

The Journal - Patriot

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1934

It wouldn't do to elect all the crackpots in California. A few must be left in the laity to wire resolutions to those holding office.—Detroit News.

Senator Copeland predicts the extinction of the poorhouse. Tsk, tsk, we didn't know that was in bad financial condition, too.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Notre Dame's halfback, Bill Shakespeare, reminds the rest of the team that the play's the thing.—Omaha World-Herald.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion—until they get caught too.

"Don't laugh at those who make mistakes,

And stumble on the way,
For you are apt to follow them,
And almost any day.
Don't think the others shifting sand
While you are solid rock,
And don't forget for heaven sake
That any fool can knock."

People Are Buying

The amount and extent of trade, from the candy store on up to real estate investments, measures very well the trend of the times. When trade picks up there is prima facie evidence that buying power of the people has increased and buying power makes prosperity.

When people are able to buy and consume or wear out goods factories are able to run and keep up their payrolls, which in turn enables the people to keep on buying what they want and must have.

This trade revival seems to be in all lines of business but it is interesting to note that people are not buying for the purpose of speculation. Many automobiles are being purchased or have been during the last half of 1934. No one is buying automobiles for the purpose of speculation. They are buying them to use.

Real estate has picked up considerably and the buyers are those who want homes for themselves. One real estate dealer here has informed us that he has sold every farm and home he has advertised in the past few months and he has listed several.

People are beginning to realize the security of home ownership and the protections that are thrown around home owners and builders.

Possibly people will never spend as wantonly as they did five or six years ago. But the type of spending they are engaged in today bids fair to continue while buying power holds up. They are buying what they need and they will continue to need good merchandise and good homes.

Commenting on retail trade, the Winston-Salem Journal points out the rise in buying power and the increase in buying this year as compared with the corresponding period in 1933:

"There is no better barometer of economic conditions in this country than the store sales. The most convincing evidence of an increase in the buying power of the masses is presented now by the retail stores.

"The consumers of the nation spent \$454,326,000 in department stores, mail-order, general chain, and variety stores in October, an expenditure increase of more than \$50,000,000, as compared with the \$40,462,000 spent in September, and a gain of more than \$65,000,000 as against the \$389,276,000 spent in October last year, according to figures revealed by A. W. Zelomak, economist and director of the International Statistical Bureau.

"The October rise marked the largest total for that month since 1931, he said. For the first 10 months of the year expenditures were \$3,625,000,000, a gain of approximately \$550,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1933."

A Big Sacrifice

"Baby Face" Nelson, Dillinger aide and public enemy number 1 since his chief's demise, was stricken down in a shower of bullets near Chicago Tuesday but not before he had wrought havoc and killed two of the best agents of the Department of Justice.

The federal men had the courage that is recounted in books of fiction and the daring that is hard to conceive. Yet they got their man and rid society of a fiend and man killer who had slain one of their colleague officers.

The federal men died, not knowing that their aim had been true and that they had laid low the arch enemy. Nelson died in a ditch with 17 bullet holes in his body after he had killed the federal men.

It was a duel to the death but the officers never wavered and, if press reports are correct, never feared the bullets of a gangster. The nation mourns the loss of two of its most courageous officers.

It getting to be a dangerous thing to be classed as "public enemy number 1" in the United States. The big gangsters are riding for a fall and just as soon as the "big chief bites the dust" an ambitious subordinate in the world of crime rises to take his place and soon rests on the marble slab in some police morgue, even if it costs the lives of two men.

In Chicago there is a grieved grey-haired woman, the mother of Nelson. When she heard of her son's fate she was not surprised but stated that she had been expecting the news. Her son has gone so far that his capture alive and imprisonment was improbable and she accepted the doom of her child with calm. Could she but move back the years a quarter of a century there is no doubt but that she would try to keep her son from the influences and environment that led him into the paths of crime.

The Book

the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains four great treasures.

