

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.

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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, OCT. 18, 1929.

TWINKLES

"Nude legs," says a Star headline, "Are Also Crude Legs." And the office boy glancing over the paper remarks "Some of 'em, brother, some of 'em."

In Kansas, undoubtedly, they do not have rumble seats, for the board of health there, in issuing rules for guidance of kissers, advises "never kiss in crowded places."

"Hefflin Attacks Fall," says a Rocky Mount Telegram headline. Upon whom the headline does not say, but for our first guess we'll say the Pope.

A young white girl in New York is engaged to marry the negro captain of a college track team, and taking notice of the announcement The Monroe Journal says that her name "is Oedelschoff, her father is a German, her mother is French, and her offspring will doubtless be chocolate."

Just how busy the times are now in Cleveland county can be determined by the news dispatch from Grover early in the week stating that 500 bales of cotton had already been ginned there by the town's two gins.

Seeing as how everything came out Ye Twinkler would advise members of Connie Mack's Athletics for not a one of them to dare thinking about spending the winter in Chicago. As quick as they are on the trigger there a fellow who had anything to do with making those ten runs in one inning wouldn't likely have much chance of dying of old age.

COWS VS. COTTON: A DEBATE FOR CLEVELAND FARMERS

AN INTERESTING editorial in The Yorkville Enquirer goes like this: "Year after year 10,000 good milk cows in York county would produce more wealth than 100,000 acres planted to cotton.

"One hundred thousand acres of cotton will produce 30,000 bales. At \$100 per bale that will total \$3,000,000. Ten thousand milk cows should produce at the lowest estimate 20,000 gallons of milk per day. This at 40 cents a gallon would total \$8,000. This multiplied by 365 (days) would total \$2,924,000 annually, and in addition there would be the natural increase in calves, and 10,000 tons of manure per month at \$2 per ton would total \$20,000 per month or \$240,000 per year. Cows will beat cotton as a revenue producer."

Cleveland county farmers can, and do make more than 30,000 bales of cotton on 100,000 acres of land, but there is a great opportunity ahead for farmers of this county in dairying. One milk plant in Shelby now reports that it could easily use 40 gallons more milk per day than it now receives. That does not include a growing demand at the Shelby Creamery and upon private markets. The advance of the poultry industry has meant much to Cleveland farmers in recent years and will mean much more in time to come, and now the next forward step is for the county to "take to" the dairy business. The boll weevil hasn't hit us so hard yet, but when, and if, it does, chickens, eggs, milk and butter to sell on the market each day will prove a triple life-saver.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT THIS AND THAT IN DAY'S NEWS

WEDNESDAY'S Star carried the news of another disaster to add to Shelby's list of distressing events, yet there was good news to travel along with the bad. In one column was the information that the Shelby hospital, after years of striving to attain that aim, has been approved as a standard institution by the American College of Surgeons. Quite a tribute to the local hospital, and now shouldn't we see to it that the Duke gift is matched so as to increase the facilities and benefits of the institution?

Another news story bearing good tidings was the one telling that the Cleveland county booth won the first prize at the State Fair for the third straight year, and that the Lattimore community booth carried off first honors in the community class. That's a record to be proud of, if you care to think it over. For three years the Cleveland county booth has competed with and excelled the best booths to be offered by the other counties of the state; and Lattimore's winning of the community prize is a far bigger thing than taking top honors at a county fair. In connection with the county booth's first prize local fair officials and others connected with the county exhibit say that much credit should be given Eldridge Weathers, who for three years has taken from his own time to aid the two county agents in preparing these booths; and their view is that they could not ask for a more capable assistant.

Other items of a cheery nature told of a new business firm opening here—that's another indication of good fall business; another informed that the possum hunting season is on; and that's really interesting news to scores of fellows over the county and to a few of the girls, too, believe it or not.

There's an old saying about it being an ill wind which brings good to no one, and it's an ill issue of a newspaper when it carries no good news at all.

Think of it! It's only two months and a week until Christmas. Do your—well finish it up for yourself.

