

The Cleveland Star

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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.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1929

TWINKLES

Don't forget that the postmasters will begin arriving tomorrow. Put on your best smile and get your welcoming hand ready for action for the remainder of the week.

"Come on, Miss June," urges The Greensboro News, "think of your reputation, gal." The News may be referring to brides, bugs or fishing weather, but we'll join in without knowing and urge the gal to do her stuff.

That Pennsylvania boy found shot in his room on the day of his graduation certainly finished up school in modern style, for a lot of our college students seem to acquire readily the ability to get-half-shot when occasion, and there seem to be many occasions, demands.

"North Carolina Now Really Air-Minded," informs a headline in an afternoon daily published, of course, in this state. And at times, when we go to checking over our "firsts," a lot of it is hot air.

The fruit fly is believed to have reached Shelby, and after taking a peep at a few unscreened places about town there is no doubt but what the house fly, which is more dangerous to us than the Mediterranean pest, has been on hands for some days.

HOW'S THAT, SENATOR?

O. J. COFFIN, feature columnist off The Greensboro News, recently popped this question at Senator Simmons:

"If you an Mr. Bailey enter the Democratic primary and I vote for Mr. Bailey and you win, will you expect me to go out and whoop it up for Judge Meekins, the Republican nominee, as you did for Mr. Hoover after your man, Mr. Hull lost and Smith was nominated?"

What a pesky person the columnist must seem to the Senator.

TOO MUCH PALAVER

THE EDITOR of the Ivey Store News, which appears regularly in Charlotte papers—and, incidentally, the topics therein are rated by us as among the leading editorial products of the state—made an interesting observation this week in summing up the Confederate reunion. In naming his list of those deserving of high praise for putting over the reunion in fine style the writer wound up by saying "And not one of them made a single speech." It is usually so, but it is not often that we hear the fellows who do the work while the others do a lot of talking get proper credit for their endeavors. All the speeches ever made if canned in the talkies are worth less in preparing for and handling and event calling for much work than one good worker, willing and energetic enough to go about doing the things needed to be done while his more important fellows (in their opinion) spend the time palavering about what "we" are doing.

A CLERGYMAN'S PROMISE

A YEAR OR two back wide controversy developed in this state and spread over the country as to the justification of a minister telling officers of a young woman's confession to him in which she revealed that she had killed her father. Major opinion seemed to be that he was not justified in so doing, and now Dr. S. Parkes Cadman who conducts a syndicated column of answers to "Everyday Questions" expresses a similar opinion. Presumably the case referred to him is the Reidsville sensation. Here is the question as sent in from Newark, New Jersey, and Dr. Cadman's answer.

"Q—Upon the promise of a clergyman to keep the matter disclosed to him a secret between himself and God only, a woman confessed to him that she had killed her father. Thereafter this clergyman went to the local authorities and revealed to them the confession thus made. The outcome of this action on his part was a trial, which, however, resulted in the acquittal of the woman. Was the clergyman in any way justified in revealing the information he obtained in this way to the police authorities in the interests of justice?"

"A—I recall the case to which you refer and also that the conduct of this minister was almost universally condemned. Confidence entrusted to a clergyman by those who seek his spiritual direction should be held by him as inviolable and sacred. The exposure, detection and punishment of crime is the business of the law and the courts. These respect the clerical position as I have stated it, and do not insist that pastors shall reveal secrets committed to them in the confessional.

"Many clergymen would undoubtedly advise the wrongdoer to surrender himself or herself to the authorities, while others might not so advise. Much depends upon the rules of various churches and the nature of the offense confessed. Of course, if an innocent person were likely to suffer for the crime, any clergyman, as I understand it, is bound to prevent such a miscarriage of justice. Personally I do not think the man to whom you refer was justified in disclosing the information he received after solemnly binding himself not to do so."

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

(Exclusive in The Star in this section.)

Amongst The Elite.

When it comes to "society," I ain't much. I am just an everyday kind of a fellow. I don't even know how much a golf ball costs, nor do I know the difference between a niblick and a caddy. I rarely ever attend anything that is swell and classy. A few nights ago, or rather not many evenings back, I was invited out. It was a reception. I went.

I got to the "function" without trouble or mishap. Four different men and women met me at the door, and one of them grabbed my hat, and the other three almost shook my hand off. I never saw so much bowing and scraping in all my life. Old Mrs. Simpleton who hadn't been able to go to church in nearly 5 years was there, and looked as gay as a sparrow at a horse show.

