

Carolina Watchman

Published Every Friday Morning At SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA

E. W. G. Huffman, Publisher J. R. Felts, Business Mgr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES Payable In Advance One Year \$1.00 Three Years \$2.00

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Salisbury, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The influence of weekly newspapers on public opinion exceeds that of all other publications in the country.—Arthur Brisbane.



POPULATION DATA (1930 Census)

Table with 2 columns: City and Population. Includes Salisbury (16,951), Spencer (3,128), E. Spencer (2,098), etc.

SCHOOL DAYS BEGIN AGAIN

Only a few days now and school will open. All over the United States thirty million children will flock back to the public schools...

Thirty million youngsters, getting ready to take the places of as many oldsters in a few years. That is as many people as there are in all Poland...

The future of the United States of America lies in the hands of these young ones. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to give attention to what they are taught in school.

We hear of subversive teaching creeping into some of the public schools in some of the big cities. We do not think that is true in the small towns and the rural districts. It is our understanding that the fundamental virtues of honesty, industry and personal good character are still inculcated in the vast majority of the schools of America.

Most important of all is it that our public schools should give the children as much as they can absorb of knowledge of how the world of grown-ups get a living and manages its affairs. Not that we think we grown-ups manage things any too well, but a great deal of trouble will be averted if every boy and girl learns in school the elemental facts of our social and economic system.

READ YOUR PAPER LABEL

It is an interesting fact that very few subscribers pay any attention to the labels on their newspapers. Just why, we have never been able to understand. When a subscription is received the name and address and the date to which it is paid, is printed and pasted on every paper that goes through the mails...

FAITH—OF A KIND

We have little patience with the type of "faith" exhibited by Rev. Albert Teester, mountain preacher, who allowed himself to be bitten by a rattlesnake—so little, in fact, that the matter has not been mentioned heretofore in these columns.

The two cases, it would seem, correspond. Both instances are of benighted persons suffering through flagrant misinterpretation of the Scriptures.

Few there be who attain that state of abundant faith which is to be so desired. It is evident that the Alabama family and those of the Teester type fall woefully short of the goal.

A PRACTICAL WAY TO CREATE EMPLOYMENT

A large number of prominent industrialists, along with an army of public officials and economists, are of the opinion that stimulated residential construction offers the best chance of accelerating the pace of recovery.

Construction is a local industry. The money that is spent goes first to local people—to workers, contractors, building supply houses. Every business in the community is benefited, from the corner grocery to the electric utility.

The great drive to boom construction is getting underway now. Private capital that has been tied up in non-productive channels is going to work. A vast need for housing exists, in both urban and rural localities—there has never been so great a potential demand for better and more modern homes.

So far as the individual citizen is concerned, he is now being offered an unprecedented opportunity to build on extremely favorable terms. Almost all the costs involved— from paint to interest charges—are well under previous levels. It is the part of wisdom to make the fullest possible use of that opportunity.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

—BY— FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

TRADITION... up our way. Up in my county we celebrated the 200th anniversary of the Congregational Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the other day. Founded by Yale College theological students in 1733 as a mission to the Indians who lived at Charles Stockbridge's trading post, it was organized as a church in 1734, with the Indian chief, David Konkapot, and one of my own ancestors, as deacons.

DEPENDANCE... a la bear. The principal trouble with the American people today is that we have become too dependent upon the pay envelope. We are like the tame bear that a traveling showman took around the summer resorts in the Adirondacks. The bear would do his tricks, the showman would pass the hat, and the bear would get his supper.



IN THE last issue we had a story

SIMILAR TO the one today, but

WE DON'T want you to get the

WRONG IDEA. The little episode

TODAY ACTUALLY happened in

A CERTAIN home this week.

AFTER YOU read it you will

KNOW WHY names cannot be

MENTIONED. "If you don't stop

BEING SO mean to me I'm going

HOME TO Mother," said a bride

OF ABOUT a year. Her husband

QUICKLY ANSWERED, "is that

A PROMISE or just a threat?"

I THANK YOU.

the call of the wild was too strong for the bear. He slipped his leash one night and vanished into the forest. Two days passed and the bear did not return. Finally some woodsmen at Paul Smith's organized a search for him.