WHY HESTER REFUSES TO GET IN POLITICAL GAME

"SOME day, when the spell is broken and the people awake to the realization of the fraud that the Anti-Saloon League, Ku Klux Klan and W. C. T. U. have practised upon them, this district will be represented by someone holding my political philosophy" wrote John W. Hester, well known North Carolina lawyer, to a lady in his congressional district who wanted him to become a candidate for congress.

Mr. Hester's letter to the friends who urged that he become a candidate, in which he refused to do so as long as power and organization interests control the public, was published in the current issue of Plain Talk, a nationally circulated magazine; and it was a very interesting argument.

In explaining his political philosophy Mr. Hester said "I do not believe that the habits and customs of 120 million people of all races, classes and creeds can be standardized or made uniform. . . You can't make fools wise by legislation, men temperate by prohibition, or women virtuous by the suppression of the bawdy house. . . The home and school are institutions which should handle matters of habit and thought, and morals remain the duty of the home and church, not of the state."

In concluding, Mr. Hester, as he says in the opening paragraph above, proposes to remain out of politics until matters he speaks of are adjusted and changed. His philosophy is to a considerable degree our philosophy, but if everyone who realizes that political control now is not in the right hands leaves the change of conditions to George, the transformation will never come. Mr. Hester's philosophy is good but, apparently, he lacks the courage of his convictions to fight for it until it prevails.

If a minister would not accept a charge until every member of the church was a regular church attendant and regular, also, in contributing, how could the charge be expected "to get that way" by itself? If the pioneers who settled America had refused to come to this country until it had been settled? If a football coach would not take over a college eleven until it was trained and functioning like a machine, how could he expect the team to reach that status?

Mr. Hester says he was "not born for such annihilation" as he would expect to get if he campaigned against the interests in politics he objects to. If all others holding similar views feel the same way, just how does Mr. Hester expect "the spell to be broken"?

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—



Try These On Your Trinker.

Mr. and Mrs. Flem Z. Jones have been married only 5 years, but they have 2 of the cutest little poodle dogs you ever saw, and while Mr. Jones draws \$35.00 a week for "holding a very important position with the Standard Oil," he owes only about \$6,500.00, exclusive of past due interest and back taxes. (Fact.)

Mrs. Brown told Mrs. Redd that Mrs. Green told Mrs. Grey that she heard that the young man who had been calling on the Weston girl had left town and many people are guessing, but of course Mrs. Brown told Mrs. Redd that Mrs. Green told Mrs. Grey that it was a secret and that no one must know it, as there is a possibility that there ain't a thing in the world to it, but Suzanne does look powerful pale under the eyes. (Gossip.)

Old Mrs. Smith who lives on Eastview heard yesterday that her great uncle, Jerry Miah Brewster, had died in Kentucky and left her over 2 million dollars, and now she is planning to re-vamp herself and 5 daughters and move to a larger town where the family can have the advantage it is entitled to in the matter of getting into high society. Old Mrs. Smith doesn't remember anything at all about Uncle Jerry Miah, but she believes the fortune will be emptied into her lap within a few days. (Fiction.)

About 7 weeks ago when it looked like the entire community around Bull Snort was going to turn to cotton. Farmer Grunter gave his crop the one-over and drove to town and had a Cadillac demonstrated to him. A few days later after dry weather had set in and things didn't look quite so promising, Mr. Grunter was seen riding around with a Buick salesman, but the boll weevil struck Mr. Grunter's far late in August, and while in town last Friday he visited both the Ford and Chevrolet agencies, but when we talked to him yesterday, he was wondering what a set of second-hand tires for his old lizzie would cost. (Disappointment.)

I read 3 pages in an almanac yesterday and when I came to the place where it began to ask such questions as: "Are you dizzy?" "Do you feel a fullness after eating?" and "Do you have heart pains?" I began to suffer. It said something about T. B. lingers around such places and cancer is a hidden death-bomb and diabetes

shows up in a man with symptoms named, and before I knew it my heart began to beat irregularly and I just knew that my liver had a growth on it. I worried along through the day and spent a sleepless night, hoping that I would live through the following week so's I could make a will ansforth. I went to my physician and he examined me and said he found nothing wrong with me except possibly I was bathing a little too far apart. (Imagination.)

