

# RED MADE A DISCOVERY

By GEORGE PRENTISS, Jr.

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

**"PRISONERS' Reformation society!"** growled "Red" Lanagan, glancing bitterly after the secretary, Mrs. Hubert, as she swept majestically away, her silken garments trailing audibly along the floor.

"Red" felt aggrieved in his inmost soul. Two weeks before he had come out of state's prison, after serving a term of two years for grand larceny. He had really meant to run straight after marrying Lizzie, but it was hard for the ex-jailbird to get a position, and harder still to keep it, with the police always hounding one. So "Red" had fallen. The temptation was a strong one, for they were both starving. He had gone to the penitentiary, and he had never seen Lizzie since the day he was sentenced.

When he came out he realized that all efforts to find her were doomed to disappointment. Lizzie had disappeared, and it was evident that she would never return to him. She had been a servant, but bred in a community of decent country people, she had no use for a jailbird, even though he had stolen to assist her.

Embittered and hopeless, "Red" had drifted into the Prisoners' Reformation society rooms on the Bowers, where he had heard Mrs. Hubert, assisted by a parson, hold forth upon the right of the criminal to redeem himself. The discourse seemed to "Red" so preposterously untrue to life that he could not restrain his indignation. When Mrs. Hubert stepped, smiling, down from the platform, he approached her.

"Say! That's fine dope you been giving us," he sneered. "Maybe it didn't occur to you that a man can't get a job, nor yet hold a job when he's been in the penitentiary."

Mrs. Hubert, sympathetic, turned "Red" over to the committee. The committee investigated his case and announced that he could get a position of trust, to run errands for a store, at fifteen dollars a week.

"What about a raise?" sneered "Red" bitterly. He, who had handled thousands, felt the temptations to honesty miserably inadequate. "Say," he bawled, "could any of you support a wife on fifteen a week? Honest, could you?"

They had not known "Red" was married. The committee investigated that, delaying as committees do. "Red" told them that if they could find his wife he'd try to run straight on fifteen dollars. It was a pathetic offer and significant of "Red's" real desire to reform.

Thereafter Mrs. Hubert took the case in hand and told "Red" with much smiling and kind patronage, that when he had proved his manhood the committee would find his wife for him. So for a whole month "Red" worked at his job, gradually losing the fight against embittered loneliness.

"One night he fell. Ike Williams, an old cory, who had himself been a 'victim' of the society, as he expressed it, lured "Red" into an old haunt. A favorite stimulant finding its way into the somewhat cramped recesses of the ex-convict, stimulated his imagination.

"Find your wife!" exclaimed the astonished contempt. "Why, don't you know it's a game with them folks 'Red'?"

"What's a game?" demanded "Red" ferociously.

"Why, playing with us and writing reports about us for their clubs. You never find your wife. It's part of the game, them promises. Rich as a miser, that old woman is, and as for jewels—say! You been to her house?"

"Once—when I first come out," answered "Red" miserably.

"There's half a million dollars in diamonds waiting there for anyone what wanted 'em," said Ike impressively. And therewith he made a proposition which fell upon "Red's" ears as sweetly as manna on the parched tongues of the desert wanderers.

"Red" went home and thought, and all his anger and resentment paved the way for his acceptance. That rich old woman with the Fifth Avenue house and the diamond necklace while he, "Red," worked for fifteen dollars a week! And Lizzie, whom she was to discover for him as soon as he had made a man of himself! He would show her what sort of a man he was.

He talked the situation over with Ike. During the course of his single visit to the house "Red" had, with a true craftsman's eye, summed up the architectural features. To ascend to the second story by means of the ornamental column would not be difficult. He could enter one of the French windows. He knew the upper floors—he had gone there in the guise of a gas inspector. If "Red" could get the necklace, Ike could catch it from his hand in the court below and hold any intruders at bay while "Red" made his getaway along the covered courtway.

to the right to reach the old woman's bedroom. But his head had never been very good for second story work, and he hesitated an instant before he threw up the window and stepped inside. As he did so the burglar alarm rang loudly through the house.

"Red" was half along the passage. To go back to that window would be fatal. The unexpected alarm struck terror into "Red's" heart, but he kept his head well enough not to yield to the instinct to run for safety and be caught. An open closet with a lot of clothing hanging in it attracted his notice. He plunged inside and pulled the door tight after him. There he crouched minute after minute, trembling in fear of capture. He could hear nothing inside, for as the door fitted tightly, he did not know whether he was being pursued; but it was growing uncomfortably hot.

Perhaps "Red" waited there twenty minutes. At last, when he could endure the heat no longer, he opened the door cautiously. Instantly a cloud of smoke rushed in. "Red" plunged into the passage, to find the smoke whirling down it. He heard confusedly the cries of people in the street below.

He rushed to the window through which he had climbed. Looking down into the street across the garden, he saw that fire line had been formed. He saw the men atixing ladders; he saw the smoke-shrouded building. Flames were bursting from every window, except those of the wing in which he was trapped, and he did not know the way out.

In mad terror he broke along the corridor, plunging into room after room, only to recoil, baffled, before the forty feet of vertical wall that overlooked the garden.

