

SHELBY, N. C.  
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THE STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.  
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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.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1929.

TWINKLES

It is now high time to mail New Year cards to those whom you forgot on the Christmas card list but who did not forget you.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the community respected young man who purchased a home; nowadays the young man who doesn't own a car is of very little importance. Perhaps that's why we hear some talk of hard times.

Only 363 more days in which to do your Christmas shopping, and just that many more days in which father may replenish the family purse for the next last-minute rush on the bargain counters.

Before this reaches the public eye, being written somewhat in advance, the Democratic rival for Senator Simmons may have been named, but, if not, our guess is that he will be none other than J. W. Bailey. And just who this prospective candidate may be matters very little, for those who are for the senator will vote for the senator regardless. It all depends upon how many are against Simmons and how many are for him, not who will contest his seat.

CLEVELAND NOW FURNISHING COTTON PICKERS FOR CHEROKEE

TWO WEEKS ago, due to bad weather and a late crop, Cleveland county farmers were importing, or hiring, imported cotton pickers from Eastern Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. Along came more bad weather and as the days slipped by the school children in the majority of the county schools were out for the holidays and ready to aid in gathering in the crop. As a result the labor market was flooded with cotton pickers—negroes, old and young—and, according to press reports, Shelby is now a place wherein farmers of other counties are seeking pickers. W. H. Pote, a Cherokee farmer, South Carolina, according to The Gaffney Ledger, secured 40 cotton pickers in Shelby last week and advises other cotton planters of his section that more pickers may be secured here. When the colored pickers were first imported into this county there were those who declared that the county would rue the day that they came as many of them would soon be without work and would be depending upon charity or would be in trouble that would land them upon the chain gang or in the county jail. Cherokee with a cotton crop as late or later than crop in this county is taking away some of them and it is to be hoped that the others will save enough from their labors to enable them to return to the sections from which they came. Next year, and the first of that year is just a few days ahead, the farmers of Cleveland county should determine to raise enough food and feedstuffs to supply their own wants in addition to producing North Carolina's greatest cotton crop. They do not need any imported labor for that.

FOR THOSE WHOSE LOT WAS BETTERED, WE THANK YOU.

SATURDAY, Monday, Tuesday and even Tuesday night a big-hearted Santa Claus found his way up and down side streets in Shelby, stopping at this home and that, leaving here shoes, coal, underwear, medicine, flour and other wants, and at this home coats, school books, stockings, and other needs. He was the Santa sent forth by The Star's Christmas Stocking fund to which scores of Shelby people contributed. The fund could have and, perhaps, should have, been larger. But as it was more than a half hundred homes were made happy; approximately 200 people were made to realize that, despite the depths to which poverty and unfortunate circumstances had pitched them, it was Christmas. Just how much joy The Star's annual fund brought to unfortunate Shelby homes it is impossible to relate. We wish that every contributor could know just what his or her contribution helped to do.

A few incidents of how the fund helped should not be amiss. In Shelby this week there was a home which just a few years back was a happy gathering place for a happy family. A year or so back the husband and father lost his job. He drifted from this to that with his pay check decreasing with each change, and finally he was without work. He left Shelby seeking work elsewhere, a place to start all over again where he might get a foothold and bring his family. But work was hard to find. Back home, here in Shelby, the wolf was at the door. A bright young girl and her youthful brother who had been making excellent marks in school faced the day when they could not go to school at all because they did not have the necessary books and were without clothes. At home their baby sister was also without clothes, and a refined mother, who had never known duties other than rearing and caring for her children and her household, faced the problem of supporting a family of four. At a local mill with full hours she could not earn more than \$9 per week. On that meagre sum she found it a task to provide enough food and fuel to keep her youngsters fed and warm. There was little chance for Santa to visit her home. She felt like telling—and perhaps did—her eager-eyed, expectant children that there would be no Santa for them this year. Then one afternoon, the day before Christmas, The Star's Santa, carrying necessities provided by contributors to the Empty Stocking fund, knocked at her door and left food, fuel, clothing and a check with which the mother might pur-

chase school books and other needs. This case was discovered when an investigator for the fund found the little girl crying because mother was begging so hard in her prayers for Santa to visit them. Santa did visit them, and who of those who helped him call could for a minute begrudge that which they gave to make his call possible?

