

**SHELBY, N. C.
MONDAY - WEDNESDAY - FRIDAY
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE**

By Mail per year \$2.04
By Carrier per year \$3.00

THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
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.

MONDAY, DEC. 23, 1929.

TWINKLES

Governor Gardner is practising what he preaches by living at home instead of at the Raleigh mansion during Christmas week.

Cleveland county people have already paid \$180,000 in county taxes and that's a pretty good indication that there is quite a bit of money in circulation despite the hard times talk.

We've heard of crime waves and clean-ups, but in Shelby late last week the two were seen working together. The Woman's Club made an appeal in Friday's Star for a general clean-up of Shelby streets for the Yuletide and Saturday morning the prisoners from the No. 6 chain gang were on the job.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE STAR'S FAMILY OF READERS.

THE STAR, since this is the last issue of the paper before Christmas Day, takes this opportunity of wishing the best of the happy season to its big family of readers, numbering between 20 and 25 thousand people.

Due to the charitable hearts of Shelby and Cleveland county people The Star's annual endeavor to make Christmas a bit brighter for the poor of the section, by starting and supporting an Empty Stocking Fund, is again successful. Christmas eve the Santa Claus selected by a civic committee and the welfare officer to distribute necessities of life among the worthy cases of want hereabouts will make his rounds, and in doing so he will take much Christmas warmth and cheer into homes where there is little but cold and hunger. We know that every contributor will feel better Christmas day because of his Christmas contribution. To all those who gave, and to the worthy recipients, who will be lent a helping hand, we extend our best wishes for a joyous Yuletide along with the same greeting to The Star's big family scattered all over Cleveland county, adjoining counties and states. May it be a great occasion for everyone.

FARM BOARD CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP OF FARMERS.

IN ORDER that the new farm marketing act may have a fair trial it is absolutely necessary that the farmers themselves cooperate with the Federal Farm Board and other agencies being set up for the stabilization of marketing conditions.

It is generally conceded that the board is composed of an unusually able body of men, whose integrity is beyond question. They have signified their desire to see strong cooperative marketing organizations formed for the handling of the various farm crops, and the logical procedure will be to increase the membership of those already in existence.

Where more than one cooperative group exists in one locality it will be sought to combine them into a single organization. The board has let it be known that it will not aid rival groups handling the same commodity until such combination is effected.

Farmers must form these organizations voluntarily, and those who refuse to join with their neighbors for their mutual benefit will be ineligible to receive any benefits from the new law.

If the effect of the law shall be to cause the farmers to really organize themselves, as other businesses and industries have done, it will undoubtedly go a long way toward solving the agricultural problem.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS AND OF SANTA CLAUS.

CHRISTMAS IS OBSERVED in commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ, but it is really a day set apart for the celebration of an event, rather than an actual anniversary. While among the masses Christmas is supposed to be the birthday of the Savior, scholars and educated persons generally understand that the day, or even the year, of Christ's birth is not definitely known.

The date, December 25, approximates that of the Roman Saturnalia, the winter festival of the heathen Britons, the Scandinavian Yule and the later Roman festival of the sun-god Mithra.

Christmas having become through the centuries an almost universal festival, it is but natural that many odd customs and superstitions should have been connected with its observance in various countries and at various periods.

One of the oldest superstitions was that animals were endowed with the power of speech on Christmas. According to another, persons born on that day were destined to be lucky all their lives. A Polish version was that what one did on Christmas would govern his actions during the following year.

According to an ancient belief, each kind of evergreen used for decorative purposes at Christmastide conferred special blessings on those who passed under it. To pass under holly insured good fortune, bay denoted victory, while laurel imparted beauty and poetic skill. Horses were washed and bled on the day following Christmas, as a means of preserving them from harm.

The mythical Santa Claus has been known by many

names—Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas, Knecht Ruprecht, Robin Goodfellow and others. In Germany, a Christmas visitor known as Krampus, an ugly dwarf, was supposed to carry off naughty children.

Christmas was not adopted as a regular festival by the Christian church until the fourth century, since which time its observance has spread throughout the civilized world, carrying its message of "Peace on earth; good-will toward men."

CAROLINA'S WILL ROGERS.

