

# 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.

MONDAY, OCT. 14, 1929.

## TWINKLES

What will be the next pet theory of the world for the experts and scientists to debunk? An Ohio chemist now informs that milk is not such a perfect food, and that after all these years we've been educated to drinking milk for its health-building qualities! Milk, this chemist says, lacks iron, iodine, and vitamin D. Maybe so, but he will have more of a task in stopping the drinking of milk than Mr. Volstead had with his little job.

## THAT GAS FRANCHISE

THE STAR would not have the city rush into giving a valuable franchise away, neither would it have the city sell a franchise for less than it is worth, but just now gas companies are working the country over and competition is keen for franchises. Our city should invite all responsible companies to bid and we should strike the best deal we can in disposing of our franchise for a gas plant. Most industries seeking a location, shy at a city without a gas plant, so for the convenience of our own citizens and as an inducement to industry and new settlers, we should no longer wait. It would be well worth our while to have outside capital invest a quarter of a million dollars in a public utility here from which the city and the county could receive a property and a franchise tax.

## CYCLONE MACK SWEEPS DOWN UPON BISHOP CANNON

BISHOP CANNON has allowed himself to associate with politicians and worldly people, for years dictating on how the government should be run, craving to be United States congressman and as set ("sot," Judge Rufe Clark would say) to the boneyard spiritually, that's what Cyclone Mack, recently holding forth in Albemarle, thinks of the so-called churchman who is attempting to direct the political policies of his state of Virginia.

Were it not for our Heflins, our Bleases, our Cannons, and our Cyclone Macks this country would become as incongruously dry and as set ("sot," Judge Rufe Clark would say) in its public life as is England; but that list of would-be luminaries should not be taken seriously. Yet there is a certain kick, justifiable or unjustifiable as it may be, in Cyclone's opinion of the good bishop, who he refers to as "a cosmopolite caught gambling in a Jew bucket shop."

Cyclone Mack, you know, creates his words to suit the occasion. "Why all this stir about the bishop is beyond my comprehension," he said in Albemarle. "I don't think he has ever claimed to be religious, and I am sure no one has ever accused him of it. He received the condemnation of the public not because he was caught gambling, but because he denied it, and vehemently swore he was innocent. . . . If the bishop had been veridical (huh?) and said 'Yes, I am caught', the people would have respected him more than they do now since he has belyached and whined. . . . He prides himself on being one of the cosmopolite and is caught gambling in a Jew bucket shop. I used to gamble before I was regenerated 22 years ago. I wrote a book on draw poker and crap shooting. . . . My life of gambling and kindred sins broke my mother's heart, blighted my father's hopes, made my home a hell, and prostituted my manhood. . . . There is no vice that has been bred in hell and spawned out of perdition that deviles, deomizes, and demoralizes like gambling—and bucket-shopping is the nadir and Gorgon of all gambling. . . . The Board of Temperance did the bishop great wrong when they gave him their unqualified endorsement and a vote of confidence in the face of his bucket shop gambling. If some member of that board had had the guts and moral stamina to have looked this church dignitary in the face and held him up before the blazing light, and made sin appear as sin, it would have been more to their credit. . . . There is but one catholic(?) and that is for him to go down on both of his prayer-bones, look God in the face, and take a good old-fashioned dose of the mourner's bench."

Virginia papers, not controlled by the dangerous Ras-kob and subscribed to by the bishop, please copy. The pleasure is too great to be enjoyed alone.

## DO WOMEN REALLY ENJOY THEIR CIGARETTE SMOKING?

OFTEN in recent years, since the sale of cigarettes has increased because it has become fashionable, and pardonable in the best of social circles for women to smoke, there creeps into print the wonder of some mere man if woman really enjoys smoking, or only smokes for the sophisticated feeling and because it is keeping step with the latest social fad. Usually the contention is that woman will cease to smoke when smoking ceases to be fashionable.

Those who use such an argument apparently fail to see that women, even though smoking to be in style, may get the habit just as did most men when they were boys despite the fact that the first half dozen stolen butts made them deathly sick. In support of our own contention, that many women smoke because they are fond of smoking, we find Elsie McCormick, one of the best feminine thinkers in America, expressing a similar opinion.

"Many men," she writes, "seem to believe that women

smoke only because they think it looks sophisticated and not because they experience any pleasure. These observers are misled. . . . Ladies do derive pleasure from smoking, although I would not go so far as to say that this centres around the taste of the tobacco. Even those who do not inhale get a certain feeling of poise and restfulness from the curl of smoke." That there are other sidelihts which make smoking a pleasure for the ladies Miss McCormick points out when she writes: "In some social grounds cigarettes are popular because they are so well adapted to showing off rings and bracelets and provoking flattering conjectures as to where they were obtained. Cigarettes for women have undoubtedly been a great blessing to the diamond business. The woman who smokes is usually a gayer wife, a merrier companion than she who lives strictly according to the hygienic code." That final statement, we presume, is the same as saying the woman who smokes thereby becomes more of a regular fellow to her husband or companion.

