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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.

MONDAY, JAN. 12, 1931

TWINKLES

What, we wonder, are the men who played Santa Claus for the department stores, doing for a living?

Poor California, Florida has the laugh! Einstein purchased a raincoat before going to that sun-kissed land.

It's difficult to beat that Robert Quillen version of the "middle class," which, he says, could be in either other class if it had a little more or a little less money.

"The future of America," says Mr. Hoover, "depends upon the children." Can it be that it was just back in 1928 that Mr. Hoover was saying the future and prosperity of America depended upon the election of Republican candidate to office?

The breaks of life are often queer and mysterious. Consider this one: Robert H. Hunter, of Chicago, had a life-time desire to visit London and see the sights there, including the famous London fog. Finally, this month, after he had succeeded to a certain extent in life and his insurance business, he packed his bags and started to fulfill that desire. Then he dropped dead in the station where he went to catch a train to New York, and from there to London by ship.

DIRTY LEGS, DIRTY NECKS

THE PRESUMPTION may be true that the ladies, or the girls, do not read editorials. If they do we're wondering how the following remarks, by Gene Ashcraft in The Monroe Enquirer, will sit with them? Mr. Ashcraft has a subtle method of getting to his point in all of his writings, just as he does here:

"Girls are giving up the bare-leg fad. Silk hose researchers report that girls would rather wear stockings than wash their legs. And from the looks of some of their necks the collar manufacturers ought to take courage. We never could understand why a woman prefers powder to soap and water.

"No doubt they're just like the rest of human nature; we're all more or less on the surface. But admitting that, why do we neglect our surfaces?"

"Why not, like the paint manufacturers, then 'save the surface and save all'?"

STANDING TO OUR GUNS

THE VIEW OF THE STAR regarding the Workmen's Compensation Act is being talked again. Such was expected.

Senator Peyton McSwain, an avowed opponent of the act as The Star is an avowed supporter thereof, home for the week-end, hears that The Star has been "jumping on him" regarding his views. That is hardly the correct term; when Mr. McSwain, as a practising attorney, differs with the view of another barrister in the trial of a court case, he would hardly regard the other attorney as "jumping on him." Attorneys as a whole have been cut at more severely and more frequently in the court room than this paper ever has or ever will in disagreeing with the views of another. Certainly as every man has a right to his opinion, there are others who have an equal right to differ with them. Which is to say that we are not riding or jumping on Mr. McSwain; we merely differ with him. He does not like the Workmen's Compensation act; we do.

As a discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of the act, The Star has covered that angle thoroughly heretofore. As we have fairly sated in these columns, the act may need certain modifications and a certain clarifying. It is not to be expected that an entirely new act or law should be perfect. Present day models of automobiles are far from what they were 10 years ago. Is that not so? Suppose that progress had junked the first cars because they were not perfect? If there are weaknesses in the act referred to, amend and correct them, but do not junk and repeal one of the most worthwhile laws, basically speaking, in the State. If it is not, why is it that the majority of the States in the Union have such acts?

When The Star stated that it disagreed with the views of this district's senator it was expected that there would be disagreement. So far, however, The Star has not been questioned on its views except by three men, the senator with whom the paper differed and two of his friends—all lawyers.

There may be others, as these say, who are fighting the act. It merely happens that the only major criticism The Star has heard against the act came from lawyers. It is not a charge, but a plain, generally known fact, that the compensation act removes to a certain extent a source of income for lawyers. In the mills and among other working people, Mr. McSwain says, are to be found many workers who can see no good in the act. We grant that, but are they in the majority? The Star's information along that line is based upon statements made regarding the act by representatives of labor as well as of industry. Labor organizations have been quoted as favoring the act with certain modifications and changes. Representatives of organized labor, we frankly be-

lieve, are in better position to know what is good for labor as a whole than scattered workers who may be swayed and persuaded by politicians and others.

"The way it is now," one lawyer says, "the doctors and insurance companies benefit." To a certain extent that statement may be correct; we do not say definitely because we do not have the concrete information at hand. But our view is that lawyers, doctors or no one else should have what an injured worker is entitled to. If a man loses an arm while employed by some industrial firm that man should have the value of that without having to split what aid he receives with either lawyer or doctor. It is only fair, of course, that both professions should be paid for their services, but not out of proportion to the value of those services. By the old method, and most men admit that without question, a complaint for damages usually asked for considerably more than the actual damages. Why? So that legal counsel might take care of themselves financially. Wonder if there has ever been a case where an injured worker did not get as much of his damages as did his lawyer?

