

NOMINEE HAPPY OVER PROSPECT FOR CAMPAIGN

Roosevelt's Big Worry Ended by Al Smith's Statement. Jonett Shouse to Aid in Campaign. New York Governor Beams as Leaders Assure Him Their Support in National Campaign.

Albany, N. Y.—Governor Roosevelt is now a happy, confident Democratic presidential candidate.

The big worry of the Roosevelt camp, whether or not former Governor Smith would support the governor's candidacy, had been eased by the "Happy Warrior" announcement last week that he would support the party.

Jonett Shouse, Smith champion in pre-nomination days, whose candidacy for the convention chairmanship was crushed by the Roosevelt forces in the drive to victory, wired "Dear Frank" that he'd do all he could to help the Roosevelt-Garner ticket. And late last night came word from Cleveland that Newton D. Baker, "dark horse" candidate at the convention, was backing the governor.

Capital Hill was pondering whether the famous "Al and Frank" friendship would be patched up now that the party battle is over. The former governor gave no hint as to that in New York, and Roosevelt said just thirteen words after reading the Smith announcement: "Governor Smith's statement confirms my confidence that he would support the Democratic party."

French Submarine Sinks; Sixty-six Lives Are Lost

Paris.—The French submarine *Promethee*, with 73 men aboard, sank off Cherbourg Harbor Thursday. Seven men were saved.

In addition to the crew the ship was carrying seventeen engineers and other workers not permanently assigned to the vessel.

The ministry of marine issued this statement describing the disaster:

"The *Promethee* was making a trial trip on the surface. Suddenly she sank to a depth of about 25 fathoms, 7 miles north of Cape Levi. The cause of the accident was not determined."

The marine corps of Cherbourg sent out all the available salvage vessels and Admiral Malgouyev took over the direction of the operations. Naval planes were brought into service, but flying conditions were bad, making a search from the air difficult.

The *Promethee* is one of a class of 1,384 tons surface displacement. She is 302 feet long with a 30-foot beam. Her armament consists of one 300-mm gun, one 37 millimeter gun, one machine gun, eleven 21.7-inch torpedo tubes, including two sets of revolving tubes, one fore and one aft.

The type was not particularly successful on trials. Two of the *Promethee's* sister ships, *Vanguard* and *Redoubtable*, made a cruise to the West Indies in 1930 without mishap.

The *Promethee* was one of five submarines in the 1927 building program.

SHRINERS' LIQUOR IS TO BE TESTED AT SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco.—Shriners attending the annual Shrine convention here July 26-28 need have no worries regarding the safety of San Francisco's "refreshments."

Dr. J. C. Geiger, city health officer announced Saturday that his office will gladly test all liquor the Shrine nobles bring to it during their stay here.

"It takes about ten minutes to determine the fitness of liquor for drinking purposes," Dr. Geiger said.

"Of course we have to report all tests to the prohibition department. But the convention will be over before the necessary clerical work and reports can be filed."

FIRST LOVES

By FELIX RIESENBERG

SECOND INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS—Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who had spent all of his life aboard a Hudson River tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river in a terrific collision which sinks the tug, drowns his mother and the man he called father ignorant, uneducated, and fear driven, he drags himself ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a huge covered truck—only to be kicked out at dawn—and in the midst of a tough gang of river rat boys who beat and chase him. He escapes and, exhausted, tumbles into a basement doorway. Later, he hears the trap door slammed, a padlock snapped down, and he is trapped.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Becka! Becka!"

"Yes, Pa."

"Vil you shud de vawter off?"

"Papa, it iss off."

"Vot you del me, Becka? Id gon'd sun? I heard id. Do vot I told you; vil you?" Channon Lipvitch hobbled back through the basement, to the rear of the room. He shuffled, his feet at an angle, his bearded face assuming an air of comical severity. It was an occasion and Channon Lipvitch, certain of his ground, determined to correct his daughter. Conversation in the rear living-sleeping room, came to a stop; the loud voices quieting which the splash of running water sounded from without. "So you told id lies to me on Shabbas?" He bristled, but Becka, more voluble than her father, instantly replied.

"It's in back, Pa. Don't be so sudden with calling me a liar. It's in the house in back. I hear it splashing, like you."