"Red" tried to collect his thoughts. Yes, he saw the situation now. He must reach the front of the house, where the firemen had erected the ladders. He turned back and raced toward a swing door, which seemed to shut off the residential section from the servants' quarters. He passed an open door—somebody stood there in the curling smoke, with arms outstretched, reeling, groping, sobbing.

"Red" did not hesitate an instant. He tore off his coat and wrapped it about the girl. He snatched a blanket from the bed and placed it about her, covering her from head to foot. Then, carrying her in his arms without much difficulty, he turned to find that the whole wing had grown a fiery hell.

And "Red" burst into the furnace. Tongues of flame caught at him, the blinding smoke seemed a contrivance to drive him into that seething, molten chaos of fallen timbers and corroded metal, which had once been an elevator shaft, up which the fire tongues burst with yellow and red banners. They drew at "Red" like beasts with hungry maws. But he evaded them. And now he was panting under his burden at a window, looking down into the street, and behind him the tongues were uncoiling.

The firemen had left the wall, for it was thought all the inmates were rescued. The hose was playing upon the buildings right and left—no chance to save that one.

A brawny fireman leaped for the ladder, followed by two more. The structure was within "Red's" grasp, but he was too faint to feel for it, too weak to use it. He clung to the window frame and held the girl out toward the mob.

"For God's sake!" he babbled. "I didn't get the necklace. Lemme die, but—"

The safety of this girl seemed the only thing in life to "Red." He had forgotten all about his fears. Death was imminent now, the tongues of fire were licking hungrily at his face. "Red" passed his hand over his singed pate and laughed hoarsely.

"I guess they've—copped me again," he muttered, and banding the girl to the nearest fireman, fell fainting back toward the flames. It was in the very nick of time that the second fireman dragged "Red" out and down the ladder to the cheering crowd below.

"Who is he?" the people asked each other, as they pressed round him. "My husband," were the words that fell upon "Red's" ears. He opened his eyes. Over him knelt the girl he had saved, and he recognized Lizzie looking at him with a new tenderness in her eyes.

### Teaching a Salesman

Just what should a salesman be taught? "One of my assistants has a pet expression," writes Herbert M. Maxwell in System, the Magazine of Business. "We don't want machines out on the road for us. We want human beings that are right up on their toes and tingle all over while they are selling—who enjoy the buyer-and-seller 'conflict.' But we want them to have their feet squarely on the earth, even in the heat of battle, and the finger that trembles over the order pencil, dead-accurate in recording exactly what the buyer wants. Don't show that you are nervous or you'll make the other fellow nervous, too."

### Quotations

Pope is the fullest of all English poets, Shakespeare only excepted, of "quotations"—lines or phrases which have become part of our common speech and incorporated in the structure of our common thought. This is itself high praise; but it is not the praise of poetry, which is a subtler thing. The whole of "Paradise Lost" has contributed only some half-dozen such. Young, a poet only of the second or third rank and now almost forgotten, comes, I think, next after Pope in their abundance.—J. W. Mackall, in "Studies of English Poets."

### NOTICE OF SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain Trust Deed executed on the 28th day of July, 1924, by Leon T. Lane and wife to the undersigned Trustees, said Deed of Trust being recorded in the registry of Chatham County, in Book GH, page 425 et seq (default having been made in the payment of the bond and interest secured by said Trust deed) the undersigned Trustees will, on Saturday the 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1926, at 12:00 o'clock noon, in front of the Courthouse door, at Pittsboro, N. C., offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash, all those certain tracts or lots of land lying and being in Chatham County, North Carolina, and being more fully described and defined as follows, viz:

FIRST TRACT: Lying and being situated in Matthews Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, bounded as follows: Beginning at a gum on the waters of Brush Creek, C. R. Lambert's and Lane's corner (17 poles west of Brush Creek) and running thence south 2 1-4 degrees west 9 1-2 poles to a walnut tree; thence south 25 degrees east 14 1-2 poles to said creek; thence down the creek as follows: South 7 poles, south 15 1-4 degrees west 13 poles, south 17 degrees east 12 poles, south 56 1-2 degrees west 10 poles, south 29 degrees west 8 poles to a hickory on south bank of said creek; thence south 3 degrees west 52 poles to Lane's line; thence north 84 degrees west 17 poles to a stone, Eli M. Bray's corner; thence north 5 1-4 degrees east 117 poles to a stone; thence south 85 degrees east 13 poles to the beginning, and containing 94 acres, more or less.

SECOND TRACT: Lying and being situated in Bear Creek Township, Chatham County, N. C., Beginning at a pine stump, William Andrews' corner; and running thence south 98 poles to J. Y. White's corner; thence west with said line 42 poles to a post oak; thence north 100 poles to a stake, John Andrew's corner; thence east 42 poles to the Beginning, containing 24 acres, more or less, further reference being hereby made to the deed which is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham County, North Carolina in Book "FB" page 254.