OF RECENT YEARS there has developed in eastern North Carolina a writer with a humorous slant that promises to rival Will Rogers and the other wits who turn our funny copy. Not that Carl Goerch, editor of the Washington Progress, hasn't been in eastern Carolina for more than a few years, but it is only of recent years that he has abandoned entirely the set standards of writing to write in his own natural, witty style. For a year or so he has been contributing Sunday feature articles to the Raleigh News and Observer which to many people have proven more interesting than features written by Rogers, McIntyre, Ade and Nina Wilcox Putnam. One reason, perhaps, is that Goerch is fresh as yet and has not depleted his natural store of wit. Of recent months other State newspapers have been carrying the Goerch feature which is not a set column but just whatever he chances to write about. Take this as a prediction: Two or three years from now, if he keeps going at his present pace and if his popularity keeps increasing, Carl Goerch will be known as one of the most popular humorists, as far as newspaper and magazine humor is concerned, in the entire country. An example—Goerch was invited to Governor Gardner's live-at-home banquet at the executive mansion and he decided to write about it. His opening was in this manner: "I carried the invitation to my wife and said 'Lookit.' She lookited and said 'I'm going along.' I said 'No, you're not,' and so we came to Raleigh." That's typical of the Goerch style. There is plenty of humor and gobs of wisecracks in every day life, and Goerch is endowed with the ability to see it and put it down upon paper. And that is the type of humor that clicks with the average reader.

CHRISTMAS—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(Rev. C. F. Sherrill.)

"THEY SANG the first sweet Christmas,
The song that never shall cease:
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.'"
Christmas began with music. In the gallery of the skies the Angels sang the sweetest song that ever fell on mortal ears: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

"As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led by thee."

"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the fields, and keeping watch by night over this flock." All down the ages have come the happy notes of that angel choir.

What a world of joy Christmas brings us! The Christmas candles are lighted in our souls as well as in our windows. On the glad occasion brethren all are we. Down the crowded ways of life Good Cheer goes with a radiant smile. We all sing with Dicken's Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one."

"It's coming, old Earth, it's coming tonight
O'er the snowflakes that cover the sod;
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tell out to the night,
That mankind are the Children of God."

Love always gives. Infinite Love gave his best. "God so loved the world." Ours is a generous, giving God.
"O little town, O little town,
Upon the hills so far,
We see you like a thing sublime,
Across the great, gray wastes of time,
And men go up and men go down,
But follow still the star!"

The lesson of Christmas is that ours is a present and loving God, and that the Babe of Bethlehem is an ever present, loving Lord.

"O little song of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee live;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth,
The ever-lasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

Cold Enough For You Today?

Uncle Joe called around last week to tell me where I could buy a nice turkey gobbler for Christmas and incidentally told me that so far as he and Aunt Minervy had not accepted any invitations to dinner. I made it a point to see that he did not accept one from me, as every chair is already taken by my wife's kinfolks, et cetera.

I asked Uncle Joe how he stood the cold weather of last week. That question evidently awakened some sweet memories that had gone to

root years ago in the back side of his head, so he let out: "Why, I hope you didn't call last week cold? It was a little bit crispy around the house, but the year me and your Aunt Minervy lived in western North Carolina taught us what cold weather really was."

"Yes sir ree: I mind very well the morning the speedometer went down to 25 below. I threw a pan of water out of an up-stairs window and it froze and lodged right up in the air, and long about dinner, tim; it thawed out and fell on one of our pigs and killed it. So we had roast

pig that day and the next. The old hens began laying icicles with a little yellow speck in the center thereof, and when I went out to milk old "Spot," I would pump a while and then stop and break the stream of milk up into little cream sticks."

"I stood on the back pi-izza and whistled "Turkey in the Straw," but not a sound came forth. I happened to look around and that tune had frozen and wrapped itself around one of the bannisters and it looked like a piece of barbed wire. When it turned slightly warmer the next day, I never heard such pretty whistling as it turned out to be. The blaze in the lamp froze several times and I had to get the smoothing iron and batter it out so's we could see something by it."

"Several knot holes in the side of our house froze loose and fell to the ground. While Minervy was warming her back in front of the fire, frost formed on her chest and had to be scraped off with a case knife. Our old cat was sitting under the cook stove enjoying the warmth thereof, but she forgot to fetch her tail out of the ash-box nearby, and it froze off." (He said she had a long tail that reached to the ash box, about 2 feet away.)