I was turned loose in the ballroom, commonly called the front room. I knew very few of the gentlemen and ladies present, but I walked around and looked as much like a fool as possible, and they were all busy doing the same thing. Everybody was smiling and grabbing at one another, and no one seemed at all interested in what the other guy was saying.

I tried to catch as many of the remarks as possible, and here's a bunch of them: "Oh, Howdy do, Mrs. Funderbunk. I am so glad to see you tonight." "Why, if it isn't Col. Sprott. Oh, Colonel, do tell me about Mrs. Sprott? Dead? Do please excuse me. I am so sorry." "Mrs. Doolittle, meet my husband. I am sure you know him by reputation. His great uncle on his grand-father's side was governor of Georgia once."

"No, I do not care for her. She's too cheery." "I trade at Gold & Silvers altogether. I paid them \$450.00 for this dress, and think it worth it." "Oh, Della, do look at that fright. Mrs. Kinkhead. Ain't she the rats tail though? The idea of such trash being invited to a party like this. What is the world coming to, nohow?"

Other enlightening conversation was broadcasted during the evening. Then somebody began to fetch around a soda cracker and a cup of some kind of tea that tasted like poke berry juice. The bowing and gassing kept up during the festivities. Every person there seemed unusually happy. Even the folks who had not paid a grocery bill in months were swollen with frivolity and importance. I was told by the hostess that only the very best people of the city ever attended her parties, and I've been wondering ever since how in the world I got there.

Have You Met Him?

Among Uncle Joe's other remarkable traits, he is a wonderful dispenser of gloom. He is perhaps sincere in the administration of this awful affliction, and for him to indulge in it to excessive satisfaction.

Not long ago, I was explaining to some friends that I had a tooth extracted and apparently a tiny part of my jaw-bone was left in such shape that it jettied through my gums and proved an irritation, and Uncle Joe promptly said: "That's the very thing that took Bro. Jim to the graveyard. That air bone caused a cancer to start and it ended him."

On another occasion, I was discussing the merits of a fine bird dog that I was proud of, and just as I was bragging about some of his attractive qualifications, he sat down and began to lick his left hind foot, and Uncle Joe said "Looky, that's a sure sign of black tongue. My best possum dog commenced to lick his hind foot that-a-way once, and by morning, he was ready to be drug off."

But about the worst I ever felt over his exploitation of facts was during an illness following a horrible accident which overtook me when I was a boy. I was lying in bed suffering all kinds of agony, and for a few seconds, my breathing was very heavy, and Uncle Joe began: "Well, he's a-fixin' to leave us. My grandpaw got to getting his breath just like that when he had the consumption, and in less than 20 minutes, we was laying fifty-cent pieces on his eyes to keep them shut." (I have breathed softly and gently ever since that memorable night.)

During the drought of 19 and 25, when the earth was a parched mass of deadness, and the country was praying for rain, a bunch of us had just come out of the church one Sabbath morning and the clouds were gathering all over the heavens, and we were all feeling hopeful but anxious. Uncle Joe happened to be present and he said: "Them kind of clouds is a sure fore-runner of a

long dry spell, and they come up that way day after day in 81, and it never rained a drap for 64 days after they finally disappeared."

Aunt Minervy was flat of her back with the flu. Friends and loved ones were doing all they could for her. Everything had been quiet in the room for 5 minutes, then Uncle Joe spoke up: "Well, I have just been a-wondering what we would do with the milch cow and Minervy gone. I never could milk a squirt, and she won't be no use. And I can't cook, nuther. She shore will be missed by me if nobody else. She has been a right good wife so far, but from the way she is waiting them eyes, her time ain't long on this old earth." But it turned out that I had no cancer, nor did my bird dog die, and my heavy breathing proved a false alarm, and it rained, and Aunt Minervy got well.

Sunday School Is Improving Now At Poplar Springs

Allen Jones Is Leader. B. Y. P. U. Social. Personal Items Of Community.

(Special to The Star.)
Our Sunday school is progressing nicely under the fine leadership of our Superintendent Mr. Allen Jones. Miss Louise Patrick and brother, Theron, visited in Earl Saturday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Cree Hamrick visited Mrs. Hamrick's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of Ellenboro Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Martin spent awhile with Mr. and Mrs. Truman Wilson Friday night.

