



Photos from Wide World Photos

ANOTHER "WORLD'S LARGEST"

A NEW SUPER-SKYSCRAPER ARISES IN NEW YORK.

New York.—A view of the new Empire State Building after the completion of the steel work, 1,048 feet above 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. When finished, the building will be the tallest in the world.

PITTSBORO METHODIST CHURCH

There will be preaching service in the local Methodist church Sunday night, at 7:30, to which service the public is cordially invited to attend. Following the service of the pastor will hold a conference of the church membership. It is important that every member be present since there is business of importance to be considered.



OUR CHEERY FRIEND HAS CLIMB A TREE TO READ HIS PAPER IN PEACE, BEFORE A NEIGHBOR BORROWS THE WEEKS CROP OF HANDBILLS AND CIRCULARS, THEN WE'LL ADMIT NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING HAS A RIVAL.

Te man who boasts he would never rob a poor widow does not promise he won't marry a rich one for her money.

It is still better for a young man to go west with nothing than to go south with something.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF MONCURE

AT MONCURE, NORTH CAROLINA to the Corporation Commission, at the close of business on the 24th Day of September, 1930.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 94,310.75
Overdrafts	None
United States Bonds	306.00
North Carolina Bonds	11,000.00
All Other Stocks and Bonds	1,000.00
Banking House	2,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Cash in Vault and Amts due from App. Depository Banks	6,352.79
Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	169.61
Other Real Estate	2,500.00

TOTAL \$120,139.15

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid In	25,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net Amount)	259.36
Reserved for Interest	200.00
Other Deposits Subject to Check	38,908.64
Cashiers Checks Outstanding	1,902.83
Dividend Checks Outstanding	4.00
Time Certificates of Deposit (Due on or After 30 Days)	20,765.11
Savings Deposits (Due on or After 30 Days)	9,474.21
Bills Payable	19,500.00
Reserved for loss	125.00
Bonds	3,000.00

TOTAL \$120,139.15

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF CHATHAM:

W. W. Langley, Cashier, C. D. Wilkie, Director, and W. J. Harmon, Director of the Bank of Moncure, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

W. W. LANGLEY, Cashier
C. D. WILKIE, Director
W. J. HARMON, Director

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 6th day of October, 1930.
(Seal) MARY E. BLAND, Notary Public
My Commission Expires September 16, 1931.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF GOLDSTON

AT GOLDSTON, NORTH CAROLINA, to the Corporation Commission, at the close of business on the 24th Day of September, 1930.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$230,294.18
North Carolina Bonds	7,000.00
Banking House	6,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	3,500.00
Cash in Vault and Amts. due from App. Depository Banks	27,093.06

TOTAL \$273,887.24

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 15,000.00
Surplus Fund	11,000.00
Undivided Profits (net amount)	3,564.93
Reserved for Interest	1,000.00
Unearned Interest	1,000.00
Other Deposits Subject to Check	64,342.17
Deposits due State of N. C. and any official thereof: Secured	1,407.42
Cashiers Checks Outstanding	203.32
Certified Checks Outstanding	134.00
Dividend Checks Outstanding	2.00
Time Certificates of Deposit (due on or after 30 days)	100,399.22
Savings Deposits (due on or after 30 days)	57,834.18
Bills Payable	15,000.00
Reserve for Contingencies	1,000.00

TOTAL \$273,887.24

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF CHATHAM

T. W. Goldston, Cashier, Hugh Womble, director, and O. Z. Barber, director, of the Bank of Goldston, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

T. W. GOLDSTON, Cashier
HUGH WOMBLE, Director
O. Z. BARBER, Director

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 6th day of October, 1930.
(SEAL) V. O. OLDHAM, Notary Public.
My commission expires July 7th, 1932

MYSTERY OF THAT JOINT BANK ACCOUNT

(By D. J. Walsh.)

PHILIP WHITECASTLE, his jaw set, nervously hung up the telephone receiver. He turned to his beautiful wife, daintily clad in a kimono, a look of abject terror in his honest blue eyes.