THIRD TRACT: Lying and being situated in Matthews Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of G. W. Brock, W. N. Fields, and Wilton Fields, and containing 112 acres, known as Brooks Farm old Home Tract of the late John M. Brooks, and being the same tract conveyed by J. H. Bray and wife, Emily Bray to John R. Lane, by deed dated August 26, 1896, and conveyed by said J. R. Lane and wife, Mary Lane, to Leon T. Lane, said tract adjoining Tract No. One above described in this conveyance, and reference is hereby made to the title deeds by which they held the same.

FOURTH TRACT: Lying and being situated in Bear Creek Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, and beginning at a hickory formerly the Old Henry Dorsett corner; thence north 194 poles to a black jack; thence west 130 poles to a post oak; thence north 194 poles to a black jack; thence east 130 poles to the Beginning, containing 155 acres, more or less.

FIFTH TRACT: Lying and being situated in Bear Creek Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post oak Lane's corner and running north 230 poles to a post oak Henry M. Bray's old corner; thence west 174 poles to a stake in old field, Henry M. Bray's old corner; thence south 44 1-2 poles; thence north 89 1-2 degrees west 42 4-5 poles to a dogwood corner; thence south 1-2 degree west 37 1-3 poles to red oak corner; thence south 88 1-2 degrees east 42 1-3 poles; thence south 1 degree west 148 poles to pine stump, corner with pointer; thence east to the Beginning, containing 245 acres, more or less. An oblong square (rectangle) 55 poles from east to west and 28 1-2 poles from north to south has been deeded off of northeast corner of this tract, but after taking off same leaves approximately 245 acres.

SIXTH TRACT: Lying and being situated in Bear Creek township, Chatham County, North Carolina, and bounded as follows, Viz: Beginning at a post oak and running thence south 70 poles to a stake, J. I. Lane's corner; thence west 72 poles to a post oak, his corner (originally Gerra Lane's corner); thence south 36 degrees west 57 poles to red oak; thence north with his line 66 degrees west 89 poles to red oak; thence west 86 poles to a post oak; thence north 93 poles to a post oak (original Gerra Lane corner); thence west 43 poles to a white oak; thence north with the late J. R. Lane line to the James Scott corner (now John R. Lane's heirs); thence east with said Lane line about 140 poles to Lane's corner, in original line; thence south 45 degrees east with the old line to a stone pile, with gum pointers; thence east 91 poles to a post oak; thence south 36 degrees west 15 poles to a red oak; thence east 26 poles to the Beginning, containing 211 acres, more or less, and known as the Hadley Johnson land, and being the same tract as conveyed by J. R. Lane, Mortgagee to Leon T. Lane, by deed dated September 9, 1899, and registered in office of the Register of Deeds Chatham County, North Carolina in Book 6P, page 237.

This August the 23rd, 1926. WALTER D. SILER, WADE BARBER, Trustees.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified this day as administrator of the estate of Mary Rosa Jones, late of Chatham county, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present their claims to the undersigned duly verified on or before the 23rd day of August, 1927, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will please come forward and make immediate settlement.

This the 23rd day of August, 1926. J. D. JONES, Administrator. W. P. Horton, Atty. Sept. 2, 6p.

### Find Tiger Head, Hewn by Aztecs, in Palace

Mexico City.—The most recent archeological discovery made here is the artistic stone head of a tiger, said to have been part of the picturesque temple of Tezcatlipoca, destroyed by the Spanish conquerors. The tiger head was found by workmen inside one of the walls of the national palace, where President Calles has his office. Prof. Miguel Mena, head of the archeological department of the national museum, describes the discovery as follows:

"Near the presidential door of the palace a stone, blackened by time, stood for centuries. And only now has it been discovered. It is a beautiful and highly artistic head of a tiger. In all the priceless archeological collections at the national museum of Mexico City there is no other similar stone figure, which makes this one of the utmost importance.

"It is a daring example of primitive cubist art, which clearly shows that the Aztecs already were highly versed in the new-fangled artistic notions."

### To Make Dome Center of Capitol Building

Washington.—After more than half a century of lopsided existence, improvements are to be made on the capitol to complete the structure in a manner which will bring the stately dome which towers over Washington into the center of the building where it belongs.

Millions of persons have looked at the capitol and millions have gone through it without realizing that the great dome was not in the center where it should be and that the building was unbalanced.

Senator Dale of Vermont, and Representative Montague of Virginia, are engaged on a campaign to have the necessary work authorized and appropriated for next session and they have enlisted sufficient support to get a bill passed. The work will be prosecuted with the general public building program, which calls for the expenditure of \$50,000,000 for departmental buildings.

### Vienna Bachelors to Pay 65 Cents Monthly Rent

Vienna, Austria.—The socialist municipal government of Vienna has come to the rescue of bachelors. Hereafter it is declared that all single men shall be entitled to special bachelors' quarters in each of the 25,000 apartments constructed by the municipality at a rental of 65 cents a month.

Such quarters, it is stipulated, shall consist of one living room and a kitchen. Bachelors in the past were obliged to pay the same rates as a whole family.

### "Yellows" Barred

Elizabeth, N. J.—City officials have issued a fiat against any saffron-hued vehicles for public conveyances. "Any color but yellow," was the reply to license seekers. The lemon color doesn't blend with the municipal scheme of harmonics, it was intimated.

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