Last Sunday a mother and three children walked into a local church. The children were clean, their clothing was clean but none too new and not of the latest style. Before the little group, for which the reverent mother had patched, scrubbed and ironed so that they might attend church services, left the church a kindly person learned that the father had been sick for months and that the mother had informed the youngsters that it would be impossible for Santa Claus to call at their home this year. Poor, disillusioned, misty-eyed tots! But Santa did go to see them. Thanks to a group of women in the church and one who made the case clear to The Star's Christmas fund committee Santa called at that home and left necessities along with a packed stocking of goodies for each child. Can any of you begrudge for a minute the part you played in making this possible?

This same Santa called upon 50 to 60 homes in and about Shelby, making it Christmas time for approximately 200 people.

For the tots whose stockings were not found empty Christmas morn, for weary, overburdened mothers, and for sick fathers, The Star thanks one and all who made it possible. May life be the brighter for you.

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—



Hoover Prosperity Continued.  
Here's hoping that Mr. Hoover's plan to maintain (?) prosperity (??) will pan out. The towns and the cities and the counties and the states that are not already bonded to the limit of the law, should call special meetings of legislatures and have all the bonds issued that can possibly be sold, loaned, or hypothecated. It won't be any trouble to spend the money thus raised. And we'll be employed!

This arrangement is entirely satisfactory to me. But as I am not kin to any politician or office-holder on highway commissioner, I guess I will have to starve. . . . as I won't be able to get a job. It takes just cooies and oodles of jobs to get the relatives and friends fixed, and there ain't many things the common every-day man can do, except haul sand and dig ditches. . . . at a dollar a day.

Mr. Ford has already promised to raise the wages of all his employees. He's going at it wrong. He ought to see that the wages of the guys who buy his cars are raised. The nut turners and hole borer and fender makers are being paid a living wage as it is. But Mr. Ford is fair in connection his promises; he explained that his factories are closed down now taking stock and wiping up the machinery, but as soon as business justifies it, he will finish "rubbing" and go back to work. Then the high salaries will start.

The farmers will be directed also to get busy. They should take this dull time to build barns and paint houses and erect fences. You see, a farmer can vote a few thousand dollars worth of bonds on his farm, and by this method, he can keep all of his tenants as busy as a bee at fancy wages till times get better. He can make his hens lay faster and his cows give more milk and his dogs catch more rabbits and his pig root deeper than ever. If the country is saved, according to the republicans, we must cooperate till the farm relief board disbands.

The garages should put in new machinery and work longer on the cars of their customers. Extra help must be hired at all filling stations. Now is the time to build bigger and better movie and talkie houses. Folks should shave and shine often. Hotel patrons should order porterhouse steaks instead of soup. Installation agents must call on their slaves 3 times a week, and not twice as at present.

Citizens of the United States: Put your shoulders to the wheel. Help Mr. Hoover with his wave of prosperity. Mr. Mellon has promised to reduce the income tax rate. That will help him and Mr. Rockefeller and the like. Local taxes shall be raised so's enough money can be paid in by the folks who are able to pay, as the other half can't pay any at all. And while all of this is going on, the price of cotton and cotton-seed and other farm produce will continue to decline in sympathy with stocks. (I respectfully ask that Mr. Hoover Democrats not read this article. I don't want to make them feel any worse.)

Precious Stones.  
I know it ain't nice to write about being sick, 'cause what you have sometimes is a family secret. But we have no family secrets at our house. Everybody knows all about us, and most of our neighbors have conversed with the "skeleton in the closet." There ain't much use to

"put on" nohow. You can't fool anybody any more.

But going back to "precious stones," every man has a choice. South Africa with her diamonds and India with her rubies make millions of folks happy every year. But the favorite setting for a physician or surgeon is a kidney stone or a gall stone. It costs a right smart to mine any kind of precious stone, but a good doctor will dig one out of your kidney for less than 3 hundred dollars, exclusive of the hospital bill and the luxury tax.

I am convalescing today. I have had a mighty hard time during the past few days, and sitting up is even now quite painful. A few nights ago, I was tuning in "Amos n' Andy" when lightning struck me in the small of my back or somebody spined a knife right betwix my spinal column and vertebrae. I suspended all further radio operations and succumbed to pain. I thought I had suffered in the past with my many illnesses and accidents, but everything up to now had been picnicks.

The doctor arrived in due course. He asked me the usual number of foolish questions. Then he took his little telephoto out of his satchel and began to listen at my anatomy in different places. He shook his head and said "stone" and I said "where" and he said "kidney" and I said how many and he said one, meb-be two, possibly three, likely four, could be five, and sometimes a dozen or more. He sent me to the hospital. I was x-rayed and found to be properly diagnosed.

