

The Cleveland Star

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LEE B. WEATHERS President and Editor
S. ERNEST HOEY Secretary and Foreman
RENN DRUM News Editor
A. D. JAMES Advertising Manager

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, NOV. 1, 1929.

TWINKLES

The Rocky Mount Telegram sees no need of using Camp Glenn to train North Carolina national guard troops next summer; they have been and are being trained at the several strike centers.

Those who wonder at the transformation of Silent Cal into a verbose writer, said change taking place since he left the White House, should recall that Mr. Coolidge was not receiving from \$2 to \$4 per word for his talk while in the White House.

We've never learned just what the Governor of North Carolina said to South Carolina's Governor but we've noticed that nearly every North Carolina Governor sooner or later gets where he hardly has anything to say to Editor Joseph Daniels.

Some of those boys who took the test to see if they could succeed Edison might get a good send-off for themselves by designing an automobile tire which would do what several already on the market advertise that they do—prevent skidding.

One Virginia faction is "agin" one candidate for governor because he may have some connection with DePriest, the negro sent to Congress by Illinois Republicans, while another faction is "agin" the other candidate because he may have some connection with Tammany Hall in New York. And, as The Greensboro News says, "that is politics, brethren."

Big Business, so declared the experts after the election, wanted Herbert Hoover and not Al Smith in the White House, and, as Al said in his telegram to Massachusetts Democrats, we wonder if Big Business will attempt to place the blame for the stock market stampede upon the defeated candidate?

Several State newspapers are debating whether or not Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, is a native of North Carolina. Frankly, Ye Twinkler can throw no light upon the matter, but where, pray, did we get our phrase for expressing disgust "Aw, Shaw!"—used, you know, in the same sense as "Aw, Shucks!"?

The Charlotte Observer commenting upon the fact that the order to move the revenue office from Columbia to Greensboro was nullified says "South Carolina is now happy and North Carolina, not being at all crippled, can stand it." But in view of recent talk between the two Tar Heel cities it might be noted, in passing, that it was Greensboro and not Charlotte which came very near landing Columbia's office.

Judge McElroy will on Monday begin investigating the manner in which Ella May Wiggins met her death in the textile labor troubles in Gaston county, and Governor Gardner's sending of a Superior court judge to delve further into the matter with the hope of unearthing the slayers of the woman should put an end to critical talk hinting that the affair was to be hushed up. The Star did not believe the failure to find true bills in the first grand jury action should end the case, neither did it believe that the citizens of Gaston and of North Carolina wished the investigation to be smothered at that point.

SOME JURORS MAY HAVE RIGHT TO STAGE A STRIKE

IN THE recent Aderholt case, tried at Charlotte, there was talk about the hardships suffered in the long drawn out affair by attorneys and court attendants, all of whom, presumably, were well paid for their time, but very little was said of the jurors who had to sit through one day after another of hearing witnesses examined, lawyers argue, and then a lengthy charge from the bench.

The Statesville Daily, taking note of this angle, and making note, too, of an Atlanta juror who went on a hunger strike, has the following to say about jurors going on strike:

"It is necessary to keep them together on occasion because not all of them can be trusted to be discreet, to put it mildly, if they are given freedom outside court sessions. But often they are herded together with little heed for their comfort, cheap accommodations being provided to save cost. And worse than that is the unnecessary protracting of the examining witnesses and in non-essentials. Then after many weary days, often weeks when the jurors are worn out, they must listen for days to lawyers saying the same thing over and over as an "argument." The jury in the Aderholt case in Charlotte would have been justified in demanding curtailment of the lawyer talk. They would have been justified in walking out when Solicitor Carpenter staged his cheap performance. Then on top of that, the judge held them for two days while he wrote his charge, which he might have had ready when the trial closed. Then he took two hours to read his charge when he must have known that the worn jurors couldn't remember one per cent of it.

"The Atlanta incident gives an opening. If jurors find that they can do something to relieve themselves of the un-

necessary hardships of their lot, making demands may become a habit. They will not rise to the occasion in the exercise of their rights until they demand a hearing about the time given for the lawyer talk, which is an unreasonable imposition in many cases; and they should enforce their demand for limitation by a walkout if necessary. Judges may try putting them in jail, but the jurors will win if they stand fast because public sentiment will support them in opposing the unnecessary and cruel punishment inflicted on them on the idea that they are helpless and can't do anything about it. The jurors are a part of the court, they have rights in the premises, and these rights, so long ignored that judges and lawyers think jurors can be treated any old way, they should dare maintain, even to the extent of going to jail if necessary. That is one reform in the jury system which it is up to the jurors to inaugurate."

