

Release Snakes In Birmingham Theatres

Birmingham, Ala.—Birmingham theater managers would welcome a Saint Patrick. Meanwhile, they're depending on the police.

Twice, within the past few days, snakes have been released in motion picture establishments here. Near panics resulted. Wednesday night Chief M. E. McDuff, of the Birmingham police bureau of identification announced arrest of Emmett Wilson, of Gadsden, Ala., in the cases.

Wilson, Chief McDuff said, confessed turning over to Birmingham motion picture operators 16 snakes similar to those released in the theaters. He had ordered them from Texas, he said.

A charge of conspiracy to boycott by intimidation in restraint of lawful trade was lodged against Wilson and authorities said they expected to make other arrests shortly. The snake incidents followed recent bombings of theaters of the same chain which had formerly been in controversy with organized motion picture operators.

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Around Our TOWN OR Shelby SIDELIGHTS

By RENN DRUM.

WHEN A DRY GOES WET; AND A GIRL, AT THAT

Several years ago a Shelby business man stopped two Cleveland county citizens on the street here and said: "Mr. Green, I want you to meet Mr. Black." And Green and Black shook hands. Names, at times, are odd that way. For instance:

Over in county court last week they tried a young girl, Johnnie Dry was her name, for public drunkenness.

And the court had to decide whether or not Johnnie was Dry.

SHELBY MAN HAS NEVER HEARD A TALKIE

W. A. Pendleton, the music man, has been in business up around or on the court square in Shelby between 20 and 30 years. Twelve or 15 years ago he operated a moving picture show—the Grand, remember it? Now that the prelude has been delivered we'll relate this surprising bit of news: Mr. Pendleton hasn't seen a moving picture show since he operated the old Grand, and, although the talkies have been in Shelby for three or four years, he hasn't ever heard the cinema. (Apologies to Wally Winchell who transformed cinema (silent pictures) to cinema when they turned into talkies).

YES, THEY WILL; SO THEY WILL

The best editorial wisecrack of last week appeared in The Raleigh News and Observer. Maybe it was written by Uncle Jo Daniels, or perhaps by Frank Smethurst. Anyway, here it is:

"There is gossip that Paris predicts women will wear cottons next year. If Fashion decrees it, the 'dear wimmin' will wear anything or next to nothing."

Naughty, but true!

YOU'VE SEEN ONE OF RIPLEY'S FREAKS

Perhaps you hadn't noticed it but you and you and you (all the yous who took in the recent Cleveland county fair) have seen at least one of Bob Ripley's believe-it-or-nots.

Tother day he carried a picture of Alpine, "the famous Florida fat lady, who weighs 732 pounds but has no double chin." The plump little girlie, remember, was one of the biggest and howl attractions with the show that played the fair.

SHELBY SHORTS:

The initials of Mr. Baker over at the Wright-Baker store, N. La-Fayette street, are S. O. B. . . . When you look over the uptown, court square Christmas displays, take the kiddies around to the S. P. U. salesroom on N. Morgan street and let them see the nifty Christmas window there—ol' Santa comin' down the chimney and all that. . . . It's getting close; farmers are in town selling holly trees. Wonder if mistletoe is necessary anymore? . . . There are not so many turkeys on Cleveland county farms this year, informs R. W. Shoffner, county agent . . . R. U. Mor, the most undependable, fib-tellin' news reporter in Shelby, had another man dead last week who is very much alive . . . A sign of the times: Poker games that were once operated here on the scale of a dollar-opener and a two-dollar bet are now running, off and on, on a nickel-dime basis . . . Slightly belated best wishes to Mrs. Eliza Webb who celebrated her 90th birthday last week. If she would tell us all she remembers of the youthful escapades of some of the dignified old fellows and elderly ladies of present-day Shelby, what a reader interest we could develop, for one day, at least. . . . Ss-s-sh! We've heard that some of those already famous wine-bricks may get into Shelby ahead of Saint Nick . . . From B. H. DeP., now in New York, comes a copy of The Sun with a roto photo of the All-American football eleven. Thanks. And it was pleasing to note that "Tobo Jerry" Dalrymple was one of the two players receiving the most votes. . . . What a long stretch or nothing to compare with football until the grid season opens next fall . . . "Why didn't you name all the articles on the Jolley display window clothes-line? Bet you couldn't," says a reader. . . . Right! Not without blushing. . . . A man and a girl meet once each week, at least, on or about the court square and talk things over. . . . Maybe more'n one couple. But whose business it is? . . . Had you noticed that the date of every Monday this month is divisible by seven? Not that it matters. . . . "Wild Bill," one of the well known figures about town, formerly a follower of the circus, has solved his own unemployment problem by buying goobers wholesale, parching them, and selling the hot penders along the streets a nickel a bag. Can't keep a fellow like that down. . . . Jay Dee Ell is doing a good job of heading the charity work. But he could use some more money.

YEP, EVEN HOMER NODDED ONCE, Y'KNOW

One telephone call after another, and a few personal call-downs: "You made an error yourself in those pied names Friday." So we did, but do you remember that old story about why they put an eraser on one end of a pencil; we all make them at times. But the three names Friday appear to have attracted more interest than any of the others. . . . Remarkable how readers like to untangle a puzzle. Said one Shelby man: "I wish you'd stop those things. Of course I don't have to bother with them, but usually I glance at them just to be glancing, and before I know it there I am working like heck till I solve them." And said a Shelby lady: "You've done more than Hoover's unemployment commission and all those other commissions and relief boards; you've got everybody in Shelby at work—on those tangletype names."

