

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of the late Miss Louisa Isadore Daffron, I hereby warn all parties having claims against said estate to present them duly proven on or before the August 14th, 1931 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing the estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 14th day of August 1930.
W. H. DAFFRON,
Administrator.

MORTGAGEE SALE OF LAND
Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed from James Thomas, Charlie Thomas and his wife, Argolia Thomas, of Chatham County, to Grant Ramsey, dated May 14, 1927, and recorded in Book G. N., page 802, Register of Deeds' office for Chatham county, and the note secured thereby having become due and payable, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and the holder of the said note having demanded a sale of the said property to satisfy said note and interest, the undersigned mortgagee, will, between the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, and 1 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, September 6th, 1930, at the courthouse door in Pittsboro, N. C., sell for cash the land described in said mortgage deed, the description of which is as follows:

Beginning at a stake in the center of the S. A. L. Railroad, S. V. Holts corner in the Kimball line; running South 87 1/4, East 24.63 chains to a long leaf pine, said Kimball corner in A. G. Burgess line; thence North 4, East 30 chains to the center of the S. A. L. Railroad; thence South as said Railroad 40.60 chains to the beginning. Containing 31.61 acres according to a survey by C. H. Collins, made December 2, 1919.
This the 4th day of August, 1930.
J. C. DAVIS, Assignee.
R. E. Parris, Atty.
aug 14 to sept 4 pd

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain mortgage deed executed by J. B. Emerson and his wife, Florence Emerson, to The Bukeye Cotton Oil Company, on the 17th day of September, 1928, which is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham county in Book "G. Y." at page 153, default having been made in the payment of the notes thereby secured, the undersigned mortgagee will on **MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1930,** at 12:00 o'clock, noon, **AT THE COURTHOUSE DOOR OF CHATHAM COUNTY, IN PITTSBORO, N. C.,** sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described tract of land located in Gulf Township, Chatham County, North Carolina, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a post oak in Tom Marsh's line, running North 11 degrees West 45 1/2 poles to a stone on the West side of a road; thence South 82 degrees West 25 poles to a stone; thence South 9 degrees East 38 1/2 poles to Tom Marsh's line; thence with his line South 88 1/2 degrees East 28 poles to the beginning; containing 7 acres, more or less; being the home place of J. B. Emerson and his wife, Florence Emerson.
This the 4th day of August, 1930.
THE BUCKEYE COTTON OIL COMPANY, Mortgagee.
Long & Bell, Attorneys.
aug 14 sept 4

Poet Pete—Burglars broke into my house last night.
Friend—Yes? What happened?
Poet Pete—They searched through every room, then left a \$5 bill on my bureau.—The Pathfinder.

Every Woman Knows
Every woman knows how easy it is to burn or scald herself while working in her home. Every woman knows that these burns and scalds are painful and sometimes very slow to heal. Every woman should know that the pain of burns and scalds will be quickly relieved, infection positively prevented and speedy healing assured if Liquid Borozone is instantly applied. Get a bottle of Liquid Borozone and keep it handy in your medicine cabinet. Sold by Pittsboro Drug Co. Adv.

There's a Reason
There's a REASON why Banks ADVERTISE, especially GOOD Banks like ours that offer REAL SERVICE to their Patrons.
We TALK to as many people as possible. We try to convince all who visit our Bank that we have the BEST of banking facilities, which are theirs for the asking. But we CAN'T see you all PERSONALLY. That's why we advertise—to let you know we are here to serve you, and to invite you to do your banking business with us. You are sure to be interested in these little talks of ours each week.

THE BANK OF GOLDSTON
HUGH WOMBLE, Pres. T. W. GOLDSTON, Cashier
GOLDSTON, N. C.

MT. VERNON SPRINGS NEWS ITEMS

Miss Sankie Gilbert visited relatives here last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Renno of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. Renno's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forrester. They have recently visited Greensboro, Asheville, and High Point.
Mr. Tom Dark of Varina, Va., is sick in the home of his brother, W. T. Dark.
Mrs. Paul Siler is also sick at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Forrester.
Claiborne Blair spent last week with his grandfather, G. N. Smith of Goldston.
Miss Dell Hanner spent Sunday with Mrs. E. J. Dark, Siler City, N. C.
Mrs. J. G. Hanner, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alexander of Goldston, spent the week-end in Maxton, guest of Mrs. Maude McKinnon.
Guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Vestal this week were Rev. O. E. Lindley and son, Oscar, Jr., of Liberty; Rev. L. W. Geringer of Burlington; J. T. Dixon and daughter, Kate of Pittsboro, Roy Dixon of Chapel Hill and G. L. Dixon of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Earle Cresswell of West Palm Beach is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. A. Cresswell.

BROWN'S CHAPEL REVIVAL
Our revival will begin at Brown's Chapel next Sunday. The pastor will preach at 11 o'clock and again in the evening at 8 o'clock. After Sunday there will be two services each day through Friday, at 10:30 in the forenoon and at 8 o'clock in the evening. The pastor will be aided in these revival services after Sunday by Rev. J. A. Russell of Carr church, Durham, N. C. Rev. Mr. Russell is an able preacher of the Gospel, one of the best in the N. C. conference. The entire community is asked to make preparation to attend the services and take what part possible.
J. A. DAILEY, Pastor.

