, and Max Sexton, the former champion featherweight of Wild Hog and the latter the champion heavyweight of Devil's Cross Roads. The fight was refereed by Lou Cusser of Punk Row. The fight by rounds follows:

First round: Mike rushed from his corner before the whistle blew and gave Max a strong upper cut, and knocked him against the rails. (N. B. The ring was composed of a vacant hog pen.) As soon as Max got up, he rushed Mike and they clinched. The referee pulled them apart and removed 8 wire nails from Mike's right glove, and a whet-rock from Max's left glove. Then the whistle blew again. Score: I hit, I run.

Second round: Mike and Max both danced around in the center of the pen, and while Mike was blowing his nose, Max gave him a hard kick in the seat of his pants—and the impact knocked 3 rails from the ring. Mike retaliated by

catching Max by his thick black hair while he biffed him with his brogans on the shins and knee caps. Lou could not get Mike to turn Max's hair loose, so he got a pair shears and cut the bunch of hair off so's the fight could proceed. Score: 2 hits, 2 runs, 5 errors.

Third round: Max rushed Mike and struck him on the head with a piece of stove wood which he had concealed in his overalls. Mike showed a come-back by grabbing Max around the neck and biting a big chunk of hamburger from his left ear. Max then kicked Mike in the stummick and it looked like a knockout, but the apparent end of the fight was due to the fact that the concussion of the contact of the knee of Max was so sudden and unexpected that Mike swallowed his squid of Browns Mule, and naturally that dazed him for a few seconds. Score: No hits, 1 run, 7 errors.

Fourth round: Mike landed several heavy blows on the referee's left jaw and butted him in the right side before he found that Lou and Max, and while Mike was backing away from Max to avoid a drive to the eye, he stumbled over a slop bucket and fell sprawling, and Max landed on top of him and proceeded to "jelly-fish his face." but Lou managed to pull him off with the help of all 3 of the audience. At this juncture, the bets shifted from 5 cents on Mike to 10 cents on Max.

Fifth round: Neither one of the fighters was able to get up during this round, so the whistle blew, and the seventh round began. Max threw a rock at Mike, and hit Lou on the head, Mike spat in Max's face, and jerked his suspenders off and while Max was holding up his britches, Mike beat the lard out of him with his left, and while neither was knocked out, Mike got the decision. "Cross-Eyed" Capon stood in Mike's corner, during the fight, and some think that influenced the referee who owes Capon 3 dollars, therefore the fight may be held again in April. Score: 7 hits, 2 runs, 6 errors, including the referee's decision.

Keeps House And Nurses His Wife, And Does His Work

Chicago.—We who have wealth, homes and happiness—what do we know of such tragedy as has come to the Edwin McDwires?

McDwire, 34 years old, is an elevated train guard. Fifteen years he has been married, and during 13 of these years his wife, Mabel, has been crippled by rheumatism.

Each day before leaving for work McDwire has bathed and dressed his wife, prepared their breakfast, fixed something for her lunch, and in the evening gotten the dinner, tidied the small flat, read aloud the news paper and travel books of which his wife was fond, and then prepared her for bed. Twice a month he had a holiday. Those were the times for scrubbing the floor and doing the hundred odd things necessary to keep the place clean and homey.

"He ran his face into mine first," explained James Rloridan, of Chicago, when arraigned for assault on Patrick Sheenan.

Full Rows

VOL. III, NO. 6

Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corporation

Copyright 1929

Laughs at Weevils

They've found a new cotton called the Acala variety, that laughs at the boll weevil. But just to keep things in balance, they've found a new boll weevil that laughs too. Acala cotton, first discovered in southern Mexico in 1906 by this government, is a superior upland type, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is one of the earliest and most prolific of the kind and produces better and longer fiber than other large-bolled varieties. It grows so fast it beats the weevil, and Acala cotton brings a premium in communities that are careful not to mix their seeds. As for the boll weevil, he's called the Thurberia. But that's another story.

"I have used V.C. and although the boll weevil hit our county hard I made over a bale to the acre."—J. W. Long, Tarboro, N. C.