"Well, Gee, don't forget to buy that gobbler off of old Mrs. Jones down near my place. I could fetch it up for you all, that is—me and Minervy could, and if necessary she could help dress it the day before and spend that night with you all, and we could get home some way the next evening. But you do what is best. Goo-bye." Uncle Joe is a wonderful character. It is a pity that the frost didn't bite his tongue off up there in these mountains. If he were dumb, he'd be a fine old fellow.

There are two things I have never been guilty of, vizzy: writing poetry and gambling in stocks. It takes sense to write poetry and dollars to gamble, therefore—my two reasons seem ample. But speaking of the Republican administration so far, did you ever hear the other joke about the lion and the mouse?

Cotton Letter.

New York, Dec. 23.—By reason of southern selling, amplified by western straddling and the growing scarcity of whiskey in Washington (since the senators and congressmen went home, January sold off to a new low in sympathy with the farm relief board. Due to the 6-weeks period of cold, wet, rainy, snowy, sleety weather just ended, the government's estimate will possibly show an increase of about 500 thousand bales exclusive of linters, counting round bales and some hay, therefore—a further decline in spots seems to be available if the call money rate is lowered so's it can be loaned. Since the recent slump in stocks, the population of the asylums, penitentiaries, poorhouses, jails and cemeteries has increased about 5 per cent, and this has caused a shrinkage in cotton night shirts that will be felt all over. We think best to hold a while and mebbe get less.

The proposed 160-million-dollar "tax cut" proposed by congress will benefit less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the taxpayers of the United States. The taxes which must be paid on farm lands and mules and dwellings and outhouses, etc., will remain the same, unless they go higher. This "cut" will help the man who is already making more money than he can decently spend. The "painful" tax is the local tax levied on property, and not on incomes. That kind of tax has more than doubled during the past 15 years, and the end aint yet.

I don't want to appear serious all of a sudden, but this long-dress style seems to be an inevitable menace. Knees are gradually disappearing in spite of their beauty. Unless she's sitting down, there ain't much use to gaze even now. I never seriously objected to this change when the thing was first proposed, but I understood then that the skirts would be only one-fourth of an inch longer, but darned if it don't look to me like it is nearer a half inch. Well, the style producers have to have something to hem and ha about.

Uncle Joe is thinking seriously of going into the air (hot-air) service, that is—he is laying his plans to run for the legislature next year. He has been flying around some already, and nearly a dozen men have agreed to vote for him if he will veto the stamp tax on plug tobacco and snuff, all of which he promises. Uncle Joe is all wrought up about taxes and believes they ought to be repealed except on rich folks and "cooperations." Really and truly, Uncle Joe sounds right polittick-ey to me, and if he will keep on cussing the government and congress and the League of Nations, and learn how to eat with a knife and fork, and stop snoring, he will turn out to be the peoples' friend when he lands in the house. (This does not mean poor house.)

Beggar: "Could yer help a poor guy dat's starvin'?"
Pompous Lady: "You should remove your hat while talking to a lady."
Beggar: "I can't mum. It's full of sandwiches!"

N. C. Output Of Mica Is Higher

Bryson, State Geologist, Declares Industry Is Tariff's Aid.

Raleigh.—Recovering to some extent from the lower production in five years, the North Carolina output of mica for 1928 increased by approximately 66 percent in 1927 according to figures compiled by State Geologist H. J. Bryson in conjunction with the United States bureau of mines.

According to a report issued by State Geologist Bryson, the total value of mica produced in the state in 1928 was \$198,344 in comparison with \$117,589 the previous year.

Of the total North Carolina mica, \$129,706 was in sheet material and \$68,638 in scrap. This represents an increase in both kinds of the mineral.

However, according to the state geologist, the mica industry is still in a depressed condition because of inability to meet foreign competition. He predicts that unless protection is placed on the industry that domestic mines will be forced to close within a few years.