Mrs. R. T. was one of the first to report on Friday's names. She got two of them pretty quick, thank you, but "who in the world could the other one be unless it is Ebeltoft, and I don't know his first name." But, somehow, it was surprising how many knew the first given name of the bookstrange sage to be Theodore. And then Elizabeth Dellinger untangled them in rapid order, as did Mrs. J. S., John Campbell, the-cotton buyer and numerous others. Here is Friday's list tangled and untangled: S E E E H I I R R M M H D —Reid Misenheimer. F E E E E T T D O O R L O B H —Theodore Ebeltoft. M A L G I N W E R E R I L L I B E —William Eibeberger. Whoops! Aren't we having a big time? Now, take the kinks out of these: L I L I E V I R O E Z E R I L U S U J L E T T U S B A R H U G Y O U R A R M Y

Two of them were once in the same type of business in Shelby and both are still in business here but not the same type of business; and the other is the name of a well known Shelby woman. If they're so easy, send in some pied names of your own—but with the answer. We'll let the others figure on them, not us.

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.

Has America a New Film 'Sweetheart'?

Or Is It Still True to Mary Pickford, Despite Her Absence from Screen? Poll of Male Movie Fans Fails to Reveal Successor to Title of "America's Sweetheart."



That the male movie fan is still strong for the innocent, unsophisticated type of womanhood, despite the hard-boiled age in which we live, is evidenced by a recent poll taken among male fans in an endeavor to name a successor to Mary Pickford as "America's Sweetheart." Though the Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, were prominently mentioned for their beauty and talent, their most rabid supporters confessed that they were hardly the type to fill the coveted role. From out of the great constellation of contemporary stars, Janet Gaynor emerges as the one who approaches Miss Pickford in point of appeal. In her work with Charles Farrell, Janet won millions of admirers, not only by her talent, but by her undoubted appeal to the protective instinct latent in the male of the species. Next in line to Miss Gaynor is charming Loretta Young, whose air of sweet simplicity also awakens the sympathies of the most cynical and hard-boiled fan. But the old guard, devoted followers of the one and only Mary, vehemently insist that she still holds the affectionate title which she won when she played havoc with human hearts by the very power of naivety, aided by her babyish ringlets.

Three Results Of Victory At Kings Mountain Battle

(Resuming the series of articles pertaining to early history of this section, written for The Star by W. E. White, Cleveland County historian).

As I have not made any recent contributions to your paper, I shall now be glad to continue my series of historical articles. Since I did not finish my story about the battle of Kings Mountain, I shall at this time give the four main results of that immortal combat.

In the first place the American victory at Kings Mountain caused the Tories, especially in the south, to cease their activities in behalf of the British. Before this battle the Tories had been very enthusiastic for the English cause, and in this state alone they had fought heroically at Moore's Creek Bridge and Ramseur's Mill prior to the fight at Kings Mountain. But after the sweeping Whig victory at the latter place the Tories, with some individual exceptions, seem to have despaired of British success, and to have left the English to continue the struggle alone for the subjugation of America.

A second result of this battle was the revival of the morale of the Southern patriots. Time and again they had suffered defeat after their enemy had transferred the war into the South, following the Battle of Saratoga. They had lost at Savannah, Charleston, Waxhaw and Camden, and everything seemed to indicate that the rebellion in America would be successfully put down. But suddenly the tide turned. The heroic mountain men of the South, inspired by lofty ideals

of liberty, rose up in their might, killed Ferguson and destroyed his army, and began a series of brilliant military achievements that ended at Yorktown a year later. In fact, the British never won another great victory during the American Revolution after the Battle of Kings Mountain.

And still another result of this famous battle was the cheer it brought to the patriots of the north. The last big fight in that section of the country had ended in failure for the Americans at the Battle of Monmouth, because General Charles Lee treacherously betrayed Washington and foiled his plans to capture Clinton's army. Furthermore, the whole north was full of gloom at that time on account of the recent treason of Benedict Arnold, a leading commander in the American army. It has been said by a prominent historian that his going to the enemy caused more despair among the patriots of the north than did the big British victory at Camden among the whigs of the south. But when the gallant people of the north heard of what the mountain men of the south had accomplished at Kings Mountain they were elated with joy and the whole country was filled with enthusiasm. As Thomas Jefferson truly said "It was the joyful turning of the tide."

Finally, the American victory at Kings Mountain had a demoralizing effect upon the British. Deserted by the majority of the Tories, they now had to rely upon themselves to defeat the victorious Americans, whose enthusiasm for their cause was then almost boundless. Though Cornwallis won a technical victory at Guilford Court House, his army was so badly crippled in this battle that he soon retreated from that section of North Carolina and surrendered at Yorktown seven months afterwards. It is my intention now to write some articles about Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and other Kings Mountain heroes.

Advertisement for Chesterfield cigarettes. It features a large black and white photograph of a man in a suit holding a cigarette. To the right of the man is the text: "I'll be fair with you..." followed by a testimonial: "I LIKE the way you put it up to us smokers to judge your cigarette by absolutely real things like mildness and better taste. Sounds like good common sense!" Below this is a list of benefits: "Fair enough! That's all Chesterfield wants. That's all Chesterfield could ask for and does ask for—a trial." "Promises fill no sack." After all, it's what you get out of a smoke that counts. And what you get out of Chesterfield, or anything else for that matter, depends on what goes in. Better tobaccos don't grow than the tobaccos that go into Chesterfield. Ripe. Sweet. Aged and cured for two years under the watchful care of expert chemists. Better cigarette paper can't be bought. Tasteless. Odorless. Pure! Sanitary factories. Cleanliness in every step of the process. A purer cigarette than Chesterfield can't be made. And the package! Absolutely moisture-proof. Sealed tight—yet the simplest thing in the world to open. And attractive to look at. They're milder—they taste better—they're pure—They Satisfy!" At the bottom right is a close-up of a Chesterfield cigarette.