

TWO CHILDREN AND MAID DIE AS RESULT OF BURNS FRIDAY

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blair Jr. Meet Tragic Death at North Wilkesboro. Colored Maid Fatally Burned in Effort at Rescue. Funeral Services Sunday. Grandfather Weakened by Shock.

North Wilkesboro.—A small child and a negro maid died of burns here early Saturday, bringing to three the number of deaths resulting from the fire which the day previously badly damaged the residence of F. P. Blair Sr., prominent business man of this city.

The three who lost their lives were F. P. Blair III, aged three, and Barber Blair, aged 14 months, children of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Blair Jr. and grandchildren of Floyd C. (Tom) Forrester, and Nellie Barker, negro woman of Wilkesboro. The negro, who was working in the Blair home, was fatally injured in an effort to save the children.

The baby, who died at 7 o'clock Friday night, was the first victim of the fire. The negro girl died about 2 o'clock Saturday morning and the death of the three-year-old boy took place about two hours later.

Funeral services for the two children were held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Forrester, grandparents of the children. Following the rites the bodies were interred in one grave in the Baptist cemetery.

The fire, presumed to have started when the negro girl was starting a fire with kerosene, took the two children from one of the most prominent families in North Wilkesboro and the tragedy has shocked the entire community.

The residence was slaved from the flames by the local fire department but damage to the attractive home is estimated at more than \$2,000. The Blair residence was one of the first in North Wilkesboro having been constructed by the late Colonel Blair when the city was in its infancy.

F. P. Blair Sr., who lost his eye-sight recently in an automobile accident, was carried from the home without injury, but the loss of his grandchildren was such a shock that in his weakened condition fear is expressed for his recovery. He was carried to a Statesville hospital and his condition the first of the week was reported as improved. Parents of the children were up town at the time the fire occurred.

A TOAST

There were five sea captains who chanced to meet, one Russian, one Turk, one Frenchman, one American and one Englishman. One of them proposed a champagne supper, each one to give a toast to his native country, or pay for the wine drank after supper, and here is the result:

The Russian—Here's to the stars and bars of Russia that were never pulled down.

The Turk—Here's to the moons of Turkey whose points were never clipped.

The Frenchman—Here's to the cock of France whose feathers were never picked.

The American—Here's to the stars and stripes of the United States of America, which never failed.

The Englishman—Here's to the rampant, roaring lion of Great Britain that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France and ran like a— from the stars and stripes of the United States of America.

CAN YOU IMAGINE!



CAN YOU IMAGINE— a more convincing testimonial than that of a man in Rochester, N.H., who suffered from gastric trouble for over 40 years, had his stomach washed out at least once a week for two years, and finally took BISMA-REX with the result that he eats whatever he likes and has almost forgotten how it feels to have an upset stomach!

EXPLANATION

Bisma-Rex is a new antacid treatment that is bringing welcome relief to thousands everywhere who suffer the agonies of indigestion and other acid stomach ailments. Bisma-Rex acts four ways to give lasting relief in three minutes. It neutralizes excess acid; relieves the stomach of gas; soothes the irritated membranes; and aids digestion of foods most likely to ferment. Bisma-Rex is sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Get a jar today at the Boone Drug Company. —Adv.

New King and Queen of the Belgians.



BRUSSELS, Belgium . . . His supreme hour of being declared "Leopold III, King of the Belgians," tempered by an agonizing grief at the sudden and tragic death of his father, Albert I, killed in a mountain fall, has further endeared the former Crown Prince to his people and today he has an entire nation's sympathy and support. Top photo, a most recent picture of the new King, Leopold III and his Queen, who was Crown Princess Astrid. Inserts: the late King, Albert I and portrait of Leopold III.

Father and Son Must Die For Part In Bank Robbery

Judge Warlick Sets Death Date for April 27th for Father and Son Who Participated in Slaying of Taylorsville Bank Cashier. Appeal Notices Given. Case to Be Carried to Supreme Court.

Taylorsville, N. C.—B. G. Greene, 47, and his son, Lester Greene, 24, were convicted of murder in the first degree by a jury from Iredell County which returned its verdict in the Alexander county court room Friday night at 9:25 o'clock. It recommended mercy for Lester Greene.

Five minutes before the verdict was returned the jury filed back into the court room and asked Judge Warlick if it might recommend mercy for Lester Greene. Judge Warlick told the jury he would receive such a verdict but it would not alter the death penalty.

The Greens were convicted of slaying T. C. Barnes, cashier of the Merchants and Farmers bank here.