"Mary," his words froze in his throat. He was shaking as one shakes during a nervous chill. He tried to speak, but his words choked and died in a husky voice strangely overpowered by emotion. His eyes, like ghosts peeping from tombs, finally rested in a blank stare on the family Bible, still open after the quiet hour of evening devotions.

"Philip," came the gentle voice of a woman with poise and balance. "Philip, what on earth has happened; who telephoned to you at this hour; what was the message?"

It was several minutes before this strong man could talk coherently. In broken sentences, punctuated by long pauses, jerking muscles and deep sobs, Mrs. Whitecastle learned that a newspaper reporter from the Morning Life had telephoned her husband. The reporter had informed Philip that the Morning Life would carry a story connecting his name with that of a woman, a recluse, who had just died.

"What comment has Mr. Whitecastle to make?" the reporter inquired. The little illuminated clock on the mantel struck eleven.

Philip, without a word, limped to the door.

"But, Philip, surely you are not going out tonight? William isn't home yet, and I'm afraid to be alone."

The last words of this gentle protest were unheard by Philip. He was blindly groping his way down the street.

Just as the little illuminated clock struck twelve a knock came at the door.

"Who is there?" and Mrs. Whitecastle attempted to conceal her fear.

"It's me, mother; it's William—let me in—oh, please hurry!"—and his voice was full of agitation; he was like some one in a trance being chased by burglars.

"Mother, mother, dear," he cried, as the door opened. He shoved into the hand of this brave little woman a copy of the Morning Life. There, on the front page, like daggers, in glaring red letters, she read:

"Philip Whitecastle's Name Linked With Woman."

Her eyes glistening with scolding tears she read on while William stood silently as one struck dumb:

"The death of an unknown recluse in a dark, musty room at 123 Jane street is linked with the name of Philip Whitecastle, married, churchman, and the donor of engraving on the M. E. T. railroad. A joint bank account book was found in her room when police investigated late last night."

Mrs. Whitecastle, after a long pause and a struggle at self-control, was the first to speak:

"William, my son, your father and I have lived an ideal married life. For twenty-five glorious years your father and I have been pals, sweethearts. No cloud has marred our happiness. Whatever that cruel newspaper story suggests will be satisfactorily explained by your father. We have planned each other implicitly, and long ago we agreed never to doubt each other on apparent circumstances woven by second-hand information. I know everything will be all right, my boy."

"But, mother, Jane told me—" A key rattled in the keyhole of the door. The door opened. Philip Whitecastle with three reporters at his heels, entered.

"Mr. Whitecastle," began one reporter "you have, no doubt, read the morning paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the real story back of this mysterious setting?"

"Mysterious?" and Philip shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Perhaps you prefer that your wife and son leave the room while we discuss this affair?"

"On the contrary, I insist that they remain."

"Mr. Whitecastle, back of the death of this recluse, this woman, is a story, an interesting story, I might say. The public demands that we print the news. We propose to get that story from your lips, if possible, but, regardless of that, we have enough facts right now to write a story."

"We know that you and this woman had a joint bank account. You had had it for many years. We know that you frequently visited her. We know that she left \$50,000. We know that you were the only one with a key to her trunk, to her jewel box. We know that you invested money for her. We suspect that she was once a woman of power and influence—ah, yes—even refinement, I dare say."

"What is the story?"

"Well, boys," Philip asserted frankly, "it would seem that you fellows have enough dynamite there to concoct any kind of story you choose to write."

Mrs. Whitecastle and William sat

silent, drinking in every word in this strange drama.

"You refuse, then, to throw any light on your connection with this woman—this joint bank account?"

"I refuse to make any comment," and Philip Whitecastle opened the door, at the same time handing the reporters their hats.

"Philip, dear," and Mrs. Whitecastle paused, almost afraid to frame the question, "Philip, those terrible insinuations, cannot be true; they can't. Please let me hear you say that they are not true. Tell me it is all a mistake—Philip—oh, darling, tell me—did you know that woman?"

"Yes," with a note of triumph in his voice.

"Did you love her?"

"With all my heart."

