

THE DANBURY REPORTER

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1932

Published Weekly at Danbury, N. C., by Pepper Bros., Pubs.

WHO KILLED SMITH REYNOLDS?

Up and down the dim aisles of the deserted mansion, echo answers "Who?" "Who?"

Meantime, within the curtained seclusion of a Pullman car, the beautiful woman around whose head notoriety has buzzed so loudly for awhile, speeds toward the haven of her father's home in Cincinnati.

And the victim rests quietly in Salem cemetery.

But the public's wonder is not satisfied, nor its consuming curiosity appeased, and law and justice, feeling themselves grieved, outwitted, nonplussed, mystified, have not perceptibly advanced from where they stood when the investigations began.

Not for a long, long time have Winston-Salem and North Carolina been so profoundly stirred, while the horror and mystery of this thing has spread far and wide, and engaged the attention of the nation. Such is the consequence when wealth and prominence are involved in scandal or crime.

No attempt can be made here to review in detail the facts and circumstances hinging on this affair, or to magnify the glimpse which high life has shown us, of its ways—its devious ways; of the remarkable actions which preceded and followed the catastrophe, when the midnight was given over to debauch and revelry; when sparsely clad men and half nude women, too drunk to give intelligible accounts of themselves or the acts of others, were put to bed in their stupors; when bacchantes accepted the embraces of other men's wives; when women's men's clothing was discarded in men's rooms, and left there forgotten; of the smothered shot, and the woman's cry; of bloody splashes on doorposts and gore-stained towels, and nobody knowing "how come;" and when the star actress in the wild drama suffered a convenient lapse of memory and consciousness, which alone drew a veil over the pitiful and harrowing details of the death chamber.

Thus the upper strata of society, when prompted by the Sheriff, can illuminate us, if not edify. Modesty may hide its mantled face, and the church may look the other way; for money covereth a multitude of sins. And the public, ever thirsty for scandal, gloats over the voluptuous details, and cries for more revelations.

Some Theories.

Crime must always have motive. And so everyone wondered why this wealthy and happy boy should destroy himself. His life was so full of something to live for, his plans for the future so clearly defined, his outlook so promising and certain, his interests so enthusiastically engaged. The strongest support of the suicide theory is furnished by the person on whom suspicion rests most heavily—the wife of the dead man, who testifies between her sobs that her husband was impotent. In the same breath she imparts to the court the secret of her pregnancy, and promises in due time another heir to Smith's millions.

Did Libby fire the fatal shot, and why? Was she infatuated with Walker and desirous of removing this impediment to their loves? Suspicion that Libby killed Smith is materially lessened if we believe that Smith did not object to her affair with Walker, that Smith even encouraged his wife to seek marital happiness with another man.

Was there a clandestine meeting of Walker and Mrs. Reynolds in which they were surprised by the sudden appearance of "my lord," with a gun in his hand? Then a scene, a struggle, a shot. Frenzied efforts to hide the blood, arrangement of the revolver on the floor, the towel incident, the splashes of blood on the door, and

Reynolds en dishabille, while Smith was fully dressed?

There are many conflicting and criss-cross currents of thought, circumstance, opinion, testimony and theory—a Sherlock Holmes here would find a subject fit for his best effort to unravel.

In the Meantime.

Who will get the money. Who will inherit the vast fortune left by this unfortunate, untimely death of one of America's rich men.

Is there a Cannon heir, and is there a Libby heir enroute? It is said that the dead man had made a settlement with his first wife and her issue, estopping them from additional claims upon his estate. But how can an infant child be cheated of his rights, being incapable of making a contract or of entering into a lawful and binding agreement?

Will Concord and Cincinnati have equal claims on this vast estate, when two children become of age?

TO HIM THAT HATH IT IS GIVEN.

The fact that the Reconstruction Corporation made the Pennsylvania Railroad a very liberal loan of many million dollars, while the President of that system receives more than \$150,000 a year salary, does not sound pleasing to the ears of the millions of men and women out of a job and starving in the United States.

Quite a number of other railway executives—heads of ramshackle, toppling systems, reeling toward receiverships, are paid yearly wages in excess of \$100,000, and among these are, of course, numbered favored borrowers from President Hoover's "relief fund."

The greatest single agency ever formed in the United States for public relief is this 2-billion-dollar "reconstruction corporation." If we consider its value toward stopping the depression, it is also America's major financial farce.

The lion's share of this money quickly found its way into the great New York banks whose master executives were expecting it, had planned for it, and who did not err on their aim to capture it. The act that created it was evidently inspired by these wizards of high "feenance," who keep their weather eyes open for their own interests rather than the public's. Very little of the huge fund drifted South to aid sick agriculture or to give employment to the unemployed by opening up the silent factories. None is to be had—certainly not—by the farmer, whose land has been sold for taxes, and none is available for the small business man who owns no stocks or bonds to put up as "approved" collateral, having nothing but his name or his character left.

