

His Little Gray Roadster

By CHARLES TILTON

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OLIVE swung the bag carelessly as she walked; it was a beautiful thing, of oriental brocade in peacock shades. Larry Deane had given it to her on her birthday, shortly after their engagement, and she cherished it above all her treasures—save the beautiful cluster of diamonds on her finger. Because she was quarreling with Larry, she had willfully included the bag in her wrath and twisted it mercilessly on the end of its golden cords.

"The cord will break and you will lose the bag," cautioned Larry.

Olive pondered provokingly. "There are some really precious things in it—my vanity case, my gold purse, the philopena gift Joe Watterson gave me, one of his letters, and—"

"Isn't that enough?" glared Larry, for they had been disagreeing about Joe's attentions to Olive.

"Enough letters from Joe? Well, he is interesting, Larry—so good tempered. One enjoys him, you know."

"I know one who doesn't enjoy him—although he's a cheerful sort of an idiot."

"The cheerful ones are the nicest, just the same," tossed Olive over her shoulder as his little gray roadster turned into the driveway of her father's house.

"Hm-mm-m!" remarked Larry disagreeably.

As he helped her out and she released her hand, he discovered that she had left the cluster-of-diamond ring in his palm. He grew white and stared at her.

"You mean that, Olive?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"You do not trust me—you are jealous."

"I am sorry you believe that—I said nothing until you criticized my dancing with Ella—well, what does it matter? If you really cared, you could not play with happiness in this way. Good-by," he said and jumping into the little gray car, which had been their companion on so many joyful occasions, and which had been the scene of their betrothal, Larry drove madly down the drive.

On the veranda Olive was crying. When her mother inquired why she wept, Olive confessed that she had lost her beautiful brocade bag.

"How careless," chided Mrs. Dare. "Perhaps it is in the car, dear. Shall I telephone to Larry?"

"No—no—please do not! I have given Larry back his ring—and I never want any of them back again," announced Miss Dare in a wavering voice.

"You have lost something very precious," remarked her mother sadly.

"The bag didn't have much in it—just a bread-and-butter note from Joe Watterson and a few other things."

"I did not mean the bag—I meant Larry," was Mrs. Dare's quiet reply.

"Some bird!" ejaculated Larry, as the little gray car poked along through a pleasant byway on the road home. His gaze was fixed on a bit of brilliant blue-green perched in a shade bush beside the road. The sun caught the sheen of gold and tossed back the brilliance on a peacock's plumage.

"Olive's bag!" he ejaculated, recognizing it with a pang, and the little gray car stopped abruptly. Larry took the bag from its perch and studied the gorgeous peacocks woven into the fabric. The golden cord that served as a handle was broken. Olive had unwittingly swung the bag, once too often and lost it. Perhaps she had done it intentionally, but he dashed suspicion aside.

Jealousy came to take its place. She had said Joe Watterson's letter was there—ruthlessly he pulled the bag open and looked; the golden purse, the foolish pencil Joe had given her—it looked like a stick of peppermint candy—some letters which he recognized as his own—and one penciled scrawl which might be Joe's. Suddenly, he did not care about Joe. His own letters made the bag precious to her—naughtily little thing. He must bear with her! He had not touched the contents of the bag, and now he dropped the engagement ring inside. Just then he heard footsteps, hurrying.

Larry hung the bag on the shade bush and forced the little car to a bend in the road and peered through the underbrush.

It was Olive.

She was hatless and quite pink with running. There were traces of tears on her soft cheeks and her lips were very pathetic.

When she saw the brocade bag she uttered a soft cry of pleasure, and snatching it from the bush, hugged it to her lips.

"You dear, dear thing!" she sobbed. "You are all that I have left—"

"That is what she really said, for Larry had stolen upon her and heard her just in time to hold her very tightly in his strong arms.

"Is it too late for happiness, dear?" he asked the repentant girl.

"Not—if you can forgive my folly," she whispered.

"Then—let us say it will never happen again—and the ring is in the bag—"

At last when they were seated in the car and Larry had started it, Olive turned swiftly.

"What was that sound?"

Larry said he didn't know, but I think he suspected it was a quiet chuckle from the sympathetic little gray car.

American History Puzzle Picture



Father Marquette during his trip down the Mississippi. Find Joliet, his companion.