April 27 is Death Date

Judge Warlick pronounced the death sentence on both father and son, setting the execution date on Friday, April 27, for both.

The elder Greene had nothing to say when he stood up to receive the judgment. Lester Greene said in response to the inquiry of Judge Warlick if he had anything to say: "Yes I have a few words to say. I am not guilty of murdering any one. I didn't shoot anybody."

While the sentence of death was being pronounced on the young boy a woman wailing was heard until after the judge had finished.

Within five minutes after the jury had retired to its room a ballot was taken and the vote was 11 to 1 for conviction of both defendants, it was learned from a member of the twelve after they had returned their verdict. The vote remained this way until the last ballot was taken at 9:20 p. m. One juror held out for saving the life of the younger Greene.

Women Weep at Verdict

Women were weeping all over the courtroom as Judge Warlick ended his judgment for each of them. "God have mercy on your soul." Among those who were shedding tears were Mrs. T. C. Barnes, widow of the slain banker.

The little town of Taylorsville with its 900 souls and its slain banker who sleeps at the foot of Brushy Mountain had justice come home to it on Friday night.

In addition to the two Greens, who received their death sentences, two more men, Mike Stephenoff and R. E. Black await execution on death row.

In his confession from the witness stand B. G. Greene said that he was told by Mike that the Taylorsville bank would be easy to rob because there wasn't anything in town but a sheriff and a deputy and both were weak, but as the elder Greene said when he was describing his pursuit by the officers: "The law was coming down the road."

Notice of appeals were given by counsel for both defendants.

A crowd that filled every nook of the court house waited further verdict.

All day long Friday from the time the State finished its rebuttal about 10 o'clock, arguments flowed back and forth between the walls of Alexander's courthouse. The throng that fairly made this ancient brick building bulge from the time selection of the jury was started Wednesday morning and followed through every syllable of the testimony in the trial of the two outlaws, hung on tenaciously to hear the attorneys have their say. Not one time from 8 o'clock in the morning was there any spare standing room in the courtroom.

Burke Opens for State

Shakespeare, the Bible and even Bob Ingersoll were quoted without stint. The veteran Hayden Burke, who

knows the language of the people of this section like few other people do, opened fire for the state this morning and there was a visible effect on the jury.

He was followed by Archie Myatt, of High Point, counsel for Lester Greene, and in turn by Harold Burke, Leland Stanford and last of all by the prosecutor of the 17th Judicial District, John R. Jones.

Mr. Jones brought to a climax the day's oratory. Before he had finished he had at least one member of the jury in tears and quite a few in the audience. His depicting of the murder of T. C. Barnes as one of the blackest and most cold blooded crimes ever committed in his jurisdiction carried a convincing tone.

It took Judge Warlick just fifty minutes to analyze the evidence and give the law to the jury. He put the case in their hands at 6:17 o'clock. They went to supper at 7 o'clock and were back deliberating at 8 o'clock.

Two Verdicts Possible

Judge Warlick told the 12 men that they could bring in one or two verdicts as to either or both of the prisoners, guilty of murder in the first degree or not guilty. He also told them that if they found that the two prisoners had conspired among themselves or with others to rob the Farmers and Merchants Bank and that in perpetrating such a robbery T. C. Barnes was killed, all those who had conspired would be guilty, or if by their presence they had aided and abetted in the robbing of the bank in which Barnes was killed they would also be guilty, whether they fired the actual fatal shot or not.

When court reconvened Friday morning Myatt announced that the defense rested in the case of B. G. Greene.

"Because of the brief time allowed us to prepare for the trial and inability on such short notice to secure all the witnesses we would like to present we rest our case," he said.

Hughy Greene, younger brother of Lester, was then placed on the stand and testified that Mrs. Leoita Greene, wife of Lester, gave birth Thursday in High Point to a baby. Counsel for Lester then rested.

Identifies Signature

Solicitor Jones recalled the elder Greene to the stand and had him to identify his (Greene's) signature and fingerprints.

"Why did you have your gun loaded when you went into the bank?" the solicitor asked him.

"I always had my gun loaded," said Greene.

On the stand Thursday the elder Greene testified he had not intended to use any violence in the robbery, but shot because Little raised his hand in a threatening motion.

The solicitor then recalled Little to the stand.

"Did you reach for a gun?" he asked the assistant cashier.

"I did not. We had no gun in the bank," answered Little.

