

# The Cleveland Star

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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.

MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1930.

### TWINKLES

Life has its peculiar twists. Some folks who live high are really deep in debt.

Another oddity of modern life is that the judge charges the jury, but the defendant always pays the bill.

Another grand jury has asked the Cleveland county commissioners "Have you the time of day, atop the court house?"

In the old days the male patrons of a barber's shop entertained themselves by looking at the pictures in the Police Gazette; nowadays, however, they see about the same thing in life by looking at the lady in the chair in front of them. P. S. It might have been a good pun if sprung before this long dress fad came along.

"More Poverty Here Than Ever," informs a Star headline referring to Shelby conditions, and visitors say that the section appears to be one of the most prosperous in the State. Then another headline informs that "N. C. Spent Over 59 Million Dollars For New Autos In 1929." The reader may, or may not, make any connection he or she pleases.

A magazine article reproduced in The Star last week discusses at some length "What Our Descendants Will Look Like." If auto mishaps continue to increase, they'll more than likely resemble something the car ran over, or else, something found amid the wreckage. Which is merely our idea of how all the space devoted to the above topic could have been saved.

### AL SMITH STILL INTERESTED IN HIS COUNTRY

AL SMITH defeated for president and likely out of politics forever is still interested in good government, perhaps because most of his life has been passed in public office. Anyway, it is one more thing to be said in favor of the New Yorker in that he is not sulking over his defeat and still attempts to aid where he may.

Those who were opposed to Smith in the last election for one reason or another will, and would then, generally admit that few men living today are better acquainted or more familiar with the operation of a governmental machine than Smith. Therefore, very few men know better where the weak spots are. Speaking over the radio recently Smith passed out several suggestions which might well be followed by the average citizen everywhere.

Many leaders argue that the foremost duty of all citizens is to vote. Smith, in his talk, agrees with that view, but adds that the average citizen's interest in governmental affairs should not end when he casts his ballot. Talking along this angle he says:

"Apathy, lack of interest in public affairs, is the one thing that can give opportunity to the demagogue or the dictator.

"Become acquainted with your representative and correspond with him; then vote.

"The young man who criticizes the way his city or state is run and who never takes the trouble to register has no standing in my eyes as a responsible citizen."

Think it over and you must agree that the former New York governor is right; constructive suggestions are far more beneficial than destructive criticism. Any real man in Shelby who sees that the water spigot by the side of his neighbor's house has been left open will immediately notify the neighbor so as to enable him to halt the waste. Any real farmer who sees that his neighbor's horses are out in the corn will immediately notify that neighbor instead of going into his own home, taking a seat and saying to himself that "John is a fool for not knowing his horses are loose." Why not apply that principle which works so well in private life to public life? If a city water spigot is left open or something else about city affairs is going wrong, why not let the proper authorities know about it? When such is the case you are not only benefitting your neighbor, but saving your own money for you are a partner in your city government, your state government and your national government. If there's something wrong, do your best to help remedy it before you go out on the street and berate officials who cannot hear you.

A good illustration of our view took place in Shelby recently. There has been much talk of littered streets in the city. A lot of talk about the condition has been carried on where officials could not hear it. But the other day a Shelby lady wrote a communication to The Star about it. She was not overly critical about it; she said she believed things could be remedied if both the officials and citizens would do a little better job of it—in other words cooperate. City officials took note of the communication, assured their best efforts and asked the cooperation of all citizens. Out bet is that Shelby will be cleaner and the litter on the streets will not be so noticeable hereafter. That's the way to accomplish things.

### OLD TIME PREACHER COMES IN FOR DESERVED PRAISE

OF RECENT MONTHS throughout the country there has been a tendency to compare, or contrast, the real achievements of the old time preacher with that of what most congregations seek nowadays—a "live wire and a "good mixer." North Carolina to a certain extent took up the discussion after one of the speakers at the recent State Baptist convention in Shelby declared that the modern congregation is eliminating the real preacher by setting up a style-plate of a "live wire" to which prospective ministers must mold themselves.

In connection with that trend the N. C. Christian Advocate, Methodist periodical, notes that Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, thinks "that the iron blooded prophets of old were superior to the present mush-mouthed peddlers of soft words who keep busy patting folks on the back." Then Pro. Phelps is quoted as follows:

"I wonder what Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, Cromwell, John Milton, and other hearts of oak, would have thought of the back-patting gospel? These men were free from the taint of self-pity. They did not have to jack themselves up with signs on the wall imploring them to work or commanding them to smile, nor did they bellow their courage in the bathroom. They rather said: 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.' I believe that an acute consciousness of sin is more needed now than an enormous accession of conceit. The old theologians, with all their dogmatism, got down to the bedrock of human nature; they believed in the reality of sin, and they did their utmost to convict their audiences; some hearers walked out of church realizing their shortcomings and determined by the grace of God that something must be done to improve the situation."

## Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—

#### THE RELIEF AGENT.

A professional rat and mice exterminator called to see me today and outlined his modus operandi. He had testimonials and letters of recommendation from the western end of Alabama plumb on up to within 35 miles of Richmond, Va. Evidently he was an avowed enemy of vermin. In fact, he said so.

Well, as my firm was interesting in ridding its premises of rats and mice, we took a rat and mouse census. We found that we had in stock 345 grown rats, counting a pair only 475, and 77,777 mice, counting half grown mice only once and each wall squeak as a nest full. The exterminator took out a long lead pencil and figured that each rat and each mouse destroyed 3 cents worth of merchandise every day, or \$587,999.25 per year, which is slightly more business than we do in a year, so that would make the rats and mice our biggest customer.

The rat fighter's terms seemed reasonable they being as follows: for and in consideration of the sum of 55 dollars and 75 cents (in advance), he would give me a nice printed receipt and come back to our town next February at 4 o'clock and put a dab of his exterminator in every nook and every corner of each of our 3 warehouses, and would also go to the back end of each building and make a mouse like a cat so's the rats and mice would run up to the other end and eat the poison.

In case the varmints did not eat his medicine he agreed to come and catch them of his own free will and accord, and fill a hyperdermic with his poison fluid and squirt a good large dose of same betwixt the heart and liver of every one of them that happened to be making our home their home at that particular time. He had killed 564,788 rats in Brunswick and twice as many, plus 45 in Charlotte. They were piled so high (the dead rats were) in one town, a steam shovel had to be imported from Japan to get them out of the way.

He was a Baptist by profession, a Methodist by belief, an ex-drug clerk by strategy, and a rat-killer by practice. He played a fiddle some, had done a little bit of tight-rope walking, liked onions and shrimp, chewed tobacco, smoked cigarettes, talked thru his nose and spat thru his mouth. He had never worked on a farm, but understood what the farmers should do to overcome their worries and troubles. He was a Hoover Democrat but believed Wall street was busted.

But I didn't give him any contract. I told him that I had a cousin in the rat-slaughtering business, and I felt that it was my duty to let him kill our rats, that is—if he decided it was morally right to kill them. I further explained that we had 2 cats that stayed on my desk and in my chair all day long and loafed around up town all night and maybe we were well enough protected from utter ruin by reason of these encumbrances. He looked at me like I was a fool and I reciprocated, and then he left.

#### MY FIRST PARTY.

I was 17 years old before I ever

went to any kind of party, but when I got home one night from pulling fodder, Sallie Green's brother Bill met me down at the barn and told me that him and Sallie was going to have a candy breaking the following Saturday night and they wanted me to be there.

There I was, just a-fixin' to bounce into society, and nobody will ever know how happy I felt. I always liked Sallie but had never been bold enough to tell her so, tho' I squeeze her hand a little bit one time when her and I were totting a bucket of water from the spring to the school house, but I don't think she understood what I was driving at.

I didn't have any store-bought suit to wear, but I knew none of the other fellers had any either, so I took the broom and brushed off my old jean coat and britches and washed the gravy spots off of my knit shirt which had a pretty little red string laced up and down from the throat nearly to the waist. I think I was the only boy in that community that had a knit shirt. It cost me 23 cents, cash money down.

I almost fainted when I realized that everybody had to take a pound of candy to that party. I saw no chance to get any candy for the occasion, but just while I was so perturbed, an old rooster walked around the corner of the cow-stall and before he knew what kind of hawk it was that ketched him. I had him under my arm and was on my way to the country store, only 4 miles from home. I swapped that rooster for 3 pounds of stick candy. I ate over half of it before I got back home.

I was all excited when Saturday night came. I greaz my hair real good with some lard and shined my old brogans with skimmings from the dish water and to make the folks think I had on underclothes, I got an old white cloth and tied it around my waist just above my britches and it fool them all right. My socks were not mates and I had a dickens of a time not letting anybody see both of my legs at the same glance.

I proved to be the nicest partner any girl had there. I would catch my end of the candy close-like so she would break over two-thirds of the stick and they all liked that. Then I'd help her eat her part. I and took it home with me and I hid mine down in my shirt-bosom nursed a little piece of candy off an on for two weeks. After the candy breaking, we played "Go out and in the windows" and "Stealing Pardners" and "Thimble" and a great many other funny games.

The spell of joy finally ended along about 9 o'clock and we all went home, very, very happy. I squeeze Sallie's hand a teeny-weeny bit just as I left her standing on the back steps and she smiled, and before I knew it—my blood pressure jumped up to 345 in the shade. Those were good times. I smoked a little newspaper cigarette of rabbit tobacco on my way to the trunks bed and I aged several years that night. I had suddenly become a man and then wanted to take up chewing tobacco, but didn't do so, as I could not get any to chew.