WINS HIGH HONOR



B. Kenneth Johnson, a member of this year's graduating class at Yale, who captured the annual award of the Prix de Rome in architecture. This is the William Rutherford Mead Fellowship, and it carries an annual cash income of \$1,500 for three years, with residence and studio at the academy in Rome and an allowance for transportation to and from Rome. It is estimated to be worth about \$8,000 to the winner.

NEANDERTHAL MAN



The Neanderthal man, who roamed the earth about 50,000 years ago, has been reproduced in lifelike figures in a setting like that in which he lived, at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. The picture shows the head of the family.

Tom Rogers of Buncombe County will sell 55 three-year-old beef steers weighing over 110 pounds each from his farm this fall. He still has 150 head of younger cattle to be fattened and finished.

A. A. Cloninger of Gaston County has developed a herd of 38 pure bred Jersey cows from one pure bred heifer purchased in 1917.

After visiting the nearby experiment station at Florence, S. C., an on county farmers are convinced that dusting cotton to control the boll weevil will pay.



(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

SOME SANDWICHES

A chicken sandwich is always a favorite for any occasion.

Toasted Chicken Sandwiches.—Grind very fine one-fourth of a cupful of the white meat of chicken and moisten with a little cream. Season and heat. Spread the mixture on a slice of trimmed toast. Sprinkle with finely chopped cheese and paprika. Place under the broiler and melt the cheese, cover with another slice, cut in two. Garnish with potato shoestrings and water cress.

Chicken a la King.—This is a very attractive open sandwich. Cut slices of bread one and one-fourth inches thick, cut out a small place in the center, butter and toast in the oven. Fill the depression with hot chicken a la king, sprinkle with cheese and brown under the broiler. Garnish with mushrooms.

Chicken and Grape Sandwich.—Spread buttered toasted bread with mayonnaise, then arrange thin slices of the white meat of chicken on it. On top of the chicken place thin slices of seedless grapes, press on a leaf of lettuce and cover with another slice. Trim, cut into any desired shape and serve on lettuce. Other grades seeded and chopped may be used.

Chicken and Almond Sandwich.—Chop and mix one-fourth cupful each of the white meat of chicken and blanched almonds. Add just enough mayonnaise to bind, season and spread on toast. Garnish the border with thin slices of pickles, cover with another slice and serve on lettuce.

Chicken and Broccoli Sandwich.—Chop one cupful of cooked seasoned broccoli well drained, mix with the pounded white meat of a chicken to make a good mixture. Spread on buttered bread, cover with another slice and pour over a hot rich cream sauce.

Curried Sandwich of Chicken.—Place thin slices of chicken on buttered bread and pour over a rich white sauce that has been seasoned with a teaspoonful of curry powder. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell

WHAT GOVERNOR GARDNER SAID

(Greensboro Daily News)

The statement is substantially correct as carried, but the headlines and the opinions written into the first paragraph are not in agreement with my oft expressed views, or with the full statement carried in the New York Times following the interpretative paragraphs. I was not asked my opinion as to present wages paid, present hours of labor or the sociological effect of mill tenements.

The above is Governor Gardner's comment on the interview in the New York Times. We use the word "comment" advisedly because those who seek to interpret his second statement, given to the state press and presumably to the Associated Press, are not certain whether it is a denial or a confirmation. Under the circumstances a little explanation would not be out of order.

The headlines in the New York Times are, these: "Urges Higher Wages in Textile Industry—North Carolina Governor Also Favors Shorter Hours, Abolition of Company Houses—He Denounces Communism—Says It Clouds Issue—Suggests a Meeting of Governors to Solve South's Labor Problem."

The first paragraph in the New

York Times is this:

Higher wages, shorter hours, abolition of the mill village and company housing system, and closer co-operation between capital, labor, and the state were urged by Governor O. Max Gardner in an interview today, as a cure for the ills of the southern textile industry.

These two, the headlines and the first paragraph, are what the governor finds "are not in agreement with my oft expressed views." As to the "oft expressed views," we are not so sure. But in explanation of his attitude the governor issued along with his comment, explanation, interpretation or addendum a statement. In that statement are these sentences.

First, in reference to higher wages:

In the first place, we cannot build a prosperous citizenship on low wages.

Second, in reference to shorter hours:

We cannot build an efficient labor force on extremely long hours.

Third, in reference to abolition of the mill village and company housing system:

In the textile industry the manufacturers have been mistaken with respect to their own interests and the interests of their employes, in paying their employes so much per week or per month plus a house to live in.