The bankrupt railway companies who owed the New York banks past due notes were afforded convenient opportunity to shift their obligations onto the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam, who does not object to high salaries.

TO RESTORE THE FARMERS' BUYING POWER.

No place anywhere would be more greatly and quickly benefited by the restoration of the farmer's buying power, than the city of Winston-Salem.

Fifteen counties, with their teeming agricultural populations, look to Winston-Salem for a market for their products, and will buy their supplies where their crops are sold.

One of President Roosevelt's first acts when he takes the obligation of office should be, and will be, the relief of agriculture and the rehabilitation of the farmer. The first step would be to call the best minds of European governments to a council with us to agree on a sensible and equitable trade arrangement, whereby all could buy and sell each other to their mutual profit.

When the Smoot-Hawley-Hoover-Mellon greed estranged the governments of the world, and caused them separately to set up tariff walls to keep each other's trade out, we were branded as commercial sharks and outlaws.

Nothing now is keeping back prosperity and nurturing the growth of distrust and destruction, except the failure of the Washington administration to take the lead in undoing what it so greedily and unwisely did when it offended our foreign customers.

O CAMEL, WE SALUTE THEE.

A late fad is to make the cellophane belt. Have you seen one?

It is an example of rare craftsmanship fashioned from the folds of cellophane wraps around Camel cigarettes. It is slightly opaque, looks like a string of pearls, compact as a steel cable, and graceful as a rainbow; sometimes it reflects the prismatic colors when the sun shines on it aslant. It is an ornament fit to clasp the waistline of a princess, so exquisitely woven together are the links, yet it is charming in its simplicity.

But not for its intrinsic beauty alone is the Camel belt so interesting: it is a thought, an expression, an emblem—an emblem of that endless Camel girth which reaches from a great North Carolina city around the world; which spans continents, vast oceans and lordly mountains; a belly-band enwrapping the huge avor-dupois of the globe.

But the Camel that wears the girth—it feeds from the sun-kissed acres on a hundred thousand farms in North Carolina, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and other States, and converts its forage into milk and honey for the sustenance of uncounted thousands of tillers of the soil, and busy wage earners.

This Camel is almost ubiquitous. It races up and down the streets of every city and town in America and Europe. It sniffs the breezes of the Pacific slope, and chews its cud under the glamorous moons of the Hawaiian group; it browses the mosses on the steppes of Asia, and leaves the imprint of its hoofbeats on the pampas of the desert; it finds pasture among the dim isles of uncharted seas in forgotten lands—but wherever Camel wanders, when milking time arrives, it's Home for Camel.

FEATHERING THEIR NESTS.

Take care of the big corporations who contribute liberally to the Republican campaign funds. Let the little man, the farmer, the home owner, the small business man, go to the "demnition-bow-wows."

Is not this really the policy of President Hoover's 2-billion dollar "reconstruction corporation?" Did not President Hoover secure the passage of this act at the instance of the money lords of New York and Chicago, that they might exploit the people's money to their own advantage?

In another article we are showing where the corporation is making loans to busted railway companies, some of whose presidents are receiving as high as \$150,000 per year salary.

Now comes the news of how Mr. Chas. G. Dawes, the great head of the "reconstruction" fund, has resigned, but only after he had feathered his own nest. The Senate committee learns that a loan of \$80,000,000 was made by the corporation to the Central Republic Bank & Trust Co., of Chicago, while Mr. Dawes was head of the great fund, and that now Mr. Dawes is President of the Central Republic Bank & Trust Co.

While Mr. Dawes is smoking his internationally famous pipe, let the people put his clever Central Bank & Trust Co. "coup" in their pipes and smoke it.

Cinnamon Toast Is Tea-Time Treat



By Jane Rogers

WHEN a friend or two drops in unannounced and informally at tea time, do not be alarmed if the cookie jar is empty and the cake box vacant. Cinnamon toast is one of the most delicious accompaniments to the hospitable afternoon cup of tea and the materials for it are always in the kitchen. Sugar, too, is a highly efficient quick energy food and the sweet browned coating will supply fresh vigor for the rest of the day's work.

If the children are at home, cinnamon toast with a glass of milk will make a wholesome and nourishing afternoon snack, and they'll love it.

This is the way I have always made it. Cut and toast slices of bread. Spread them with butter and sprinkle generously with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar—two tablespoons of cinnamon to the cup of sugar. Place the slices in the oven close to the flame. When the sugar has melted and bubbles slightly, remove the toast from the oven and cut off the crusts.