

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.
MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — FRIDAY

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

By Mail, per year \$2.50
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
L. E. DAIL 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 or respect cards of thanks and obituary notices after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

MONDAY, FEB. 2, 1931

TWINKLES

The next presidential campaign will be waged around three "P's"—Prosperity, Prohibition, and Power.

Perhaps Chicago is so nonchalant about the gang killings there because the gangsters are killing off each other.

The modern idea of making your mark in the world is to be able to place the dollar mark in front of a long row of figures in referring to your fortune.

Maybe President Hoover knew what he was doing when he appointed a man with "sham" as the last syllable of his name to head that prohibition investigation commission.

Frank Page's opinion about the Gardner highway proposal must have sounded as cheerful to Col. Kirkpatrick as does the merry lay of the first robin of Spring to a coal dealer.

Everybody seems to be riding the Wickreham commission. But, at that, hasn't the Wickreham commission in making a report, even one that contradicts itself, done more than some of those other commissions we haven't heard about or from since they were appointed?

Gen. Pershing, reports have it, received more than \$100,000 for his memoirs of the World War, and, after reading several installments of it, we readily admit that it is a remarkable story. Yet the boys who made up the Pershing a my—through no fault, of course, of their commander—have never received the bonus America promised them for their part in the war.

GARDNER'S ROAD PROGRAM

WHEN GOVERNOR GARDNER advocated the taking over of all highways by the State there were those, including Col. Kirkpatrick and John Sprunt Hill, who had much to say about the utter foolishness of the Governor's plan. Mr. Gardner, they said, good man that he is, did not know what he was talking about. Some anticipated a flare-back out of the Governor. It did not come but two days later out of Raleigh there came a dispatch quoting a letter from Frank Page, the man who built the North Carolina highway system, stating that Governor Gardner was right, and his proposal the only course the State should follow.

It was a master stroke on the part of the Governor, a knockout as the sporting fraternity puts it. As he continues to battle for his legislative program, still others may learn that he has been in public life, in the service of the public too long, and is too level-headed to go off half-cocked on any proposition.

KEEP IT IN THE BANK

OVER IN A NEGRO residential section of Shelby there is a colored woman who knows that it is best to leave what money you have in the bank. Last week, as a news story in The Star related, the woman had over \$300 stolen from her by a wandering gypsy fortune teller. The moral of the story isn't that wandering fortune tellers will steal. Instead, the moral is in the events behind the stealing. The money would not have been in the woman's home to be stolen had she not withdrawn it from the bank. Had she left her money where it was it would have been drawing interest. As it is she has neither money nor interest. Some weeks ago a rumor was bandied along the streets in the colored woman's section that the bank might be weak. She immediately withdrew her money. Now she hasn't any money. The bank is still doing business and will be.

There isn't much left to say, except that the present legislature should create laws, and the courts should enforce them, that would make it hard on people who scatter rumors about financial institutions.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS

GOVERNOR GARDNER is certainly to be commended for his determination to oppose the reductions of teachers' salaries to the exclusion of other classes of state and county officials. Teachers should not bear the brunt of economic depression in North Carolina nor be the class on whom the state economizes.

In proportion to the investment made and the service rendered, the state is certainly not lavish with its remuneration when the average salary of a teacher in North Carolina is only \$849.41.

The perpetuity of a democratic state is dependent upon universal education. The most capable men and women both now and for the future are needed for such a task. Nothing should be done to keep promising young men and young women from entering the profession.

Teaching, unlike office holding, is a permanent work. Office holding is for short periods of time and carries with it both the honor and obligation of public service. Salary for office is really incidental. As a rule the officer has other interests on which he depends for a livelihood. He has

a vocation or profession to which he can go. Although he should not be called upon to sacrifice in order to serve, still he can better afford to do so than teachers, because of the nature of his work. It is, therefore, the part of wisdom for Governor Gardner to stand by the teachers in this crisis.

THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING

LAST WEEK WAS A TYPICAL Spring week. An April week minus the April showers. This week, when this is read, winter may have swooped down upon us again. Many of the old-line weather prophets say that it will. Bitter weather, they contend, always follows on the heels of misplaced Springtime. There are those, however, who disagree. It's just an old-fashioned early Spring, they say. The robins on their way back north have been heard.

Commenting on harbingers of Spring, The Raleigh Times says: "According to our personally conducted bird calendar, a robin was heard and then seen on January 22. He was sitting in a high tree in the suburbs and giving out the unmusical note that he emits when he is nothing more than a gregarious animal calling for unromantic company. It will be some months still until the robin falls for a Jane and gets his song on a lyrical and sentimental scale.