"Who—who was she—what was her name?"

"She—she—was my mother."

Treaty Makes Definite

Ownership of Islands

Seven "lost" islands will be reattached to the Philippines by a convention between England and the United States fixing the boundary between North Borneo and the Philippine archipelago.

Mislaying islands in the Philippines is easier than it would seem, says the National Geographic society, because there are approximately 7,000 islands in the archipelago, distributed over an area equal in length to the distance from Palatka, Fla., to Mackinaw City, Mich.

Taganak, most important of the seven "lost" islands, is only a mile long. Some of the others are merely clumps of trees on small rocks or coral patches. None is inhabited.

England has been administering the seven "lost" islands off Borneo, giving them the little attention they need. On Taganak is a lighthouse marking the entrance to Sandakan harbor, the most important port on the North Borneo coast.

The provision of the old Spanish and British treaty has been found impossible of fulfillment, because "nine nautical miles off the coast" creates an impossible surveying problem, due to the sinuous curves off the Borneo coast.

So an imaginary line has been drawn across the ocean and it is specified that all the islands and rocks north of this line, and this means most of the group known as the Turtle Islands, will go to the Philippines. In addition to Taganak there are Great Bakkungan, Langaan, Lihiman, Boan, Baguan and the Mangsees lying north of Mangsee channel.

Although the islands are uninhabited and very difficult to reach, because of the barriers of coral which surround them, natives go to them regularly to gather coconuts and turtle eggs.

The Turtle Islands, as they are locally called, and the Mangsees, lie along the southern edge of the Sulu sea and are as far south of Manila as Charleston, S. C., is south of New York.

"Too Cold to Snow"

The weather bureau says the greater number of more or less heavy snows come with southerly to easterly winds, i. e., in what is known as the "rainy" portion of the cyclonic or storm area. These winds generally are relatively mild. As the storm passes, the winds come from the northwest, roughly, and are relatively cold. In short, precipitation comes with relatively warm easterly to southerly winds, and clear weather follows with relatively cold northwest winds. If, then, the winter wind is from the northwest, it is cold, and from the wrong direction to give much snow. This presumably is the origin of the saying: "It is too cold to snow." This statement, however, is not literally true, for light snows can occur at any temperature, and, indeed, it occasionally happens that heavy snows occur when the surface air is quite cold.

Early Postage Stamps

The use of postage stamps was authorized in this country in 1845, but congress made no provision for printing them. For the next two years the postmasters of various cities produced their own stamps, impressed with ink directly on the envelope. In 1847 the Post Office department was empowered to issue national stamps, and all the local postmasters' stamps were ordered destroyed. The first stamp was sold July 1, 1847; the first stamped envelope in June, 1853, and the first stamped newspaper wrapper in 1861. During the Civil war small coin was so scarce that encased postage stamps were used as money. A New York man, John Gault, received a patent on these flat circular metal cases for the stamps, protecting them with a thin sheet of mica.

Then There Is Limburger

She was giving an order to the grocer.

"And I require some cheese," she said.

"Yes, miss," replied the grocer, smiling amiably; "I have some lovely cheese."

"You should not say 'lovely cheese'!" said the customer severely.

"But why not, miss? It is lovely cheese!"

"Because"—she tried to combine maidenly modesty with an air of learning—"because lovely should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer's smile broadened as he glanced at the Gorgonzola.

"Well, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely'!"—Progressive Grocer.

She Loops to Conquer

By GENEVRA COOK

A VERY DOUGLAS' black eyes flashed. "Well, I guess if my brother can be a mail pilot, I ought to be a female pilot."

"Oh, Dad, she's only got a crush on that new instructor out at the field—" Her cheeks a becoming and telltale crimson, Avery turned furiously to her older sister. "Just because you're in love yourself, Jan, you suspect every body. But, oh, Dad," she whirled to him suddenly, "I do want to fly. And you won't have to send me away, or anything. I'd just as soon learn over at—"

"Over at the field where Apollo has his chariot, of course," cut in Jan, with sisterly sweetness.