The doctors, as some opponents of the act contend, may now be getting a part of what the lawyers once got. If so, that is not as it should be. The physician should have ample pay for his service as should the lawyer. That is why The Star says, and sticks to its guns, that the act should stay but be so amended that the injured man or woman benefits and no other. Why shouldn't he? Isn't he the one who suffers? And why not have a State commission to decide how much he should have so that he need not split his damages two or three ways after he gets it?

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE



Starvation Vs. Progress. This old country has been wonderfully benefited by reason of the many industrial mergers during the past few months, for instance, since the bakers have consolidated their interests, loaf bread has declined from 10 cents per loaf to a dime per loaf, and because of that merger, home cooking has vamoosed.

The biggest help has come about in connection with the merging of canned foods interests, as follows: We can now buy 2 cans of peaches for 30 cents, whereas, before they merged and turned off about 65,000 men, women, and gram-paws, we were having to pay 15 cents per can for the said peaches.

The salt companies have all gone into a combine. Heretofore, the housewives had to pay 5 cents for a package of salt, but now they can buy all they want at a nickel per package. The chocolate manufacturers have combined: up to just a few months ago, we were paying 25 cents a pound for chocolate, but just think of it: a baby boy can walk into most any store and get 2 pounds of the same stuff for 50 cents.

The railroads are practically all two roads now, and how great has been the result. Disregarding the 275,000 men who have been laid off for the purpose of saving money (for the owners), freight rates that were formerly \$1.08 per hundred pounds have shrunk to \$1.06 per hundred pounds. The Pullman rates have declined since 1919 and 20— from \$5.75 for an upper berth to Punkinville to \$5.75 for an upper berth from Punkinville.

And the shoe manufacturers got together also. You can now buy a pair of ladies' slippers (1 part leather, 2 parts card-board, and 1 part junk) for only \$11.98, and just imagine—before they submerged (the public) those so-called slippers were fetching anywhere from \$11.97 to \$11.98 per pair. Only about 20,000 travelling salesmen are loafing by reason of this community sperrit.

But the biggest economic move (as Mr. Hoover would say) came about through the amalgamation of the breakfast foods interests and the coffee roasters and the coconut busters and the cocoa canners and the tea shippers. Inasmuch as about 50,000 drummers have succumbed to idleness by reason of these changes, the public saves the difference in selling costs, for instance: 3 boxes of shredded pine needles can now be had for a quarter; before the deluge, this junk was selling at only 3 boxes for 25 cents. As soon as America un-merges—and tries to cut down all of this so-called efficiency—and puts her folks back to work, we will be all right.

Overtures. Our republican congress passed a tariff bill intended to make slaves of foreign countries, but it backfired and made paupers out of the home-folks. What that bunch needs is guts enough to admit their mistake and repeal the infernal law.

Cotton Letter. New York, Jan. 12.—Spots eased off 24 additional points when Liverpool came in past due. Spinnings makings were off 25 per cent for December as compared with the same month in 1930. Cottons

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

You've all heard these after-dinner speakers who get up and state that they have no formal speech but will merely make a few scattering remarks. That's the condition this colyum is in just now. So if you're not disposed to get tangled up in a tirade of haphazard chatter, you may as well get your hat and head for the door.

First of all, we'll do business with our questions and answers department.

Remember the query: "If my peacock should lay an egg in your field, whose egg would it be?" "Don't get all huffed about it now; it was broken off the same way in us: 'A peacock doesn't lay eggs—it takes a peafowl.'"

Another thing: Tother day this colyum innocently passed along the gossip that some of the fellows about town had said that Shelby's most beautiful woman was a member of the world's oldest feminine profession.

You'd be surprised to know just how many people—including men and women, the ages of the men running from 16 to 65—have asked her name since that was published. Frankly, and not because the better 35 percent of the family might chance to read this, we do not know the name, or if the report is true.

