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THE INDEPENDENT

TEN PAGES IN TWO SECTIONS THIS WEEK

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HERE, NOW AND HEREAFTER

By VANCE HAVNER

When Our Ships Come In

Several years ago I stood in New York harbor and watched a ship come in from over the sea. Around me stood many other expectant onlookers who had come to meet the passengers. Some were looking eagerly, some sadly some uncertainly, some as if in dread,—but we were all looking for the ship to come in.

We are a race of wistful watchers in the harbor of this world waiting and watching for our ships to come in from afar. Perhaps years ago we sent them out loaded with our prayers and our dreams and now we are looking for them to return, freighted with the treasure of our hearts desire.

Curious cargoes we are looking for. Some for fame and the handclappings of a fickle world. Some for popularity and the fawnings of silly admirers. Some for health and strength to endure. Some for faith and confidence in the universe. Some for a sweetheart and a heart that understands.

* * *

May our ships not disappoint us when they come in. Sometimes they do.

Our gold oft turns to brass and leaves us beggars.

Our fame, like vapor may vanish, for men worship no idol long.

Popularity lasts but for a day: our health so easily leaves us: our poor, feeble faith is soon shaken.

And even the friend of our heart may go to sleep in our darkest Gethsemane.

And sometimes our ships don't even come in.

* * *

There be some who grow sour and churlish. "My ship did not come," they growl," and I have no faith in whatever lies over the sea. For, had there been goodness over there my ship would have come to me."

But perhaps your ship did come and you missed it looking for another. Perhaps the cargo you got is better than the cargo you wished for. And there is always the hope that another ship will yet come.

If my ship has not come, shall I say there is no good harbor beyond? There must be good things there for I have seen many good things unloaded here. And many blessings have come to me from over there. Kind words, high dreams, great moments, good friends—ah, what cargoes from heaven I have found at the dock!

* * *

I believe in the harbor that lies over the sea. True, some things come from there that puzzle me. Some freight that makes me wonder. But too many good bundles of kindness, too many packages of gladness, too many passengers who love me have come from there for me to lose faith in its ultimate goodness.

If I expect good things to come back I must send good things over there. Each day I will load a craft of prayer, a freighter of deeds well done and send them out to sea. And if I give the best I have the best will come back to me.

* * *

I will watch each day in the harbor for my ship to come in. If it is not what I wanted, if it does not fill my order, I will try to use what I receive. For to every man comes a certain cargo and my own will come to me.

* * *

And one day, when the watch is over, my last ship will come to me. It will carry me back to the harbor over there, that port of which I have heard so much in sermon and prayer and song. I shall see the Great Storekeeper of the Universe at work among his supplies. I shall watch him select our cargoes and help him check up on the outgoing freight.

And perhaps from that end of the line I shall understand better the puzzling problems that arise.

When our ships come in.

Hard Luck For Those Who Are Slow to Pay

Dead beats and folks who just get behind in their accounts and can't catch up, face alike on the first list of bad paying accounts posted by the Credit Bureau of the Elizabeth City Merchants' Association this week.

Local merchants are determined to make it uncomfortable for credit customers who don't pay their bills. The recently organized credit bureau attempts to collect bad accounts; if it fails to make collections it notifies its members of the uncollectable accounts. It was an interesting list of names of bad accounts that went out to the members of the Merchants Association this week.

As now organized the local merchants are protected against slow payers by having before him at all times a list of those who don't pay their accounts at other stores.

TO FIND AND HONOR THE LOST VIRGINIA DARE

A Beauty Pageant of Historical Significance and Different From All Other Beauty Pageants, Planned for District Fair

A beauty pageant unqiue in the history of such things in America is contemplated for the Albemarle District Fair at Elizabeth City this year when the Fair management will endeavour to find and bring back Virginia Dare, the beautiful lost child of the historic Lost Colony of Roanoke Island.

No name in the early history of this romantic region has stirred the imagination like that of Virginia Dare. And less is known of her than of any other important character identified with the early settlement of these American shores. She was born, she was baptized and perished. What became of the colony in which she was born in old Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island and what became of Virginia Dare is an unsolved mystery.