In concluding, the woman writer tells this one: "Even women who do not inhale are likely to have moments when they feel that a cigaret is imperative. In the current issue of Harper's, Don Marquis writes of a woman evangelist who often felt this commanding urge. Her procedure at such times was to light a cigaret, blow the smoke through a handkerchief, and demonstrate to the brethren the dastardly coloring effect tobacco has on the delicate tissues of the lungs."

Those, if you please, are the opinions of a woman. She may or may not smoke, but she certainly does show that a woman gets a certain pleasure out of smoking, although that pleasure be something other than the answer to the craving of one who inhales the nicotine once considered so deadly.

## Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—



### Cotton Letter.

New York, Oct. 9.—Due to southern selling and northern realizing and western guessing and eastern discount rates, the market opened 24 points down. On a report that it thundered twice in Texas and sprinkled 87 drops in Oklahoma last night, December eased off 11 more points about mid-day. Crop estimates are pro and con, and the bulls as broke as ever. Spinners takings were off 5 bales in July as compared with a certain July a few years ago, therefore exports exceeded imports in a like proportion, due, naturally to expected cold weather in January. We advise dusting for potato bugs, scratching for chiggers and rubbing for rheumatism.

The surest way in the world to break a drought is to spread a nice picnic dinner out on a long table, the said dinner to be composed of fried chicken and fried ham (yum-yum) and fried potatoes and deviled eggs and pound cake (yum) and lady fingers (yum). And if it doesn't rain just before the blessing is asked, you can just make up your minds that you are in for trouble. I've never seen it fail to rain under such circumstances though, so no one need worry that it won't.

The biggest joke of the season: They are going to try Albert B. Fall again.

An impending calamity: A Paris style magazine prophesies that dresses will be 4 inches longer next summer.

A catastrophe: A Kansas City man is suing for a divorce because his wife lets her 2 cats sleep with her—and him.

A miracle: A recently elected legislator promised one of his best friends a job and actually gave it to him.

A shame: Beef costs 5 cents a pound in the pasture and 55 cents a pound on the butcher's scales.

A horrible mistake: Bolshevism.

A serious accident: Tom Heflin.

A commercial crime: Wall Street.

A miracle: Paying a 80-dollar installment with a 10 dollar salary.

Arf: Ankles ansforth. (But not all of 'em.)

Unwelcome charity: Giving somebody a piece of your mind.

A Letter From Mike. Flat rock, s. C., oct 11 1929. der mr. editor:—

I have been asked by my many friends to rife up my religious experiences, and I will do so as follows:— I was converted enduring the earth quake in 18 and 86 and it lasted till nearly december the 24 when some boys made like what they wanted me to drink was cider when it was corn whiskey and when I work up the following Friday in grampaws pasture, I was back in sin again and everybody knowed it.

I want to beg the people to be

ware of bad company, for you will fall as sure as gun's iron if you keep it. well, the next time I got religion was when I was took down with the typhoid fever and was give up for dead twice, and it was betwixt these times that I made up my mind that that was a good time to make a change, and I repented and got well.

Everything went along all right and I kept up with all the prayer meetings and give testimonies nearly every time I went, but I sold a elder of my church some beef on creddick till the next saturday, this was in June, and he never sed nothing about paying me for same, so in november, I jumped on him about it and he struck me and I cussed him out, and that put me back with the evil crowd and I stayed there till I laid out 1 night and ketched nev-money.

so me and newmony had it for a long time and side pluris; set up in my liver and I was again give up for the graveyard, but my former pasture come to our house 1 day and et dinner with us and when I heard him asking the blessing, I changed my life again. I had been baptized 3 times up to that time and was sprinkled once, but this time, I managed to get my church letter out of st. pall and put it in st. luke where a guy could back slide and get over it.

I have tried to live a clean life off and on ever since, and while I have fell from grace a few times, I have stuck pretty close to the narrow path and hope to hold out faithful to the end. It has been hard to keep myself unspotted from the world as I sell beef ansforth to different kinds of people who don't try to follow the golden rule, but I always manage to ketch myself just before cussing, and the doctor told me that whiskey would bust my gall bladder, so I am still a consistent church member and will begin giving something to the preacher as soon as I can collect. If you want to print this, please rite or foam me for permission and I will give it to you. It might help some other wayward sun.

vores trufie, mike Clarke, rfd.

