

The Cleveland Star

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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 of respect, cards of thanks and obituary notices, after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13, 1931

TWINKLES

"Judgment Day in Court Here," informs The Statesville Daily. And to some of the convicted defendants it must have seemed so—the first one sentenced received 20 to 25 years in the State prison at hard labor.

Mr. Farmer, have you sent in your name to go on The Star's honor roll of farmers who intend to live at home in 1931 by producing enough food and feed for home consumption? If not, why not? Isn't it the only sensible policy to pursue?

A Shelby firm is today celebrating its first anniversary here with a big sale. Remembering that this firm opened for business here during one of the worst business depressions in years and has made good, it might be well to remember, too, that it has been a consistent advertiser, realizing the value of letting prospective customers know of its bargains.

IN GOOD CONDITION

FURTHER ASSURANCE that Cleveland county affairs are in pretty good condition comes from the recent table of statistics assembled by the University News Letter in which it is shown that the total public indebtedness of the county is only 8.7 percent of the county's taxable wealth.

That indebtedness is not merely the county debt, but includes the indebtedness of all towns and cities in the county, of all schools and special districts. The county indebtedness alone is only \$505,450, or just one-sixth of the total \$3,353,708 public debt of everything in the county. More than one-third of the total debt is that of the schools, and a big percentage of that is in the special districts where taxpayers voted for better buildings and equipment with which to educate their children.

Seventy-six of the one hundred North Carolina counties have a greater percentage indebtedness than Cleveland county.

No county, no firm, or no individual is in very bad shape when they owe no more than 8.7 percent of their wealth.

MAKING GOOD RECORDS

A MONTH OR TWO AGO stores were being entered and robbed in Shelby and in all sections of the county. Of recent weeks, as The Star has mentioned heretofore, the robbery wave has been no more than a ripple hereabouts. At the last court term the majority of the defendants sent to the chain gang or to the State prison were store-breakers who had been traced down and rounded up by city and county officers. An example of the speed and surety with which local officers work took place this week. A local grocery store was robbed Monday night. Tuesday night the officers had the man and the goods. Nothing will deter crime better than letting the would-be criminals know that the officers of the law are alert and on the job and that the odds are against them getting away with their jobs. Sheriff Allen, Police Chief Poston and their men are deserving of congratulations for the numerous arrests and convictions already made which are causing robbers to give this section a wide berth in their activities.

"THE PEEFUL" ARE BEHIND GOVERNOR GARDNER'S PROGRAM OF ECONOMY

VERY FEW POLITICAL campaigners ever end up a barrage without referring at least once to their burning desire for serving the "dear peepul," but not in many years has any public program received such loyal support from the average man along city streets or between the plow handles as that being tendered Governor Gardner's economy program now before the legislature. There is, as is usually the case, a reason: Governor Gardner is striving to do something for the people.

When legislature convened, he declared that "taxes must be reduced." His program of reduction, paramount about the taking over of all highways by the State which will result in a big land tax reduction, is meeting with general approval, except, of course, in those circles of office-holders which will be hit by the economy idea.

The Monroe Journal, a paper that is close to the people and usually knows how they feel about public matters, has this to say:

"Governor Gardner calls on the citizens who believe in his reforms to back him up. Well, Governor, we are with you on the most of them and we will, according to the old saying, 'stand to your back till your belly's beat blue,' but that won't help you very much. You can't put over a reform where selfishness finds it so easy to combine with indifference."

Dr. Clarence Pec, editor of The Progressive Farmer and a man who places foremost the interests of the farmer, makes this comment about the Gardner highway idea:

"I believe Governor Gardner is fighting probably his greatest battle right now, and the people should rally to his side. I believe one of the greatest services any citizen can render the State and the cause of more economical govern-

ment will be to write members of the legislature immediately.

"It is undoubtedly almost as uneconomic for us to have 100 counties each with highly expensive road machinery and supervision as it would be for a farmer with ten farms not far apart to provide a separate tractor, binder, harvester and thresher for each and ten separate farm managers."

When the legislature first convened, there were those who were determined to butcher the Workmen's Compensation Law, which Governor Gardner had much to do with putting over in this State. Opponents of the law contended that the laboring people were against such a law. Perhaps they are and perhaps they are not. Anyway, R. R. Lawrence, president of the North Carolina Federation of Labor, speaking in High Point this week, attacked the efforts of certain "damage suit, ambulance-chasing lawyers" to tear up the law and declared that the State Federation indorses the present law and will not stand idly by to watch these lawyers dethrone it.

At every turn it appears as if the average citizen and taxpayer has realized the value to the little man of the Gardner program. Many portions of that program are being fought bitterly by politicians and others who have been making their livelihood at the expense of taxpayers. This class is better organized and more influential than the average taxpayer and farmer, but the latter, after years of being overlooked and pushed to one side, is about ready now to upset things. The politicians may defeat some of the Gardner measures, but sooner or later the majority of these measures will go over, and when they do it will, as they say our West, be just too bad for some of the ambitious political lights who are now lining up against the Governor's efforts to reduce expenses and thereby reduce taxes in the State.

Around Our TOWN Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

Let's pull the curtain off the past and take another peep or two at Shelby of the good old days—say some 15 or 16 years ago.

Remember When—

—Veterinarians McCoy and Pollard put up at the old Wray stables and advertised that they were prepared to do "horse training, riding and breaking"?

