

The Cleveland Star

SHELBY, N. C.

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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.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5, 1931

TWINKLES

And not a chirp as yet from old-fashioned mothers about Mrs. Lindbergh gallivanting off to the Orient and leaving the one year-old Eaglet at home with a nurse.

Georgia, the home State of Bobby Jones the peer of sportsmen, springs a spasm when a legislator intimates that he will introduce a bill to make Abraham Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in that State. Think of it: the "War Between the States" ended two-thirds of a century ago and a bust of Jefferson Davis is now in an honored place in Washington!

"ALVIN" EDISON

FAME, EVEN FAME of the type attained by Thomas A. Edison, is fleeting. The sage of Menlo park, the outstanding inventor of his age, became seriously ill last week. It was apparently the A-1 spot news story of the week. Still living, the Edison name is one already connected with legends and history. Two decades ago school children marvelled that the man they read so much about was yet alive; school children always associate those famous characters of history with a bygone day. But to return to the original thought: Last week the press wires flashed out the story of Edison's serious illness. It was the lead story for the Sunday papers. In one newspaper, a newspaper prominent in its field hereabouts, the headline read "Thomas Alvin Edison III." The body of the story, we thought, as we read on, would get it right, but no—there it was again in the ten-point lead paragraph, "Thomas Alvin Edison." It was an AP dispatch and in the other papers it was recorded "Thomas Alva Edison" as it should be. We wonder—did some young fellow or a telegraph desk get the idea that the usually efficient AP had slipped and that there couldn't be such a name as "Alva"? Maybe it would be best, if the news agencies will concur, to let Edison be known in history as "Thomas A."

"NOT A FOOTBALL STAR"

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO The Star published an item about a negro, one well known in Shelby, being killed by Gaston county officers during a raid upon a liquor plant. It was explained that one of the officers stumbled and his gun went off just as the negro raised up from behind a clump of bushes. At that time we were inclined to marvel at the unusual happening. It seemed passing strange, one of the freakish events of the day, that the load from the accidentally discharged gun managed to seek out and strike the negro in his hiding place. At the time, however, we were in the midst of the vacation season, a topsy-turvy, haphazard period about a newspaper office, and we overlooked the opportunity to comment upon the oddity. The eagle eye of The Greensboro News did not, however, overlook the incident. Soon after the killing of the negro a prominent football star was accidentally shot by a Charlotte police officer and a controversy about the shooting raged across all Tarheelia. Tuesday's Greensboro News reminds that the negro slain by Gaston officers was not a football star. The full comment of the Greensboro editor is reproduced on this page today. Perhaps you will be interested in this outside observation, and perhaps not.

A PUZZLING SILENCE!

REMEMBER THE PRITCHARD protest of the election of Josiah W. Bailey as United States Senator? What has happened? Why is nothing being done? Or, is it possible that no definite action was intended at the outset?

It was months and months ago—about six months, as we recall it—that George Pritchard, defeated Republican candidate, filed a contest of the Bailey election. Federal judges were then asked to order Federal court marshals to assemble all ballot boxes. Later the Federal jurists struck out the order when it became apparent that State governmental machinery would assemble and impound the boxes. It was four or five months ago that registrars of Cleveland county precincts, and presumably the same thing happened in other counties, began bringing in their ballot boxes to the office of the clerk of Superior court. Politicians throughout the state were in a hullabaloo about it. Dispatches were coming regularly out of Washington insinuating that thousands of absentee ballots, perhaps some of them illegal, would be found in those boxes.

But for three or four months not a word has been heard about the contested election. Over in the court house here an alert janitor finds it necessary now and then to brush the cobwebs from the stack of ballot boxes. Not a word from anywhere. The boxes have been assembled and not a thing is being done about it. It was a task that took quite a little time and entailed some expense.

Is it likely that nothing is to be done? Or do you suppose the Republicans are merely playing shut-mouth until another campaign at which time they will attempt to revive a would-be scandal?

We're just wondering. It seems as if everyone has forgotten all about the contest

THE PLATFORM OF MR. BOWIE

A CAREFUL PERUSAL of the campaign platform of Judge Tam C. Bowie, in his announcement as a candidate for the Democratic nomination to the United States Senate, sounds, as The Charlotte News says, more like Mr. Bowie is declaring for "county commissioner or mayor of West Jefferson" than for the Senate. Which is to say that Mr. Bowie's declarations and ambitions in regard to tax reform, economies, etc., are more of a local and State nature than of national import. But, in all fairness to the West Jefferson man, might we ask what candidate ever sticks to issues specifically within the scope and domain of the office he seeks? Is it not a characteristic trait of the political game to play to local and sectional prejudices regardless of the connection those prejudices may have with the office in question?

