

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.

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LEE B. WEAVERS President and Editor
R. ERNEST HOBY Secretary and Foreman
RENN DRUM News Editor
A. D. JAMES Advertising Manager

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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, NOV. 13, 1929

TWINKLES

If, as some of them are saying, the senators and solons at Washington do attend numerous booze parties, then we can understand why the cartoons are always picturing them as sleeping through the days of the law-making sessions.

Washington, according to an investigator, uses 32,000 gallons of whiskey per week. That's more than one and one-half millions gallons each year, yet it was less than a year ago we were being urged to keep the uncouth, wet Al Smith out of the White House for fear that he would insult the nation by permitting booze traffic there and elsewhere.

Via The Greensboro News we learn that Carter Glass, the Virginia senator, does not swear and that his worst expletive is "Dad bum it!" and all we can say is that if Bishop Cannon's ranting in Virginia brought no more potent expression from Senator Glass, then, dad-gummed, if his religion hasn't stood a remarkable test.

ALL OF US "COUNTRY"

MISS BEATRICE COBB, the Morganton editress, declares that "When the sound of the fire siren ceases to excite the entire population, then a town has entered the city-fied class." Regardless of your habitat, avers Miss Cobb, one is a country man if excited by a fire siren or fire engine. If Miss Cobb's definition is to prevail, then The Star frankly believes that we are all "country folks." Blase Broadway will jam traffic for several blocks and look when another man looks up, when an auction sale is going on, when a hole is being dug in the ground, or when the fire engine shrieks by.

It was only the other day that some one gave Odd McIntyre, the popular columnist of little ol' New York, a swift kick in the pants while he milled and shovled about with a curious crowd at an open-air auction sale. It's curiosity instead of "country," Miss Cobb, and curiosity isn't confined to the rural folks and to towns of the size of Morganton and Shelby; it's to be found everywhere and in all classes.

WHY THE STAR IS OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THE COTTON

THERE are those who still remain curious as to why The Star lines up with the optimistic prophets and expects Cleveland county to make close to 60,000 bales of cotton this year, if not more. Permit us, then, to drop back a year and explain our position.

A year ago last Monday The Star published the county ginning report up to November 1, 1928. This report had it that 28,537 bales had been ginned to that date, and along with the figures was the following statement: "Local cotton men and farmers stated that in their opinion, after hearing the November 1 total, that the 1928 crop would hardly reach the 1927 crop, but would likely hit about 45,000 bales for the year." Despite these predictions the 1928 crop did go far beyond the 1927 crop and in doing so set a new county production record of 53,000 bales.

To November 1, this year, 30,611 bales had been ginned in the county, or over 2,000 more bales than to the same date in 1928. The crop is as late, or later, this year than last—why should we be pessimistic?

WASHINGTON SOCIAL WAR MAY VIE WITH INTERNATIONAL PEACE

PRESIDENT Hoover and Ramsey MacDonald, the British Premier, gave international peace a good boost by their recent conferences, but unless President Hoover secures what The Asheville Citizen terms a "competent social secretary" he may yet bring down upon Washington a social war that could be more vicious than an international conflict of arms.

Washington was hardly out of the throes of a social skirmish centering about the proper seating of Mrs. Gann, Vice President Curtis' sister, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth at social functions, until, for some reason or another, Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, who is to the Republican party what Tom-Tom Heflin is to the entire Senate, failed to receive an invitation to a White House function given by the President. Mr. Hoover apologized and Senator Johnson played the role of a good sport, but, as the Asheville paper says below, something seems to be lacking in the Hoover array of helpers:

"President Hoover having apologized to Senator Hiram Johnson for the failure to invite him to the White House dinner given to Ambassadors Dawes and Guggenheim Tuesday night, when all the other members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate were guests, the war cloud which hung over the national capital when the news of the supposed slight to the California senator became known has been lifted.

"Two things only remain to be said. The first is that in this affair Senator Johnson himself behaved surprisingly well. When the excitement was at its height he kept his mouth shut. After he had received the President's letter of apology he declared that under no circumstances would he have commented upon or discussed the incident and added, 'In the present situation, of course, it is wholly ended.'

"We would add to that nothing except the suggestion

that President Hoover, who used to have a reputation for efficiency, must have realized by this time that in official Washington the first essential to the preservation of such a reputation is a competent social secretary."