STATE LICENSING HELPS
(University News Letter.)
Does a state drivers' license law help check automobile accidents? Otto G. Fifield, secretary of state in Indiana, says that it does. While the drivers' license law has been in force less than a year in Indiana, Mr. Fifield declares that "good results" are being realized.
The Indiana law provides that, for cause, the license granted by the state shall be revoked and about one thousand drivers' licenses were revoked in Indiana in the first year of the law.
The law is being enforced, says Mr. Fifield, "and it will continue to be enforced with greater severity. Because of rigid enforcement instead of there being a greater number of revocations there will be a less number."

No legislation can prevent accidents on the highways, but the testimony from many quarters is that the licensing of drivers by the state, accompanied by the revocation by the state of such licenses where the privilege of using the highways is abused, helps greatly to reduce the number of automobile fatalities.—Asheville Citizen.

THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURES IN THE WORLD
There may be more interesting figures than these, but, if so, we have never seen them. These figures show the fortune of 100 men at age 55, who started out together at age 25, healthy and full of promise.

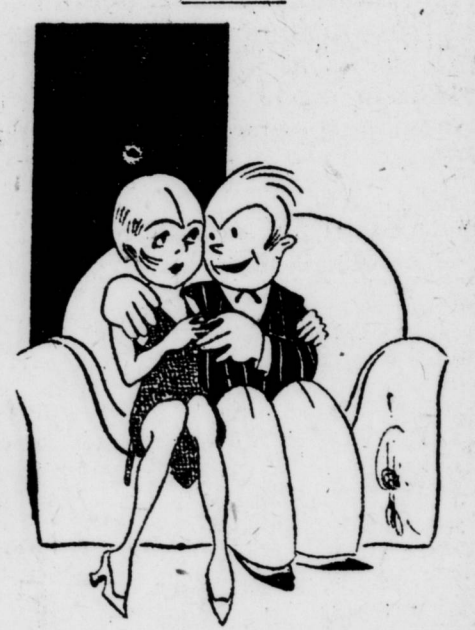
No doubt you have seen similar figures for age 65 but these figures are for ten years earlier, age 55. Here they are:
20 will be dead.
1 has become rich.
3 are in good circumstances. One who was well-to-do at 45 has lost his fortune, while another has emerged into the well-to-do class.
46 are still working for a living with no prospects of retirement.
30 are already more or less dependent upon their relatives or charity for support. Some are doing some kind of light work but are being replaced by young men.
It seems strange with the above fact that more men don't assure themselves a worryless old age.

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY



"I understand poker is quite a scientific game."
"It is, dear, if you win, but if you lose, it's just luck."

PETTING FOR TWO



She—Do you think petting is had for one?
He—Maybe—but it's great for two.

DEEPLY RED



"Is she a deeply read girl?"
"Well, yes, on her lips and cheeks."

THE CULPRIT



"I had my pockets picked last night."
"Why, I didn't know you were living with your wife again."

LUCKY AT THAT



He—I have never gotten what I deserve.
She—No, I'm sure you haven't, but don't you think you're lucky at that?

USE LESS MATERIAL



Customer—I see that tighter dresses are in vogue.
Modiste—Yes, the style originated in Scotland!

THEN AND THERE
HISTORY TOLD AS IT WOULD BE WRITTEN TODAY
By IRVIN S. COBB
Thrilling Record of a Heroic Failure

How quickly the world forgets some of its heroes! It has been only nineteen years since the news of the death of Robert Falcon Scott—and the manner of that intrepid death—stirred with pride and regret every branch and offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon breed; stirred also the hearts of lovers of courage throughout the civilized earth. All the same, in every English-speaking country, excluding perhaps England itself, there already is growing up a generation to whose members mention of this man's name brings, in many instances, only the vaguest of memories.
Yet Robert Scott's reputation was built to stay. For it was built upon the rocks of immortal achievement and it was welded together with the elements of determination, integrity, cheerfulness, patience, valor, humor, and most of all, unselfishness. He infinitely was more deserving of everlasting fame than your conqueror, your military despot, your place-seeking political leader.
Captain Scott was a young officer in the British navy, popular with his comrades, well thought of by his superiors. He was asked to accept leadership in a new and formidable undertaking—the exploration of the unknown Antarctic continent, by land. The expedition was of immense scientific importance. It marked the initiation of sledge travel in polar surveys, and it resulted in the discovery of the great ice cap upon which the South pole rests. It gave to Captain Scott prominence in professional circles and among naval men.
His second and last expedition was practically a failure so far as its main final object was concerned, whereas the first had been an unqualified success. For it ended in his tragic destruction and the destruction of his four chosen mates. But by all the standards of the human virtues it was a glorious triumph.
He had taken with him a staff of trained technicians, and the early stages of the exploration were marked by research and observation of enormous value to geographers and naturalists. Then, with four men picked for their hardihood and powers of bodily endurance, Captain Scott set out to reach the pole itself, hoping to plant there the British flag. He was almost within sight of the spot when he found that by a peculiar irony of fate and by a bare margin of only a few weeks, the Amundsen party had beaten him—the first human beings to set foot at the South pole.
Scott's party turned back. How, a little later and after pitiable uncomplaining suffering, they perished in the pitiless white desert of ice and snow is told in the record which Scott himself kept. He must have been testing on the very edge of eternity when the last faltering words of that deathless epic of bravery and self-sacrifice were entered down in March of 1912. Dodd Mead & Company published the journal in book form in this country.

