

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, eulogies and obituary notices, after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 1931

TWINKLES

"Coin" Harvey is a candidate for president and if he can scatter over the country some of the stuff designated by his nickname then he should make a pretty good run.

Another indication that times are not as hard as the pessimists would have us believe: North Carolinians burned a million gallons more gas in July and August of this year than they did in the same months last year.

The Raleigh News and Observer, the paper that made famous the "it is a LAW, mind you," is worried because Raleigh schools will operate only eight months this year instead of nine. Wonder how many months they could have been open if all the school tax had been taken off land?

"Farmers In Better Shape Than Industry," informs a headline, and after reading that we can hear some discouraged farmer say, "Then industry must be in a heck of a shape." One cannot prosper without the other, which is all the more reason why the business world should cooperate with the farmer in bringing about better prices for farm products.

BANISHING POVERTY

MR. HOOVER didn't come out with the direct statement that he would abolish poverty, but in 1928 he did say "The poor house is vanishing from among us . . . but given the chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years (Coolidge-Republican policies,) we shall soon be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from the nation."

We suppose that eventful day is hanging around that w.k. corner shooting craps with prosperity.

MELON SYRUP, EARLY GINNING

ALL-TIME RECORDS aren't established every day. Frequently one reads that such a thing has been done for the first time or done earlier than ever before and right often errors are made in such statements because the records are hazy.

Not long since it was reported in The Star that 50 years ago cotton was ginned in this county in August, the inference indicating that the August ginning may have been a record. Up speaks E. H. Lutz, however, to say that six years ago he ginned several bales of cotton in August. Along about the same time Jule Brackett made his watermelon syrup and started some talk. Watermelon syrup in this immediate section in recent years was something new, although Jule did not claim to be the originator. Since then Webster Whisnant and other have come forward with the information that watermelon syrup was made in Rutherford county, in eastern Carolina and in South Carolina many years ago.

There is very little new under the sun, and records are not made every day.

ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR

TODAY IS THE BEGINNING of another school year for around 3,000 Shelby children. It is an important period not only because of the vital importance of school days in the lives of those 3,000 youngsters, but also because it is of deep interest to their parents and the community in general.

The Shelby schools this year are of necessity having to get along on less funds than last year. There are three less teachers on the faculty despite an anticipated gain in enrollment. This means additional work for the teachers and calls for more thorough effort on the part of teachers and pupils. It is in this phase that parents can aid much. Each teacher will have more pupils in his or her class this year. As much attention cannot be given the individual pupil heretofore and because of this parents can aid very much by cooperating to the extent of seeing that the youngsters are encouraged to keep up their work by home study and strict observance of rules and regulations. Despite a reduced budget it can be a good school year if teachers, pupils and parents desire to make it so and work to that end.

TWO "IMPOSSIBLES"

NOW COMES FORWARD the friends of William G. McAdoo, boosting him for Democratic presidential nomination and thus reiterating the lack of unity, or rather the inclination of strife, within Democratic ranks.

Mr. McAdoo is no more the logical candidate of the Democrats than is Alfred E. Smith. Both with the ultimate goal of a general election victory are impossible.

This view should not be construed as belittling Mr. McAdoo's ability just as it isn't saying that Mr. Smith would both make an excellent president. One is impossible for the same reason that the other is: one faction of the party will not stand for McAdoo and the other is equally opposed to Smith. Then why try to advance the nomination of either when it is an evident fact that such boosting will cause dissension? Why not select and unite behind a candidate with qualities of both, a candidate that will not arouse the ire of

McAdoo followers, nor alienate Smith supporters? The two men are on opposite sides of the breach which was so disastrous to the party in 1928—why widen that split by injecting either of them? There are many Democrats not McAdoo followers who would support McAdoo if nominated but in a reluctant manner, and, likewise, there are many anti-Smith Democrats who would vote for Smith if nominated but without enthusiasm. Isn't it the height of folly then to continue pushing either of them into the presidential scene? Nominate a man, and the party has such, who will draw the enthusiastic backing of both factions. Franklin D. Roosevelt or Newton D. Baker would turn the trick, we believe, with Smith and McAdoo and their factions giving whole-hearted support.