"We are perfectly aware that those who hunt may be minded to tell us that, down in the deep branches running through thick timber, the robin stays with us throughout the winter. But that conceit, it is arresting to find him out in the open spaces giving his call. This has been a consistently hard winter, hard on coal-bins. The weather man admits that he is no long-distance prophet. But the robin must know, who ventures out in advance of the vernal migrations of the tribe, which pause with us in February and March.

"Also as a bit of weather optimism would we call attention to the tufted tit-mouse. This boy is a winter resident, but when he has his love in his soul he says nothing. But when he finds a cutie, he proclaims the fact in the clearest and most beautiful of whistles, let the thermometer do a dive or not as it will. For the benefit of those who cannot identify this species, let us say that he is the 'Peter Bird'—the far-carrying clarinet that says 'Peter-Peter,' on frosty mornings. When you hear him you may know that Peter Bird's heart is warm and that he already has set up house-keeping in some distant hollow.

"Once the goose-bore was considered a weather prophet, but the habit of eating that most luscious of birds (if properly prepared) has gone out of fashion. We trust the instincts of the robin, of the tufted tit-mouse, of the mockingbirds who have so far awakened as to try an occasional note to predict that despite the legislature in session we are going to have an old-fashioned spring."

"Better signs that any of the above," remarks The Gastonia Gazette, "are found in the fact Policeman Niell, a veteran gardener, is planting his spring Irish potatoes. Others have put out onion and cabbage plants; others are preparing to plant sugar peas, and other early garden 'sassa.' Bulbs are shooting out of the ground and the eager gardener and flower grower is itching to get his hands in the dirt."

Nobody's Business

GEE McGEE—



School Days And School-ways. It so happens that I am trustee-treasurer of our city schools. It is some trouble to be connected with schools, but I enjoy it—that is, most of it. You see, I graduated in about the eighth grade in a country school and I don't want anybody else to grow up as ignorant as I am, but:

The other day, a lady called me on the phone. She first wanted to know for a fact that she had the right number. I could tell, from her just 2 words that she had not just got up from her prayers. The receiver I had to my best ear fairly jizzled. She said she wanted to talk to me, and I found that out, as follows:

Her—Who's that?
Me—Gee McGee.
Her—Ain't you a trustee of the school here?
Me—Yes, am. I suppose so.
Her—Well, all I've got to say, is—if you are as sorry a trustee as some of your up-start teachers is teacher, I think you ought to resign at once. Of all the low-down things I ever had happen to me was the way you treated my little Jane, and—
Me—But, Madam—
Her—if I had my way, I would turn her off tomorrow and run her out of town.
Eddie Jane gets the name of being the smartest girl in school, and here's that huzzy giving her only 45 on arithmetic, and—
Me—But, pl—
Her—Don't but me. I know what Jamie Jane can do. She repeated the fifty-six before she was 6 and she has read through 3 books and writes ever letter her daddy ever writes to his store customers, and furthermore—
Me—Hold on a—
Her—And she only give her 50 on jiggerly last month, but I never said a word to nobody, but I want you trustees to know that we folks who pay the taxes ought to have a voice in a few things, and besides that—she made Eddie Jane set in because she missed only 7 words in spelling one day, and she had me teach her so but she couldn't do it, but no, the flaps would not do

ten to her, and—
Me—Well, e—er—
Her—It's a pretty come off when a teacher can't give her scholars better marks than 45 and 50, and if they don't make better marks than them, who in the thunder is to blame but the teacher, and I want you to know—
Me—Wait a min—
Her—Most teachers ain't teaching to learn anybody anything—all they want to do is get married, and besides that—Sallie Jane studdles every night except Monday night and Tuesday night and Thursday night and Friday night, and she comes just about as near knowing

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BY THE MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

DePriest Attends Hoover's Affair

Negro Congressman Congratulated On Presence At White House Party.

Washington.—Representative Oscar DePriest, of Illinois, only negro member of congress Friday received "scores of telegrams of congratulations," according to his office force, because he and his wife attended the president's reception to members of the house Thursday night.

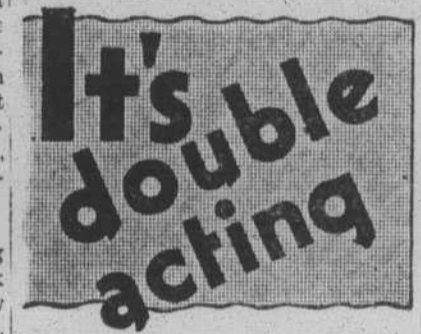
DePriest had indicated before the reception that he was undecided as to his course and would leave the decision to his wife.

They were among the early arrivals for the reception, to which hundreds were invited, passed along the line, were greeted by President and Mrs. Hoover, and then went to the east room.

The DePriests were greeted by many other members of the house and their wives, chatted with them, and then went home.

It was the Illinois congressman's first social engagement at the white house, the reception having been cancelled last year, the member's wife previously having attended a tea given by Mrs. Hoover.

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