—W. J. Boyles ran a five-and-ten in the Royster building?
—Thos. S. Ewers was president of the local post of the T. P. A.?
—The Palmer grocery was known as W. B. Palmer's Sons?
—Sam Lattimore was principal of the South Shelby school?
—C. C. Blanton sported a mustache?
—Chas. L. Eskridge sold the Overland automobile and advertised it as "a corking good car"?

All that was back about the time there was much talk about the erection by Tom Dixon of a statue on the court square of Col. McAfee in Ku Klux garb. Why was the statue never erected?

Other day the colyum asked "On which side is a cow milked?" Several folks have guessed at it, others have marvelled at the utter stupidity of such a question. One person figured that the side all depended upon whether the milk maid was left-handed or right-handed.

Well, the fellow who told us said that the side you milk on is the outside.

X. Y. Z. sends this in: "As to the youngest looking woman in Shelby for her years, let me nominate the following: Mrs. Russell Laughridge and Mrs. Clyde Hoey."

Of course, X. Y. Z. doesn't mean that both ladies mentioned are not young; she merely means, we presume, that they appear even more youthful than they are.

A few personal opinions that matter very little: Jim Lowery, the negro who killed a Shelby police chief 30 years ago, will never be found alive. . . . Business is already on the up-and-up; too many people are trying to believe otherwise. . . . When legislature is in session it costs the state \$2,500 per day in salaries alone. If any legislature would take one-tenth that expense off the taxpayers' backs, everybody and his brother would have one epileptic fit after another. . . . Many inspiring things have been written, but nothing of the type excels Rudyard Kipling's "I". Try these lines picked from three paragraphs:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
"Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
"And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools,
"Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it;
"And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son."

"The Birth of a Nation" was shown in Atlanta the other day, and Robert G. Nixon, a theatre critic on Mr. Hearst's Georgian, wrote about the thrill of the movie David Wark Griffith made "out of John Fox's classical novel of Reconstruction days in the South."

Wonder why Tom Dixon, the native Shelbyite, had John Fox, the Lonesome-Pine man, write "The Clansman" for him?

Shelby Shorts: In one business block in Shelby the second letter in four of the five firm names in the block is "o"—Woolworth's, Young's, Cohen's, and Rose's. . . . "Slim" Logan and his closely-cropped red mustachio are back in town for several months stay. . . . Somehow we can never get out of our mind that architect's drawing of the beautiful Spanish type golf club house that was to have been built at Cleveland Springs during the boom. . . . Remember, you country boys, how we used to come to town with dad on court week and make our dinner on cheese and crackers or potted ham in the rear of a grocery store, or get beef stew at a side-street cafe? Of course, there were days when we brought chicken, cake and pickles along in a shoe-box, but those things, which are such rare delicacies nowadays, were nothing then, to us backwoods boys, compared with store dinners and restaurant meals. . . . The stock market is coming up for air; that's why you hear so much cheery whistling about town. . . . What Shelby girl resembles the girl in the Chesterfield ad who wears the tight-fitting little black hat and ensemble to match?

It's about time for the comic cards to be getting in the mail, among them cards with sentimental little verses ending up, "Will you be my Valentine?"

If nothing has happened to you all day, don't fall out of bed before midnight tonight and break your neck. This, y'savvy, is Friday, the Thirteenth.

THE STAR EVERY OTHER DAY \$2.50 PER YEAR

BORED BY TIGERS HE RUNS A HOTEL

Captain Cliffe Browne, British adventurer who has just come to New York as manager of a big new hotel, has had his ups and downs since he joined the British army in search of something different from the quiet life of his native Middlesex village.

War in Europe, tiger-hunting in India, dishwashing in Florida, and up through the ranks of the hotel business to the top of that particular profession. His story, as told in the American Magazine, is the tale of a man who is satiated with adventure, tired of living in strange places, who yearns for a conventional life.

He found adventure rather easily. To reverse his direction was more difficult. The war gave him his start. Afterward, he commanded a Gurkha brigade on the frontier of

India, where there was plenty of excitement. For instance, there was a troublesome tigress. She had the little village of Essam quite by the ears. So Captain Cliffe-Browne, with three pig-tailed Gurkha "boys," went forth. He met the tigress at sundown, and shot her. The chief man of the village waited on the captain the next day. Would the Sahib, he inquired, accept a baby in token of the thanks of the village? The Sahib firmly declined.

Eventually, the captain became bored with this sort of thing. So he quit, and sailed for America. For a while he played around at Palm Beach. One day a society reporter wrote a lurid story about him. It was the last straw. He read it in the paper, sighed, and took the train to Tampa. There, to make sure he was in for no more adventure, he got a job washing dishes in a hotel. From that point the story is conventional enough. "Some day," he says, "I aim to have a nice, plebeian little country place, with horses and dogs. That's my idea of living."

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PHONE 149 — SEABOARD DEPOT
SHELBY, N. C.

An EDITORIAL by your Fertilizer Dealer

No. 1

in a Series appearing in this newspaper

YOU and I are the two most important factors in next season's crop success. If the work you do and the fertilizer I sell are the right kind, your crop will be a money maker in spite of low prices or bad weather. So I do my part by keeping a big supply of Chilean Nitrate. I can furnish as much as you want, when you want it. I recommend Chilean Nitrate... the one best nitrogen fertilizer.

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