COUNTY STICKING NEAR TOP IN COTTON GINNING

THE STAR awaits the final cotton ginning report of the present year with more eagerness than ever before. This eagerness is not entirely due to the anticipation that Cleveland county will break its own cotton production record and again lead all other counties in the State, but is created by a desire to see what will happen to the scores of estimates made throughout the county. Undoubtedly, more people have discussed, argued and wagered upon the total county crop this year than ever before, with the difference between the high and low estimates being a pretty good cotton crop in itself for the smaller cotton counties. Early in the season all estimates placed the crop above last year's mark with the high figures going from 60 to 70 thousand bales. Since that time the estimates have differed. One conservative man presumably experienced in cotton production will tell you today that the crop will pass 60,000 bales, while another equally as conservative and equally as experienced will pooh-pooh at such fantastic dreams as he tells you that the county will be lucky to make 50,000 bales, and that there is no reason to hope that last year's 53,000 bales will be reached this year. It is hard to make heads and tails of such conflicting opinions, yet The Star will stand with the optimist and predict that the crop this year will not only go up to the 53,000 bales of last year but will pass that mark.

When the last ginning report was issued on October 18 this county had ginned near 18,000 bales and stood second in the State. As we recall the county, with a crop always later than the big cotton counties in the eastern section, has never ranked second in ginning so early in the season before. And this year, both optimists and pessimists agree, the Cleveland crop is later than it was last year, if not later than ever before.

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

Thousand-dollar bills and parking space are somewhat scarce in our town at the present writing. But Miss Lucindy Wibble's dress looked a sight last night where she sat down on a quid of chewing gum in the picture show.

Cotton Letter.

New York, Oct. 31.—Due to the fact that the chief government crop estimator broke his adding machine and lost his pencil week before last, he made an error in favor of the bears of 423,000 bales, all of which shows that it pays to be a bear. Too much rain is proving quite bullish in the eastern belt and that accounts for the recent decline in spots and futures, but counting round bales as carloads and square bales twice, we believe the 19 and 20 crop will reach 14,578,999 bales, therefore we advise the farmers to sell while the price is low so's the speculators can get their profit out of his cotton. We still think Al Smith was a Catholic and that's why he is leaning toward skyscrapers instead of on the president's desk.

Hoover is strong for fishing and a protective tariff, and if everybody lived in California, where his heart is, we are of the opinion that they would get protected. His friends who voted for him are now divided as to the correct methods of peddling pie, the northern and western and eastern supporters are getting slices off and on, but the southern "bolters" have about lost hope of even having a chance to lick out the pan. Uncle Joe treated his son Sammie that way once: he gave his other 2 boys a pony apiece, and loaned Sammie a curry comb.

Speaking of "living at home." I have just about succumbed to nature and am ready to give up. I paid 8 dollars for spraying my 8 fruit trees and I gathered therefrom the sum of 2 peaches and 10 worms. My black walnut tree failed to bear this year because the washer-woman emptied soap-suds around its roots. The dry weather kept me from making but a half crop of cotton and the rain came in September and ruined two-thirds of that. My hens quit laying in June and are still skipping. My roasting-ear patch ketches afire during the drought and burned up. The moles and potato bugs and bean weevils destroyed my garden, and my wife's kinfolks came up and spent a week-

end or so, and if I ever amount to anything in this old world, I'll simply have to start over and hustle.

A French scientist has just discovered the roosting place of a star which passed out of existence 2,544,778,888 years ago. It took the rays from this star exactly 4 billion light years to travel from where it was to where we are, and the aforesaid scientist simply found the place where the star uster shine, but it's gone now. Betcher that guy can't find his hat every morning when he gets ready to do his telescoping, but I am glad he located those beams. I thought they were coming from lightning bugs till he told me better.

A Horrible Accident.

I got out of my car at the post office. Just as I started to unlock my box and get the thousand dollar check in payment for "NOBODY'S BUSINESS" last month, I heard some deep-seated moaning and groaning and weeping. So—

I proceeded to investigate from whence came this noise of sadness and gloom and despair. I walked around the corner and much to my SURPRISE—

There stood old man Armfield Brown crying as if his heart was broken into bits. He was shedding tears larger than dew-drops and I felt so sorry for him, THEREFORE—

I took it on myself to try to comfort the poor old soul, but I could gather only fragmentary facts between his sobs and walls and slobbers, BUT—

I managed to catch his eyes and they were blood-shot and filled with muddy tears and as he batted them, I was sprinkled like unto a Methodist baptism. HOWEVER—

I tried to console my life-time friend, and said: "Mr. Brown, tell me your troubles and let me help you. Is your mother-in-law dead?" And—

He said . . . "No, no. This is something terrible . . . (Boo-hoo-hoo) . . . I am ruined for life." (Boo-hoo-hoo), THEN—

I took my nice clean handkerchief and wiped his nose and mopped the sympathy-getters off his cheeks, and implored him to confide in me, BUT—

It seemed that he did not care to trust me and only cried the louder. I said . . . "Now, my dear, darling, Mr. Brown. Can't I do something

for you? Is your wife dead?" AND— He said . . . "No, she ain't been sick and it looks like she ain't never going to be. (Boo-hoo-hoo). Oh, my poor head hurts, I have wept so hard. Go 'way and let me alone." NOW— I was at my ropes end, but I would not leave or forsake any man in distress. So I began all over and said: "Mr. Brown, somebody loves you" and he said: "Boo-hoo-hoo" and I explained to him that his mother loved him, BUT—