Mr. Bemus Lemons visited Mr. Edison Noggle Sunday afternoon.
Miss Ruth Hamrick spent Sunday with Miss Mollie Wallace.
Mr. Alvie Jones spent Sunday with Mrs. Mayar Philbeck.
Miss Louise Patrick is leaving today for Hickory where she will attend summer school.
Miss Janie Wilson visited Miss Katie Jones Sunday.

Mrs. Fay Lemmons and Mrs. Dave Lemons visited Mr. and Mrs. Colan Edwards Sunday afternoon.
The many friends of Mr. Edison Noggle will regret to learn that he has pneumonia.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jones and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Plato Bridges Sunday afternoon.
Miss Cara Wilson visited Miss Gladys Lemmons Sunday.
Mr. Irvin Noggle spent Friday night with his brother Mr. Edison Noggle.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Martin visited Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Martin Saturday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Truman Wilson spent Sunday afternoon at the home of their uncle, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Wilson of near Shelby.
Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Debrew visited Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Hawkins Saturday night.
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Prullt and children attended preaching service at Zoar Sunday afternoon.
The B. Y. P. U. gave a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hamrick Saturday evening. After a number of interesting games were played delicious cake, ice cream and

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of S. J. Bingham, deceased, this is to hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate to make payment of such indebtedness immediately to me; and this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to file same with me on or before the 17th day of April, 1930, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery thereon.
GETTYS BINGHAM, Adm. estate of S. J. Bingham, decd.
Newton & Newton, Attys.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
Under and by virtue of the authority contained in a certain deed of trust recorded in book 153 of deeds on page 20 in the office of the register of deeds of Cleveland county, North Carolina, the undersigned trustee will sell on July 10, 1929 at 2 o'clock to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in the town of Shelby the following described real estate:
Being a part of the H. Clay Cox land lying in the western part of the town of Shelby, N. C., on an alley on the northern side of Highway 20, and more particularly described as follows:
Beginning at a stake, Rush Padgett's present northeast corner; thence north 2 east 50 feet to a stake, a new division line; thence south 87.75 west 165.8 feet to a new corner in the Wilson and Cox line; thence south 1 1-3 west 50 feet to a stake, Padgett's old corner in Wilson's line; thence north 87.75 east 165.8 feet to the place of beginning. Same being that lot of land conveyed to Rush Padgett and wife, Carrie Padgett by deed recorded in book 3-W at page 517 in the office of the register of deeds of Cleveland county, North Carolina, reference to which is hereby had.
This June 5, 1929.

HORACE KENNEDY, Trustee.

lemonade was served. The evening was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Wake Hamrick and children spent Sunday in the mountains.
Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Hamrick and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Hawkins.

NORWEGIAN ACES WILL SCOUT WHALES BY AIR

Oslo.—Capt. Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen and Captain Lutnow Helm, who were companion heroes of the search by planes for survivors of the 1928 Italia disaster in the Arctic, are planning to go to the other end of the world and try a new method of finding whales this summer.
They have joined a whaling outfit which will fish in the waters near Bouvet Island in the South Atlantic. The airmen will scout for whales from planes. They are also to be official motion picture recorders of the expedition.

Eight Stowaways Caught.

New York.—Eight stowaways, four of them women, were discovered aboard the United States liner Retallica when she docked at Hoboken because a custom inspector refused to believe a "wet paint" sign.
Discovering the paint in the third class section to be dry, Inspector William Geary ripped out one of the boards under a stairway disclosing a narrow compartment in which the stowaways were huddled. They said they had paid \$1,000 each to be smuggled into the United States. They came from Poland and Lithuania.

BLOATED FEELING

And Other Troubles Went Away After This South Carolinian Had Taken Black-Draught.

Ira, S. C.—"I have used Black-Draught, at intervals, for about five years," says Mr. J. F. Gilliland, of this place. "I take it for indigestion. After eating, I would have a tight, bloated feeling, and pains in my chest and stomach. I would spit up my food, and some things I ate would not agree with me at all. I would be hungry, but afraid to eat on account of the indigestion. I would be constipated, too."
"Some one told me that I should try Black-Draught, which I did, with good results. I take just a small dose after meals, and I feel like a different person."
"I do not have any more trouble of that kind. I can now eat almost anything I want to, at any time, and it does not hurt me."
"Black-Draught is a splendid medicine. I can recommend it to others."