"Try saying something yourself, Jan," broke in Dad good naturedly. "I don't see why Avery can't fly if she wants to."

So it happened that Avery, in a smart new monkey suit, eager eyes shining under a snug leather helmet, looked trustingly up at Garth Holloway and said: "I'm Avery Douglas. I'd like to take lessons."

From his superior height of a well-sustained six feet he looked coolly down at her. "I'm sorry, Miss Douglas," he said, quite impersonally. "I don't take any beginners. Mr. Jones takes care of those. I just have the stunt flying, formation work, and advanced looping. That is Mr. Jones over there."

Mr. Jones was competent, forty-five, and weather-beaten, and Avery was well acquainted with his four children, and the new grandchild. She applied herself with determination to an intensive study of ailerons, rudders and indicators, and made a grimace when ever, over the gray head of Mr. Jones, she saw a tall, straight figure striding aloofly across the field. Her one ambition in life was to loop the loop three times in succession over that man's head.

She didn't tell any of her family when her solo flight was to be. Avery waited until she saw Garth Holloway wheel out his plane, the Silver Bird, and stand nonchalantly beside it. She waited desperately for him to come over and wish her luck. After all, it was the biggest day in her life, and, of course, he might never see her alive again, anyway, and then maybe he'd be sorry—and, darn it, here she'd been on the field all summer, and he had scarcely spoken to her. He might come over just this once.

"Plane's ready, Miss Douglas," grinned a friendly mechanic.

Every one on the field was there except Garth Holloway. Avery glanced hopefully across at him.

Merely Avery tossed her head and sprang lithely into her plane. "I'll show you," she muttered defiantly, and waving her hand at the group on the field, called, "Bye, everybody. Contact!" and was off.

After a perfect takeoff she executed a left bank and a right bank, and all the things she had been instructed to do for a perfect solo.

"One more thing," she smiled grimly to herself. "Just one more thing. Mr. Garth Holloway, loops!"

Suddenly she was aware of something silver shining between her and the sun. The Silver Bird! Well, all the better if he was in the air. And he'd better be looking this time. He would, too. She pressed her finger on a little button at her right. A siren shrieked. If he couldn't hear that he was deaf as well as dumb!

She climbed rapidly, and breathed a little prayer. Her prayer was: "Garth! Oh, please look!" Rapidly she reviewed in her mind the process of a loop, and broke into it. Over, and roll, and right it again! Zowie, she had done it! Once. But a long time ago she had promised herself the luxury of three. She climbed. Over, and roll, and straighten out. Twice. Over, and roll, and—come on, plane!—she couldn't right it! Oh, she must! She couldn't crash now. Not when she'd made him look at her at last. With a desperate effort she pulled the plane back up again, straightened it out. But the ground was too near. She couldn't gain altitude; she'd have to try landing.

She came down in a rolling meadow, and taxied bumpily over the ground to stop at the foot of a small hill. She sat in the plane, breathing hard. Suddenly there was the whir of wings in the air, the throb of a motor, and the Silver Bird was fluttering down to rest beside her. Garth Holloway sprang from the plane, and came running across the meadow. He lifted her tenderly from the cockpit.

"Game little kid! I thought you were going to do something foolish—that's why I followed you up."

Avery wanted to exclaim, to reassure herself that it was really Garth's voice so tender and low, that he had been watching all the time, and followed her up on purpose. But with the wisdom of love she lay in his arms and only looked at him and worried.

"And you went and looped! And here I've been waiting all summer and only longing for the time when I could teach you."

"Teach me to loop?"

Tenderly he mocked her. "Teach you to loop, dear. And to loop—"

(Copyright.)

Speedy at Short Distance

A whippet can run 200 yards in 12 seconds. It is never permitted to run long races, since with its speed it would soon tire.

TWO DAYS AT W. FOREST

STARTS ON PAGE ONE

scholarly. Even the writer was surprised to find him qualified to discuss most learnedly subjects that we had not previously known he was interested in. George Paschal, like Dr. Simmons of an earlier day, could just about teach the whole college if the days were long enough for him to get around. However, we exclude the technical science courses.