"I ain't got no mother, she died with the flu. (Boo-hoo-hoo). I ain't now just a few years distant from the yawning grave and this terrible thing had to happen to me. How I wish I had died in the Civil War at the Battle of Bunkers Hill." STILL—

I believed that I could do something for Mr. Brown if he would only tell me what was wrong. He grew more violent with his bawls and squalls. I began to get vexed, BUT—

This was not time or place to show one's temper, yet I was weakening slightly in my cussing neighborhood, and my patience was about exhausted. The man just kept on crying FINALLY—

I got him to hush for a second or two, and said: "Now, look-y here Brother Brown, I love you and want to do something for you in this terrible calamity, so please tell me right now what's happened." AND HE SAID—

"I broke my yo-yo (Boo-hoo). I was coming down the street just now yo-yo-ing. (Boo-hoo-hoo). And I wound up my yo-yo. (Boo-hoo-hoo). And when I started off to yo-yo-ing, the string broke and my pretty little yo-yo rolled into the street, and a big old truck ran over it and busted it all to smithereens. (Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo). Aint I in a fix?"

Stop, Look, Listen.

Officer—"Say, didn't you see that stop light?"
College Boy—"Sure, I didn't see you."

Administrator's Notice.

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of Martha Francis, late of Cleveland county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to me property proven on R-1, Rutherfordton, N. C., on or before the 30th day of October, 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 October 30, 1929.
C. C. ROBERTS, Administrator of Martha Francis, deceased. 6t-30p

Winter Production Depends Upon Care Given The Pullet

November is the month when pullets should be getting busy. They should have reached maturity and be in good flesh, ready to lay their first egg. If they do not get into production this month, you likely will not get very many eggs until

early spring. To produce eggs day after day throughout the winter months, pullets must be comfortably housed; besides they must be provided with good feed—the best feeds are none too good. The nearer you come to supplying just what is in the egg, the more eggs they will lay.

That in a few words is why you should never buy poultry feeds on a price basis. While you may save a few cents mixing your own ration or buying a cheap commercial mash

in the long run it is an expensive feed. It is not capable of producing the results you are after and would get with a better ration. One or two more eggs more a month will more than offset the difference in the cost of a cheap mash and a good mash.

Your pullets should also have easy access to plenty of fresh, clean water, oyster shells and a hard soluble grit. Give them every chance possible to make money for you.

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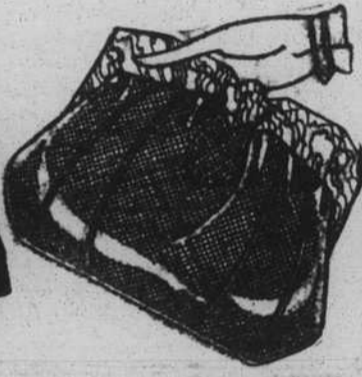
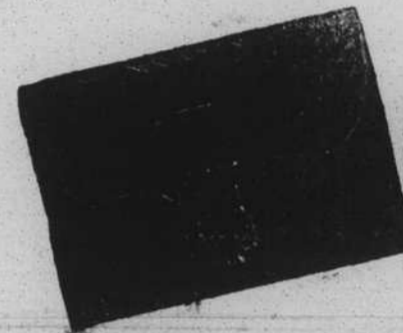
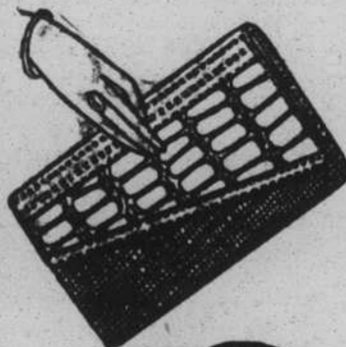
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To Blend With Your Costume!

Your hand-bag should tone in with the rest of your outfit. It may match, as nearly as possible, your shoes . . . or you may prefer to choose it, as many smart women do, in the same color as your coat!

Come in to See Them!



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AFTER A VERY SUCCESSFUL YEAR IN FOREST CITY THE ARROW SALES CO. ALSO HAVE LOCATED IN SHELBY IN THE BUILDING FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY LITTON MOTOR CO., AND WISH TO EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATION FOR THE PLEASANT BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH THE PEOPLE OF SHELBY AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY FROM THE FOREST CITY BRANCH.

WE FEEL THAT WE ARE NOW MORE ABLE TO GIVE THE PEOPLE OF SHELBY AND CLEVELAND COUNTY THE VERY BEST OF SERVICE. WE HAVE EMPLOYED MR. SUMMIE R. GOWEN AS SHOP FOREMAN. WE WILL APPRECIATE A CALL TO INSPECT THE NEW 1930 MODEL PONTIAC BIG SIX. MR. TOM OSBORNE, A SHELBY MAN, WHO IS SALES MANAGER FOR THE ARROW SALES CO. IS NOW ON THE JOB.

THE ARROW SALES CO.

SHELBY, N. C.
FOREST CITY, N. C.

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