

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.

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1929.

TWINKLES

The silver lining in Shelby's school cloud is to be put there, as we get it, by the city aldermen, who are to produce the needed finance for the fiscal school month.

Another mystery, of considerably more importance here than any we can think of, is that of what has become of the pep and spirit once in city elections?

Edison is searching for some smart young fellow to carry on the great inventive work he has started. And when Edison finds the lad he thinks capable of the heritage, we want to see him.

The American race is a hardy one and not overly afraid of punishment. We say that after reading that quite a number of school officials are seeking the criticism which goes along with the school job left vacant here by Supt. Griffin.

Now that the Gaston jury failed to discover who wrecked the headquarters of strikers we suppose that question will be North Carolina's mystery along with that famous list, including the guy who hit Billy Patterson, the whereabouts of the long-lost Charley Ross, and the identity of Arnold Rothstein's slayer.

Some expert came along and declared that "the hair is an excellent barometer of your physical condition," whereupon The Greenville News queried: "And how do they rate bald men by that test?" The Greensboro News then topped it off by asking, "And how do they rate girls who last summer were brunettes and now are blondes?" And what relation, we ask, will that scientific discovery have upon the act that "gentlemen do," or do not, "prefer blondes"?

A SUICIDAL NATION

WILL AMERICA'S reign as the leading nation of the world come to an end because our people are killing themselves off by voluntary and careless suicides?

The star of the empire switches from one country to another every few generations. The brilliance of Athens, the power and glory of Rome, the power in the vastness of the English empire, the military foresight of Germany—they have all passed. The historians and the philosophers have an explanation for the downfall of each and the rise of another. Now it is the wealth of America, and it may be that the speed of America will bring us to the end of our reign, fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five killed in week-end accidents in automobiles and airplanes. Speed is back of it all, speed in living and in travelling. The fast life, sooner or later, leads nearly always to suicide or some other bad end, and foolish speed in the highway or in the air sooner or later leads to a mangled pile on the grade crossing, by the side of the highway, or under a mass in a field where the burning plane fell.

LEFT HOLDING THE BAG

ALTHOUGH this paper contends that the textile unrest in the South is not altogether to be blamed upon the workers we do say that textile mill employees of this state are not helping themselves by listening to and following the leadership of such as Beal and Pershing. The recent happenings at the Pineville mill, as pictured below by The Salisbury Post, offer ample proof:

The Pineville mills near Charlotte opened for work again yesterday afternoon after being closed for three weeks on account of strikes, and, according to reports, the force of workers on hand was 50 per cent greater than needed to operate the mill at capacity. It is also recorded that neither Beal, Pershing nor Sroka, nor any other of the leaders of the strike, and official organizers for the National Textile Workers Union, showed up on the scene. The strikers there further declared that about \$150 had been spent by the union in the past three weeks in relief work among the 150 families or more represented in the strike.

That might have been expected. The communistic leaders did not plan to spend much money in aiding the strikers when they organized and called the strike. They were wanting to line their own pockets with cash—and then do the fadeout. As usual, they left the strikers holding the bag, and the workers found out, to their grief, that the many promises were easily made, and not kept by their so-called leaders. The sooner mill workers learn that these high pressure organizers and communistic leaders are in reality their worst enemies, and that their employers are their best friends, the better will be their condition."

SIMMONS AND BLAIR

TOM BOST, who usually manages to get a tasty political morsel out of Raleigh at least once each week, now has any number of people talking about the next United States Senator from Eastern North Carolina. There are any number of people who are ready to tell you that it will not be Senator Furnifold M. Simmons, and there are quite a number willing to tell you that it will be Senator Simmons again, if he cares for the job. But along comes Tom and intimates that the next senator may be David H. Blair, Republican, and retiring head of the internal revenue department.

Just what Bost's reason was we do not recall, but there are, or could be, several angles. Blair due to his Washington connections should be a strong candidate, at least a bit stronger than the average Republican candidate in North Carolina (Mr. Hoover, understand, does not come within that classification). And behind the Blair prophecy there is the likelihood of a Democratic split, or rather the reopening of the split of last November. Should Mr. Simmons be the nominee of his party, there are a number of Democrats who have avowed that they will not vote for him again. Whether or not they vote at all that means more votes for the Republican candidate. And if Mr. Simmons is not the nominee, although he seeks the nomination, it might be that his close followers, the anti-Smith Democrats, will not care to vote for the Democrat who beats him out of the nomination. And so on.

Preacher-prophet-philosopher Bost should be able to get any number of delectable morsels out of the next senatorial election before it is over.

THE "WIDOW'S MITE"

THE GASTON county grand jury which set out to apprehend and bring action against the ruffians destroying the strikers' headquarters near the Loray mill announces that it is "unable to secure sufficient evidence upon which to make a presentment to the court at this time as to the guilty persons."