"You would not try to overdraw your bank account. You should be equally sure that you do not overdraw your soil fertility account."—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

Gold Dollars from Waste

Cottonseed oil was known among the Chinese before 1700,—ah undred years ahead of the rest of the world. They burned it in lamps, feeding the cake to cattle. Then some chemist whose name has been forgotten discovered that the oil could be eaten. By 1890 over a million tons of seed were being crushed—for nothing but the oil. Little by little other developments were worked out, first for separating the seed from the hulls, thus getting more oil and leaving a cake that could be used as feed or fertilizer; then for cleaning the hulls to get lint. In 1928 they crushed 5,528,243 tons of cottonseed. Its value was \$256,027,431—and two-thirds of this got back to the man who grew it. . . . Yet most of us can remember when cottonseed could hardly be thrown away. Give the scientists credit!

"Scientific farming has paid well all along, but it is not the scientific farmer who is complaining. He hasn't the time. He is busy making money."—H. H. HEIMANN.

Old Friends . . . and New

Southern farmers who are still in their prime can remember helping their fathers haul V.C. Fertilizers to the springtime fields of long ago. Now their sons are helping them—



and V.C. remains a family institution. Could V.C. be otherwise than reliable, with such traditions behind it? Other regions too are following the choice of the Old South as they in their turn discover that fertilizing pays. V.C.'s good name keeps on opening the way to new friends—whom the years will ripen into old ones.

"Ours is a new country, but much of our farming area is already crying for more commercial fertilizer."—American Farming.

You've got to have a properly BALANCED fertilizer to get a good cotton yield. There must be enough nitrogen in it, enough superphosphate, enough potash,—and not too much of any one. Use the RIGHT GRADE of V.C. and pick real money off your acres.

TWO THINGS—yield per acre and quality of product—spell all the PROFIT in farming. V.C. Fertilizers increase yield and improve quality. Therefore V.C. and Profit are partners.

Premiums in Pure Seed

Communities are learning to protect themselves against hybrid cottonseed—"run of the gin" seed—"pot luck" seed—by getting laws passed that keep anybody in the neighborhood from growing an off variety of cotton. In 1926 the California legislature enacted a special law on this point, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture, when several counties were established as pure seed districts for the Acala variety, with no other kind to be grown there. "The effect has been highly beneficial," says the Department. "All the farmers of these communities have seed of the best quality to plant, and the fibre is of uniform quality that brings a premium."

"V.C. Fertilizers push the crop to maturity and enable you to get easily a bale to the acre, even under boll weevil conditions."—T. H. Barnes, Coals, N. C.

Farming's Great Future

No other country has such immediate possibilities for the development of its agriculture as the United States. We have vast seacoasts of good land from which the virgin fertility is now practically exhausted; we have intelligent farmers, highly efficient machinery, the best organized system of research, teaching and extension that the world has ever known; and a fertilizer industry prepared to compound the proper formulas and supply the demand. —Dr. Firman E. Bear, Ohio State University.

The "mercerizing" of cotton fabrics is named after John Mercer, who discovered how to do it in 1844.

"I am so thoroughly sold on high grade commercial fertilizer that I would consider it folly to plant a row of cotton unless a liberal application had been applied before planting. I use a 15-5-5. My advice to the average man would be to increase the amount of fertilizer he has been using. It would prove a profitable investment."—J. M. ALDRICH.

VIRGINIA-CAROLINA CHEMICAL CORPORATION



Wider Horizons

WHAT lies beyond? That is the quest which drives men on—over the horizon to greater, better things.

The farmer's boy watches the express train glide away into the distance and wonders what lies beyond. Some day it will take him to the State University where he will learn the science of agriculture.

Already the drudgery of tilling the soil has been lifted by modern equipment, which the steel rails have brought. The day of the business-farmer is here.

Along all lines horizons are widening as the people of the South take full measure of their opportunities.



From the Northern Gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville... from the Western Gateways at St. Louis and Memphis... to the Ocean Ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville... and the Gulf Ports of Mobile and New Orleans... the Southern Serves the South.

And in the life of almost every citizen in this section, the Southern, which carries so large a portion of the South's commerce and travel, has played a part in creating wider horizons.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

SMART as the new season—and as fresh as tomorrow's news—comes our wonderful selection of Shoes. Of particular interest is our feature showing of early Spring Footwear in the latest materials at

\$4.95

Cinderella Bootery
— EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR —