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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.

MONDAY, MAY 18, 1931

TWINKLES

The sunshine, a little belated, will work havoc in driving away the "fluz" and the blues.

The Mann-DePriest bolt may be causing a little worry in Republican ranks, but as yet the G. O. P. has the consolation of not having a Cannon to disrupt those ranks.

Postal receipts at the Shelby post office are larger than those of 1930. If we were pessimistic, we might be inclined to say that it was due to the fact that the boys who went away from home to make their fortune are now sending back for money orders with which to purchase tickets home.

The North Carolina general assembly was just too slow getting started. The senate investigating committee entered its bid for the Camel contest prize after the judges had already decided to give it to the Massachusetts milkman.

With the lawmakers having to stay in Raleigh for a session double the regular length the prospective candidates for two years from now had about decided not to be candidates. But Mr. MacLean had to come along and tell about the wine and women and some of the prospects may change their mind and run after all. Fruit jars and frails, as Kin Hubbard would say it, still have their influence.

With Alfonso off his throne and a provisional republic established, Spain is having a heck of a time. If they had been careful observers, they might have watched the continuous governmental wrangling in the United States and realize what they are in for under a democratic form of government. They have yet to know their Heflins, their Bleases, their Borahs, their Raskobs, and their Wickershams and other shams.

Among the several things the long drawn out session of legislature has overlooked is that of better restrictions on the highways. And for several days now the highway and automobile toll in North Carolina has been averaging two victims per day and frequently more.

SHELBY SCHOOL WORK

A COMMUNICATION from Miss Susan Fulghum, State inspector of elementary schools, published in The Star today, should prove very encouraging not only to officials and teachers in the city schools but, also, to members of the Parent-Teacher Association who have done much to improve the advantages and equipment of the city schools.

Every elementary school in Shelby, Miss Fulghum says, is now on the standard list, and she speaks highly of the class room work observed, the growing library facilities, and other school activities. Tributes of that type should be received with pride for Miss Fulghum has the reputation of being a capable observer and inspector who says exactly what she thinks and does not pass out "taffy" unless it is deserved.

BUILDING UP A TOWN

PROPER CREDIT SHOULD BE given the building and loan associations of Shelby for the important part they have played in building up the city. Thanks to three sound organizations of this type in the city, Shelby is today a little city of home-owners; and nothing better can be said for a town or city than that a big percentage of its citizens are home-owners.

Twenty-six years ago this month the Shelby building and loan association was organized. Since 1905 this organization has financed the building of approximately 1,000 homes and continuous to encourage young men, as well as older men, to own their own homes. Other associations have contributed in a similar manner to the growth of the city in proportion to their length of service.

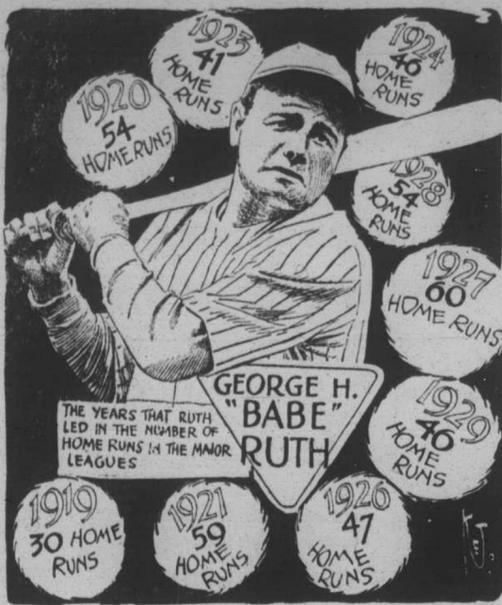
Money may be a bit scarce just now but young men who can get hold of the necessary nest egg will not in many years, The Star believes, find a better time in which to become home-owners. Real estate prices are at a low ebb now, but they will come back—they always have—and he who buys now will reap a profit in the next few years, or, if not caring to sell, will have a home at a bargain price as values will rate a half decade hence.

BIG OCCASION FOR THEM

THIS IS COMMENCEMENT week at Boiling Springs junior college and in another week or so the students of the Shelby schools will be in the midst of their commencement activities.

As the youngsters dash to and fro preparing for their roles in the finals program some of us a little more advanced in years may be inclined to chuckle at their eagerness and earnestness as we minimize the importance of commencement time. They, we may think to ourselves, are overly enthused; they think they have touched the peak of life when, really, they are just beginning. But are we right? The closing of school is termed commencement because there real life begins; but do we not swing too far the other way when

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



we would deny the youngsters the opportunity of celebrating the achievement of one step forward in life? It means much to them, as with heads thrown back and eager young eyes gazing into the unknown future and the mysteries it may hold, they hesitate for a moment to look back with a lingering fondness one time again upon happy school days. Never again for many of them, perhaps, will there be a similar thrill.

Think back—if you're doubtful and the years have dulled your memories—to the day when you were a ribbon-bedecked marshal, or an excited senior reaching for a diploma, or an important character in the class play. Bigger moments, no doubt, have entered your life since then, but few, we suspect, have brought greater thrills.

The happiness of commencement season doesn't come often in a lifetime, and here's to the boys and girls who will be having their big weeks this week and next.

THE BIG FELLOWS SCARED

IT ISN'T THE PESSIMISTIC psychology of the little man that causes the depression to linger with us, but the fear of the ultra rich who made their money fast and are afraid they may drop it with the same rapidity. That's the psychological angle of the situation taken by The Asheville Citizen in the following comment:

Writing in the Baltimore Sun, Frank R. Kent may have put his finger on one of the main causes of the slowness with which this country is overcoming the existing business depression when he says that at the present time "it is the multi-millionaire class which cherishes the direst apprehensions and from which exude the darkest forebodings for the future."

Mr. Kent explains readily enough why this should be the case. A large proportion of these people belong to the new rich. They lack background and seasoning. "They have made their money so fast and so easily that there lingers about it still a trace of unreality. They carry with them always an unconscious fear lest somehow, some way, some time, something is going to happen and all these millions on which they are perched, and which have given them power, position and prestige to which they are neither accustomed nor entitled, will crumble under them and disappear. Even in times of highest prosperity many of the fabulously rich harbor this uncomfortable feeling. Psychologists agree it is a not-uncommon obsession for the vastly rich man to dread lest he end his days in the poor house."

"In other words, most of those who have piled up big fortunes in a few years are naturally mercurial, and either they think there is no limit to the rise in the value, or rather the price, of stocks, or else when things are going down they are afraid that the abyss is bottomless. Thus they do freakish things. They buy stocks recklessly when stocks are going up. They sell them recklessly when they are going down.

There is more, of course, much more, to the present depression than a matter of psychology. But psychology does figure in it, and especially the psychology of the very rich plungers. At present, as Mr. Kent says, these plungers are still scared. The things of which they are scared are for the most part not things which should frighten the body of the people, many of these things are in fact in the interest of the body of the people, but because the rest of the country is so tied in with New York and Wall Street the bad psychology which hangs over the great money center affects all of us adversely.

Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

Baby Rattlers.

... I saw in the papers the other day where a college turned out and took all of its girl students to the state capital for the purpose of viewing a legislature in action. Some of them had never seen a circus, others had, and still others were along that enjoyed fun of any kind, so a good time was had by all.

... I undertook to run my business once on the "legislature plan" and it was a fine business as long as it

ran. I bought all of the goods I could get, I hired additional clerks; raised the salaries of all concerned; put in new fixtures, and after I got my buildings plumb chock full of stuff, I went out to raise the money to meet my bills with, and as I couldn't do it, I busted.

Cotton Letter.

... New York was weak, Liverpool was strong; Bombay straddled and hobbled along. The shorts were hedging, and the bulls were buying the republicans were cussing and democrats were crying. It aimed in Texas ad thundered in Maine; the boll weevils were giving old Georgia pain. Some mills had stopped and others went broke; the 2 by 4s had their Fords in soak. The Feder-

al reserve said margins were close. And many of the speculators had taken a big dose. If you've got money, you'd better not sell. But it looks like the farm board has certainly played—thunder.

The new evening dresses (worn by ladies at night at parties and other places where folks eat Senses) are not at all bad. In the first place, the said dresses are just about as thin as they are long, that is refreshing. The backs are cut so low in some cases that it makes slight-seeing really dangerous. I am in favor of letting the women wear just as little as they please. I can get along without them having on any more clothes than they think morally necessary.

Statesville, N. C., May 10, 1931.
Dear McGee:
When, where, how, why, and what-for do you write nobody Bustness?

our friend,
Ann Add-Mirer.

Dear Ann—
Mighty glad to answer your 5 interrogations:

1. Daily, except Sabbath.
2. Any old place where I can stop a few minutes.
3. Typewriter, paper and eraser.
4. Read the 43rd chapter of Obediah.
5. Pastime and 5 dollars a week. Yours truly,
Gee McGee.

The Family Group.

When I was a boy, budding into the teens, a picture-taker (now called photographer) called at our house once with the avowed purpose of making a family group. He told us that we needed something to hand down to our "ancestors," and as we had never heard of an ancestors before, we bit.

Our friend was a traveling picture-taker. He rode around in a horse and buggy, and besides his along. His policy was to take a "family group" and board-out half the cost of his photographs (horse, dog and self), and then charge you twice too much for the other half.

He came to our house on Friday and left the following Tuesday.