Wakefield's Reminders



Wakefield's FLORAL SHOP

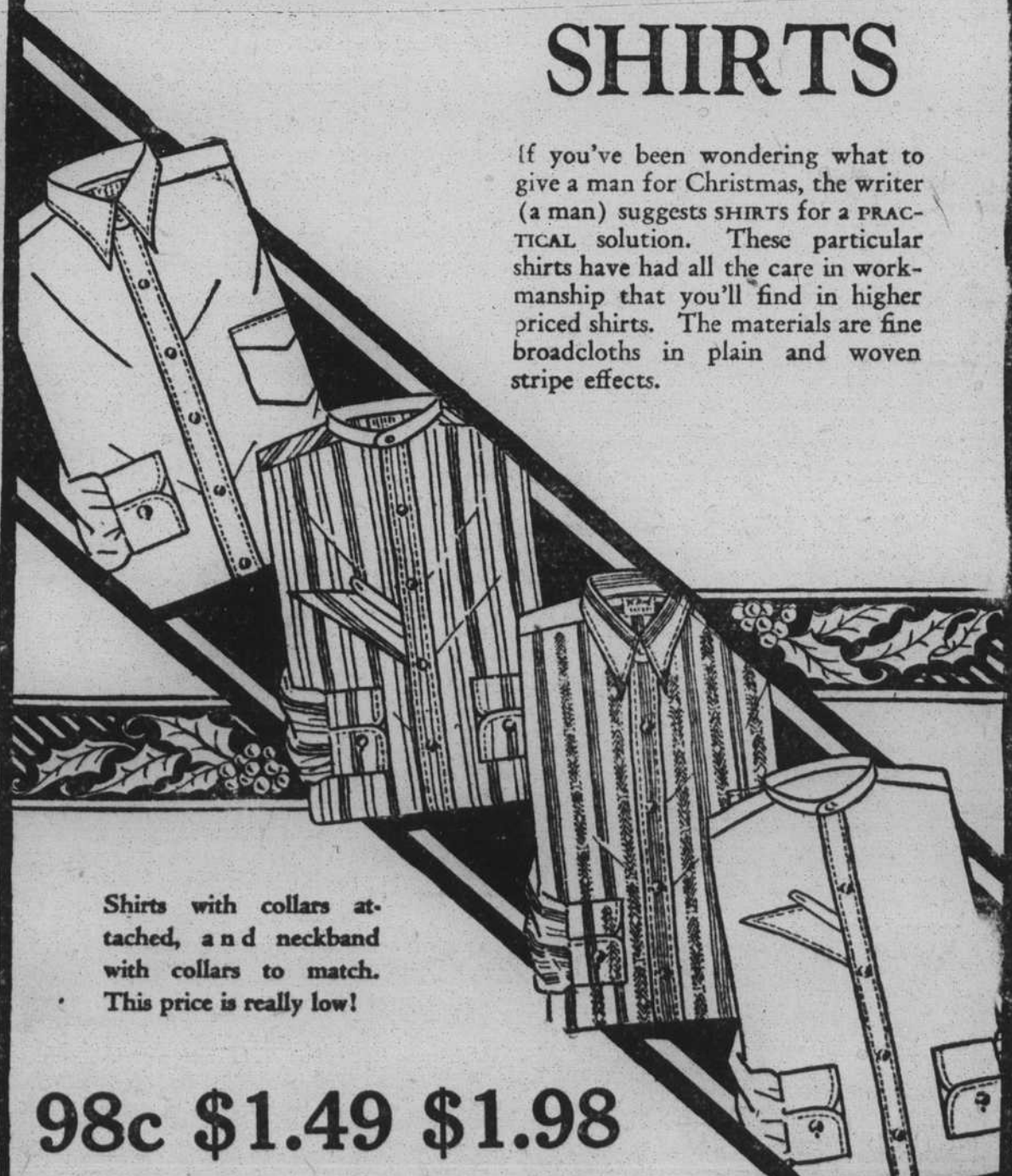
5 LAFFAYETTE ST
PHONES 720-809
Every flower is a sentiment

Greetings FROM Washburns

AS WE CANNOT REACH EACH AND EVERY ONE BY TELEPHONE, LETTER OR PERSONAL GREETING, WE TAKE THIS MEANS OF THANKING OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS FOR THEIR CONTINUED PATRONAGE, AND WISH ONE AND ALL—

A Happy Christmas Cleveland Hardware Co.

Solved! The Worrying Problem of a Gift for "Him" ~ Give SHIRTS



If you've been wondering what to give a man for Christmas, the writer (a man) suggests SHIRTS for a PRACTICAL solution. These particular shirts have had all the care in workmanship that you'll find in higher priced shirts. The materials are fine broadcloths in plain and woven stripe effects.

Shirts with collars attached, and neckband with collars to match. This price is really low!

98c \$1.49 \$1.98

J. C. PENNEY CO. INC.
MASONIC BUILDING. SHELBY, N. C.