The sales tax issue and the MacLean measure have no more cause to be paramounted in a campaign for the United States Senate than did the injection of the religious issue in the 1928 campaign, but what an important role that religious issue played in the 1928 results. Mr. Bowie's appeal to the MacLean faction, bringing up constant reminders of Senator Morrison's opposition to either a sales tax or a luxury tax, may not prove as disastrous to Senator Morrison as did the religious issue for Alfred Emmanuel Smith, but, nevertheless, it is in that appeal, in no manner connected with the duties of a United States Senator, that Mr. Bowie sees his best chance to get votes. And that, we might remind, is the ultimate goal of the office-seeker. Mr. Bowie, we suspect, knows just as well as anyone else that there is no avenue in the United States Senate whereby he can bring about the local reforms he speaks of, but being an astute veteran campaigner he does realize the potential worth of talking about such issues.

The Star regrets to see the local tax issue hurtled into the senatorial campaign just as much as does The Charlotte News. We regret, too that Mr. Bowie has already advanced the issue, but we reiterate that in doing so he has introduced nothing new and unusual into North Carolina senatorial procedure.

All in all, it is a peculiar senatorial campaign we seem to be confronted with, particularly when we look over the issues advanced. Mr. Bowie will make his bid on the more or less local issues advanced; Mr. Grist is running, so he says, to see if it is possible for a poor man to win high office; Mr. Reynolds—"Our Bob," y'know, is advocating that something be done about prohibition, that something being something other than the type of enforcement now existing, if existing; and Senator Morrison, so far as we know now, is running just because he desires to return to Washington.

It's "Who You Are" That Counts When You Get Shot

(Greensboro News.)
Via the Cleveland Star there comes the information that John Kirk, negro, was shot to death by Gaston county officers during a recent raid on a whiskey still. Here is the explanation given in the Shelby paper as to how the shooting occurred:

Rural Officer Oscar Sams, his son, Wesley, and C. E. Threkeid, a deputy sheriff, located the still in the western section of Gaston county. When they came in sight of it, they said, no one was at the still.

Just then, Sams said, two shots were fired from that direction and they began to run toward the still. Threkeid, he said, stumbled and his gun discharged, shooting the negro who, the officers said, raised up at that instant from behind a clump of bushes.

The officers obviously have a well fortified and doubly buttressed explanation. Not only did the deputy who did the shooting commit the customary raider's stumble, but his victim, with billions of bushes in

the world and infinite space in which to protrude, made the fatal mistake of rising at the very instant when the officer's gun discharged and from behind the very bush which was directly in the path of the speeding bullet. The explanation is unpeachable. And if it weren't, what of it? The victim wasn't a football star; he wasn't even a white mail truck driver, merely a negro whom authorities subsequently announced was "a notorious character," a discovery which naturally had to come later as they could not possibly have seen him in the bushes from which he rose so unexpectedly.

The affair is mentioned largely for informative purposes. With its meagre headlines and its lack of follow-up, it may have been entirely overlooked by a reading public which saw stories of a somewhat similar nature from Wilmington and Charlotte, although with more important principals of course, starting out at them from the front page day after day. Perhaps it isn't getting shot but who you are which counts after all.

Beams Mill Dots Of Personal Items

Sunday School On Picnic To Battlegrounds—Watermelon Feast: Personals.

(Special to The Star.)
Beam's Mill, Aug. 4.—The Sunday school enjoyed a picnic at Kings Mtn. Battleground Saturday. About 50 people went and all reported a nice time.

Misses Eudora and Larue Hoyle entertained about 60 of their friends Thursday night with a watermelon feast. Numerous games were played after which the guests were served watermelon. All present reported a nice time.

Miss Vivian McSwain, of Patterson Springs, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Richard McSwain.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuford Hoyle and daughters, Florence and Evelyn, of Rutherfordton, and Miss Elizabeth Bridges spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hoyle and family.

Misses Evelyn and Beatrice Hendrick and Messrs. Mills Cornwell and Sherrill Hamrick spent last week at the beach.

Miss Magel and Messrs. Clark and Everett Hoyle, of Chase City, Va. spent the week-end with friends and relatives here.