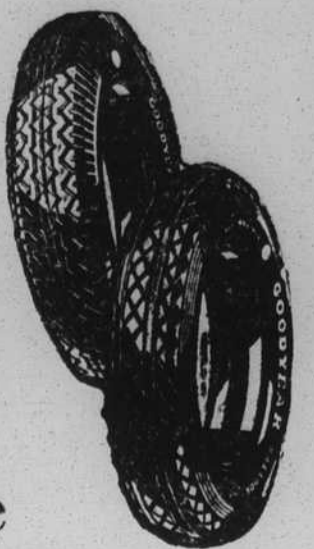
Thousands of people have found relief, in cases of common indigestion, by taking a pinch of Black-Draught after meals, and continuing this treatment for several days. Take Theodor's Black-Draught. It is purely vegetable and acts in a helpful way, without the bad effects of mineral drugs.

THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT For Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness

Try Star Wants Ads.

THE PERSON WHO HAS NOTHING Is Usually The One Who Does All The Damage. Your Only Safeguard is Insurance With CHAS. A. HOEY

The People are the Final Judge



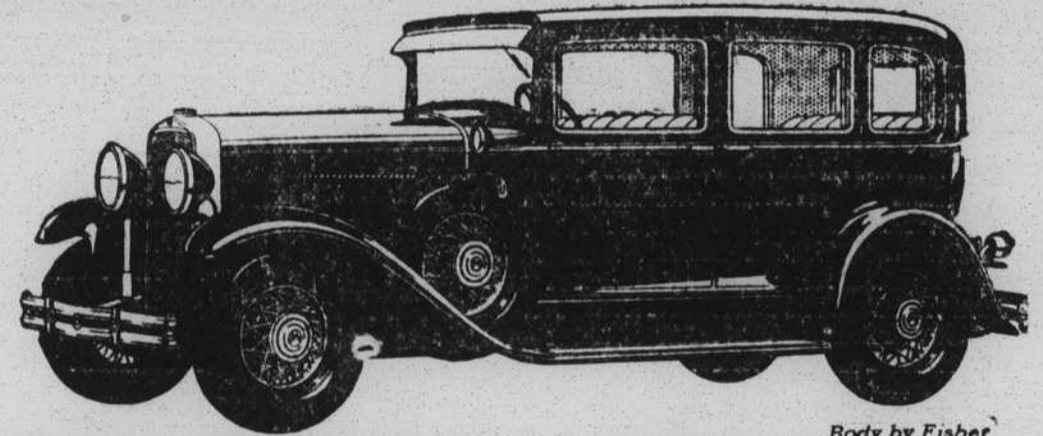
When it comes to tires, car owners lay down their money for the make that gives the best service. And every year sees many hundreds of thousands more people saying "Good-year." The people are the final judge—and the verdict is becoming more and more nearly unanimous that "Goodyear Tires are best."

GOOD YEAR

More people—millions more people!—ride on Goodyear Tires because experience proves them the best.

IDEAL SERVICE STATION
Phone--194 Shelby, N. C.

Marquette



BUILT BY BUICK



"A GREAT PERFORMER!"

The motoring world has already endorsed the Marquette. "A great performer!" is the comment you hear everywhere when this remarkable new six is mentioned. No wonder—10 to 60 miles an hour in 31 seconds—over the top of a long 11.6% grade at 25 miles an hour, starting at 5 at the bottom—all in high gear. (The average road grade is 7%). 68 or 70 honest miles in comfort! There isn't a phase of performance where it can't show a clean pair of wheels to every car in its price class.

One word can say most about the Marquette—it's "VALUE." The Marquette with the latest Bodies by Fisher is America's most complete moderate-priced car. It is a thoroughly better automobile for the money. Throughout this great new six—in every feature, from bumper to bumper, from top to tread—there is more quality than seems possible to put into a car at the price. But it is there, because Buick knows how to build an extra margin of out-and-out goodness into all its products.

Drive the Marquette and you're bound to say, with all the others, "A great performer!"

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Canadian Factories Division of General Motors Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars
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Marquette Model 36— Two-passenger business coupe .. \$965	Marquette Model 34— Four-passenger sport roadster .. \$995	Marquette Model 36-5— Four-passenger special coupe .. \$995
Marquette Model 30— Five-passenger two-door sedan .. \$975	Marquette Model 35— Five-passenger phaeton .. \$995	Marquette Model 37—Five- passenger four- door sedan .. \$1035

These prices f. o. b. Buick Factory, special equipment extra. Marquette delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing. Convenient terms can be arranged on the liberal G. M. A. C. Time Payment Plan.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values.

J. Lawrence Lackey

Shelby North Carolina
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM