

# 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 JANUARY 5 1931

## TWINKLES

The year 1931, like life, will be pretty much what you make of it.

Here's how H. L. Phillips looks at the new year: "Farewell, old year, bitter bore—Don't forget to shut the door—Welcome, new year, pinkish baby—You'll be something different, maybe."

Every writer must at times be more or less critical. That's why it is so amusing to hear many writers, some of them big, most of them not, criticize Sinclair Lewis because he has been critical himself.

Heretofore when North Carolina reporters ran out of good copy they began writing stories in which they wondered where Otto Wood might be. Some of them are mourning the fact that the policy can be followed no longer, but we are inclined to wonder why they should not go on wondering.

This is court week again in Shelby. The horse-trading crowds of the old court week days will not be here, but the large number of idle people assures that the court galleries will be well filled, better filled, perhaps, than in many years.

It is apparent that the people as a whole are in sympathy with the economic program of legislation outlined by Governor Gardner and we feel sure that a major portion of the citizens of Cleveland county desire that this county's two representatives stand behind the county's first Governor in his worthwhile measures.

## TRIBUTE TO CAROLINIAN

THE CURRENT ISSUE of The Carolinian, periodical of the World's first luncheon club, carries an article in which the ability, honesty and determination of a North Carolinian are highly praised. The title of the article is "The City That Found Itself." The city is that of Cincinnati's move from political "bossism" into the managerial form of government. The North Carolinian referred to is Col. Clarence O. Sherrill, a native of Catawba county.

Twenty-five years ago Cincinnati was referred to as the worst-governed city in the United States. As the years passed the conditions which brought on that title improved very little. Patronage gangs controlled the city, bid out the construction work, demoralized honest efforts at clean politics, and cost the Ohio city thousands and thousands of dollars. In 1925 a non-partisan political movement sent a new group of men into office, men not controlled by political and crime bosses. A city-manager program was adopted and Col. Sherrill, then director of public buildings and parks in Washington, was made manager. Today instead of being "corrupt and contented" Cincinnati is "clean and efficient" as well as contented. Col. Sherrill, who political affiliation was not asked when he was given the job, turned the trick. In street building alone the North Carolinian saved the city over a quarter of a million dollars in one year. New gas and electric rates brought about by him resulted in a saving of three-quarters of a million dollars in one year. In building one big avenue he later reduced the grade of the street and brought about a saving of a half million. Here, here and everywhere Col. Sherrill cut corners and cleaned up. Last Spring the Catawba county man resigned as city manager to become vice-president of a big chain store organization, but Cincinnati will remember him for years, says the magazine writer, as one of the chief cogs in rebuilding "the city that found itself."

Time will wreak wondrous changes. The Charlotte Observer is running a series of articles written by—Al Smith.

## THE PUBLIC ENEMY TODAY

WHAT IS TO FOLLOW should, first of all, be read by the pessimists, those who think, or proclaim to think, that conditions may go from bad to worse; but, also, it should be well worth the reading, as a tonic, to the optimists.

America has emerged from every depression in the past with more power, brighter future, and more prosperity than had ever been known prior to the depressions. America will again come through.

No better presentation of how history repeats itself as it concerns business and economic cycles has been written in years than the following editorial comment by The New York Evening World:

There are far too many people, from business men to laborers, who are giving a too eager ear to wild rumors and spiteful gossip tending to destroy confidence and create an atmosphere of general distrust.

The victims of vague fear, on the street and in the market place, are a menace to the community.

These are the defeatists that hold back the return of that prosperity that cannot but come from the limitless resources of the nation.

They are the terrorists that drive the dollar into hiding when it ought to be at work making jobs for the unemployed.

They are the scarecrows of imaginary disasters, the

spreaders of rumors having no basis in reality—the carriers of lies.

They are the feeders of that mob psychology which creates the spirit of panic.

They blind the thoughtless to the very evident soundness of our great business enterprises.

It is the pessimists among business men, who lack the red blood courage, and who are mentally sick with vain imaginings who are responsible for the gloom among the less informed.

The most serious threat to our country today is in the business man of little faith, whose fears are played upon by the most silly gossip which poisons the air with absurd rumors and mean and malicious lies.

These are the public enemies, and in days of war they would be so proclaimed, and in any crisis they are worse than a nuisance—they are a menace.

It is not like Americans to shudder at shadows, or to surrender to fear. The courage, faith, determination, grit and confidence that have made them incomparable on the battlefield have never been more needed than they are today.

But we have permitted the croakers and the irresponsible gossips to charge the air with the poison of falsehoods and baseless rumors, and the air must be purged of the poison.

A truce, then, to the gossips and the mean inventors of wild rumors, for these are the public enemies, whether they operate in the pool rooms or in the most exclusive clubs.

America is all right if Americans are not all wrong. But the weak, the timid, or the malicious croaker of disaster must be made to understand by the way in which his story is received that he is engaged in rather disreputable business.

This breed of mischief-makers is not unknown to our experience before. We had them in 1873 when they assured us that railroad building had wrecked the country, that vast sections of the roads had tapped would have to be given back to the wilderness again.

We had them in the depression of 1893 when they told us that we had exhausted our markets and thereafter would decline in prosperity and trade.

And America moved on each time to greater heights and more abundant prosperity than it had ever known before.

American Courage, American Calmness, American Steadiness, American Grit, American Common Sense, and the co-operation of all classes of the people in creating an atmosphere of confidence and faith will hasten the day of the restoration of prosperity.

## Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

### A ONE-TIME PRODIGY.

Uncle Joe came by the office again not long ago to find out what the doctor told me was the matter with Cousin Sallie's little baby. I like babies very much, and told Uncle Joe that I thought that grand-baby of his was extraordinarily bright, and he promptly notified me that the kid took that brightness after him, and we will let him tell the balance of this story.

"Gee, you don't but know it, but I can remember nearly everything that ever happened to me when I was a baby. The furthest back my mind goes was when I was 3 weeks old and maw let the cradle turn over with me and I bumped my head on the churn which was setting before the fire where the milk would get hot enough to turn. Feel that bump there? Well, that's it."

"When I was 5 weeks old, my gram-maw, who fell often a horse and died on the way from church when it got scared of a big old hog which run out of the bushes behind him, fetched me a nice bibb made out of oil-cloth. My maw told her that she was sure glad to get it as I throwed up so much, and then I turned over and went to sleep, as I needed rest from setting up the night before when our cow was sick."

"I remember my maw took me out to the wash place when I was 8 weeks old and she set me down on the ash-hopped when I could see her wash, and ever time she would come to come of my clothes (I remember that I had 5, and 1 of them was fleece-lined), she said I would smile and wink my left eye at her. I got some ashes in my eyes and cried out loud, so she let me nuss and took me in the house and let me look through her green specks. It seems just like yestiddy."

"I was took to the table the first time when I was 10 weeks old and paw had made a baby chair out of 2 boards, and I was placed in that, and my brothers and sister wanted to be funny and they kept passing things to me, and I hacked Jerry once when I slammed my hand in the gravy and burnt it. See that crooked little finger? That's how come it is crooked, and maw let me nuss a small wad of bread which had been dipped in the molasses pitcher."

"I commence to crawl when I was about 14 weeks old, and I remember both of my little hips got full of splinters the first day. They let me crawl bare, as I seemed to enjoy it that way. I remember the third day after I took up crawling, my maw missed me once, and I had done crawled up on the side-board and was throwing knitting needles

at her. Yep, I was given up to be the peartest baby that ever was born down around old Piney Grove. By the way, I forgot my pocket-book. Let me have a quarter till I come back." It's been a week, and Uncle Joe hasn't been back yet.

### RECENT DISCOVERIES.

Men and women who make their living at figuring say that only 1 person out of every fifty-nine and one-tenth (I don't see how they get that tenth) has a tooth brush and she uses it not more than 4 times a week.

They also say that the average cost of religion (according to the findings of the Committee to Investigate what becomes of the Pennies) is 3 cents per person per year, thus making the average prayer for the penitent (spoken by the pastor) stand the balance of the congregation something like 77 cents.