By BRUCE BARTON

PAUL IN IRONS

Spain was a long way off and was bounded by the Pillars of Hercules, which we now call the Straits of Gibraltar. They were supposed to bear a banner in the sky above them, saying "Ne plus ultra," nothing more beyond. Paul was going the limit.

He set forth on his journey, and it was while he was on the road, at Cenchrea, that an incident happened which gave us the greatest of all his epistles. A woman named Phebe, "who had been a helper of many and of Paul also," was going to Rome and asked Paul for a letter of introduction, which he never having been to Rome, agreed to write. Phebe suggested that it would be well for Paul to tell the Roman Christians some of his teachings, as she was afraid she might not be able to answer their questions. He agreed to do it if she could find him a stenographer, and Phebe produced a young man named Tertius. He proved a good helper, and so Paul expanded his teachings into a more fully developed system than anywhere else in his writings. He was not sidetracked by questions concerning local matters and he swung out free into his orbit.

Phebe took the letter with her and delivered it safely to the Romans. It is a great achievement and was written just before Paul, with his committee of provincial Christians and his woody collection for the mother church, went up to Jerusalem for what proved to be his last visit.

He had been warned, A certain prophet, Agabus, who had come down from Judea, met him at Caesarea, took Paul's girdle and bound his hands and feet, saying:

This saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles.

And when we heard these things (says Doctor Luke) both we, and they of that place, besought him not to go up to Jerusalem.

Then Paul answered, what mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.

So, seeing that they could not dissuade him, they went with him. He took the large collection, as he had expected, and was well received by the apostles, though still looked at a little askance because of his free doctrines. Only a few days had passed, however, when he was seized by the local authorities as "the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law," and was thrown into jail. There, weary of delays in the local courts, he finally exercised his right as a Roman citizen and appealed to Caesar, who at that time was Nero.

Things are improving. Theatre patrons have quit going back and looking for the wad of gum they placed under the seat.—Atlanta Constitution.

The radio will never supplant the newspaper. You can't use radio waves to cover the pantry shelves.—Atlanta Constitution.



EIGHTH INSTALMENT

It was 4:30. Ellen, counting the strokes of the clock that sounded from the Metropolitan Tower, not so far away, wondered if Dick were almost through with painting. Dick was painting absorbedly. She knew that she couldn't break into his absorption, no matter what came of it. The years with her mother had taught her not to interrupt creation unless some desperation drove her to it. However, she asked herself, wasn't marriage a desperate matter? Wasn't it, in the final analysis? She began to count her heartbeats—each heartbeat was a second, wasn't it? She counted for a long while...

The clock chimed again in the Tower. It was 4:45. "Almost done?" she ventured nervously. But Dick didn't answer, which meant that he was not. There was a shuffle of feet on the stairs. Ellen started, her nervousness growing, before she realized that the shuffle was too light to be made by Tony's feet. It must be a girl who was coming.

It was a girl. It was Claire, perfectly groomed from her slippers of suede to her soft straw hat.

"I didn't expect to see you here," she said, "after what I heard! I thought for once that I might get a break and find Dick by himself."

Ellen hadn't heard the last part of the other girl's speech. Her whole being stood forward, on tiptoe, to catch the first part of it.

"What have you heard?" she asked in a breathless little voice.

"From the tone of her," she said, "you'd think our ewe lam had something on the old conscience, what? Never can tell, can one, Dicky? However," perhaps she sensed the hysteria back of Ellen's blazing eyes, "however, it was this! I heard that Sandy was out gunning for you. That he was abandoned, absolutely abandoned by you, at the Six Arts last evening. That you blew, just before dawn, with a handsomer man. How's that—for scandal, Dick? How's that—"

Dick was scraping the paint from his palette. He had his palette knife very much as it were a dagger. "Ellen told me all about it," he said briefly.