I AM STILL RICH

(By Roy L. Smith in The Rotarian.)

WE HAVE PASSED through a panic, suffered from a crash on the stock market and are now more than half way through the depression and I am still rich.

It may be true that I have much less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is certainly true that I have just as much as ever to live for. The real values of life are unshaken and solid.

The stock crash cost us much that we never had—paper profits which never got nearer our pockets than the financial pages of the daily papers. The market failed but nothing else did. Prices went down but not one acre lost its fertility and all the electrons, protons, and ether waves went on working in their accustomed ways.

When the depression came I was compelled to take an invoice and soon discovered that I was still rich. All my capacity for the enjoyment of life was intact.

My two-hundred-thousand-dollar eyes are just as good as they ever were. Every landscape and sunset is mine if I want it. Twenty-thousand-dollar scenes and views are added to my collection almost every week. A hundred-thousand-dollar sense of hearing is still unimpaired and by it I become an heir to a world of beauty and inspiration.

Then there's my million-dollar stomach and a half-million-dollar appetite. No doctor has sentenced me to spinach for the rest of my life. Better to have plain food and an appetite than to sit down to a banquet with no appetite. No man can be rich who is compelled to take orders daily from his stomach.

The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the same old cordial way, business associates believe in us, and our sons hold us in high respect. The wife's welcome at the close of the day has not depreciated in the least and our daughters continue to lavish their affection upon us with the same old extravagance.

My faith in the goodness of the universe is unimpaired. By that faith I am emboldened as I face defeat and despair. The prayers my mother taught me and the faith in God instilled in me by a devout father remain as priceless treasures no depression can touch.

No nation becomes great becoming rich. Neither does a man find enduring satisfaction in life by owning something—only by becoming something. The most degrading poverty is that which results from killing the spirit that the body may be served.

This depression has cost us some of the things we created but it has robbed us of none of our power to create. We may lose some beautiful things but we have lost no love of the beautiful.

It is a challenge, not a catastrophe. A generation that has conquered the air and sent giant planes circling the globe, which has plunged into the deeps and disported on the ocean's floor which has climbed above the clouds and lived in the stratosphere is now faced with the challenge to rise above its dependence on mere things and seek an emancipation of the spirit of man.

The last six months have been for many men a thrilling adventure through which they have discovered their real wealth. Bereft of dividends and profits they are discovering the sustaining powers of a strong religious faith, the abiding values of courage, heroism, honor, charity, and trustworthiness.

A financial crisis can wipe out profits and bring business to a standstill but character is beyond its reach. It can rob us of all we have but it cannot affect what we are.

The investments we made in ambitious youth, hospitals, crippled-children's camps, colleges, and service institutions go on paying dividends. The deepest satisfactions of life—those which come from sharing and serving—remain secure.

I am still rich because I am independently rich—none of my wealth depends upon business conditions or market reports.

Other Praise For Hoey Is Accorded

Hoey Unusual Type.
(Greensboro News.)

The announcement of Clyde R. Hoey, of Shelby, that he is not running for the United States senate, we suppose, was news to a large number of the members of Mr. Hoey's party who cannot be shaken loose from the conviction that once a candidate means always a candidate. But the governor's brother-in-law's statement was hardly needed by any of those who have a more than casual acquaintance with politics as practiced in these parts.

If Mr. Hoey had wished to be United States senator, he had only to accept appointment from Governor Gardner, and that with his personal popularity and the recognition by the party's leadership of it and Mr. Gardner's obligation to him, Cameron Morrison might just as well have sought other fields to conquer.

That he did not accept appointment is to be attributed, we think, to the fact that he would rather practice law and make campaign speeches than to accept any sort of a commission at Washington. He

tried congress once, and did not like it. There was something said, it is true, about the excessive financial cost of Mecklenburg county's support; but it is more likely that the chief reason for Mr. Hoey's quite voluntary retirement was that politically he finds it more blessed to give than to receive.

There are Democrats and Republicans like that, although the woods are not over-full of them hereabouts.