And then they go a few steps further and insist that there are 8,543 different kinds of doodles infesting the billions of doodle holes of our fair land, but out of that great number of speeshees, only 9 doodles did into the ground backwards, thus making them the "scratching deodextrious-doodles." So much for the doodles.

But not content with the information thus far expounded, they contend that the North American sparrow has 7 more feathers in its tail than has either the African or the Punjab sparrow, and by reason of these additional antennae, they can catch 67 more gnat in an afternoon than can the Valdostock sparrow—which builds her nest in a different place every third year.

Of course the reading public would have been satisfied with the facts already enumerated, but they go on: "We have learned from 73,654 tests, made over a period of 23 years by 543 different estimators, that the highland moccasin is a snake with much vituperation in its vitrolithic poison bag, but it is not poisonous unless it sinks its nether fangs one-sixteenth of an inch into the person's flesh who obstructs her path, and that they are fond of mud-turtle eggs."

And while the public is thoroughly convinced that these statisticians don't know what they are talking about, they have recently published the fact that the tsetse fly of middle Soudan is a fifth cousin of the New Jersey musquitto, and that Prof. Reinstein has recently crossed the one with the other and he became an innocent butterfly, and after the butterfly laid his egg, his off-spring reverted to the New Jersey musquitto (pronounced muss-skeet-ter) and that the said tsetse fly can finally be eliminated if he is sufficiently hy-bridized. (They missed me with the first 5 eggs and 6 cabbages, but I hurried off.)

### Small Oversight.

"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Smithers?" "Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent did not take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday."

## Just 10 Years Ago

## A Peep Or Two Back In 1920

(Items Taken From The Cleveland Star of 1920.)

(From Issue of The Star, Jan. 3, 1921.

A wedding characterized by unusual beauty and charm was that of Miss Martha Marie Allen and Mr. Summie Spangler which took place Wednesday evening December 22, at the bride's home four miles north of Shelby.

A crowd that over-taxed the Ella mill welfare building attended on Friday night a watch night service which lasted for two hours, the purpose being to enjoy a friendly evening together in which every walk of life and every business, profession and religion was represented.

The first joint meeting of the two divisions of the literary department of the Woman's club was held Friday evening with Mrs. R. L. Ryburn, the club's president.

The wholesale prices of cotton seed oil is down to five cents a pound, the lowest price on record.

The Cleveland Springs bridge gave away under the weight of a heavy truck several days ago and the bridge was made impassable for two days. This bridge is in a dangerous

condition but has been repaired temporarily.

A merchant of the county calls attention to the fact that he is exchanging a bushel of corn for a dozen eggs, this being the first time in the memory of any merchant that markets were so out of proportion. Eggs are too high and corn too low, but when a man eats a dozen eggs now he has eaten the equivalent of a bushel of corn.

Lieut. Gov. O. Max Gardner left yesterday for Raleigh where he will preside over the senate until the newly elected lieutenant governor, Mr. Cooper of Wilmington is inaugurated along with Governor-elect Morrison on January 12th.

**DON'T FAIL TO SEE  
"WHOOPEE"  
AT  
WEBB THEATRE  
NEXT WEEK**

## WHITEWAY CLEANED CLOTHES LAST LONGER—LOOK BETTER.

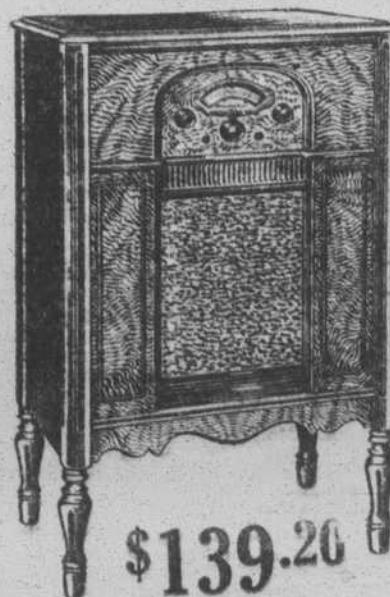
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