That, it seems to us, leaves it up to Governor Gardner, the State of North Carolina, or somebody to see that the mysterious attack is ferreted out and the proper persons punished.

Another line in the report of the grand jury reads "... both buildings (strikers' headquarters and relief store) being damaged to the extent of an AMOUNT NOT EXCEEDING \$500." (The emphasis upon the amount is placed there by The Star).

Why was that line inserted? Drat the amount of damage done, it is the principle involved that should count. The man who lives, or operates his business, in the humblest of shacks, shacks not worth even \$500, has as much right to expect protection of law and society as does the multi-millionaire for his mansion. Seems as if the Biblical story of the widow's mite should linger on the memory to the extent of emphasizing that.

It is the principle involved, the principle of justice and equal protection to all, that should cause the State of North Carolina to remain active after the Gaston grand jury gives up the task, "at this time," to apprehend the guilty persons. North Carolina troops were in Gastonia when the buildings were damaged. They were there, we repeat a statement of a week ago, "to protect the interests of all concerned," but nevertheless the damage was done and since the protection, insofar as the strikers were concerned, failed to protect, and now that the local law agencies, Gastonia and Gaston officers and the Gaston grand jury, find themselves stumped in securing enough evidence, it appears as if the only fair procedure is for the State to take it up and stay with it until someone is apprehended and punished. There is a saying that "murder will out" and it hardly seems possible that the actions and identity of 35 or 40 men, perhaps more, in a populated town for a few hours should remain a deep mystery always.

The Star's belief that the investigation should continue is not with the intention of "taking sides" with anyone. We were of the opinion at the time that troops should have been sent to Gastonia, because at the outset of the strike it appeared as if troops would be needed for the safety of all concerned. That protection insofar as two buildings were concerned was not rendered. No doubt there are any number of persons who would now gladly reimburse the damage of \$500, but that is not the idea. The time may come again when troops will be needed about the textile plants of North Carolina. We hope not, but that's why we say this mysterious attack should be ferreted out, because in time to come it will mean as much, if not more, to mill-owners as to mill-workers, for the next time, if the inquiry into the Gastonia affair is discontinued now, it will be hard to explain to striking workers that the soldiers are present "for the protection of all concerned."

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

flat rock, s. C. may the 2 1929.

please put me down for a h-4 club cotton contest of 5 akers which my wife has promised to work and she will make over 5 bales, so send me 2 turns of guano and 1 turn of nitrate of soda and a mule to plow same with, and also 45¢ to buy rations with to work the said 5 akers. I hope you don't expect nobody to work a contest patch on wind ansforth. I will give you or anybody else a third mortgage on the fifth bale of cotton she makes on this contest, rice or foam if I can get in at once.

vores trulle.
mike Clark, rtd.

Uncle Joe's Sammie was at the ball game the other afternoon, dressed to kill. He was bare-headed, and his socks were hanging down over his slippers, and his shirt tail was out in 4 places, and his britches was just barely hanging on his hips, and his collar was unbuttoned with the tie swinging to the tune of the warm summer breezes. A few years ago, such a sprout as that would have been arrested for appearing on the streets in an indecent garb, but the girls all think it's cute to do that-a-way.

Weather Forecast: Cold to-night and tomorrow at the North Pole, warm to hot in Cuba, variable winds in the interior, light frosts in Labrador, partly cloudy in Texas, mostly clear in Georgia, generally fair in Florida, not much change in temperature unless it turns off hot or cooler, and possibly showers, either here or there. P. S. Heavy frost predicted at the South Pole next week.

It is none of my business, and likewise none of yours, but something has got to be done about the styles in women's apparel. Short dresses are O. K., and that's appreciated by all parties concerned, but that ain't what they are kicking about. Here's the fly in the butter-milk: There is something hanging loose somewhere about their diaphragm that foment an uneasy feeling. They are all the time pulling at something in the vicinity of the waist, and they are likewise grabbing at something else that is not as it should be just north of the knees. That will never do, and Paris knows it.

Speaking of Farm Relief: We hope Hoover is not passing the buck in appointing a Farm Board. It looks a little bit suspicious. I'm

going to hang up my sock anyhow, even if the whole thing proves a political boom-er-rang.

I know a woman and a man up in North Carolina who have never gossiped a bit. They are both deaf and dumb and have never learned the sign language.

We have installed the "stretch-out system" in our kitchen. We cook dinner, supper and breakfast all at once—and have fixed the sink so's when the faucet is turned, it squirts water into the coffee pot, dishpan, refrigerator, and chicken trough at the same time, and when our 2 eggs are turned over, they splash grease into the biscuit pan, and we don't have to grease it, and the stove-wood is poked into the stove while the old lady is already bent over running the cat out of the oven, and the dining-room has been done away with, and we eat while we are washing the dishes. It worked all right till the cook found out she was having to do some dusting too, and then she struck.