IS MODERN MINISTER BEING MADE AN ORGANIZATION ROBOT?

THE address of The Reverend Charles H. Dickey to the North Carolina Baptist pastors' conference here Monday in which the Williamston minister warned of the danger making our preachers to conform with a style-plate may have caused the lifting of brows upon the part of some, but, as The Star hears it, the opinions he expressed seem to be generally held of recent months not only by ministers of his denomination but of others.

There may be those who will argue that the minister should be just a cog, though an important one, in the organization machinery of a church. To those holding that viewpoint the late day tendency in that direction must be gratifying. But to those who differ as does Rev. Mr. Dickey, and with whom The Star more or less agrees, there is a danger in the tendency to organize and keep organizing—the danger that the cold, heartless machinery of organization may drown out the personal and spiritual appeal around which church progress should center. It may be all right to demand that our ministers be "live wires" and "good mixers," as Rev. Mr. Dickey says more and more congregations are demanding, but will those attributes and nothing more suffice to keep step in reaching the ultimate aim of the church? A good mixer and a live wire may draw large congregations and make them feel content and self-satisfied, but in that path is the menace the speaker warns of. A self-satisfied congregation content with the smooth-working machinery of its church organization can be of no great spiritual value in a community, and when the congregation molds its pastor into just another cog of that machine it loses what chance there might have been of straight-from-the-shoulder spiritual advice and admonition which occasionally shakes a church and keeps it awake and at work.

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

Bottled In Bond-Ski.

In some respects, it must be mighty nice to be a rank Communist. They don't have any hell to worry about, nor any God to fear. They can will or steal and break all of the 10 commandments and the only things that they need bother their minds about are the civil and criminal laws. It must be wonderful to be able to commit a sin and not have a conscience to disturb you afterwards.

Then, if they want, they can eat and sleep and drink with the negroes and still hold their self-respect and command respect from others. One man is good as another, and if there's any difference, he's a darned sight better according to their ideas and visions. . . regardless of color, character, morals, or disposition.

Furthermore, a real Communist leader is the stuff. He can always find folks willing to work for him and keep him well dressed and bountifully fed and comfortably housed while he runs around and raises hell among other folks who are trying to earn an honest living and serve the Lord. It certainly would be great to be able to tear up all our law-books and cuss out all our judges and shoot all our policemen, and then pick out the house and lot that suits us best.

A red flag is a pretty flag. I always did like red but I must confess that I ain't the kind who wants to see red, but personally—I think Uncle Sam has just about the finest looking flag in the whole world, and I have got used to admiring it and respecting its dignity and power. It ain't good enough for everybody. If a man likes the Proletariat of Russia and believes that Russia has solved the problem of self-government, then he has a perfect right to be a Communist and holler for them and fight for them, if necessary, but he ought to go to Russia to pull off such stunts. He would be at home "over there."

I am not opposed to organized labor by any manner of means. I hope the time will come when labor can be sensibly organized, that is—organized for its own and the country's betterment at the same time. The country is full of worthy workmen and among them, there are leaders worthy of a large following. A fuss can't be settled with brickbats and pistols, and instead of labor ought to lock arms. Our leaders should be home-folks.

The South will soon recover from its spasm of riot and turbulence. Christian people inter-mingled with the masses for all of us to be led entirely astray. Most any of us are willing to try out a scheme, but we generally have sense enough to realize in time whether or not a scheme is a good one or a bad one. Right and not fight will win out in time.

Danger Signals.

I have been checking up on who's that and where's he going for the

past few days. I have learned that the fastest drivers are the boys who run trucks for the dry cleaning shops. They average about 45 miles around corners and 5 miles between traffic lights and 85 miles where the street or roads is clear for a distance of 50 yards. I guess they have some clothes to clean and are in a hurry for fear they will spoil before they get where they are going.

Next to the dry cleaners trucks and cars come ambulances. They run the risk of killing every corpse or invalid they haul. If a man sticks a splinter in his little finger, an ambulance grabs him up and busts down the street through traffic like a skeedaddle and it's a wonder half of the folks in town don't get run over and mashed so flat they'd have to be picked up and turned over with a batter-cake paddle.

