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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 31, 1929.

TWINKLES

Let us "We" fans hope that Lindy on his latest hop is not forced to make an emergency landing at Reno, or, for that matter, another one at Paris.

Today at the City Hall it is Mayor Dorsey, tomorrow it will be Mayor McMurry. Another two years now a part of the past.

"What has become of the old-fashioned mother?" queries a contributor to The Charlotte Observer. To our way of thinking nothing has become of her; she just isn't old-fashioned any more.

Tomorrow begins "the month of brides"—everywhere, we suppose, except in a North Carolina county which borders upon the South Carolina line and is only a few miles distant from the Gretna Greens at Gaffney and York.

A thinker of some renown speaking at Richmond recently prophesied that within a few years the average automobile would be travelling at a 120-mile clip on the public highways. That should be an interesting prophecy for the undertakers seeing as how autos are killing 60 or more people per month in North Carolina nowadays when the average auto travels between 40 and 60 on the highways.

One of the last moves made by Mayor Dorsey before leaving office, the straightening out of Highway 18 as it passes through Shelby, certainly will not do harm to the town when one looks at it from the viewpoint of motorists passing through. One doesn't get such a good impression of a town when he has to drive from one street to another to keep his highway routing when it might be easily arranged to keep a straight route.

Since early in 1929 we've been wondering if Governor Gardner was pulling a pun or was really serious about it. Remember the speech in which he urged that we teach our children in the schools of the state the evil effects of alcoholism? Can it be that the Governor believes a better course on the subject could be installed in our colleges than is now conducted at fraternity dances and other college events, including those along the sidelines of the football gridiron while the big games are on?

APPRECIATIVE MR. HOOVER

GOVERNOR GARDNER along with Senator Simmons and others in a personal visit to President Hoover to ask the chief executive to visit this state during home-coming week used as the basis of their plea that Mr. Hoover's ancestors once lived in this state, the North Carolina governor reminding that North Carolina has sent many prominent and useful citizens to other states. Mr. Hoover, the Washington dispatches state, then glanced at Senator Simmons and declared that although North Carolina had furnished leaders for other sections the state still retained many able citizens. And for that statement we commend Mr. Hoover at long range for his shrewdness and his appreciation of services rendered. As we look at it Mr. Hoover should think considerably more of the able citizens still calling North Carolina home than of those sent to other states. Which is to say that some present day Tar Heels turned a Democratic state into his fold and as we recall no transplanted Tar Heels did that much with any bolshevik Democratic state in the west or east.

THEIR BIG NIGHT

THIS IS THE BIG night not only of the year but of a decade and more for three-score boys and girls at the Shelby High school, for tonight with them is graduation night. Without the least desire to disillusion them and with no intention of having them enjoy the evening a whit less than they should, The Star would urge them to make the most possible of the occasion, build the air castles as high as they will penetrate the sky, and permit the imagination to run wild for not likely again in a lifetime will they enjoy such a glamorous, colorful occasion.

Graduation night is the peak event for youth, youth which dreams and climbs, smiling at obstacles, visioning roses where there is naught else but thorns. Tonight happy, eager-eyed, imaginative boys and girls will march to the Central school stage, receive their coveted diplomas, flick their school past, with its joys and sorrows, its highlights and its troubles, from the memory as the ash is nonchalantly tossed from a burning cigar, and then turn to face the world of actualities with a grin that can spring from nothing but energetic, vivacious, determined youth. Out into the world they must travel are many disappointments. Oft times the dreams dreamed on graduation night will be punctured and blown by the cold, hard realities of life. Disillusioned many times they must be, but their dauntless, refreshing method of marching on heads-up to be shown what life holds is a continual inspiration to those older who have passed along the same trail ahead and no longer have the nerve of youth to brace them against the difficulties met. Such is youth. The perennial bracer in life. We tender our toast to the graduating class at Shelby High tonight.

CURTAIN FOR "MR. GALLAGHER"

"POSITIVELY MR. SHEAN" will never be heard again in the voice of the man who started the comic expression and became a comedian of nation-wide fame almost overnight. It will not because Ed Gallagher, just a few years back a member of the best known team of comedians in America, is dead, and the story of his passing in poverty offers a tragic illustration of the ups and downs in life, the ambitions that materialize only for the brilliance and splendor of today's success to descend to the darkness and despair of poverty and death for those who live only for today.

Most of us who hear and see the comedians of play-life in action seldom think that they too have their sorrows and trials.

Just a few years ago the world chuckled with Al Shean and Ed Gallagher when they started their lines—"Absolutely Mr. Gallagher," "positively Mr. Shean." And "Oh, Mr. Gallagher, oh, Mr. Gallagher!"

"Well, what's on your mind this morning, Mr. Shean?" Those lines caught the fancy of hundreds seeking entertainment. Mr. Shean figured that it wouldn't last and began to put his big earnings away. No so Mr. Gallagher who enjoyed life as he found it and as he bought it. Soon the world tired of the comedians, the playthings of the hour, and the amusement seekers turned to something new. Mr. Gallagher's fortune trickled out of his hands as he made it. This week he died in a New York sanatorium, a paralytic and forsaken by all of his friends of the sunny days with the exception of the first wife whom he abandoned for a younger and a peppier actress when money became plentiful. It was the curtain in the typical style of the glaring Broadway lights. Many of the celebrities and the comedians go that way.

