

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.

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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.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1931

TWINKLES

Do your week-end shopping early. It may rain again Saturday.

A surgeon now claims he can perform an operation that will cure alcoholism. Operations of that type have been performed before—fatal ones.

Among other things the continuous rainy Saturdays are playing havoc with the afternoon plans of hundreds of baseball fans. And that borders on a real calamity at this season of the year.

The population of the North Carolina prison is now the greatest in the history of the State. And this time next year, unless the Democratic spell-binders have lost some of their resourcefulness; that will be blamed on Hoover prosperity as in the prison one gets three squares per day if not in solitary confinement and on a cracker-and-water diet.

The relations between Governor Gardner and The Raleigh News and Observer must be a little more strained than we thought. A member of The News and Observer staff writing his weekly article to The New York Times referred to the chief executive as "Governor Maxwell Gardner." Wonder what Maximilian, or plain Max, thinks of that?

The editor of Ivey's store news thinks that the legislators, had they known they were to be in session so long, might have picked a better place for it than Raleigh. The wisdom of that suggestion may have been discounted had not Representative MacLean apologized for saying that there was "too much liquor and too many women" on hand in Raleigh.

CAUTIOUS CALVIN

ARTHUR BRISBANE gets a lot of kick on occasions out of the calm, unemotional declarations of former President Calvin Coolidge. One quoted by him recently is more typical of Coolidge than any we've ever heard. Coolidge and some friends were discussing the European war debt. Someone in the party suggested that it might be well to send a delegation to Europe to talk over the debt. "They came over here to borrow the money," Coolidge interrupted, "why shouldn't they come over here to talk about paying it back?"

IN CAROLINA AND IN NEW YORK

IN NORTH CAROLINA we talk a great deal about how dry we are and how wet New York is. "But," notes The Asheville Citizen, "a great deal more is done about drunken drivers in New York—a wet State—than in North Carolina—a dry State." An evident truth.

A list of those whose driving licenses are taken away for drunken driving is made public two times each month in New York and the list is published in the newspapers. The list includes other offenses, also, and in a two-weeks period during April 769 licenses were revoked. Of the 348 revocations in New York City, 56 were for intoxication.

How many drivers' licenses are revoked in North Carolina and how many drivers are forbidden to take an automobile on the public highways for driving drunk in a two weeks period? And what effect, if any, would the making public of the list have upon violators and prospective violators?

MURDERS IN SMALL CITIES

WITH A BIG PERCENTAGE of present-day fiction and movie themes centering about organized crime in addition to the daily newspaper stories of gang killings and crime waves, the average person reaches the conclusion that murder and crime flourish in the big cities where organized rackets are carried on by criminal gangs.

In daily conversation we hear frequent references to the danger of living in Chicago or some of the other large cities. Few of us have stopped to think that the homicide rate in many of our smaller Southern cities is higher than that of the racketeer-infested large cities. If we have heard it, we soon forget it; because, perhaps the activities of the big-city gangs are more sensational than our small city killings and attract more publicity.

Frederick L. Hoffman has compiled figures for the Spectator showing that the homicide rate in Memphis, Tenn., is the highest in America. Atlanta is second, a close second. Commenting upon these enlightening, and somewhat startling, figures, The Washington Post says: "These cities had about four times as many murders per 100,000 population in 1930 as did Chicago. The rate is particularly high in southern cities. Augusta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Lexington, Ky.; Macon, Ga.; Miami, Fla.; Mobile, Ala.; Nashville, Tenn.; Savannah, Ga., and Shreveport, La. all had homicide rates of more than 30 per 100,000. The rate for 31 leading American cities during the same year was only 10.9. It is a very serious error, says Mr. Hoffman to assume that these crimes of violence against the person are chiefly of gangster origin.

"With the exception of Chicago and Detroit, the homi-

cide rate in the larger cities is considerably below the average. What is still more surprising is that murder seems to be increasing in the smaller cities faster than it is in the big cities. The American homicide rate is higher than that of any civilized country. Murder is still on the increase, while the number of convictions steadily diminishes."

THE DAYS OF THE TEXAS RANGER—WHEN LAW WAS NOT IN DISRESPECT

A MODERN OFFICER of the law is not respected as he should be because of an undermining influence that has crept into society in the last decade or so to build a disrespect for law enforcement.

Many years ago a man wrote a vivid word portrait of "The Texas Ranger," a fearless fellow who knew nothing of modern bribery and shirking of duty. It has been reprinted many times; will be printed many times again. It comes, as The Spartanburg Herald says, "out of the old Southwest, out of the wind-swept mesquite lands along the Rio Grande and out of the parched sand stretches toward Amarillo—a challenge to the men of today."

The Texas ranger is not so handsome as an eight-dollar-a-week, dry-goods clerk, but he is more courageous than a Numidian lion and tougher than a Mexican burro. His language might sound barbaric in a London drawing-room, but he can ride a broncho pony and kill a horse thief at 500 yards with his eyes shut. His manners are not exactly Chesterfieldian, but his deficiency is offset by the aestheticism he displays in scalping an Indian. He may not be up on the tariff, but he can follow a blind trail at a gallop and never miss the way. It is possible that he cannot tell the difference between the hypothesis of atomic evolution and a lunar eclipse, but he recognizes a rustler at sight and can name half the outlaws in Texas.