The prosecutor then questioned Little again about previous testimony that an ink well, hurled by T. C. Barnes, the cashier, was the only weapon the bankers brought into use against the robbers. The banker repeated his earlier testimony and the state rested its rebuttal evidence and arguments were begun.

The elder Greene took the stand yesterday after 14 state witnesses had enmeshed him in a net of evidence. He admitted participation in the robbery but denied the fatal shooting. He said his son was unarmed.

Revealing new secrets of the French Detective Police. A series of startling articles by a world-famous detective, in which methods for crime detection are explained. In the American Weekly, with the Baltimore Sunday American of March 4. Buy your copy from your favorite newsdealer or newsboy.



SAMP . . . good eating

When I was a boy down east one of the familiar figures on the streets of our town was the "hulled corn man." He peddled from a huge can what the Indians taught our Pilgrim ancestors to make and to call "samp." It was Indian corn parboiled in eye, so that the outer skin came off and the kernel was white and fluffy and very good to eat, especially, I used to think, when served with Porto Rico molasses.

In the Middle States the Indian name for this processed corn was "hominy," and farther South the name began to be applied to coarsely-ground corn which had been put through a similar process, and which the folk of the Deep South now call "grits."

When I hear anyone talk of the deliciousness of hominy, alone or in the familiar combination of "hog and hominy" I am never sure whether they are talking about our Yankee "samp" or the southern "grits." But I do know that both are mighty good eating.

RABBITS . . . and fever

Twenty years ago the small animal life of some of the Alaska islands was wiped out by a volcanic eruption. This left the Indians in bad shape, for they lost not only an important food supply but the foxes, whom they kill for their pelts, also had their food curtailed. Now the Government is "planting" colonies of rabbits on those islands, in the expectation that they will increase rapidly and restore the balance of animal life.

What I want to hear is that the Government has found a cure or prevention for the "rabbit fever" which is often fatal to men who handle rabbits or rabbit pelts. A Maine guide died the other day from this disease, which he caught from a fox he had skinned after the fox had been eating a rabbit. It is a curious infection which seems to be spreading all over the country.

GOLD . . . to market

The price of \$35 an ounce for gold has, naturally, stimulated gold mining everywhere that a trace of the precious metal has ever been found, and in some places where they have only guessed it might be. One of my neighbors, a few miles from my farm, has taken out a license to dig for gold in the Berkshire hills. I hope he finds it.

They are getting gold in paying quantities from several abandoned mines in North Carolina. Before the gold strike in California there were profitable gold mines in many parts of the Atlantic seaboard. So much gold was mined in the Carolinas and Georgia that for years the Government maintained a mint at Dahlonega, Georgia.

Now there is no more gold coinage, but anyone who finds an ounce of gold anywhere can get \$35 for it from Uncle Sam, and some folks are going to strike it rich somewhere.

MUSIC . . . neighborhood sings

I am not yet convinced that the radio is a good thing in all respects. People do too much listening to professional singers and musicians, make not enough effort to produce their own music. Not that it is not refreshing to listen to first-rate music—which we get too seldom "on the air"—but it ought not to be too easy.

There is more social value, more that makes for love of home life and neighborly spirit, when everybody in the household, or a group of neighbors, get together, in a home or a church or a town hall and try what they can do to make a little music for themselves. I know of nothing that is so heart-warming in its effects as a "neighborhood sing."

In the part of New York where I hole up for the winter, Greenwich Village, we've been having these old-fashioned musical evenings this winter, and hundreds of my neighbors are beginning to say to each other: "I never knew what nice, friendly people the New Yorkers were." Of course, they're just like all other people, everywhere, but it takes something that they can all do together to bring out the human qualities.

WATER . . . heavy brand

Science has discovered a new kind of water. It is called "heavy water," because the hydrogen molecules which it contains are composed of atoms which weigh twice as much as ordinary hydrogen.

"Heavy hydrogen" is itself a re-

cent scientific discovery. It combines with other substances in a way ordinarily hydrogen does, but gives entirely new compounds. Thus, "heavy water" kills seeds instead of aiding them to germinate, and tadpoles in it quickly die.

Just how widely this poisonous "heavy water" is found in nature nobody yet knows. But some think it may account for the barrenness of desert lands, and the absence of animal life in some odd corners of the world.

New discoveries of science, especially when they deal with matters of everyday use, are one of the greatest stimulants to the imaginative mind. Some day we may see some bright young man turning "heavy hydrogen" into gold, by using it to make some revolutionary invention work.

A large cork, dipped first in water and then in scouring powder, will clean soiled knives easily and well, without soiling the hands.

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