

FIRST LIVES by FELIX RIESENBERG

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"I kept after Gilbert for years to tell you he was your father. He kept putting it off, kept stalling, torturing himself. At heart, John, he was sound, but impractical. I don't seem to startle you with this news."

"Judge, I've been aware of it for some time," John turned. He was crying. He dashed away the tears. "I enjoyed going around with my dad. But—well. I said something once I would have given my right hand to recall. I knew the thing was working out. Now it's too late."

"Of course you have rights, in the estate."

"I have not thought of rights, Judge."

"But you haven't a leg to stand on, John. Gilbert never changed his will. I'm one of the trustees. There's not a scrap, not an atom of legal evidence, to support you. The best evidence you have, John, is your appearance. My good boy, you are the image of Gilbert Van Horn as a young man. The portrait in the library, the one on the east wall, is you. But you have nothing tangible to support your claim."

"Claim?" John considered a while. "That's a new one on me. I'm not claiming anything. Great God, sir, I'm down far enough as it is. The fact that he will never be here again is all the trouble I can stand. What a hero—" John stood and looked through the window; the park was blurred before his eyes.

"The estate's left to Josephine."

"Well, I'll marry it then," John looked at Judge Kelly, a smile flickering on his face.

"She's difficult, John, I'd have been better pleased if the thing had been divided."

"Forget that, Judge. I appreciate your feeling. Who else knows about this—this—relationship?"

"Not a soul, so far as I know. Malone has a theory—only Harbord might know. Gilbert confided in me, as his father did. God, what a city. The old name, the old tradition, gone."

"Come, Judge, you take things too seriously. I'll change my name, some day; perhaps."

"Then you won't do anything?"

"What can I do?"

"Marry Josephine, John, and we'll tell her afterward."

As Judge Marvin Kelly rode down town he shook his head, his head frosted with wisdom and filled with doubt. What a mixture life is!

John slept fitfully that night. The next day he would insist on seeing Josephine, he was eager for her. Three days had passed since her return. The papers were still full of the disaster. Perhaps she was foolish enough to want to look her best when meeting him. Women are queer. He slept dreaming of his father, a poignant clutching at his heart. He dreamed of the sinking ship, of Van Horn, a hero, a hero, and of Josephine. They would often talk about his dad in after years.

John stepped out of his shower. Breakfast had been sent up. Then the mail came. He would be at the shaft at nine, the privilege of easier times and of his step.

"A letter, Mr. Breen. Special, registered." He signed the receipt. It was a heavy envelope. John laughed, he was feeling better, something from Josephine. He was awkward, he tore the thing open, a heavy nub fell out, wrapped in tissue paper. He opened the little packet—it was the engagement ring—Josephine's ring. John gasped. In his hand was a sheet of her blue note paper.

DEAR JOHN,

Got Over Weak, Painful Condition By Taking Cardui

"I was weak and run-down and suffered quite a bit with pains in my side," writes Mrs. Nick Baranco, of Beaumont, Texas. "I was nervous. I did not rest well at night, and my appetite was poor. My mother had used Cardui with beneficial result, so I decided to take it. I surely am glad I did, for it stopped the pain in my side and built up my general health. I took seven bottles in all."

For over 50 years, Cardui has been helping women just as this Texas lady describes above. Cardui is sold at all drug stores.

I am marrying Gerrit Rantoul. I owe my life to him. Don't blame me, John. It is best for us both now that poor dear, brave Gilbert is gone. Forgive me. JOSEPHINE.

Years of slavish toil followed for John. He sunk himself in his work. Occasionally he heard of Josephine and Rantoul, married and in the vortex of young and gay America just before the war.

Finally the acqueduct was finished. Talking it over with Harbord and Pug Malone one night Judge Kelly went to a littered desk. He searched for a moment, then found a card. "My friend, Almon Strauss, has started something interesting. The Bureau of City Plan. An engineer named Colfax is in charge. I think there's a place for John if I say the word. A place for an enthusiastic endowment with a modicum of brains. My sad past, gentlemen, leads me to the belief that the wiser a man is the less enthusiastic he gets. Solomon was an utter pessimist."

"Enthusiasm starts wars, and wisdom ends them." Harbord had lit his pipe. Malone, also smoking, thought deeply. "John Breen was thrown into this city with nothing but enthusiasm; he may find wisdom, and perhaps some happiness, within its walls."

For a year he had been at work with Colfax, as assistant engineer of the Bureau of City Plan. The city unfolded him, enthralled him. He seemed to be playing with a set of magic blocks, scheming, planning, and soon they would build.

One day, John had checked over reports of a field survey accounting for many acres of land safely under water and purchased by a commission spending other people's money. Colfax smoked interminably, cigar after cigar, his teeth champing at the rolls of weed, tossing the butts when burned to the middle.