Miss Irene Costner spent Sunday with Miss Charline Hendrick. Mr. Alvin Chapman, of Charlotte is spending this week with Mr. John Wright and family.

Mrs. John Wright is spending this week with her mother, Mrs. Chapman in Charlotte.

Miss Pansy Hamrick spent the week-end with Miss Lillian Irene

Costner.

Mrs. Paul Bridges, of Cleveland Springs, spent Monday with Mrs. W. C. Bridges.

Miss A. V. Costner spent Sunday with Miss Ophelia Hendrick.

Mr. Ivey Crawley and family of Morganton, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Peeler of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. John Phifer and son, of Shelby spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Glascoe.

Mr. Boyd Hendrick of Lenoir spent while Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bridges of near Cleveland Springs.

Mr. Defay Costner is spending awhile with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Plato Costner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Grigg of near Waco are spending a few days with their daughter Mrs. John Wright and Mr. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Hendrick and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wilson of Fallston spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Chesney Hendrick.

Mr. Bennett Wright is spending this week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Wright of Bolling Springs.

Miss Opal Ledford is visiting relatives in Forest City this week.

Mrs. W. H. Norman spent the latter part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Wright of Fallston.

Mr. Ferman Sellars, of Fallston, spent Monday night with Mr. Newell Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grigg, of Polkville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clem Hendrick.

In The Laundry.

"Bridget, do you know anything concerning my wife's whereabouts?"
"Yes, sir. I put them in the wash."

To Clean Off Grave Of David McSwain

The friends and relatives of David McSwain who came here from Scotland are requested to meet at the McSwain old grave yard near Mount Sinai church on August the 12th for the purpose of cleaning off the grave yard and other works. Please bring mattocks, shovels, and axes. Please don't let one or two do all

of this work. David McSwain is the father and grandfather of every McSwain in America. As he was the only McSwain to cross the water all who can't come please send some one in your place. And don't forget the day. I want some one to give this out at Mount Sinai, Mount Pleasant, New Hope, Bolling Springs, Pleasant Ridge, Flint Ridge, Poplar Springs, Sharon, Beaver Dam, and Trinity.
S. C. Jones, Shelby, N. C.

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Escaped girl Bares Harem Horrors



That monster, the Turk, Ali Bey—Those hideous days, nights—Can she—could any woman—ever forget?

HIRPIMA, or, in American, Rose, was sixteen—in the first blush of womanhood—when wild Kurdish tribesmen swooped down upon her home. She and her family fled for their lives.

That night, on a lonely road, came a clatter of hoofs. Rose, her mother and sister, crouched in the darkness. She heard a spatter of shots—saw her father fall—murdered.

Escaping, the grief-stricken women sought refuge with a friend in Smyrna. Here, broken-hearted, the mother soon died. And here, at length, Rose fell in love with the son of the house.

But fresh massacres broke out. The city moaned with cries of maimed and ravished. The butchers waylaid Rose's lover. She had to watch, helplessly, as they sprayed him with bullets.

And now fate dealt its cruellest blow. Rose and her sister fell into the clanking hands of the blood-drunk soldiers. They tore her sister away—screaming. And Rose, they flung—a slave—into the harem of that merciless wof,

the dread Turkish General, Ali Bey. What terrible fate awaited this gently nurtured young girl behind the silken draperies of the harem door?

What dark secrets of harem life did she learn—secrets that until now have not been whispered outside these sunnook-ruled prisons of the East?

Did she come, unsmirched, through that black muck of sensuality that befouls every female harem slave? YVES—must read for yourself HAREM SLAVES—the tremendous true-life story of a victim of the Armenian massacres. It is written with a quill dipped in the life blood of a woman, who, herself, knew the unspeakable cruelties of harem captivity and who tells about them now, frankly, for the first time. You will sit breathless over this gripping tale in September TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Get your copy—read it today.

TRUE STORY HOUR

is now broadcast over WEAF and NBC Red Network Every Monday night, 10 o'clock New York Time. The stories listed below will be broadcast one each Monday night, during August.

HUSBAND AND BOSS STRANGE ROAD TO HAPPINESS—SHE CAN NEVER ACCUSE HIM MY FORBIDDEN LOVE FOREVER HOPING

By getting your copy of TRUE STORY for September and reading it in advance, your enjoyment of these stories, when broadcast, will be greatly increased.

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