But there is poetry in the name. And when you have poetry, drama, mystery, romance and history all identified with the name of a beautiful young girl, human imagination does the rest.

Joan of Arc would never have lived in poems, novels, historical romances, sculpture and painting if her name had been Sally Smith; beauty of all things under the sun is imperishable; the wretchedness of primitive Christianity and the frightfulness of mediaeval Christianity are forgotten and only the beauty of its founder and his idealism survive.

And so because she was blessed with a name of unusual poetic charm and beauty the name of Virginia Dare is cherished here in the region where she was born and where she perished. Her birth and baptism are noted on two continents and celebrated with solemn dignity on August 18th of every year. The Congress of the United States is erecting a monument to her memory on the spot where she was born. A State highway has been named for her, the Virginia Dare Trail. Real estate promoters and growers of potatoes have used her name for a trade mark. When Elizabeth City set about to build the most beautiful hotel in coastal Carolina it called it The Virginia Dare. We tell the world that it was within a few minutes flight of Elizabeth City that Virginia Dare was born.

But What Did She Look Like-

But no one has the faintest conception what Virginia Dare looked like. Assuming that she was taken into some friendly tribe of Indians and grew up to maidenhood, was she dark or fair, tall or short, small or large? We have somehow, without any reason at all, come to think of her as a lithe, well formed, athletic maiden of striking beauty.

Nearly a year ago this newspaper threw out the suggestion that something should be done to realize a definite picture of Virginia Dare. Her name has become the heraldic symbol of a region and in the years to come millions of tourists will seek the spot where she was born. And no where an authorized portrait of our sainted young lady! Really, something must be done about it.

And now Dick Job, secretary of the Albemarle Agricultural Association, plans to do something; he proposes to stage a great beauty contest at the Elizabeth City Fair in October and have eminent judges choose from the assembled beauties of the region the girl who, in the opinion of the judges, will most surely satisfy the public demand for a Miss Virginia Dare.

Secretary Job proposes to interest every grammar and high school in ten counties of the Albemarle region in choosing candidates for the great honor. A handsome prize or prizes to the value of several hundred dollars will be awarded the winner; her picture will go on the front pages and in the gravure supplements of every important newspaper in America. Moving picture men will flock here to get her picture for the screen. She will be the most written about, the most picturized and the most talked about, girl in North Carolina. The finest suite of rooms at the Virginia Dare Hotel will be provided for her stay in Elizabeth City Fair Week, and she will be the honor guest at an elaborate dinner and ball.

A Knotty Problem

But one thing is bothering Secretary Job. In all of the beauty contests that have become so much the rage in this country in recent years, the contesting beauties have been paraded in bathing suits.

It takes a bathing suit to show off all the natural charms of the feminine. Bathings suits will be tabu in this unique beauty pageant. But, still, the forms of the contestants must not be concealed by too much clothing and clothes must not make the beauty.

Whether, then, to let every contestant choose and design her own costume befitting the character of an English born maiden compelled to invent her clothing out of the meager resources of a primitive environment, or whether to have some resourceful costumier design a specific ensemble which every contestant must wear? This is the question that is harassing the Fair secretary. Perhaps a committee to be chosen to work out other details of the pageant will dispose of this problem.

Making a Name For Herself

HERE is a former Elizabeth City girl who is attracting state wide attention in her chosen vocation. Miss Augusta Sample, a daughter of Mrs. Mae Sample of this city and a teacher of expression at Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C., gave a recital in Odell Memorial Hall at Greensboro the other night. Commenting upon her work the Greensboro Daily News said: "She has fulfilled the expectations of artistic accomplishment which her student days promised. Her mastery of the technique of voice and action, together with her natural charm of manner, makes Miss Sample a successful reader."

Raised Letter Printing Done Right At Home

And now you don't have to send out of Elizabeth City or out of the State for raised letter printing. It is done in the shop of **The Independent** every day and customers are marveling at the work we are turning out for them.

The art of raised letter printing has been revolutionized in recent years. It used to require much special machinery and special help. Today it is done by expert printers with new improved and less expensive equipment. We have both the expert printers and the latest and most approved equipment.