Dr. Paschal is just now on the eve of coming into much distinction. Several years ago he was selected by the Baptist State Convention to write the history of North Carolina Baptists, and the first volume is now ready for the press. In fact, the writer was just in time to make himself a little useful in giving final readings to parts of the proofs for the volume. Hence, he knows whereof he speaks when he says that the book will bring distinction to the Chatham county scholar. That Baptist history will appeal to any one interested in North Carolina history. George Paschal can not do a thing in a superficial way. Accordingly, when he begins to write, he must have his background, and the consequence is the History of the Baptists of early North Carolina will contain the completest history of the church of England, or Episcopalians, of the early days of North Carolina to be found. Sandy Creek Baptists and the Regulators of 1771 are almost synonymous terms, and the North Carolinian interested in the Regulation, whatever his denomination, should not fail to read Dr. Paschal's treatment of the subject. The volume will contain nearly six hundred pages, and is chug-full of meaty matter.

It is striking to see that Dr. Paschal still has large Greek classes in this day of antagonism to the classics. This is in a measure due to the fact that most of the ministerial students desire Greek, but numerous others are taking the course, though they have to begin with alphabeta, as scarcely any high school in the state has a Greek course. The Hugh Morson school is the only one the writer knows definitely to teach Greek.

Latin hasn't the same advantage of demanding the attention of the ministerial students, and despite the fact that the department is headed by a real Latin scholar and a masterly teacher in the person of Dr. Hubert Poteat, the classes have woefully dwindled; scarcely more than sixty students are studying Latin. It is unfortunate, as the writer sees it. We attended Dr. Poteat's class in Pliny's letter and are confident that the lesson was worth more to any law student than the lesson we heard Bruce White teach in law, as well as the latter did it. The material and deductions of the Latin lesson are what will make the difference between a lawyer of culture and background and the average lawyer. The facts and deductions of the law lesson are more readily in reach of the student or the practising attorney. But the men who miss Pliny's letter on the question of whether a tribune should discontinue the private practice of law, and the discussion of the Roman law and the pusillanimous conduct of the Roman senate in what Dr. Poteat characterized as the first historic record of "passing the buck," as recorded in a chapter of Living Through Another Class, have missed what they will probably never meet in a half-century of general reading and practice.

But we feel that Chatham readers are more interested in the Chatham men and it may surprise them to know that Dr. Paschal might probably have the additional distinction of having the largest number of Children in College, or schools of any kind. He has ten children and all ten of them are in school. They come three boys, three girls, three boys, but the fourth trio was not completed. However, it started with one girl. Six or seven of them are in college, including George, who is at Jefferson Medical College. It is a fine bunch of youngsters, though they could hardly be otherwise with the capable and gracious mother they have.

Dr. and Mrs. Paschal have a beautiful home on one of the choicest sites in the village. The writer never enjoyed a more delightful hospitality.

It was our first meeting with Dr. Kithin, the new president, but it was a pleasant one and the writer is confident of one thing, that Wake Forest College has the handsomest president in the state.

But we can not refrain from mentioning the most remarkable man on the campus, the only one ever made on his pattern. Dr. Sledd, the writer went to Wake Forest the same year, he as professor and the writer as a freshman, but unfortunately the freshman did not find out what an opportunity he was missing in not taking work under Dr. Sledd. For 42 years he has been at his post, and is as live as the liveliest wire today. A few minutes spent in his class room will be recalled with a chuckle for many a day. He is naturally a wit, and his fine sense of humor and long familiarity with the bon mots of a thousand years of English literature have given him a readiness and effectiveness in repartee that are excellent, if equalled, in the whole state. Dr. Sledd is a master of English literature and a masterly teacher of it.

The wedding of Miss Ellen Corwall and John H. Maston, of Detroit was delayed for an hour because the bridegroom's trousers were torn by a dog.

Spacious Vessels

The total deck space of a 50,000-ton ship is equal to about eight football grounds and in the British battleship Hood it is possible to run a hundred-yard race straight away on the quarter deck.