He cleans his gun, washes his shirt and repairs his saddle on Sunday, but will share his only dollar with a man in want and toss his last biscuit to a hungry dog. His salary is meager and he does not profess to love his country as dearly as does a candidate for the legislature, but he will tackle a bunch of rustlers singlehanded and round 'em up. He never saw the inside of a college, but he has been the advance courier of civilization and has made life and property safe in Texas. Half the time he gets no credit for his work. He does his duty just the same. Shortsighted legislators grumble and growl when they are called upon to pay his pittance, and every year cut down his appropriation. He goes right ahead killing Indians and desperadoes. Penurious taxpayers insist that he's a burden on the state. He returns their stolen cattle and horses, brings to justice the man who robs them on the highway, and guards their homes.

The ranger is hardly ever out of the saddle. He is the original "solitary horseman" who has been scouring the plains since the dawn of the dime novel. The ranger can ride harder, shoot straighter, fight longer, live rougher and make less talk about it than anything that walks on two feet. He wears a sombrero and spurs; thus accoutered and with a two-dollar blanket he will defy the rains of summer and the winter snows. He generally dies with his boots on and, as the state does not furnish rosewood caskets and cemetery lots, his comrades wrap him in an old blanket and

In an unmarked shallow grave
They lay him down to rest;
His saddle for a pillow,
His gun across his breast.

Nobody's Business

GEE MCGEE—

The Fight Last Night
flat rock, s. c., may 11, 1931.
dear mr. editor:

I rec'd yore foam message to rite up the fight which was hell last nite in our little town betwixt battling ed. keezer of texas and slick jones of georgy, the farmer being the western light heavy weight and the latter being the heavy feather weight of georgy—which blowed in to town last week.

round 1
keezer danced around jones and ssatched a left to the jaw and jones struck him in the stummick a soft blow to the right and they grabbed holt to one a-nuther and was separated by the umpire who got a hard lick on his nose ansforth, and then the gong was rung. score: 3 hits and 4 runs and 5 errors.

round 2
jones made a dive at keezer and fetched him a heavy lick with his knee and bent him over and then kicked him in the hips and keezer retaliated with a right punch to the left ear of jones who ketched the majority of the jolt with his fist which was dubble up and in the way of keezer. Gong. score: 1 hit, 1 jump and 4 errors.

round 3
this round was skipped onner count of 2 other fellers having a fight in the ordinance about a bet they put up on keezer and jones, and it created more interest than the reglar prize fight and as soon as ever thing got quite, the poleman took them off to the cally booze, and they missed the other fight, but they didnt miss much.

round 4
I got my book all right and paid

the first thing keezer done to jones was to clinch him and it was all the umpire could do to pull him apart from him, and while the umpire was lighting a cigaret, jones drove a hard left to keezer's nake and stove him up a right smart and then one of the referrees bawled—"foul," and rung the gong. score: 4 hits, 2 runs, 5 errors, 1 fowl—no-boddy out.

round 5
jones seemed to have the edge on keezer, but his nose was bleeding also, after hopping about like 2 old roosters, for 5 minutes, keezer come down on joneses head with both of his fists and almost drove him into the ground and they they clinched again and whispered something to one a-nuther, and then the gong was rung, and the umpire called it a draw.

well, mr. editor—I know a man and his wife who has better fights than this one ever little while and I don't hafter pay nothing to see same, always rite or foam me a day or so ahead of time when you want fights rote up.

yores trulle,
mike Clark, rfd.

A Bare Race.
I have been "scared to death" several times in my life. The worst frightened I ever was happened when I was about 10 years of age. I remember it just like it was yesterday. I was on my way home from school one night. (I had stayed at the railroad station till after sundown, waiting for a Third Reader that the engineer of the freight train, which was late, promised to buy for me in town.)

I got my book all right and paid

the engineer 35 cents for it and then lit out for home. A bear was out in that community. I don't think I can remember a single year that there wassent a bear or a wolf or some other varmint running wild in our neighborhood. I never could find out who let these animals get loose, but pa and ma always knew about these death-dealings machines, and we kept on the lookout for them, and stayed in at night.

We lived only 5 miles from the school house, just a nice morning walk. I recall that the path which led to our home was a dark, weedy wooded, crooked path. I was about half-way home, having trotted along at about 45 m. p. h. so far. It was nearly 100 percent dark, no moon no twilight, no nothing—except me and fear and trembling. But I gulped along and whistled for company's sake.

Just as I rounded a curve where the weeds and bushes were tall and thick, old Mr. Bear walked right out in front of me, but instead of eating me he went on down the path ahead of me. My hair immediately began to point toward the heavens above, my teeth chattered like unto a kettle drum, my knees trembled as no knees had ever trembled before. I was welded to that spot: I couldnt move a muscle or utter a sound.

When I came to my senses, I had no desire to remain a fixture in the path. The bear turned off and walked out into the woods. I passed him so quick he possibly thought I was a "hant." I threw out my clutch, and went into high forthwith. I remember that I overtook and passed a rabbit, and I ran into a leather-wing bat who happened to be going my way, and I jumped fences and sprouts and logs that I could not crawl over the next day.

I lost my 35-cent book, my old cap was missing, there wassent but 2 toe-nails on both of my feet, my coat was run out-of, and I never found it, my britches were ripped from here to there, but I finally landed in the back pi-lizza and fainted. I was revived by midnight. And I told about the bear, and what a BIG BEAR he was, too. But when I went out the next morning to prove that the bear was a bear by his tracks, they proved to be hog tracks, and we even found the old hog rooting around the place where I flew from. I am still scared of bears to this day, as well as big white hogs.

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Shakespeare Play At Boiling Springs

Boiling Springs will present Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" at 8 p. m., May 19 in the college auditorium. Mr. Joseph Sellman, who will play "Shylock" is coaching the play, and is furnishing scenery and costumes appropriate to the setting. Tickets are now on sale and it would be advisable to secure yours now, as the hall is not large.

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