"Do you sense this thing?" he asked, waving his hand in a general sweep. "I mean the thing that has us all—this lighting a brand hesitated in his reply. Colfax seemed unnerved, the night was insufferably hot, and he, too, came to the office with the din of war added to another clamor coming to a surge within him. Colfax, thin but of fiery energy, seemed to radiate a restless, gnawing sorrow.

"What I have said about the city bears out the rottenness abroad. Everything is wrong. It will drag us back in the wash of war. The reformers will fail, the people will fail, and the grab and gouge and hell of blood and hate will swing around the world, killing everything we do. This stuff," and Colfax brought his first down with a bang on bundles of reports, "this might as well be burned, for the good it will do while I am here, or you too."

"I have worked years, given all that is in me, to set a standard. I seek a city to set up as an ideal habitation of men. You know my theories about the heating and sanitation of groups, you know the Colfax formula for the regeneration of waste materials and the return of nitrogen to the soil in an endless cycle. We must strive, Mr. Breen, to the time when the terrible waste will be overcome and men may live for something other than their appetites and greed. When plenty will be common and the poor will only be the poor in spirit, or in mind. You know this, you have seen the plans and the fitting of them to meet the transition from industrial truce to industrial peace and freedom."

Colfax suddenly stood upright and walked to the window looking

out over dark roof tops. A strange feeling of prediction filled the small, white painted office. John had stepped to the window beside his chief and also looked out, as if seeking an answer.

"I have become convinced that my work is done," Colfax continued without looking at John. It is no use continuing, at least for me. I have written Almon Strauss, a great man, Mr. Breen, not afraid to remain in Paris. For the next month I will set things to rights, turn over the records, and you can go on, or not, as you see fit."

"But—" John stammered. It seemed so unnatural.

"It is better so—"

It was dark when the two men left the Bureau. Colfax, who roomed alone, north of Fourteenth Street, in shabby fashion, turned on his heel at the corner. "Good-night, Breen—John." He half hesitated and then did an unusual thing. "Here, shake." He wrung the hand of the younger man with a strong cold grip—"Good-night—"

John Breen got home late that night. The ride uptown in the subway had been sticky, tiresome. Bits of paper and dust and dirt cluttered the trains. He felt tired discouraged. The business of the Bureau, being financed by the mysterious Almon Strauss, a man he had never seen, appeared futile, worthless, impossible.

Then he was only half asleep. A deep rumble and heavy crash of sound roared up the river. What had happened? After a while it was silent. Apparently some colossal explosion. He waited and went to sleep. Black Tom, frightened with T. N. T., had gone off and the lower sections of the city were in disorder, glass littering the streets. The crimson aurora of the fiery detonation had, for a few minutes, lit up the quaking town. Blackness descended on Wall Street and Broadway. Offices were deserted. Only on Park Row was there action; men scurrying for news and the clang of patrol wagons and ambulances rushing special officers and doctors to the streets. But the larger part of the prostrate city was asleep.

A smaller detonation to place north of Fourteenth Street. Still trembling with the shock of the explosion, a beaten man placed a pistol at his temple and pulled the trigger. Colfax, director of the Bureau of City Plan, crashed over on the crest of noise. He thought the city had been blown up by the Huns.

The morning papers quite forgot the suicide.

"Colfax is dead," John Breen phoned Judge Kelly.

"Too bad, John. Too bad. Better go up and look over his papers. He has no relatives."

That day John gathered the few belongings of the strange man. He lived alone. His name had been changed, by due process of law. Thumbing his nose at fact, he, who was Vladimir Kahlfuss, became Victor Colfax. It explained much to John. The man had been swamped by his own sincerity, a victim of the times; of all time.

As John rode home in the subway that night, in the crush, he saw everything on end. Car after car, crowded to suffocation, slipped by him, the uplifted hands of passengers seemed a symbol of the complete surrender of the masses, white impotent hands held up, thousands of hands, white hands.

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G. A. R. Greeted at Lincoln's Home Town



Seventy-five thousand people crowded into Springfield, Ill., home town of Abraham Lincoln, to witness 800 members of the Grand Army of the Republic in parade and annual convention. Photos show the "thin blue line" on parade, and insert, Wm. P. Wright, Chicago, newly elected National Commander for 1932.

State Has New Source Wealth In Talc Deposits

Science is constantly adding to the value of North Carolina's great variety of minerals, particularly in the case of new process which are creating demands for materials hitherto not used, State Geologist H. J. Bryson asserted in summarizing latest developments in the mineral field.

One of the most important developments in recent years, he said, is the use of talc in the manufacture of battery boxes, since there are approximately 12,000,000 of those containers manufactured annually and since talc is said to be the only suitable material obtainable at the price, it is enthusiastic over the prospects for wider markets.

"Talc produced from mines in Cherokee county ranks among the best in America," the state geologist declared. "Producers in that section say it ranks with the French and Italian talcs. This talc is especially suitable for the cosmetic trade. The pyrophyllite, a variety of talc, deposits of Moore county are the only commercial deposits of this mineral so far known in the United States."