Poor Papa. Doc's Son: "Pa, did you go to Sunday School when you were a boy?"

Doc: "Yes, my son, I always went to Sunday School." Doc's Son: "Well, Dad, I think I'll quit going. It isn't doing me any good either."

Administrator's Notice. Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of W. A. Dover, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to me properly proven, at 1100 Parkwood, avenue, Charlotte, N. C., on or before the 27th day of September 1930 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery thereof. All persons owing the said estate will please make immediate settlement to the undersigned. This Sept. 27th, 1929. H. C. DOVER, Administrator of estate of W. A. Dover, deceased. pd

## WOMAN'S BODY MAY BE DISINTERRED NOW

Washington, —Senator Overman interested in solving the mystery surrounding the recent death of Mrs. Virginia McPherson, resulting in her husband's being indicted for murder, has been asked by the department of justice to secure permission of the dead woman's parents for exhuming the body for a further examination.

Sepator Overman will take the matter up with A. A. Hurley of Chester, S. C., father of the girl, and will recommend that the request be granted. The purpose or what is hoped to learn has not been revealed but the department has been quietly investigating every angle of the mystery since taking over the case.

The federal investigators state they are proceeding with the inquiry with an open mind and with the desire of determining whether the girl committed suicide or was murdered.

## INDICT OFFICER FOR KILLING YOUTH

Ashland, Ala.—Cecil Guthrie, deputy sheriff of Clay county, was under indictment on first degree murder charges in connection with the slaying on September 8 of school youth who was shot to death while attempting to escape arrest on liquor charges.

Guthrie had been free under \$5,000 bond following a preliminary hearing several days ago.

County officials indicated that an early trial probably will be sought for the accused officer.

The deputy testified at his preliminary hearing that he accidentally shot the youth when he stumbled and fell while pursuing the boy and a companion.

This testimony was corroborated by W. Z. Alexander, Ashland chief of police who was with the officer at the time.

The officers said they found a jug partly filled with whiskey near the scene of the shooting.

Young Bailey was a star football player on the Clay county high school team.

## Too Speedy.

First Constable: "Did you get the feller's number?"

Second Constable: "Naw, he was too goldarned fast for me."

First Constable: "That was a pretty brown-eyed gal he had in the back seat."

Second Constable: "It sure was."

# IT'S LARGELY "UP TO YOU," MADAM—

## WHETHER YOUR HUSBAND'S OVERCOAT WILL "DO" ANOTHER SEASON!

Whether it will look smart and fresh—whether or not he'll wear it with pride—depends a whole lot upon the treatment it receives when it is dry cleaned.

If you could supervise the job yourself it wouldn't receive any more personal attention than we'll give it. Send it to us—now—and you'll get it back with shoulders re-shaped, with fabric re-freshed, looking like it had just come from the tailors.'



TOPCOATS—Cleaned and Re-Shaped ..... \$1.25  
OVERCOATS—Cleaned and Re-Shaped ..... \$1.50  
MEN'S SUITS—Cleaned and Re-Shaped ..... \$1.00

## WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN WINTER COAT?

### Women's Coats Cleaned, With Special Fur Treatment.

#### \$1.50

SERVICE BY MAIL

Don't debate whether you can get any more wear out of it! Let us clean it. After we've restored the fabric, and revived the fur on collar and cuffs with our special process—it will give you far more service than you believe possible.

If you live outside of Shelby don't hesitate to mail us your Coats, Dresses, and suits to be cleaned. You'll be well repaid by the service you'll get.

THE

# WHITEWAY

207 N.

"QUALITY"

Phones:

LaFayette St.

CLEANERS—DYERS

105 - 106.

# ANNOUNCEMENT

FROM

# KESTER-GROOME

## Your New Furniture Establishment

We are opening our new Shelby store, located on North LaFayette street—Campbell's and Ingram-Liles old stand—

## NEXT THURSDAY MORNING at 8 O'clock

You are invited to come and inspect our big modern stock of fine furniture and to participate in the distribution of

# 25 VALUABLE PRIZES

Including a Tomlinson Living Room Suite, priced at \$140.00—a Parlor Furnace, made by the well known Anchor Stove Works, priced at \$49.50, and 23 others equally acceptable.

We believe this will prove to be the most liberal distribution of prizes ever offered in Shelby, aggregating a value of more than \$700.00.

Watch for Wednesday's ad. in The Star for details of distribution and remember the opening is THURSDAY MORNING.

# KESTER-GROOME FURNITURE CO.

LaFAYETTE STREET AT SUMTER.

TELEPHONE 432.