Shelby Shorts: Until last week Shelby had never seen a Cord front-wheel-drive automobile, then two came to town in one week. B. H. J. Priest was driving one; he had enough sense to see that there was no great amount of cents in the news writing game. . . . No court week has been more widely discussed hereabouts than the one last week. . . . Hope he doesn't see this and come back after us, but many court spectators placed Judge Clements in the "hard-boiled" classification. . . . Shelby is one of those towns in which nearly everybody has a nickname. . . . and a town in which the men who have them never get to wear their Tuxedos unless there's a big church wedding. . . . and feminine Shelby has stepped so far along in the social world that evening dresses may be seen flashing here and there about town nearly every night of the week. . . . It was in a dream more than 21 years ago that "Major Bob" Babington got the idea of the Orthopaedic hospital which he founded in Gastonia. One of the finest and noblest of institutions in the world, a place devoted to curing "Tiny Tims" whose parents cannot afford to have their twisted and warped limbs straightened. He ought to have a front-door pass key to Heaven for that if he never did anything else for humanity. . . . Wonder if Shelby will ever have another governor, and, if so, who will he be? . . . John Wynn Doggett is back in the old burg and that means another cheery laugh along the streets every day. No town is ever a loser by having a good-natured, jovial man as a citizen. . . . It still doesn't seem right to see "Uncle Andy" Miller at his high chair in the building and loan office. . . . and some of the best historical stories we ever heard about Shelby of the old days were related by "Uncle Doc" Suttle, the Confederate veteran who joined his comrades recently. . . . From a fair young coed at Lenoir-Rhyne college comes the request for some information about Shelby's best known character, Ebeltoft, the bookstore sage. She intends to write an essay about him.

Now we're getting called down. Recently this colyum stated that the proper pronunciation of the names of the French marshals, Joffre and Foch, was "Yoff" and "Fuch."

From Lincolnton—just think how proud we are of having a reader that distant from where we try to round the court square—comes a letter informing that we're wrong. The dictionary, no other than Webster's latest model, the reader informs, says that Joffre is pronounced "zhofr" with one of those dunce cap marks over the "o", and that Foch is pronounced as is with the "o" sounding as in Ford. (Right there, before we go ahead with this pronunciation, is a good chance to insert a wise crack: We've heard many kinds of "O's" in Fords, from rumble seats and elsewhere.)

The reader who corrects us is correct about Webster citing the pronunciations as quoted above, and frankly, we've always pronounced Joffre as "zhofr". The pronunciations of "Yoff" and "Fuch," however, are those used by Floyd Gibbons over the radio, so go and try to talk that boy. What's more some of the fellows about town who were over in France several years ago, acting as animated targets for tray German shrapnel, tell us that the French called them "Yoff" and "Fuch." And it may be that the whole controversy might be cleared up by saying that the Webster way is the American pronunciation and

GRAPE MEN SEE A WAY TO FIGHT BOOZE DEALERS

California Producers Come Forward With Plan To Save Fruit Industry From Disaster

San Francisco.—California grape producers came forward with a plan they said would jar the bootleggers and at the same time benefit 150,000 persons and "help save the \$350,000,000 grape industry from financial disaster." The plan is contained in a booklet circulated by Fruit Industries, Ltd., a government sponsored cooperative. The booklet implies Mrs. Mable Walker Willebrandt, former prohibition prosecutor for the department of justice, became counsel for Fruit Industries, Ltd., to battle the bootlegger.

The booklet points out that the Volstead law does not permit fruit juice in the home and says "the fulfillment of this plan will save a \$350,000,000 industry from financial disaster. There will be vast human benefits, continued and new employment of scores of thousands of men and women; the redemption of thousands of farm homes which are threatened with extinction by overwhelming mortgage debts; the preservation of an American standard for living throughout a great state; the help of law-enforcement through closing of present sources of supply to bootleggers and racketeers; practical proof of the feasibility of the Federal Farm Relief program; and the bringing to almost every American home at reasonable cost of a healthful, delicious food product, now for the first time made available the year round."

Red Lights Bother Trains. Salem, W. Va.—The red lights atop Salem's community Christmas tree had to be changed to yellow because the tree was so situated that when trains came around a bend engineers became confused, thinking they were signal lights.

Girl's Mistake Dangerous. Los Angeles.—Miss Ester Hill, 25, was compelled to fight off the advances of a man, whom she had taken for her daddy when she stepped in his car, sank back in the seat and said "Let's go, daddy."

Advertisement for SUTTLE'S DRUGS. Text: We Fill Any Doctor's PRESCRIPTIONS. For A Registered Druggist PHONE 370.

Large advertisement for A. V. Wray & 6 Sons. Features: Stockings, Sweaters, Knickers, Pajamas, Underwear, Dress Pants, Boot Socks. Includes illustrations of clothing items and promotional text.

Small advertisements: Mail Plane Pilot Down Near Maiden; Andre Wandered For Several Hours In Dense Fog—Found Break As Gas Gave Out; Charlotte, Jan. 9.—Finding one small hole in the fog which blanketed North Carolina, Frank Andre, air mail pilot, early today set his plane down in a rough field near Maiden without injury to himself or his mail cargo. The ship flopped over, but was little damaged.