On the heels of the vehicles just enumerated comes Jimmies or Cammie Cake Eater in their daddy's installment plan. They are always making all the lissies will stand for, but are not going anywhere's in particular except to the devil. They squirt around moderate drivers so fast the other fellow thinks a bee martin dived at him. They go even faster when a Duoced flapper is hanging onto 'em by the neck ansoforth, and it is dangerous for anything to meet 'em except a freight train. That type is the chief asset of our hospitals and tombstone agents.

We must not overlook some of the big chain store trucks that hog half the road and pick their half from cut of the centre thereof. They look neither to the right or to the left, but hold to what they've got, and we under the man, woman, child or Ford that tries to pass them. And then there are other big trucks that are as bad or worse. A special highway ought to be built for box cars and freight trains that inhabit our highways to the exclusions of smaller tax-payers.

And here comes the fire-truck. It runs fast and it should . . . but later would give the fire much more advantage. We can excuse it, however, but those other nuisances and irregularities auto to be summarily dealt with. But, listen folks: automobiles and trucks killed more people last year than the American Army lost during the world war in number that is gipped into the sweet beyond every day is not greater. Half the fools are in the asylum, and the other half are driving trucks and automobiles.

More Hard Top.

From The Stanly News-Herald. The Concord-Albemarle highway will soon be hardsurfaced. It can be travelled all the way from Concord to Albemarle now with the exception of a short detour about four miles out from Albemarle. The completion of this work will fill an important link in the state hardsurfaced system.

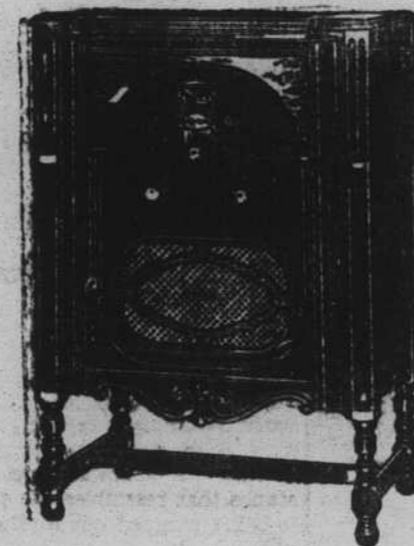
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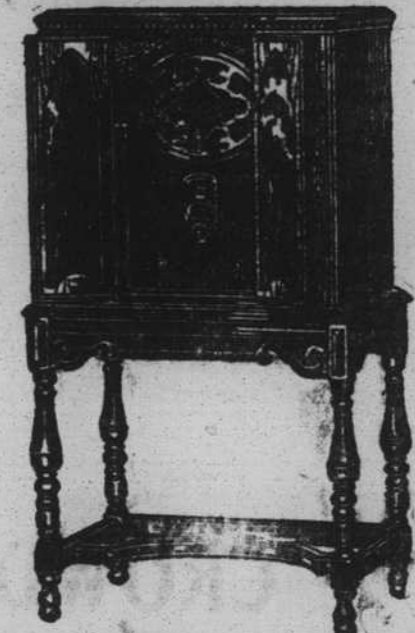


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THE J. W. MCKINNEY ESTATE AT AUCTION

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 19th 10:30 A. M. ELLENBORO, N. C.

On the above day and hour we will sell at absolute auction for a division among heirs, the J. W. McKinney farm.

This farm is located on State Highway No. 20, just east of Ellenboro, N. C., and only about 1 mile from the Cleveland and Rutherford County line and has been sub-divided into several small tracts, each having a good road frontage, some with necessary buildings. The land is fertile and lays good. The entire frontage is one large grove and will make ideal building sites. We consider that this is one of the best farms that we have ever offered under the auction hammer.

This is an opportunity that does not come every day. We are urging you to look this fine farm over before the day of sale, and be there in time for the sale.

— IT'S GOING UNDER THE AUCTION HAMMER — NO STRINGS — NO FIXED PRICE — YOUR PRICE IS OUR PRICE. BARBECUE DINNER FOR 3,000 PEOPLE — BE SURE AND COME. VALUABLE CASH PRIZES.

— LIVE WIRE BRASS BAND — LIBERAL TERMS — YOU ARE INVITED — THE FAMILY IS INVITED — COME BRING ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

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