

Around Our TOWN

OR

Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

PEEPING IN A COURTROOM

It is interesting to take a seat in the courtroom, when Superior court is on, and watch the little side incidents and activities that take place. It is particularly interesting to one who seldom attends court. A newspaperman accustomed to attending many courts and taking the attendant activity for granted does not notice these things as does a spectator to whom the court and its grind are something new and unusual. And it would be surprising to know, we imagine, how many people there are in Shelby and Cleveland county who have never attended court or have done so only a few times. Occasionally school classes are taken to the courtroom for observation and it is entertaining, later, to hear them tell about it.

Among other things, the average spectator at court would be amused at the number of people who put their left hand on the Bible when being sworn. Right often Deputy Jerry Runyan, Deputy Gus Jolly, or whatever officer is acting as court officer, must tell them to use their right hand.

On the first day of court all the lawyers rush up to shake hands and greet the presiding judge with the latest joke or some humorous comment. Of course, they are glad to see him. No one doubts that, but maybe, too, some spectator wonders if the barristers are not trying to stand in. But they don't fool the judge. Not Judge Moore, for he's a wise old fellow about human nature; nor any of the others. The judges are glad, also, to see the lawyers, but when the court starts grinding, business is business.

THESE LAWYERS

A little blonde-haired girl draws out the names of the grand jurors, pulling the slips from Sheriff Allen's hat (Sheriff hasn't as many teeth as he had a few weeks ago. Noticed that?) Then the judge charges the jury, and court is underway.

The lawyers not engaged in the opening cases find various methods of amusing themselves. Practically all of them (maybe their wives will not chance upon this in reading today's paper) find time to advance smilingly and shake hands with the court stenographer. She's not hard on the eyes—and has, well, uh! brown eyes herself. Pat McBrayer, while waiting for his cases, grabs a pencil, or pen, and a piece of paper and begins drawing cartoons. He's pretty good at it. Right often he sketches a cartoon of the presiding judge, but we've seen none so far of Judge Moore. The boys do not play with him very much. He can wade through oratorical camouflage and grandstand sobbing and find out mighty quick what there is to a man, and he's far bigger-hearted than a chance onlooker might think when he's letting a convicted defendant have it, but in the courtroom he is a dignified serious jurist who doesn't believe in too much tomfoolery. But Pat'll draw somebody's picture nearly every day. And Cleve Gardner usually writes, a flourishing Spencerian style, on any handy piece of paper. Peyton McSwain, candidating for attorney general, sits around and chews an unlighted cigar while waiting his turn. Judge B. T. Falls divides his time between looking over the spectators and the jurors. Clyde Hoyt sits as if in deep study (and, who knows, perhaps he is?), tapping his teeth with the ends of his fingers. Jim Cline is usually there, down from Fallston. D. Z. Newton, Henry Edwards, Horace Kennedy, and J. R. Davis are seldom in court when they do not have a case underway. Few people have ever seen Bob Ryburn (imagine calling the dean of the barristers by his first name) in court. Bynum Weathers busies himself taking papers and documents out of his pocket and looking at them. Joe Whisnant mulls about, maybe looking for a new joke, and John Mull displays no idiosyncrasies to speak of. Recorder Maurice Weathers and Solicitor Speight Beam just look on, and perhaps they compare it with their court. It's a great bunch, these lawyers. They get so hot in some of their arguments that some onlookers may expect them to fight, but two minutes later they'll be out in an anteroom borrowing a chew or smoke from each other. Solicitor Spurgeon Spurling has a hard time of it. He cannot get away from the prosecution table for a minute's breathing spell unless a friend or relative of some defendant buttonholes him and pleads for the defendant. And this native Cleveland county solicitor is a smooth product. He never barbers or promises away the prosecution, but he has a gentle manner of refusing that leaves the petitioner in a good humor. That quality is born in a man but needs extensive cultivation.

THE CLERKS

There are other sights, too. Clerk Lon Hamrick and Deputy Clerk Charlie Woodson have a job of keeping up with the grist the court grind turns out. They keep right up with it, too. Judge Moore seldom offers a reprimand, but one will suffice any day. Yet court clerks and officials can hark back to the days when all court attendants shook in their shoes when Judge Ben Long came to town. That old fellow ran his court and kept everybody on the run while running it.

STUDY JURORS

It is absorbing to watch the lawyers studying the faces of the jurors. They are wondering if any man on it has any reason for having it in for their client. They generally ask around, if they do not know all the jurors, to find out how the unknown jurors feel about this and that—drinking, writing yo-yo checks, etc.

Jurors for the most part take their work seriously. A study of their faces shows that. They come from all sections of the county and to some of them serving as a juror is a new experience; to others it is not. But they all listen attentively, and it is not very often, if ever, that anyone can say 12 Cleveland county men, good and true, did not do their duty as they saw it.

PRISONERS, SPECTATORS

A study of the prisoners and the spectators, among whom are relatives and friends of many prisoners, is more engaging. In the eyes of some defendants can be seen repentance and shame, although that look is on occasions skillful acting by men who have been up for the rap before. Others are sullen and stoical, and still others are defiant. Usually they are the tough birds—the hardened criminals.