They found the poor beast in the middle of a clearing, all alone, going through his whole repertoire of tricks and then looking around for someone to come and feed him. It was the only way he had ever been taught to get a living.

I always think of that rather pathetic anecdote whenever people talk about moving city workers to the farms by wholesale. I am afraid that a great deal of the planning for "subsistence homesteads" overlooks the fact that nobody can get a living off the land unless he has first learned how.

DISILLUSION... of an heir. A young man who was running an elevator in the building where my New York office is, inherited a small farm in his native Czechoslovakia. He took his wife and children and gaily set sail for Europe. Fourteen months later he was back—and, fortunately for him, was able to get his old job back.

Everything in life is relative. We think we are in great distress because money doesn't come as easy as it used to. But the plain fact is that the lowest-paid workers in this country, and even the unemployed, have better food, better clothing, more enjoyment in life, than all but a few anywhere else in the world.

COMPETENCE... the job. Charlie, my Czech-Slovak friend, got his old job back because he is a competent man at that particular work of running an elevator. It is not easy to find competent men in any line of work. Too many are just good enough to get by.

BUILDING... and workers. We hear a great deal about unemployment in the building trades, and the effort to stimulate home building in order to put them back to work.

POOR MAN, RICH MAN. "I saw a fellow from over at Colerain on the local market opening day, and I felt so sorry for the poor fellow—the only averaged 41c per pound for his tobacco," observed Dr. L. K. Walker, local physician, extensive farmer, soda fountain operator, keep politician and a neighbor of mine.

HOPE CHEST? M. L. Morgan is adding another outbuilding, a new double garage, to his place. —Big Lick item, Stanly News & Press.

NE'MIND WHO SHE WAS FORE SHE MARRIED; WHO GOT HIGH SCORE?

Miss Kim Douglas spent Wednesday afternoon at Ruby where she attended a bridge party given by Miss Beth Griggs in honor of Mrs Madrey Simmons, of Greensboro, who was Miss Frances Raley, of Ruby, before her recent marriage. —Chesterfield Advertiser.

AINT CUTTIN' THE PARTNER TO FIT THE CLOTH, ARE YOU, NEIGHBOR?

A Valdeese man believes a man ought to have some bad habit or little vice, like chewing, smoking, or moderate drinking to keep him tied to earth. He doesn't believe in angels on earth for men. —Valdeese item, Morganton News-Herald.

UNMENTIONABLES MUST'A THOUGHT THEY WAS ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND

Did you see the attractive display in a local dime store? Four pairs of ladies unmentionable fastened to fan blades twirling 'round and 'round. —Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune.

YEH, IT'S POPULAR HERE TOO. DON'T HAVE TO HIRE CADDIES

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burton entertained several specially invited guests at a croquet party last Wednesday afternoon. This old fashioned game has become quite a fad with a number of our people. —Bethlehem item, Leaksville News.

GONNA RUN OUT ER RAW MATERIAL IF THEY DONT WATCH OUT

News has been received from Newland, Avery county, that a revival has been going on there for seven weeks last Saturday. There had been 400 conversions up to that time and the meeting was still in progress. —Valmead item, Lenoir News-Topic.

MAY BE VERSATILITY, BUT SOUNDS MORE LIKE THE GOSLINS

Mr. Wallis, the new head-knocker at the N.-T., used to sing tenor in the Methodist church and bass in the Episcopal church at Elizabeth City. There's nothing like versatility. —Charles B. Pegram, Lenoir News-Topic.

IN OTHER WORDS, NICE DAY, AINT IT?

Some one has said that it denotes shame and weakness to open a conversation by referring to the condition of the weather, but whether that is all true or not we feel that it shows to those whom we address that we are still giving out of that which is uppermost in the mind, even if it is cloudy this morning which reminds us to be continually thankful for the beautiful showers that God has been sending us, while other states have been literally burned up. —Wall City item, Lexington Dispatch.

IN THESE DAYS OF SALLY RAND AND NUDISM SHE SHOULD BE NOT ARRESTED BUT REWARDED.