"IT IS wonderful to think that two long marches would land us at the Pole!" Thus optimistically Captain Scott began the chronicle of that last fatal journey which was to end some ten weeks later when his fingers, already stiffening in the grip of death, recorded the final words of a hopeless, as splendid, as heroic a quest as the records of the Anglo-Saxon breed can show in any age. He goes on:
"We left our depot today with nine days' provisions, so that it ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian flag forestalling ours. Only 27 miles from the Pole. We ought to do it now."
But a grievous disillusionment awaited the intrepid little band. There is heartbreak in the next entry in the leader's diary:
"Tuesday, January 16. The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning and covered seven and one-half miles. We started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that tomorrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march, Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge nearby the remains of a camp: sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Tomorrow we must march on to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return."
Next night, still brooding over the victory of his Norwegian rivals and seemingly for the first time feeling doubt regarding the outcome of this most desperate and forlorn venture, Scott concerned his daily entry with this:
"God! This is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have labored to it without reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend tomorrow. . . . Now for the run home and a desperate struggle! I wonder if we can do it?"
But they didn't turn back yet. They must make sure that the other expedition really had beaten them. It had, sure enough. On the eighteenth, two miles from their latest camping place and, as they reckoned it, about a mile and a half from the Pole itself, they labored across the white wastes to a tent, finding here the names of the five victorious Norwegians, headed by that great explorer, Amundsen. The Englishmen raised their Union Jack—one minute bit of color in the midst of thousands of square miles of black and white desolation. At least, they could celebrate the fact that they, too, had reached the spot. The final paragraph of their leader's journal under this date carried a note of bitter pathos:
"Well, we have turned our backs now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-by to most of the day-dreams!"
The Beginning of the End.
Day after day they struggled on the return march. And what a setting for such a retreat!—at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet above sea level, with a temperature averaging 20 degrees below zero, poorly provisioned, downcast over their failure to win the race, all the dash gone out of their souls—and 800 miles between them and common comforts! But if they were downcast, they were not complaining. Their spirits were low but their resolution was as steadfast as it had been when the prospect of success danced before their weather-beaten, frost-nipped faces.
Day by day they trudged along over glaciers, over hummocks of ice, across crevasses—tiny moving specks in the

lapse. Wilson, Bowers and I went back for the sledge, whilst Oates remained with him. When we returned he was practically unconscious, and when we got him into the tent quite comatose. He died quietly at 12:30 a. m. . . . It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week."
Captain Oates, a young soldier, was the next of the quartet to go. His feet were frozen; he knew he was doomed, but he lost neither his cheerfulness nor his determination.
The Death of Oates.
"Sunday, March 11. Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result of the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that anyone of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 80 opium tablets apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine."
He was dying on his feet, this Oates, but he took it standing up. He lapsed, a shell of a man, sustained only by his soul, through the better part of a week—and kept moving.
"Friday, March 16 or Saturday, 17. Lost track of dates but think the latter correct. At lunch the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march.
"Should this be found, I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. . . . He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said: 'I am just going outside and may be some time!' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since."
It seems to me those words, "I am just going outside, and may be some time," should be engraved on a shaft to this young Britisher's memory, for future generations to read. Perhaps they have been; anyhow, I hope so.
The Last to Perish.
Scott went on:
"I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far."
Scott's turn to break came within forty-eight hours. Indeed, all three of the survivors were at the limit of their strength. On Sunday, the eighteenth, he made a significant entry. He was as good as dead, but he kept his sense of humor:
"My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was the proud possessor of the best feet. These are the steps of my downfall! Like an ass, I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate."
Then next day, this:
"What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. . . . Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question."
"Thursday, March 29. Since the twenty-first we have had a continuous gale. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the twentieth. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.
"It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."
"R. SCOTT."
"For God's sake look after our people."
When, eight months later, the rescuers reached the last camp, Wilson and Bowers were lying in the attitude of peaceful sleep, their sleeping bags closed over their heads. Scott, the commander, must have been the last to die. He had tossed back the flaps of his sleeping bag and had opened his coat. Under his shoulders, as though placed there for protection, was a little wallet containing the three scribbled notebooks which told the pitiful story, and from which the foregoing extracts were taken. One of his arms was flung across Wilson's body. It was as if with his last conscious thought he had sought to shield his comrade.
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