Fourth, in reference to closer cooperation between capital, labor and the state:

The state has within its citizenship the intelligence and the will to bring about a constructive solution of the problems arising in the change from a predominantly agricultural to an industrial commonwealth, in the relation of employe to employer and in the building of a democratic citizenship on law and order. We have the will to succeed, and we will.

Fifth, in reference to denouncing communism:

I am convinced that communism has been a complete failure in North Carolina. Whatever merit any of the recent strikers in the textile centers may have had, they lost their case the day they accepted the leadership of foreign communistic leaders.

Sixth, in reference to a meeting of governors to solve the south's labor problem:

It may be that before we can finally solve the wage question in North Carolina it will be necessary to work it out in joint conferences and study with other manufacturing states of the southeast.

So far as we can judge, by a comparison of the offending headlines and paragraph and Governor Gardner's views as stated above, they are not merely in substantial agreement, but are in exact agreement, with the sole exception that when he suggested conferences with other states he did not say with governors of other states.

For further reconciliation we leave the field to the governor and his interviewer. The differences between them seem to be wholly unimportant in comparison with another fact. That is that a governor of North Carolina is now on record, with the textile industry definitely in mind, as saying that "we cannot build a prosperous citizenship on low wages" and "we cannot build an efficient labor force on extremely long hours." Moreover, this same gardner will recommend "at the proper time" a 55-hour week, rigid enforcement of this law with penalties for violations and the discontinuance of night work for women under 18 years of age. These are indications of substantial gain.

NOTICE SALE OF LANDS UNDER EXECUTION

NORTH CAROLINA: CHATHAM COUNTY.

Geo. R. Pearce and O. Z. Pearce, Administrators of J. W. Pearce, Deceased

vs. William W. Pearce.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued to the undersigned Sheriff of Chatham County, by the Superior Court of Chatham County, in the above entitled action, the undersigned, Sheriff of Chatham County, will on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1929, AT 2:00 O'CLOCK, P. M.

AT THE COURT HOUSE DOOR OF CHATHAM COUNTY, IN PITTSBORO, N. C.,

sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying and complying with the said execution, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said William W. Pearce in and to that certain tract of land in Albright Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, which is bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a black oak over near the county line of Randolph,

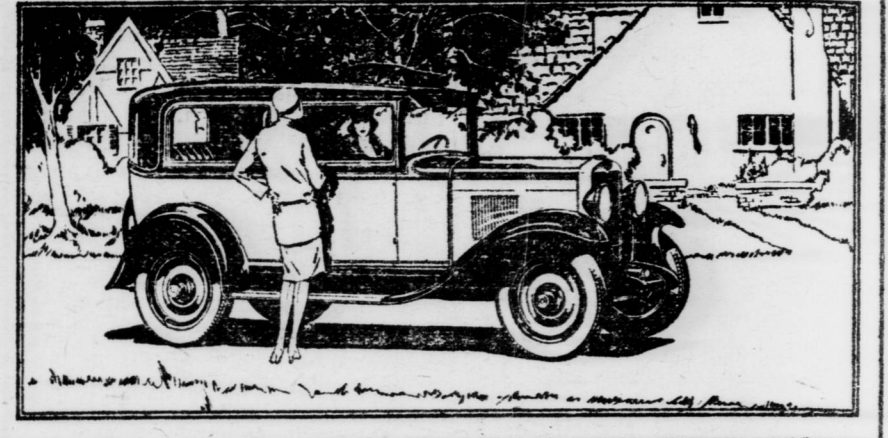
Fox's corner, thence south with said line 132 poles to a dog wood, Hobson's corner; thence east with his line 192 poles to a stake or stone in William Stagg's line; thence with said line north 28 poles to a stake his corner, thence with his other line north 45 degrees east 20 poles to a persimmon, his corner; thence still with Stagg's line north 6 degrees west 60 poles to a stone or stones in Esiah Pickett's line; thence west with said line 28 poles crossing a creek to a persimmon, his corner; thence up the creek north with his line 24 poles to hawbush, his corner; thence with his other line north 76 degrees west 36 poles to a walnut, his corner; thence north still with Pickett's line 14 poles to a stone, formerly white oak, Fox's corner; thence with Fox's line south 60 degrees west with his line 62 poles to a hickory, his corner; thence still with his line west 86 poles to the BEGINNING, containing 176 acres, more or less.

This the 2nd day of October, 1929,

G. W. BLAIR,
Sheriff of Chatham County.

Mrs. Mary Jane Watson died at Paducah, Ky., at the age of 101, after smoking one of the big black cigars which had been a solace during her last illness.

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