An eighteen-year-old girl, May Wright, of Millbrook, was arrested here yesterday on a charge of stealing a 25-cent pair of bloomers from an up-town department store. —Item, Raleigh News & Observer.

DO YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, NEIGHBOR, SPEAK FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE?

We are glad to see the good news concerning our school opening on September 10, and hope we don't have another fright as some of our people thought perhaps we wouldn't have any school at all. —Salem item, Morganton News-Herald.

POOR MAN, RICH MAN

"I saw a fellow from over at Colerain on the local market opening day, and I felt so sorry for the poor fellow—the only averaged 41c per pound for his tobacco," observed Dr. L. K. Walker, local physician, extensive farmer, soda fountain operator, keep politician and a neighbor of mine. —Bowen, Hertford County Herald.

HOPE CHEST?

M. L. Morgan is adding another outbuilding, a new double garage, to his place. —Big Lick item, Stanly News & Press.

MEN AINT'N KEEPIN' THEIR EYE ON THE BALL

The men golfers had better watch their step. The women are going around in less each season. —Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

TRAILS' END



ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

Her foot tapped impatiently. "Either." Again that curious, speculative glance on her. "What's the inducement?" "To you? I suppose you could use money. And of course you wouldn't want my father to know why you were here. Or Mr. Gage." He let the threat pass. "It's worth ten thousand."

Those are my terms. Kennedy shrugged unconcernedly. "I'm not worried about my end of the job. This is a game where I hold the cards."

For a moment a cold feeling crawled over Cleo. Kennedy did hold the cards. He could hold them against her, too.

Once out in the grounds, Kennedy lit his cigarette. "The little devil!" he mused. "The little yellow-headed devil!"

He flung the cigarette away and ground it under his heel. It was tough, he reflected moodily, but if Duane was any good he would follow her, and if he didn't, Nancy was well rid of him.

The Gage house was nearing completion. About the middle of the morning a glittering black car shot smoothly along this highway.

In the back sat a big man of about fifty, with iron grey hair, a strong jaw and grey eyes. He was not in the least handsome, but nobody ever overlooked John Gage.

He was at the entrance to the drive into his own grounds, and another car had just shot recklessly out of it.

For a split second sharp grey eyes met devil-may-care black ones. Then the other car was gone. "Whose car was that?" he asked the architect waiting for him by appointment.

"Must have been the Pendleton car. It was just the chauffeur. He said he was killing time." "Put a guard at the gates," said Gage crisply. "This isn't an amusement park. Keep 'em out."

Within half an hour after he had arrived at his office, Gage sat back giving minute instructions to one of the best operatives of an excellent detective agency.

"All I want you to do is to watch him and report to me. Don't get in the game, whatever it is, unless I tell you. If you can get a job at Pendleton's, so much the better."

"I can manage that. Do you know his name?"

"At one time he went by the name of Kennedy and was a gambler." Then operative arose.

Mrs. Duane it seemed, was not feeling well and would have her luncheon and dinner trays taken to her room. "That's because of me," Anne thought miserably. Aloud she said: "Do you think I'd better go in and see her, Barry?"

"Oh no!" He flushed. "I think it would be just as well for her to be completely quiet."

He slipped an arm around her. It was, she knew, a gesture of protection as well as of affection, and she loved him for it.

"Let's get in the roadster and go off somewhere," he said abruptly. "We'll make it a day."

AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

ments of unease. Poison had been instilled, and poison works secretly. An unexpected invitation brought relief to both of them. Barry brought it to her eagerly.

Nancy, the Tom Hallidays are going up for the week end to their Lake George camp, and they want us to come.

"I'd love to go." She jumped at the chance of respite from Grandleigh.

They motored up to the Halliday's camp. A little after three they were running through the outskirts of a small city, and presently Halliday's car turned off toward the railroad.

"He's probably going to the station," Dick volunteered. "Ward Riddle is coming up by train and I suppose it's due here about this time. Tom thought he might be able to flag him somewhere. Let's get out and help."

Halliday marshalled his party at various strategic points along the platform, where they might catch Ward Riddle's eye. Anne, who did not know him, found herself midway between Westbrooke and Atwood.