Personal monogram stationery, wedding invitations, cards, letter heads and envelopes are but a few of our raised letter specialties. Let us show you. And if any printer tells you he can do this class of work, make him show you.

ANOTHER LOT OF DICTIONARIES

The Independent has secured another lot of those big Webster's College, Home and Office Dictionaries. While they last any reader may get one free simply by securing two new yearly subscribers to The Independent. Or if you are already a subscriber you may renew your subscription for one year and get one new subscriber and get a dictionary. If the dictionary is to be mailed just add 15 cents for postage and handling.

NOT ONE TIME MERCHANT LEFT IN THIS COUNTY

The scathing indictment of the one-crop system and the enslavement of an Eastern North Carolina peasantry to usurous time-merchants made by Judge Gilbert T. Stephenson in a speech to Eastern North Carolina bankers last week does not apply to Pasquotank County, declares W. G. Gaither, vice president of the First & Citizens National Bank of this city.

Judge Stephenson drew a forbidding picture of an impoverished Eastern North Carolina where lazy hound dogs, illiterate Negro farm hands and a sallow, listless white peasantry are forever in debt to local general merchants who charge them two prices for the necessities of life and practically confiscate the products of their listless labor. There can be no beauty, no progress and no prosperity in an agricultural region dominated by an absentee land-lord class and time-merchants, was the sum of Judge Stephenson's arguments.

Judge Stephenson lives in Winston-Salem and to one that far West anything East of Raleigh is Eastern North Carolina. Conditions pictured by Judge Stephenson do exist in some Eastern counties, but they are certainly not typical of the Northeastern counties North of Albemarle Sound, declares Mr. Gaither. "In fact the old fashioned time-merchant just doesn't exist in Pasquotank County at all," says Mr. Gaither; "he passed out of the picture here 20 years ago and agriculture has been on the mend in Pasquotank ever since. There is to-day a greater diversification of crops in Pasquotank than in any other county in Eastern North Carolina; there are more pigs, more cattle and more poultry on Pasquotank farms. And whenever you see a farmer with a few pigs and chickens on his place you can't break him."

Elizabeth City bankers have invited the North Carolina Bankers Association to meet in Elizabeth City next year and see a different picture from that painted by Judge Stephenson.

Making It Hot For The Lovers In Perquimans

Making it literally hot for illicit lovers is what has been done in one rural neighbourhood in Perquimans County. In one case a pair of lovers were apprehended in a clump of dry woods; neighbours set the woods on fire and burned the pair out.

The incident has occasioned quite a stir in Perquimans where the action of the vigilantes is both praised and condemned. Some reports insist that in the incident referred to the woods were set on fire in four places, creating a circle of flame around the lovers caught in the underbrush who had to escape thru a wall of flame and smoke, risking grave personal injury besides exposing themselves to curious watchers who had gathered to see the sport. Others say the woods were fired in only one place, but that the flames were fanned by a brisk wind and rapidly spread thru the underbrush, routing the man and woman effectually.

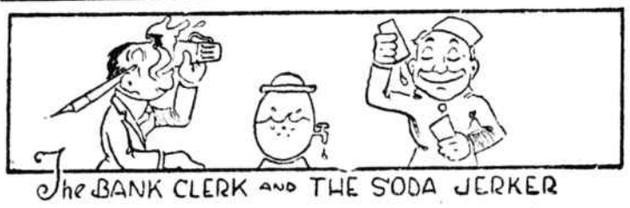
But it's a new way of dealing with a serious nuisance in rural places. In some places lovers going for a night ride park their cars and indulge in their sport in the front yards of timid farmers, taking advantage of the timidity of the farmer and his family. The farmer is afraid to show himself and make a protest for fear that he will get a load of shot from the darkened automobile.

F. S. Royster, Sr., president of the F. S. Royster Guano Company and leader in civic and business life of Norfolk, Va., died at his home there yesterday following an illness of several weeks. Mr. Royster was born in Granville county, North Carolina in 1849.