There is no need, none whatsoever, to point out the moral. It's absolutely that way when one takes life that way. Positively!

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

The June Bug.

The June bug is an insect according to geography, and his principle business is juning. He has no particular profession or avocation, nor has he ever been accused of destroying crops. The only crime that has ever been laid to his door is the crime of butting somebody in the face during his passage from one juning place to another.

My favorite toy when I was a small boy was a June bug and a string. Nothing gave me more joy than a June bug with a long string tied to one of his hind legs, and while engaged in the pastime of humming around at the end of that string, his music recalled the song of the mockingbird and the harmonious chirp of the cricket. Except for Christmas and Santa Claus, I looked forward to the coming of the June bug more than any other event during the year.

I taught my June bugs to play such tunes as Turkey in the Straw and Fishers' Horn-Pipe. I was the only person in the crowd that understood June bug music, and the others were so dumb, they couldn't even tell when the aforesaid bug switched from one melody to another. I feel sorry for folks that ain't got an ear trained to insect music.

I always kept 3 or 4 first-class June bugs about me during the summer. If one of my June bugs ever became rampant and pulled so hard at his leash that he amputated the leg to which it was tied and flew away, all in the world I had to do was to feel in my britches pocket and fetch forth another one. I saved all of the June bug legs that pulled out and I remember once that I had 59 June bug legs to my credit by the middle of July, and the boy nearest to me had only 14 at the same time.

No June bug ever got away from me if I got sight or wind of him. I have chased an old June bug for miles and miles, but when he got ready to light, he landed right in my hands. They all got to the place where they'd know me and as soon as I made a dive at one, he'd lie down on his back and poke his left hind leg up for me to tie him.

I have mistook other bugs for June bugs, but a fellow with a keen nose like I had generally led the wrong bug go mighty quick, as a June bug does not smell that away. In place of June bug amusement now among the small boys, they resort to Ford's and Chevrolet's and cigarettes and galloping around with the girls that ain't got no clothes on to speak of.

School Days.

When I was a boy, I was just like all other boys. I always carried some kind of "varmit" around in my pocket, and the boy that didn't carry "something" was looked down on by the girls. School days were made happy and entertaining by reason of the various pets we boys owned and controlled.

I recall that my most prized

possessions during my efforts to reach "com-pat-i-bil-i-ty" in the blue back spelling book were 2 doodles that I toted in a pill box. They were named Jim & Joe. All the kids enjoyed looking at my doodles and I took special pride in displaying them every day at big recess. Some of the boys bothered me a good deal by wanting to take Jim & Joe home with them at night, promising to return them the next morning, but there wasn't anything doing in that line: I lost 3 perfectly good dirt doblers that way once.

Sammy Washington kept a bottle full of yellow jackets for a long time. He got the edge on me in popularity several times as yellow jackets were more ferocious than doodles, and naturally caused more excitement, but his insects began to die after so long a time, and I was glad of it. My doodles then came back into their own. (I kept plenty sand in the pill box for them to eat.)

All of the boys had something to "show off" with. Leck Bruce was proud of his betsy bug. It was a very fine bug, and created lots of interest from time to time. He later swapped it for a pinch bug and gave a slate pencil to boot, but he had a barrel full of trouble with that pinch bug. He poked it against Lillie Smith's neck one day during books, and it bit her and she hollered, and the teacher made Leck kill his bug. That was a sad day for the whole school except Lillie.

Bob Brown kept a pretty green worm for a long time. He would turn him loose in his book and play with him and the teacher didn't know but what he was studying all the time. Marvin White amused the kids with his pet lizard. He carried him loose in his pocket, and it got out once and almost broke up the school. Will Green owned 5 snake doctors that were mighty cute—but Joe Erickson had everything his way for a week or so with his thousand leg. But an old hen swallowed it one day, and then his doodles came back to the forefront. It different now with school boys. For past-time and amusement, most of them cuss, smoke, chew tobacco, wink at the girls, and work on their Fords.

WHAT CONSTITUTES "WELL BORN CHILD" UNDER STUDY

Cleveland.—Five years from now scientists at Western Reserve university hope to be able to tell you just what constitutes a "well born child" and exactly what he ought to be like at various years of his life.

The project was announced at the commencement week meeting of the chapter of Sigma Pi At case school of applied science by Dr. T. Wingate Todd, professor of anatomy at western reserve.

It is proposed to study the child in and before the nursery school period, as well as to examine the growing body and expanding mind of boys and girls in the second decade of life in order to find out how the patterns of adult behavior become fixed during that period.

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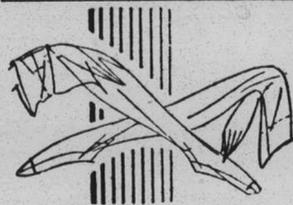
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