Shortly thereafter, that covey of "precious stones" got active. Judging from the pain experienced, each of these stones was star-shaped, in the rough, and was darting about like honey bees on "A Morning in May." I could feel the impediments jumping from one kidney to the other, then hopping over on my liver and doing the shimmy, and from there—they skipped over to my heart and "Turkey in the Straw-ed" till I thought I would die. They wound up 2 hours later by embedding themselves in my gall bladder . . . where cocaine put them and me to sleep.

I know now what "down yonder" is going to be like. There won't be any fire and brimstone. The old bad man will simply slip a few stones into the kidneys of his angels, and that will be all that he need do to make his followers realize that his place is indeed one of torment. I lingered along for several days and moaned and groaned. No position in bed, out of bed, or anywhere else was comfortable. Therefore, my advice is . . . if you have a few stones in your kidneys, keep your will ready and prepare for another world where precious stones are worn in crowns and not in physical organs of the body. Very few folks could have survived what I went through. Thank you.

Learned Something.

Guide—"We are passing through a rural hamlet."  
Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, I always thought a hamlet was a little pig."

Dad Knew.

Freddie: Dad, what is an organ?  
Dad (He knows): What musicians get paid for playing on, the doctors for cutting out.

1/2 McNeely 1/2 Price  
GREATEST  
CLEARANCE  
SALE

Starts Saturday Morning Dec. 28 at 9 o'clock

Coats 1/2 Price

65 of the season's very newest plain and fur trimmed coats, for Dress and Sport wear, in all sizes to go on sale at 1-2 price. We are just now having Winter Coat weather, so come in and get a good looking coat.

1-4 Off JEWELRY & BAGS 1-4 Off All Costume Jewelry, Mesh Bags and Leather Hand Bags 1-4 off of regular price.

— VERY SPECIAL —

Ten Dozen pairs of Bloomers and step-ins at ..... 89c  
These are of the very best makes, Carters and Munsing.

— MILLINERY —

200 Hats worth up to \$12.50 to close out at only ..... \$2.95

— RAINCOATS 1-3 OFF —

All brand new Raincoats to close out at 1-3 OFF.

— ONE TABLE —

Of Madeira and Mosaic Tea Napkins, Towels and Bridge Sets to close out at 1-3 Off of Regular Price.

— VERY SPECIAL \$1.95 —

4 dozen U. S. Rubber Co., and Ball Brand Galoshes worth up to \$3.95 to close out at ..... \$1.95  
These are just what you need for this bad, snowy weather.

— EXTRA SPECIAL —

200 pairs full fashioned pure thread Silk Hose, regular \$1.95 values, at the special price of \$1.00 per pair on Opening day.

— BATH ROBES —

Just a few beautiful Bath Robes left to close out, at 1-3 OFF.

DRESSES

We have a beautiful selection of Silk, Wool and Velvet Dresses to close out during this sale.

We have Street dresses, Sport Dresses, Afternoon and Evening Dresses, all of these are made by New York's best manufacturers.

1/4 Off SILK UNDERWEAR 1/4 Off All Silk Night Gowns, Pajamas, Bloomers, Step-ins, Combination Suits and Vests at 1/4 off of regular price.

— PAJAMAS —

One lot of Pajamas that came in too late for the Christmas trade, \$1.95 Extra special for .....

— LUGGAGE 1-4 OFF —

All Hat Boxes, Fitted Cases and Week End Cases at 1-4 OFF.

— EXTRA SPECIAL —

5 Dozen Hand Made Pillow Cases that are beautiful and are regular \$1.95 values for \$1.00 on Opening Day.

— SHAWLS 1-4 OFF —

Just a few beautiful wool Shawls left to close out at 1-4 OFF.

— FABRIC GLOVES \$1.00 —

One lot of Fabric Gloves worth up to \$1.95 for ..... \$1.00

— KID GLOVES \$2.95 —

All kid gloves worth up to \$4.50 for \$2.95.

— BRASSIERES —

One lot of Brassieres worth up to \$1.25 at ..... 75c

— UMBRELLAS 1-4 OFF —

All Umbrellas to close out at 1-4 OFF Regular Price.

In order to make room for our new Spring Merchandise we are putting on one of the greatest value-giving sales in the history of our business and you will find nothing in our store but the very best merchandise that money can buy. When you buy at a McNeely Sale you don't have to guess at style or quality for we never offer anything to the buying public but THE BEST.

NOTHING CHARGED AND A SMALL CHARGE FOR ALTERATION AT SALE PRICE.

J. C. McNEELY CO.