The train came in. Dick whooped at a face in a window and raced in pursuit. Anne looked after him, her face alight with laughter, and did not notice a group of people descending from a nearer car.

There were half a dozen of them, women and men, and it would not have taken a particularly initiated eye to see that they belonged either to a cheap road company or a small time vaudeville turn. One of them a blonde, looked curiously; her widening eyes fell on Anne.

"Why hello, dearie! Where've you been all this time?" Anne saw Barry's head turn quickly.

"I'm sorry, I think you must have mistaken me for someone else." She tried to be nice about it, and saw an angry lip curl.

"Oh, really!" The blonde flushed and her voice went a little higher. "I thought you were a friend of mine. We were in the same company a few years ago, but p'raps I'd better not mention names. Pardon me!"

"It was a natural mistake. I've been told before that I look like someone on the stage."

"I should say. You could double for her, say." "That's interesting." Anne smiled disarmingly, but her lips felt stiff.

The blonde girl moved on, still flushed and far from mollified. Dick called out as Anne approached. "I thought the blonde was going to make a touch, Nancy."

There was a light barrage of chatter as they went back to the cars. "I'm afraid I made her angry," Anne sent a quick glance after the vanishing group. "It was embarrassing for her."

"You can't embarrass that kind," said Halliday comfortably. Anne looked around for Barry.

"Silly, wasn't it?" she asked nervously. "Ridiculous." He looked ashamed of his ill humor, and shook it off. The blonde girl looked after them as the two opulent looking cars curved away from the station. An older woman beside her laughed under her breath.

"You made a fine break, Tess. Didn't you know?" "Did I know she'd throw down the folks she used to work with because she was with a lot of swells?" demanded Tess angrily.

"Tess, you're funny. But I thought I was seeing ghosts myself for a minute. Hadn't you heard that Nancy Curtis was dead?" "No!" The girl stared unbelievably. "When?"

"Last spring. She was killed in an automobile accident." "Hmp. Are you sure? She's the image of Nancy."

"Of course I'm sure. Don't be a goof, Tess, and don't hold any grudge against Nancy Curtis. She was a good kid, and if she got on better than the rest of us I guess it was because she had something that we didn't."

"It's easy to talk," said Tess sullenly. "Maybe she had and maybe she hadn't. You might have been further up the line yourself, Connie, if you'd had a John Gage to back you Money talks, all right, and what's more, it can make folks listen."

Halliday had sent servants ahead to open the house. Welcoming smoke was curling from two chimneys.

"Oh, I love it! It's like the Perch, isn't it?" Anne gave Barry's arm a squeeze, and they looked at each other with the bright, secret glance of understanding.

"Oh, that's your Western place, isn't it? Didn't Gwendy say that that was where Romance began?" Ward Riddell smiled pleasantly, but he looked at Anne in the curious, reflective way that she had noticed before. "It's not safe to toss me careless invitations. I might come."

"Me too!" Tom Halliday called over his shoulder. "Make it next summer and you can all come. It's a party."

Anne felt as though she had escaped from prison into glorious freedom. She made a quick change and slipped into a coat. She went on out to the veranda which ran the full length of the house and faced the lake. Barry was there already, pacing up and down with a pipe in his mouth.

"Great, isn't it?" "Heavenly." She nodded happily and fell in step with him.

"I like this," Barry said contentedly. "There's a motor boat down in the boathouse, and two sailboats, and you and I are going out in one of them, first thing tomorrow morning."

It was the beginning of three zesty days crisp mountain mornings, sun-warmed days and evenings with a nip in them.

They came back late one afternoon. Something had gone wrong with the engine, and the Wild Duck fluttered in slowly. Riddle and Halliday and Dick Westbrooke were waiting for them at the dock.

"Hello, Water Babies, I thought we'd have to come out and tow you in!" Halliday caught their line and made them fast. "You must be frozen!"

There was a big ulster over Westbrooke's arm. He had snatched it on the way down, and now he spread it over Anne's shoulders as she stepped out.

"That's nice of you, but I think Barry needs something more than I do. He's going to stay and work on the engine."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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