"Olivine deposits of eastern United States reach their maximum development in North Carolina. This material is being used for certain refractory purposes which may lead to a large production. This year about 15 carloads have been shipped out of the state for experimental purposes. Reports from those making the tests reveal that it has certain properties that will make it a valuable mineral in the future. The deposits in this state are probably the largest in eastern United States."

PARIS COP'S KISS HALTS BUSY CITY TRAFFIC

Paris.—A kiss that paralyzed traffic in the heart of the downtown section of Paris was administered by a petite Parisienne to a very stern looking "cop" directing vehicles and pedestrians in the square in front of the Opera.

The charming lady, in a pretty frock and a perky hat, started out as if jay-walk, heading directly for the minion of the law.

When she reached her destination, she rose on tiptoe, smiled and puckered her pink lips. Traffic halted, the copper stooped and kissed the lady on both cheeks, after which she beamed broadly and proceeded diagonally to the opposite curb. The hero of the episode blew a loud blast on his traffic whistle, drew his face into stern lines and yelled out, "Get a move on there; hurry up!"

Lost 20 Lbs. of Fat In Just 4 Weeks

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 yrs. old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take on a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it's the safe harmless way to reduce as tens of thousands of men and women know.

For your health's sake ask for and get Kruschen at Purcell's drug store or any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money 1.25 ck.

You're O. K., Helen and you're nominated for the all-time "Miss America"

By Betty Best



I WANT to throw my hat in the air and yell "yea" every time I hear her name. For she is my ideal of the ideal every American girl should emulate. She's my nominee for the all-time "Miss America," is Helen Wills.

Helen's just there; that's all. She has proved herself the queen of tennis players. She has always stood for the finest sportsmanship. She's talented — my, how she can draw and write. You may remember her contributions to well known magazines. And with it all she has remained the same modest person who not so long ago started her clay court career.

A Fighter Who Is Fit
No doubt Helen owes much of her excellence with a racket to the excellent condition she maintains. She isn't an unusually hard trainer. Being moderate in all things and regularly following a common-sense program of living, she never has to subject herself to an arduous training "grind."

In her eating, for instance, she is by no means a faddist. She eats pretty much what anyone who wants to keep fit would choose.

Inquiring about her diet at the Forest Hills Inn, Forest Hills, L. I., where most of the tennis luminaries stop during the tournament season, I found from Mrs. Maude Halpin, manager of the Inn, that Helen eats a fairly heavy breakfast.

True to her native California, she begins her morning meal by drinking an extra large glass of orange juice. She then has two soft-boiled eggs, several strips of crisp bacon, buttered toast and drinks a hot cereal beverage. Like many famous athletes she takes no chances with coffee and other stimulating drinks.

For lunch she eats lamb chops and vegetables in small quantities. Dinner is heartier, soup, entree, vegetables, salad, and dessert.

Sensible, isn't she? Which reminds me—there's another characteristic of hers that I had overlooked mentioning before. Well, I don't know Mr. Moody, her husband, but I'll bet he is one regular fellow. Our all-time "Miss America" wouldn't be satisfied with anything else.

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Gov. Proclaims Fire Prevention Week Oct. 9-12.

It is my firm belief that fire prevention should be accepted as a major civic duty by every good citizen of the state. During the year 1931, two hundred and fourteen North Carolinians lost their lives by fire. In addition, during the same year fire destroyed property valued in excess of thirteen million dollars. This is the direct loss; it is destruction of lives and property.

THEREFORE, in compliance with Section 6080 of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, I do hereby set aside the week of October 9th as Fire Prevention Week, and do urge the people of North Carolina to accept the responsibility that is theirs in this connection. I call upon them to cooperate with their Insurance Department, their local fire department, and all of the agencies that are working to save life and property from the hazard of fire.

Done at our Capital City of Raleigh, this the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two, and in the one hundred and fifty-seventh year of American Independence.

By the Governor (Signed)
O. MAX GARDNER,
Governor of North Carolina.

First Chorus Girl: My mother explained everything to me before I was married.

Second Stanza: Now I understand why you got as much alimony as you did.

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Tickets on sale going Saturday, October 8th. Final limit October 11th, 1932.

7 Hours Cruise on Chesapeake Steamship Sunday, October 9th. Steamer leave Pinner's Point 9:00 am, Sunday, October 9th. Returning 4:00 pm same day. Round trip fare includes cruise on Chesapeake Bay. Don't miss this fine opportunity to enjoy the salt sea breezes, sailing on the palatial Chesapeake Line Steamer.

SEA TRAIN EXCURSION
A new type of rail and water outing offered by the Southern Railway System with the opportunity of visiting the seashore resorts around Norfolk, seeing Hampton Roads and many other historic points on Chesapeake Bay.

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