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST

Breakfast 40c; lunch, meat or fish with two vegetables, dessert, bread, butter and coffee 45c; regular dinner 75c. A room with private lavatory $2.00

**The Virginia Dare Hotel
Elizabeth City, N. C. advtf**



The BANK CLERK AND THE SODA JERKER

WHEN THE LAST "MODEL T" EXPIRES

"Have you heard any new Ford jokes lately?" asked the Soda Jerker of his friend the Bank Clerk.

"I think the prize Ford joke is the fact that Mr. Ford's agencies are booking orders for the new Ford in Russia, India, China, New Zealand and Hawaii when there is no indication that the Ford factories will be able to fill orders at home for six months or more to come."

"Which shows the wisdom of Henry," said the Soda Jerker: "The essence of wisdom in merchandising is to create a demand always in excess of your stocks. The average small town merchant goes to seed by sitting on his hind parts and curtailing his advertising because he is afraid an advertisement might bring him a customer for something he hasn't got. And the customer never comes because the customer knows he hasn't got it and never will have it."

"Well, what do you think of the new Ford, anyway?" asked the Bank Clerk.

"I think it is going to be one of the greatest economic calamities that has hit the farmers of this country since the panic of 1908," said the Soda Jerker.

"The old Ford with its cheap sheet iron body and cotton upholstery was a great utility to the farmer. It not only sufficed to take him and his family to church and to visit distant relatives and neighbours on Sundays, but it served as a general utility vehicle on week days. He could load it up with cotton corn or potatoes and come to town and go back loaded with flour, or coal or hay. I've seen a ton of baled hay piled into a Ford roadster and tied onto the running boards. After the old "Model T" was three or four months old the farmer could actually haul manure in it without impairing its sightliness or making it more odoriferous.

"The old Ford not only hauled everybody and everything, but when it wasn't on the road you could jack up its hind wheels, belt it to a pulley and run a woodsaw or a corn sheller.

"But since Henry has made a lady of Lizzie the farmer will have no such utility car. The new Ford looks too much like an automobile and is too dressed up and too classy to be put to hack uses. It is a beautifully upholstered and ornamented thing to be kept washed and polished and in a garage when not rolling. It looks too good to leave out in the rain and woe unto the farmer who goes to town and comes back home with a load of guano funking up that classy plush interior; his wife and daughters will have done with him forever.

"It all means that a farmer will have to have two cars now where one Ford sufficed before; or else a car and a truck. That's why I say the new Ford is going to create hard times in the country.

"And, I'll tell you something else; we're going to miss the old Fords on our highways. It's going to be an all too dignified and humdrum world when their noise and clatter and smell have disappeared and all the world rolls along decorously and silently in gear shift cars with muffled engines.

"America without its rusty tin Lizzies with snagged tops, flapping tattered curtains and wobbly wheels will be as boresome as a circus without its clowns. It will be like living in the South without niggers, if you can imagine what that would be like.

"Yes sir, it almost makes me weep to think of how we're going to miss the old Fords when the last of them has coughed and choked itself to death and goes on the scrap heap; life wont ever be the same any more."

YOUR EYES AT WORK

Constant use of your eyes in any line, working all day by artificial light will lower their efficiency. It is wise to help your eyes with a pair glasses, correctly prescribed. Consult an eye specialist. DRS. J. D. HATHAWAY, Carolina Bank Building. adv.

USED DYNAMITE TO BLOW LOVED ONE OUT O' BED

And Columbia, The Gem of The Scuppernong, Has A Sensation On Its Hands

To have been blown out of bed with a charge of dynamite that wrought an estimated damage of $500 to her father's residence, breaking 22 window panes and smashing all the crockery on the dining room table, was the unique experience of Miss Lena Snell of Columbia, Tyrrell County.

And to make this the banner sensation of the year in all the region South of the Albemarle it is charged that the dynamiting was the act of a rejected lover. J. S. Pope, of Atkinson N. C., sometime employe of the State Highway Commission, who has been doing some dynamiting jobs in Tyrrell is accused of the crime and will be given a preliminary hearing Saturday morning.