A feminine prisoner always gets close scrutiny. Let one take the stand and the entire court room (particularly the men, the curious mortals) slips to the edge of the seats and crane necks to give her the once-over. If she's a pretty good looker, it is a steady stare. A bad woman, or one that appears bad, despite the fact that some say they are increasing, is always an oddity, something to be stared at like a freak in a sideshow. But human nature is human nature in men. And back in the crowds always is some poor, heart-broken mother, regretting, likely, that she ever lived to see the day that one of her own would be a felon before the bar of justice. There, too, are young wives, with tear-streaks below their eyes, and in their arms babies who are not old enough to realize what the mother silently weeps about. And there are brothers, sisters and uncles. It is a tribute to blood how kin will stick to each other in time of trouble. And, often, it is pathetic how the relatives of a defendant will look appealingly at the defendant's lawyer when the State scores in the evidence. They somehow hope that the shrewd lawyer has a comeback, that he can offset that damaging testimony or slip. When the evidence is in, they drink in every word the attorney says to the court and to the jury. To many people, who attend court often, it is just another barrage of eloquence and words, but to the defendant and his relatives it is a serious and important talk. To them, seeing it and feeling it from the same angle as does the barrister, it is a moving speech, a just speech, and one that will surely bring ac-

quittal. But, frequently, the judge and the jurors have heard such speeches before, and, what's more, they've heard the evidence—and every defendant cannot be freed. They all have or have had mothers. Most of them have wives and other close relatives. The court, looking at the plea with impartial eyes, wonders why the defendant did not think of those close relatives at the time of the crime.

There are times when some witness on the stand is amusing, when some incident brings a chuckle from all, including the judge on the bench. Perhaps these little interludes and interruptions are welcomed because, after all, the moving drama of the courtroom is a bit sad and sordid. It is where the scales of justice even up. It is the opposite side of the picture of safety, fast living, and the temporary high-life that goes with taking it the easiest way. If you've never sit in and listened to a court grind for a half day, and have the time to do so, it would be well worthwhile. It's the side of the picture too many never put their eyes on.

As for the absence today in this corner of the usual type gymnastics—we spent an hour or so in court trying to get a news story, and got this.

5,000 HOMES RECEIVE THE STAR Every Other Day. That Means 20,000 intense Readers. If you have something to sell, tell these 20,000 People about it in these columns.

ION COMMUNITY BATCH OF NEWS

Rev. Mr. Washburn Preaches, Mr. Esley Cabaniss Seriously Ill.

(Special to The Star.)

Zion, Nov. 3.—Our farmers are busy plowing, preparing to sow small grains after the fine rains.

Rev. D. G. Washburn preached to a large congregation Sunday, taking his text from First Corinthians, the 16th chapter, second verse "Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered you."

Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Hamrick of Fallston were visitors at church Sunday. Several of our teachers attended the Sunday school meeting at Fallston Sunday.

Mr. Claude Gettys and children of Hollis spent part of last week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. G.

L. Cornwell.

Messrs. Oscar Cabaniss and Bill Grayson of Clover, S. C. were visitors in the county over the week-end.

Mrs. Clyde Gold visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Borders of Shelby over the week-end.

Miss Claudia Spencer of Eastern Carolina, principal of the Zion school has returned to enter upon her duties.

Mr. Randolph Martin had as his week-end guest, Mr. Victor, Martin, of Rutherfordton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Spangler and children of Double Shoals were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cabaniss.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Simmons visited Mr. and Mrs. Laurel Hoyle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew McCarter and little daughter, Delores, of Galetonia spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Irvin.

Master Billy Horn had his tonsils removed at the Shelby hospital last week.

Miss Callie Owens gave the young people a party Saturday evening.

Mrs. Esley Cabaniss remains seriously ill at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Neal of Patterson Springs visited in the community Sunday.

EARL COMMUNITY NEWS IN BRIEF

(Special to The Star.)

Earl, Nov. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Turner announce the birth of a son, Saturday, Oct. 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Odus Moore and family of Laurinburg were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wylie.

Mr. J. P. Jones is spending this week in the Golden Valley township.

Miss Thelma Earle left Thursday for her school at Claremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hause had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Daily and children, of Clinton, S. C.

Miss Grace Sarratt, of Walnut

Grove, S. C., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sarratt.

Mrs. R. L. Wylie is indisposed at this writing. Her many friends wish for her a quick recovery.

The Chinese army was estimated, in 1929, at 1,800,000 men and the Japanese army at 210,880. However, in the present clash you will see how much good the Chinese army is against Japan's modern navy.

**Another Find—
LINDA WATKINS AS THE "SOB SISTER" WITH James Dunn Monday - Tuesday CAROLINA**

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS

REGARDING ONE OF THE GREATEST SALES AND VALUE GIVING EVENTS EVER WITNESSED IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE RETAIL FURNITURE TRADE

WE HAVE TO GIVE THE BIGGEST BARGAINS BECAUSE

We are going out of business—we must close out every item in stock. Prices are shattered. You bid—you buy—and save many dollars. Don't miss this great opportunity to be thrifty.



Every Low Price Precedent Shattered

Going! Going! at Public

AUCTIONS

Everything Goes At Your Own Price!

Bedroom Suites—Living Room Suites—Dining Room Suites—Coxwell Chairs—Beds—Dressers—9x12 Rugs—Odd Tables—Floor Lamps—Odd Dining Tables—Inner Spring Felt and Cotton Mattresses—Springs—Small Size Rugs—Ranges—Stoves.

Etc., Etc., Etc.—Not a single article excluded from this sale!

2 AUCTIONS DAILY

2 o'clock every afternoon



7:30 every evening

Come! Tell Your Friends

The Most Sensational Event Ever Staged! A COMPLETE SELL OUT TO THE BARE WALLS Buy Now at Your Own Price

FREE! TOMORROW

50 useful free gifts to the first 50 ladies entering our store Thursday afternoon.

Paragon Furniture COMPANY

Formerly On South LaFayette Street

Next To Kendall Medicine Co.

Shelby, N. C.

FREE! TONIGHT

A Genuine Inner Spring Mattress. Something valuable at each auction as attendance prizes.