But Channon Lipvitch was right. Water was splashing, if not in their apartment, then near by. Ha, he was right; his ears were not stuffed up. Water taxes were ever in his mind when faucets flowed. "Vell," he said, "shud id off, vy don't you? Dell me, who is making such a splash on Shabbas?" He was a strict man with his family—in the presence of visitors.

The girl, big for her age, and dressed prematurely, laughed and giggled as she climbed through a rear window of the Lipvitch home; the living, sleeping, eating room in back of the clothing emporium—new and second hand. She had to make a high step, a very high step, for they were on the basement floor, and the sills were high. Her skirt was tight and long, in fact, as she stretched one leg through the window, the other was uncovered far above the knee; a plump shapely leg.

Becka, standing on tiptoes, her skirts lifted unnecessarily high, peered across the narrow area between the buildings. Through a broken window pane she saw a boy splashing over a rusty sink, under a tap of running water. He held a piece of hard yellow laundry soap and was working up a lather; his hair and face were streaming wet. The boy caught a glimpse of her, his eyes were wide with fear—blue eyes. She smiled at him. Then she turned hurriedly, her skirts up over her knees—her stockings were new and she made the most of the occasion. Breathlessly she jumped down into the Lipvitch living room. "It's a boigler," she declared, almost fainting. Tremendous excitement prevailed in the Lipvitch home.

"Quick, Papa, quick." Mrs. Lipvitch and Mrs. Yartin were urging and helping the reluctant Lipvitch at the window. Suddenly the water stopped. Lipvitch, in the area, caught a glimpse of a boy's face at the broken window. The little man, he was a head shorter than his wife, struggled to command his voice. He did not look formidable in his black

silks skull cap. His features worked convulsively.

"Vot iss! Vot iss!" He exclaimed excitedly. The boy looked harmless, frightened. "Vil you come out?" Lipvitch screamed. "Or if you don't, I—I—call polize!"

"Papa, it's only a boy." Becka was again climbing through the window.

"Here, boy, come out to us." She tapped and rattled the weathered sash.

"Id's only a boy. Only a boy." Mr. Lipvitch announced, as if terribly disappointed. He greeted Johnny with a smile, and held out a screwy hand to the strong fist of the boy who leaped up without effort, a ragged, desperate wail with wet hair and shining eyes. But Channon Lipvitch was triumphant. He had proven himself, with the help of circumstances. Before one's family and friends bravery is a virtue.

The Lipvitch Clothing Emporium—"New and Second Hand"—was not unlike the burge Cavalier, in shape, at least.

It was a nice little business, buying and selling. In the back, branching from a dark, narrow hallway with a splintered pine floor, were the work rooms lit by naked yellow gas jets and crowded during ten hours of the day with operators on pants and vests.

Lipvitch took in piece work on the less difficult parts of manufacture, hiring his help from the tenements of the street. His stock did not spoil, he bought cheap and sold at a profit, even when protesting with vehemence that his loss was great. Back of the two work rooms came the kitchen, small and dark, opening to the living room in the rear. At one side of this, back of a sink, to save plumbing, was the bathroom. And the back room, the home of the Lipvitch family, where they entertained their friends, ate their meals, and slept, stretched the full seventeen feet from party wall to party wall. Here father, mother, Becka and the twins, Muriel and Constance, the latter just able to walk, were sheltered.

In the living room there were two beds, covered by colored spreads by day and shoved against the wavy farthing from the windows to get away from the night air. Becka and the twins slept in one of those and Mrs. Lipvitch occupied the other. With the advent of Johnny Breen, a cot, from a nearby second hand store, was placed beneath one of the windows.

Channon Lipvitch, like the heads of many families preponderant on the female side, felt himself overshadowed by the growing impudence of Becka added to the volubility of Mrs. Lipvitch. A shrewd general in a trade he was limp in the hands of his wife and daughter. To him trade was art; it was life, and life depended upon the teeming, crowded multitude who swarmed and squirmed in the alleys of the town—it was a good place, this city, so full of customers always close at hand.

On the Saturday afternoon of Johnny's introduction to the city his reception in the back room of the Clothing Emporium took on the proportions of an event. Johnny's story, given amid greedy, mastication of seed rolls and gulps of tears and lukewarm coffee, thrilled the company with a sympathy grown quick through the age-long persecution of their race—a sympathy leading to monumental works of charity within the city. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he repeated, "My mother is drowned, my mother is drowned!" The "oy, oy, oy," of Mrs. Lipvitch and Mrs. Yartin punctuated the story. Mrs. Blumgren, with large, wondering brown eyes, cried in sympathy, while Becka dried his clothes and sewed on buttons.

"You are staying by us, now," Becka spoke to Johnny, smiling, her face close to his. Tears welled in his eyes. He was terribly tired; kindness cut through him like a knife.

Johnny slept on a cot in the corner. He drifted off into oblivion, exhaustion and exhilaration crowding back the events of the previous day and night.

Days of bewildering complexity followed on his establishment in the family of Channon Lipvitch, as a cousin from the farm, for so Elkan Nesser, a Malamud, advised. Slowly the river dimmed. Johnny Breen learned of synagogues and rabbis. He thought the whole world consisted of the river and the Ghetto, nothing else. Becka became a dominant force in the direction of his emotions. He burst out of his clothes, his strong body never tired. He could lift Becka high up so she might reach the top shelves in the shop; she was often needing things there, and then, suddenly, he refused to lift her, but climbed up himself and found nothing.

John had achieved a prime requisite for worldly success. He was known four and five blocks away as "Fighting Lipvitch." He became a celebrity, nothing less, elevated above the boys on the street; on a par, in fact, with young men four and five years his senior in point of age and a decade beyond him in worldly lore. The Grogan Gang, out for revenge, cruised the Ghetto. John Breen, with brass knuckle dusters in his pockets, a reckless light in his eyes, fought when there were no more than two or three, and took to his heels before

his blackened eyes. She sat on his couch and cried over him, caressed him, her hero.

And so the months went by in a smother of smiles and chatter and continuous struggle.

As the summer waxed to it, full-est heat and high humidity thickened the air with oppressive damp, the Lipvitch family moved out of their back room into the rear area of the tenement. Here, with their mattresses close together, they lay gasping through the nights. John, prone on his back, gazed upward on clear nights at a slit of heaven. Frequently domestic arguments sounded back and forth down crowded light shafts and weird

figures filled John's mind as he fretted through the hot nights amid the close insect of the city slums.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

\$25.00 REWARD!

It is ordered by the Board of Education that a reward of \$25.00 be given for evidence sufficient to convict any person or persons of the wanton destruction or damage to school property of the county—provided information as to the kind and extent of such damage shall first be given to the Board of Education or county superintendent.

SMITH HAGAMAN,
County Superintendent.



Though vacations scatter the family the Telephone keeps them together

Vacation time is here and soon thousands of families will be scattering to various places to spend their vacations. Some will go to the seashore, others to the mountains or on week-end motor trips; yet large numbers of these vacationists will keep in close touch with relatives and friends back home by telephone.

People are fast learning that it adds much to the pleasure of their vacations and the happiness of those left at home when they call back at regular intervals.

The cost is small. To most places 25 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; 75 miles, 60 cents; 100 miles, 65 cents; 150 miles, \$1.00. During the evening and night periods, rates are much lower.



America is counting cylinders and

AMERICA PREFERS THE SIX

Since January 1st, buyers have chosen more Chevrolet Sixes than the combined total of all fours and all eights priced below \$1000

When buying a low-priced car, do as America is doing: *Count cylinders!* And you'll say, as America is saying: "SIX! No more. No less!" America counted cylinders and concluded that six is the ideal number for a car of lowest price! No more, because an engine with extra cylinders is bound to cost more for gas, oil and upkeep. No less, because six is the smallest number of cylinders you can have in a car and avoid undesirable effects of inherent vibration.

Free Wheeling, Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting, Fisher bodies—and many other advanced features. Be cylinder-wise! Follow America's lead and make your next low-priced car a six—a Chevrolet Six! Unless you do, you can't expect the smoothness, economy, and lasting satisfaction to which your money rightfully entitles you.

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A six, as Chevrolet builds it, is the happy medium between two extremes. No other motor car engine in America today costs so little for gas, oil and upkeep. And it gives you built-in smoothness from 6 miles an hour to 65 or 70.

Because of this smoothness—plus the fact that the whole car is so solidly, ruggedly built—a Chevrolet Six really stands up. It's a good, reliable, economical car the day you buy it... and it keeps on being good, reliable, economical after 5,000—10,000—15,000 miles of driving.

In addition, Chevrolet is a modern car, with

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