Neither Miss Snell nor her room mate Miss Mae Sawyer was seriously injured by the explosion, altho Miss Snell received several bruises when she fell to the ground thru a hole in the floor created by the explosion.

The explosion occurred about 1 o'clock Tuesday morning. Pope was immediately suspected and when it was found that he had left town in an automobile he was chased all night over several counties, the pursuit ending at Columbia, about noon Tuesday when Pope got back to Columbia a little in advance of his pursuers.

Pope has refused to make any statement.

Dynamiting is not a unique offense in Tyrrell. About a year ago a schoolhouse in another part of the county was dynamited by foes of education.

CREDITORS OF C. E. BENTON NOT TO LOSE HEAVILY

Creditors of C. E. Benton, Elizabeth City bankrupt will not fare so badly. The stocks of the Benton store sold this week at auction to S. Harris for $6,120. The stock was appraised at $8,044 and had an inventory value of $9,400.

Benton's liabilities were $10 700, but of this amount he owed $6,500 to his father-in-law, Hillary Cartwright who was secured not only by a blanket mortgage on the stocks of the Benton store, but by a mortgage on Benton's home. The real estate covered by Mr. Cartwright's mortgage is estimated worth $3,500. Thos. P. Lassell, representing the creditors insists that Mr. Cartwright's mortgage on the stock of goods is invalid and has moved to have it set aside, in which event Mr. Cartwright would share equally with the other creditors in the proceeds from the sale of the store. Still, Mr. Cartwright would have the Benton home to fall back upon and would suffer no great loss.

Commenting upon the sale this week, Mr. Lassell said that there was no real necessity for Benton having gone into bankruptcy. The Benton crash came when his father-in-law, who had advanced him much money from time to time, became uneasy and advertised to sell his son-in-law out under the mortgage he held.

"God Dam Lie" Says City's Light Head

Supt. J. C. Parker of the Elizabeth City Public Utilities Commission resents a recent news item in this newspaper telling of a neglected electric light on the Primary School grounds. "It was all a God damn lie," says Mr. Parker. For the information of Mr. Parker this newspaper calls his attention to another street light on Dyer St., in front of the residence of Caleb Walker which residents in the neighbourhood say hasn't burned since the storm of the night of Feb. 18th. Maybe that's what Mr. Parker would call "another God damn lie."

—Watson Roberts, flying a Ford plane from Charlotte, N. C., to Daytona Beach, Fla., has not been heard of since his hopoff last Sunday morning.

Cute and Full o' Mischief

IVY JOEL, three years old going on four, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Howard J. Combs of this city. Ivy came home one day with hands potty black from playing in dirt. "Where have you been to get so dirty?" demanded her mother. "I've been to Mrs. Brown's," said Ivy. "Well, if you can't go to Mrs. Brown's without getting that way you had better stay home," said Mrs. Combs. A few days later Mrs Brown asked Ivy: "Why don't you come to see us any more." Ivy put on her most serious air and said: "I can't ever come to your house any more; mama said your house is dirty." The Brownsas and the Combses might never have gotten on speaking terms again if matters had not been explained. Of such as little children the kingdom of heaven may be made, but it is also everlastingly true that their innocent prattle can make a little hell in a neighbourhood too. Photo by Zoeller.

Steel Barges Put Together With No Rivets

Steel oil tankers fabricated without the use of a bolt or a rivet are under construction on the Riverside Avenue yards of the Elizabeth City Iron Works & Supply Co.

The Elizabeth City concern has built steel ships before. In fact the company originated a standard shallow draft steel freighter to be built from stock patterns and has built a number of such crafts in recent years. This in itself was a revolution in steel ship building effecting a tremendous saving in steel construction. But these ships were put together with bolts and rivets as steel vessels generally are.

But along came the Texas Co. of this city with plans for two small steel tank barges to be used in transporting oil to shallow water receiving agencies in this coastal region. Electric welding for these tankers was considered more desirable than bolts and rivets, so the local concern is electrically welding the steel plates in these barges for the Texas Co. Nothing like it was ever attempted in these parts before, but the Elizabeth City Iron Works & Supply Co. is a resourceful concern and generally prepared to handle any ship building job that can take these inland waters. The construction of these novel tank barges at Elizabeth City is being watched with interest by iron workers and shipbuilders generally.