Pleasant For Cam.
(Roxboro Courier.)

We venture the assertion that Senator Morrison has read nothing which gave him more pleasure than the statement from Hon. Clyde R. Hoey which appeared in Sunday morning papers. Mr. Hoey stated emphatically that he would not be a candidate for the senate, preferring to remain a private citizen. He stated that political office did not appeal to him, and this can be easily believed, for he was a member of congress for one term, and could have held on possibly just as long as he might wish, but he declined a re-nomination.

Mr. Hoey has a large and lucrative law practice, making many times the salary paid a senator, and does not

care to give it up; and he is wise in his decision. He had many friends who insisted on his running for the nomination for the seat now held by Senator Morrison, and if there was a man in the state who could have defeated the present senator, it was Mr. Hoey; possibly he might have failed, but certainly we do not believe any other man has a possible chance.

May Get Him Yet.

(Lexington Dispatch.)
"We nominate Hoey for governor in 1936," says Editor Hurley in the Salisbury Post. Second the motion, if that'll help any.

Plenty of political folks felt out the water and then changed the trend of their thinking. But it flabbergasts one when a fellow wades through a regular deluge of sentiment and comes out declaring "It never touched me." Maybe Clyde Hoey thinks being in congress once immunizes a fellow just like having smallpox. But, Brother Hoey, don't forget how old Caesar pushed aside the brown derby thrice and then grabbed a tin hat and waded in.

Just Ten Years Ago

(From issue of The Star, September 6, 1921.)

Approximately 4,500 mill operatives in and around Concord were affected by the decision reached by textile union members Saturday night to return to work Tuesday morning under the same conditions as existed when the strike was called on June 1.

Mr. J. Frank Whisnant passed away quietly at his home on North Morgan street Monday morning at 7 o'clock following a long illness during which time he had been bedridden for four or five years, his health declining when he operated a grocery store in Shelby before the World War. The funeral will be conducted this afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence on N. Morgan street by Rev. W. E. Poovey, pastor of Central Methodist church of which he was a faithful member, assisted by Rev. R. M. Hoyle.

After the rehearsal Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hoyle entertained the bridal party and a few invited friends at their home on East Marion street, about forty-five guests enjoying their fine hospitality.

One of the most beautiful and brilliant afternoon church weddings, that has ever been witnessed by an assemblage of friends and relatives which filled Central Methodist church to its utmost capacity was that of Miss Edith Virginia Hoyle of our city and Mr. Martin Richard Barr of Washington, D. C., which was solemnized on last Friday afternoon, September 2, at 4:30 o'clock.

The Cleveland Springs company received last week a shipment of two and a half tons of grass seed to be sown on the golf course at the Cleveland Springs hotel. Grading of the golf course is under way.

The drought is getting serious in this section as well as other sections of the state and crops are suffering materially.

DR. S. F. PARKER

— PHYSICIAN —
Office Phones 64 and No. 2
Residence Phone 129-J

Restless, could not sleep

"THERE were days when I felt like I could not get my work done. I would get so nervous and 'trembly' I would have to lie down. I was very restless, and could not sleep at night.

My mother advised me to take Cardui, and I certainly am glad she did. It is the first thing that seemed to give me any strength. I felt better after the first bottle. I kept it up and am now feeling fine."—Mrs. T. R. Gibson, Fort Payne, Ala.

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Make Peach Brandy In South Mountains

Gastonia Gazette.

"I was talking to a fellow yesterday," remarked one of the old-timers "who told me that he had been up in the edge of the South Mountains and had counted, within just a few hours, eight large truck loads of peaches headed into the mountain fastnesses.

"The peaches were just piled into the trucks. Now why would anybody be trucking peaches like that into the South Mountains?"

"Brandy," said we, and made 100 on the recitation.

Buy Them.

Professor—Frankly, Madam, what your son lacks is brains. Lady La Dedah—Well, obtain them for him immediately and send the bill to me. Nothing shall stand in the way of my son's education.

Mr. Babson's chart says the bottom has been reached. The little thing has been peeping in our pockets.—Fresno Republican.

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