... I recall the hustle and bustle of our family indulged in incident to posing. The girls put on their Sunday calico dresses, washed their little faces and big feet, the boys cleaned up some also, and 2 or 3 of them combed their hair. After much effort in accumulating father and mother and 10 children, we "bunched" ourselves near the pizza in the front yard.

... I was anxious to look as pretty as possible. I did not stop at combing my hair I plastered it down with lard. I donned my knit shirt that laced up in front. I put on my shoes (brogans) and polished them nicely with skinnings from the dishwasher. I plucked a pretty, large Johnny-quill and stuck it in the laces of my shirt and being naturally dark-skinned, I rubbed a heavy coating of flour all over my face and then I was ready.

... The photo man wanted all of us to have something in our hands. Father held a big book, mother had a almetto fan, 2 or 3 of the girls were fondling a kitten apiece, some of the others held little chickens in their palms, and 1 boy leaned on a hoe-handle, 2 others were content with a big dog between them, but as I wanted to show off worse than the others, I held a large Waterbury watch (that had never run a tick) in my left hand, I was satisfied with an umbrella.

Well, the shot finally came—after all of us had got so nervous we were shivering. The photographer got under that little black cloth and sighted at us a dozen times, then came over and twisted my head nearly off getting it back to normal, placed others differently, and when he went back and whistled like a beautiful jaybird, he mashed something and we were "took." When the pictures were developed, my face was blacker than any nigger-face I ever saw, but the others looked O. K. as they did not put any flour on their faces. That group is still one of the "shows" of

the McGee generation.

Mike Is Mad
dear mr. editor:
please print the following ad and charge same to my account and I will pay you the next time I happen to get hold of c25.

n-o-t-i-s
for sale: one nice radio with 6 tubes to match, set in a cabinet which looks like a grafter foam, guaranteed to get wow and wlv and wsb in day light, and it won't pick up no static, reason for selling: day-light savings time keeps me from hearing any of the good programs, price 45\$, and purchaser to assume 7 installments, rate or foam if interested, mailed unchanged to well done.

SPAIN—The weekly bull fight scheduled for Friday was not pulled off as the new premier shot the bull till 7 p. m., and then it was too late. The ex-king is still the ex-king, and things he will like France fairly well, but is considering moving his family to St. Augustine, Fla. That is—the folks in St. Augustine think so.

ATLANTA—A hen belonging to the mayor which had never laid an egg before (meaning the hen and not the mayor) did so last night—and the said egg was in the shape of an hour glass. The south-sayers of the city, none of whom were connected with any of the scandal of the past few years, believe that the hen will lay normal eggs from now on—if kept away from the city hall.

NEW YORK—Mayor Walker arose this morning as usual, ate him an egg as usual, hurried to 5 important meetings as usual, made 5 funny impromptu speeches as usual, had lunch with his wife as usual, split gravy on his vest as usual, and at the time of going to press, he was denying knowledge of any wrong-doing during his administration, as usual.

GENERAL GLASHES — Zifski knocked out Spitski last night. Amstrong preaches Russia's mysterious advancement. Seven racketeers

racketed seriously at Richwald's beer garden early this morning. Eggs, 20. Potatoes, 8c. Timothy seed, 9c. May 19. (And this is why we buy newspapers.)

Yesterday's News, A La Newspaper. WASHINGTON, D. C.—President Hoover sneezed at 4 o'clock this morning. The White House physicians have pronounced him out of danger.

PITTSBURG, PA.—The local aluminum plant announces a new 2-spout tea-pot designed and patented by Mr. Mellon during vacation. The left spout will be used for coffee and the right spout for coffee also.

LONDON—The Prince of Wales did not fall off of an horse as was anticipated by the large crowd in attendance upon the races today—as he was not on a horse to begin with.

NEW ORELEANS.—Spot cotton showed some strength about noon today when Wm. Wrigley announced that he intended to buy 200,000 bales of cotton instead of only 200,000 as at first contemplated. Juicy Fruit is firm at 5 cents perwad.

LOS ANGELES.—Only 6 divorcees are in sight for next Saturday. Madame Wootski and Hon. Tootski have made up and will try to live together another night or so before going back to Reno. The poodle had much to do with the reconciliation—as she licked the hands of both of the combatants at the train.

SASKATCHEWAN.—Cash wheat reached a new high for the month in sympathy with the government pool and the new 19 and 31 crops. Bread declined from 10 cents a loaf to a dime a loaf, but buns, doughnuts and all other nuts remained the same.

Enough Proof.
"There are no two people who think alike."
"Oh, yes there are."
"You'll have to show me."
"Then why did Jane and I get 10 sets of teaspoons for wedding presents?"

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx? This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE, and so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Hazel Bofinger
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies
Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—
The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday
This day and
Saturday evening
over W. B. C.