Elizabeth City Has Its Leap Year Baby

A baby girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Israel Lister, 201 Dyer Street, Elizabeth City, was the first Leap Year baby born in this city. So here is another girl who won't mind telling her birthdays. In fact she will probably want to add a few to hers.

Deeding birthdays is a popular pastime on Leap Year day. There are probably a number of women and men too who would gladly deed their birthday over to this baby girl.

Following the example of Robert Louis Stevenson, it has been arranged with several prominent persons including Governor Al Smith to deed their birthdays to children who otherwise would have but one birthday in four years. When a person gets a certain age he or she no longer has any use for a birthday. Maybe someone here will deed theirs to the little Lister baby.

WILL ASK FOR DESIGNS FOR WRIGHT BEACON

Preliminary Appropriation of $25,000 For Memorial Provides For Competitive Designs

Congressman Warren's bill providing an appropriation of $25,000 for plans and preliminary work incident to the Congressional memorial to the first airplane flight, to be erected at Kill Devil Hills, passed both branches of the Congress this week.

The act specifically provides that $5,000 of this sum may be expended for plans, drawings and specifications; which means that competitive designs will be asked for and the genius of notable architects and sculptors inspired to design a memorial of beauty and dignity worthy of the important event the Congress will commemorate.

The $25,000 appropriation bill passed this week is not to be applied to the cost of the monument itself; an appropriation for the monument will follow the acceptance of plans. The following is the exact wording of a section of the Army Bill carrying the $25,000 preliminary appropriation:—

"Monument on Kill Devil Hill, Kitty Hawk, North Carolina: To commemorate the work preliminary to the acquisition of suitable site, surveys, preparation of designs, and all necessary expenses incident to the erection of a monument on Kill Devil Hill, Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in commemoration of the first successful human attempt in all history at power-driven airplane flight, in accordance with the Act entitled 'An Act providing for the erection of a monument on Kill Devil Hill, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, commemorative of the first successful human attempt in history at power-driven airplane flight,' approved March 2nd, 1927, $25,000: Provided, that not to exceed $5,000 of this sum may be expended for the purchase of plans, drawings, and specifications for the erection of this monument by open competition, under such conditions as the Commission may prescribe."

The National Fine Arts Commission working with the original monument commission will meet in Washington on Thursday March 8th to take steps toward inviting competitive designs for the monument.

How A Republican Convention Looks

The laugh is on Howard Smith and John Saliba. They are both residents of the Virginia Dare Hotel. One day last week the Republican district convention was held at the hotel. Delegates began to pour in from 12 or more counties. Dr. John looked them over uneasily and sought out Howard Smith. Neither of them knew that a Republican convention was on. From a safe vantage point on the mezzanine they looked over the assembled hosts of serious looking Republican office holders and anticipants.

"I tell you what," said Dr. John, "they are getting ready to pull the biggest raid in the history of this section; if this gang is as serious as it looks to be there won't be a two-pint still left in Pasquotank, Camden or Perquimans."

"You're right," affirmed Howard. "This is absolutely positively and uncontrovertibly the most numerous, the most formidable and most determined aggregation and conglomeration of prohibition officers ever herded together and assembled within the corporate limits of the city. How's your stock, John?"

"How's your stock, Howard?"

When No Minister Could Get The Fee

He is a Catholic and wouldn't stand for a Jewish Rabbi or a Protestant minister tying the knot. She is Jewish and wouldn't consent to a Catholic or Protestant officiant. And so they compromised on a civil magistrate and Squire T. B. Wilson tied the knot that united Paul F. Rosanna and Miss Mildred Dufree of Norfolk in marriage here Saturday night. Mr. Rosanna is house detective at the Monticello hotel and Miss Dufree was formerly with the Al Jolsen company. Walter Harris and Martin Simpson, local friends of the couple, saw the knot well tied.

WE will pay you three cents a pound for good clean rags, no strings. THE INDEPENDENT.