The clock struck five—the clock in the Tower. And Ellen who for a moment had forgotten, whirled around on one slender moccasined heel.

"Oh, I must run," she said. "I really must, Dick. I've a date for five. I must—"

Claire hitched her skirts the merest fraction of an inch lower. "I suppose," she said, "that the red Rolls, at the curb, is waiting for you?"

Ellen was starting toward the screen, but she stopped short at Claire's words. Stopped for a blank second as Cinderella must have stopped when all of her loveliness was turning back to rags.

"It's not down there already?" she asked. "Why, I said—" Claire was laughing. Her laughter blew, like thisledown, against the sound of feet—the sound of feet, once more, climbing the stairs.

Again Ellen's heart stood still. For this time the tread was unmistakably masculine. Again she, herself, stood still, with her eyes on the door. Knowing, even as she waited, that the anxious eyes of Dick, the scornful eyes of Claire, were upon her.

And then the door opened and Ellen, with relief bubbling up to her lips, found that she was

laughing. Only she shouldn't have laughed, really—not at Sandy! For Sandy's face was as lugubrious as it was angry.

"I thought maybe I'd find you here," he told Ellen. "Say, you're a peach, you are! I hunted all over the whole hotel for you."

Ellen didn't say anything. She merely stood, in her white, buckskin suit, and rocked back and forth with the storm of her mirth. Only it wasn't just good clean fun, that mirth—it was something of a mental upheaval.

"I'd like to know how you got like that, all of a sudden. Going so loose, I mean. After all, I've been pretty regular—" stormed Sandy. "No, Dick, I'm darned if I'll can it!—It isn't always been the easiest thing in the world, letting you get away with murder, just because you're supposed to be a wide-eyed innocent. And then you treat me like a sap!"

Suddenly Dick had laid aside the palette with which he had been toying. In long strides, he had crossed the room to Sandy's side. As he stood there, he looked very formidable, for all his gauntness.

"I'd advise you to shut up, old man," said Dick, sternly. "I don't blame you, in a way, but there's something here that neither you nor I understand. Only this—you said it!—laughing's all that Ellen can do, just now. If you haven't enough sense to see it, if Claire isn't woman enough to get it, I do. The kid's at the end of her rope."

Still formidable, still gaunt, he had left Sandy standing wordlessly beside the sofa on which Claire sat. He had left Sandy, and had gone swiftly to Ellen's side, and his long arms, reaching out, had drawn her little figure—in its beaded play suit—close to his chest.

"Easy now, youngster," said Dick. "Lay off that stuff! Cry if you want to, if you must. But lay off that business of laughing. You'll be ill—"

Ellen found that she was clutching Dick's arms, way up close to the shoulders. They were tense, like iron. They were bony they weren't cuddly, they were just something to hold on to—but, oh, how dreadfully she needed them! As her slim fingers bit into their tenseness, she began to regain a certain amount of self-control. She could realize, as she fought to keep back her spasmodic giggles, that it was because she had been relieved to know that it was Sandy who had come up the stairs—Sandy, and not Tony.

But at any moment it might be Tony! For hadn't Claire said that his car was waiting, at the

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curb? Ellen was wrenching herself free from Dick's grasp. Was beginning to shake again, to shake as if she were chilled, as if she were feverish.

"I'm all right n-now, old thing," she tried to say breezily, although she found it almost impossible to do so.

(Continued on page eight)

AFTER TOMORROW What?

You have perhaps tried everything in an effort to regain your health. You are probably trying something now, if it doesn't get you well, then what are you going to do? Give up and go through life handicapped by poor health? Many people have tried Chiropractic as a last resort and have gotten well, when they were suffering with: High blood pressure, dizziness, constipation, headache, stomach, heart, liver, kidney or female trouble, asthma, anemia; arthritis, nervous diseases, lumbago, neuritis, St. Vitus dance, hay fever, skin eruption, sciatica, catarrh, biliousness, gas on stomach and colds.



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