Birds.

oh, birds, oh, birds, oh, birds, oh, birds;
I love you more than I can tell in words.
I love you when you sing in the trees,
and also when you light on my knees.
I love the peckerwood and the jay bird too,
but don't like the crows for what they do.
they peck my mellons and pull my corn,
and I wish none of them had ever been born.
but there's the sparrow and the partridge brown,
they sing sweet warbles till the sun goes down,
and the buzzard ain't bad when old beak dies,
'cause he wafts her sperrits up in the skies.
I always listen for the birdies in the spring.
I shure do lufter hear them sing.
the turkie dove is good to eat,
and he furnishes me my ocktober meat.
composed and rote by,
mike Clark, rtd.

If dresses get much shorter, I'm going to get me a job being a policeman.

If some educated squirt were to say that turnip greens and corn bread caused freckles, that would end those two health essentials for all time. And if he were to advise against milk because it prevented lip-sticks from lasting a week, milk cows would all be turned dry in a month. With a few exceptions, including writers and old maids, this country is made up of tools, two by fours, doubting Thomases, and ill-omen believers.

Isn't It Lovely.

From The Acheson Globe.
Twice Henry Allen said he was not a candidate for appointment to the position of United States senator. But the other day he was appointed and accepted. Isn't it lovely to hang back like a violet.

A traveler writes back that South Sea Island women are poor conversationalists. Well, when women can't talk about clothes there isn't much else to talk about.



Pep Up your Hens!

Your hens need the extra vigor and strength that come from a real feed—especially they need the cod liver meal, the molasses, and the fine minerals that are in

Quaker FUL-O-PEP EGG MASH

This marvelous ration has an oatmeal base—used according to the Quaker method, will get you the most money from every bird. Don't waste your time and money on poor layers. Come in and get a supply of Quaker Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash.

For Sale By
McKNIGHT & CO.,
Shelby, N. C.

Not A Single Arrest.

The town of Hooper, Neb., has laid claim to the "Law Abiding Championship."

It is a town of 1,014 population, and during 1928 not a single arrest was made within its borders. All the people obeyed the law. At least none were caught disobeying it.

William J. Dau, chairman of the board of trustees of that town, says that the churches are well attended, the schools are well filled, and that the people mostly "mind their own business."

That's the valuable lesson that can be learned from the record of this model town. The people most-

ly "mind their own business."

When people do that, there is very little chance of their breaking any of the laws. More than that, there is very little chance of the heartbreaking tragedies that happen mostly because people attend to other people's business.

FOR ALDERMAN WARD 2

We hereby offer L. A. Jackson as alderman in ward 2 in the city election to be held Monday, May 6. He will accept if elected and is a good business man who will handle the affairs well.

VOTERS.

Star Advertising Pays

Dr. D. M. Morrison
OPTOMETRIST.
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Camels have a delightful fragrance that is pleasing to everyone.



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Safety First is more than being Careful

Veteran Virginia truckman gives personal testimony

Cites need of good high-quality oil

G. Mark Davidson of Lexington, Va., is something more than a veteran truckman and a substantial citizen of his community. He uses his truck as a road testing laboratory for various kinds of lubricating oils.

Profits in Good Oil

Trucking is a keenly competitive business and the profits from a single trip may be the difference between using cheap oil or a good oil. The difference between no repairs and a day to a week of overhauling the motor.

Mr. Davidson, realizing this fact, proceeded to find out for himself, in the most intelligent fashion, just which oils do stand up on the long, hard pulls in the Virginia hills, and which oils cannot stand the gaff of hill-climbing, long distance heavy hauling. Mr. Davidson wanted only the best.

After trying a wide variety of different motor oils, Mr. Davidson finally narrowed his choice down to three brands: "Standard," and two others made by well-known companies. There seemed to be little or no choice as far as the specifications of the oils went. A road test alone would show up the difference, and this Mr. Davidson proceeded to make.



G. Mark Davidson Tests Motor Oils

Read his own story: "On a recent 600-mile trip I used five quarts of a competitor's oil. Later with another oil I used three quarts. Then I decided to drain my oil and fill up with 'Standard' Motor Oil Heavy, and 'Standard' Gasoline. On the same trip under the same running conditions, I used only one quart of oil. That proved to me the superior quality of 'Standard' Motor Oil. I do not hesitate to tell my friends that it is the best oil I have ever used."

Convinced by Oilier Oil

Like millions of other motorists, Mr. Davidson discovered that "Standard" Motor Oil is that o-i-l-i-e-r oil. Especially processed from choice crudes, and guaranteed to stand up against everlastingly fight friction. Seals in compression too. Allows the motor to utilize more combustion power and show greater mileage per gasoline gallon. It's the original quality oil at no higher price. Insist upon "Standard." On sale everywhere you see the "Standard" Motor Oil sign.