Style Are Astonishingly Fickle This thing you call style is a far-reaching contagion. As previously announced, some women will continue to wear underclothes. This will apply especially to country lasses who have to cross fences and climb muscadine vines and tote water from the spring during the morning frosts, but the demand is not so great among the city flappers. You see, they have bedroom slippers.

Style keeps all of the men busted, broke and bankrupt from month to month, and the only change that ever comes about is—they suffer frequent relapses during what looks like a respite or an oncoming period of convalescence. He buys a new car in July and before August oozes into the calendar, his car has become antiquated—because so many changes and improvements have been made since his down payment. The stream-lines are longer and the yellow stripe that was so popular when he bought has passed out and a checkerboard design has taken its place, and tacky is what your old July car is and nothing else.

Even tooth-brush styles change over-night. I bought 1 the other day that had a celluloid handle and 9 bunches of hair in it and 10 and behold. I found out the next day that bone handles and 8 bunches of hair were all the rage. I invested in a set of green ear-bobs Friday before the Fourth Sabbath in June, and when she wore them for the first time the First Sabbath morning in September, why, white glass pendants had become the only thing decent in ear-bobs.

And on it goes. The gun-metal stockings of 4 weeks ago are as out of place on the Southern extremities as a preacher and a cock-fight. The only hose that can be

(Continued on page nine.)

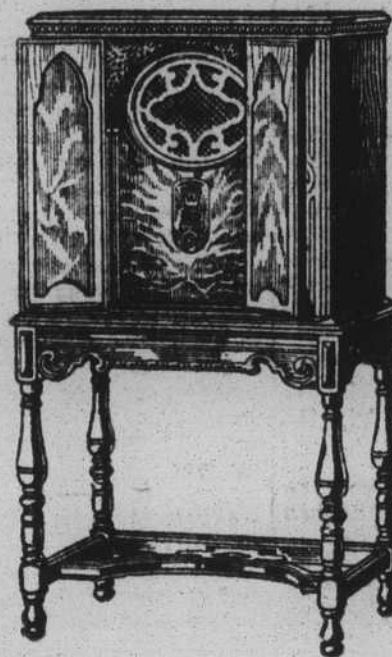
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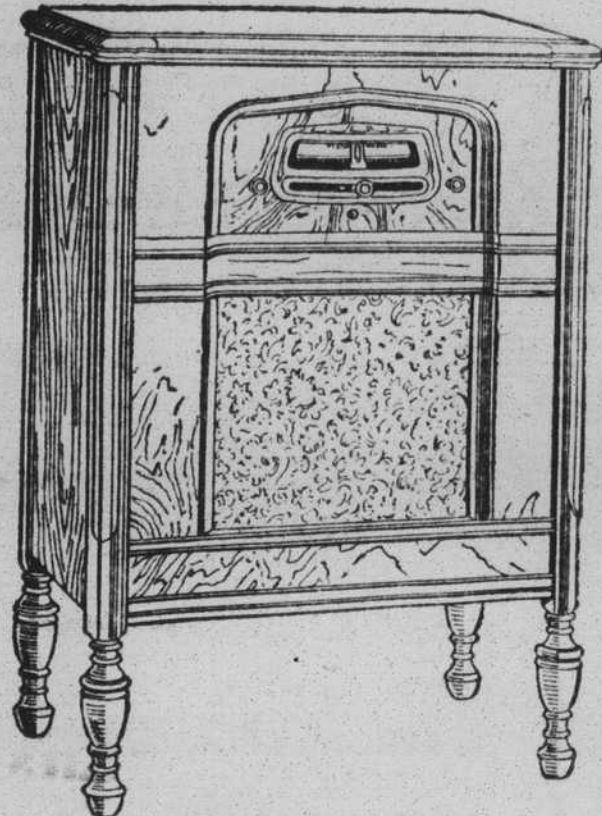


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