### A Witter Of The Gov. Is Very Proud

Charlotte Observer.

The father of O. Max Gardner, governor of the state, was a fine type of that class now become almost extinct, known as "the country doctor." The Wake County Medical association held a meeting in Raleigh, Thursday, and invited the governor to make a talk. This gave Governor Gardner opportunity to say a word in praise of the country doctor and to bring out the point that the father whose name he reverts was of that class. When Gardner's candidacy for governor was first projected he received many letters from the people of his home county. These he preserved in a scrap book and brought out one in particular for use before the Wake doctors. It was the letter which he prizes beyond valuation. It was from an illiterate friend of his father and ran to this effect: "I am hole soled and body for Maxie because his Pa was a doctor and had been to almost every home in the county to give medicine and comfort to the sick for he went when called day or night to help the sick. He never turned down the rich or poor, white or black."

Gardner submitted this simple epistle to the doctors and "the brightest tribute and a monument more enduring than marble or brass to the memory of my beloved father." With that, Gardner stood uncovered in the presence of the country doctor, holding him up "that you may see and feel again the influence of his unselfish life and rededicate yourselves to the high ideals that actuated him in his humble and utterly unselfish alleviation of human suffering."

The governor further reminded that in every crisis of the state the doctor and the nurse have risen to great heights. "In 1918, when so many of our doctors were in France, an epidemic of influenza, like a destructive tornado, hit the state. Thousands were smitten on beds of sickness and death stalked in the streets and countryside of North Carolina. The state has never witnessed a finer exhibition of supreme human service than that displayed by the physicians of North Carolina in this critical period."

Thirty head of registered Jersey heifers were recent purchased by 28 farmers of Pers county.

#### MEN'S SUITS

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#### IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

We know of a florist in a nearby town that surely keeps up with his slogan: "Say it with flowers" for every time he sends out his monthly statements he sends with each one a bunch of forget-me-nots. We wish it were possible to send a bunch of forget-me-nots with this message: SINCLAIR GAS and OPALINE OIL defy even the most critical tests. Their purity and quality is superlative. Let us suggest that you try these products as a means of proving the validity of our claims.

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### Moorestown News Of Current Week

Miss Violet Patrick and Mr. F. S. Falls Married In Shelby Friday, Personal.

(Special to The Star.) Moorestown, Jan. 13.—Mrs. W. W. Greene, Misses Frances McCordwell and Iris Rollins and Mr. Pete Green were Charlotte visitors last week.

Mr. Webb Ellis of Greenville, S. C., who has been ill with influenza at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. B. P. Greene, is much improved.

Miss Nola Patrick who is teaching at Alexander spent the week-end at home.

Misses Iris Rollins, Frances McCordwell and Hazel Deaver spent the week-end with their parents. One hundred and twenty new books were added to the high school library last week.

Mrs. R. W. McBrayer who is in the Rutherford hospital suffering from a fractured hip is reported to be resting comfortably.

Funeral services held here Friday for Mr. Beulah C. Scoggins of Charlotte, were conducted by Rev. I. D.

Harrill. Quite a number of Charlotte people attended as well as a large crowd from nearby towns. Mr. Scoggins was a native of Moorestown.

Miss Violet Patrick and Mr. F. S. Falls were quietly married at the home of Dr. Zeno Wall of Shelby, on Friday, January 10 at 3 o'clock. Immediately after the ceremony they left for a short trip in Western North Carolina. Mrs. Falls is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Jolley and is well known as a graduate of the Shelby hospital training school. Mr. Falls is a young business man of Lawndale and Shelby.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Jolley entertained at dinner on Saturday evening in honor of her niece Mrs. Vess Falls. A delicious four course dinner was served. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Yates McBrayer and Mr. and Mrs. Jolley.

Rev. Oscar Bolch of the Beiling Springs junior college delivered an excellent sermon in the Baptist church at 11 o'clock Sunday morning.

Walter Cales of Birmingham, Eng., hungry for two days, broke in to a church and ate the sacramental bread and drank the wine. He then surrendered and was sent to jail.

### London Physicians Are Testing Diets

London.—Important discoveries concerning the gastric functions of the body are hoped for as the result of tests being made at Charing Cross hospital on six medical students who have volunteered to take special diet.

They are submitting themselves to various tests to show the effect of different types of food on the human system.

After a complete fast of 24 hours they eat a carefully prepared meal and each take a different kind of food.

Meals have been chosen which contain known quantities of albumin and carbohydrates. The scientific investigators are observing how the digestive system reacts to various meals.

Eggs from the staple diet for some and others are given food which consists principally of oatmeal either in the form of porridge or gruel.

After a meal a thorough examination is made and the results recorded. There is a possibility that these tests will help medical men when treating serious illness brought about by the weakness of the stomach.

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