

# It's the Same In Any Language

THURSDAY - FRIDAY  
— LIBERTY —

how to kiss a boy and like it, as taught by gary cooper  
to sigrid gurie in "marco polo"

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**DEMONSTRATION.** "First you do this with your lips," Marco Polo instructs the Chinese Princess. She doesn't see much sense in it, but she's willing to learn.

**APPLICATION.** Now you just lean forward — Don't be afraid, Princess, it's been done before — and it's highly recommended by the experts.

**AGITATION.** "Oo, what a strange sensation!" gasps the Princess. Or maybe she's saying, "How long has this been going on?"

**RESIGNATION.** It really isn't bad, she decides, once you get used to it —and why not get used to it? Marco thinks it's nice work — you can get it.

**EXALTATION.** Osculate me another! Now that she's got the hang of it she's hanging on for dear life. Well, this is what the Chinese got in exchange for fireworks!

## Down on the Farm

By ABE CROSBY

A Lion, brought to the extremity of weakness by old age and disease lay dying in the sunlight. Those whom he had befriended with his strength now came around about him to view his predicament. Revenge, as it were,

for past superiority. The Boar ripped the flank of the King of Beasts with his tusks. The Bull came and gored the Lion's sides with his horns. Finally, the Ass drew near, and after carefully seeing that there was no danger, yet fly with his heels in the lion's face. Then with a dying groan the mighty creature exclaimed: How much worse it is than a thousand deaths to be spurned by so base a creature!

Isn't the human term for such maltreatment, barbarism? The aftermath of a malignant brute. I do not know that I should set down the facts here—as I lay on an infested mattress behind the bolted bars—on good white paper, the walls, they say, have eyes, the stones have cars. But consider these words written in purred breath! The worst of it is I met a brute—and the true form does bear upon his face the living marks of his infamy.

I met the brute as the result of a rather unexpected incident. At first, being filled with the spirit of a new adventure, I was not altogether pleased with this arrangement. Our conversation ran something like this:  
Brute! Get out of that car and come with me.  
Myself: No, I wish to know just why you have stopped me?  
Brute: You get out of that car

and come with me.  
Myself: I still insist, before I get out, that you tell me why you have stopped me.

Brute: After he had jerked my car door open and taken a center drive—with something—at my left face, knocking me out of my car and senseless: Now we'll see who goes, dragging me from the highway into his official car.

I will not attempt to put down all we said. I couldn't. But by such devices is the truth in this country made manifest.

We are all tolerant enough of those who do not argue with us, provided only they are sufficiently miserable! I confess when I first met him I was possessed of a consuming desire to be friendly with him. I might have thought of climbing a tree somewhere along the highway—like Zaecheus, wasn't it?—and watching him go by.

It shows how pleasant must be the paths of unrighteousness that we are tempted to climb trees to see those who walk therein. My imagination must have busied itself with the brute. Can you picture him as a sort of Moloch ridding over our countryside, flames and smoke proceeding from his nostrils, his official boots striking fire, his pastambolic voice like the sound of a great wind. At least that was the picture I formed of him when he dragged me up from where he had knocked me up.

Out here we do not argue that brutes are more admirable than honest men. I merely argue that, in such fields as those of politics and highway patrolmen—to which, of course, the master-quackery of pedagogy can be added—they are socially safer and more useful. The question is: how are we to get through life with a maximum of entertainment and a minimum of pain? I believe that the answer lies, at least in part, in ridding the highways of official brutes, and putting red noses on all the traditional fee-fo-fums.

Since I met the brute at 10:30 tonight while on my way from seeing a picture, I must here set down a true account of my adventure. For it is, surely, a little new door opened in the house of my understanding. I might travel a whole year away from my soil, among the cities' mad rush, brushing men's elbows, and not once have such experiences. Out here we develop sensitive surfaces, not calloused by too frequent contact, accepting the new impressions vividly, keeping them bright to think upon.

As I lay in this dirty, infested cell I wish for John, and Abe: just to hold their childish hands. My pulse beats at more than a 100 and their soft touch might be medicine to me. For nine long weeks in early spring, they sat by my bed just to be with Daddy. In my suffering; my misfortune brought on by this official brute, my soul is lifted up by the thought of those who have followed the plow and are now resting their exhausted limbs. I am fully aware that if there were no shadows, there would be no sunshine, and that everything in life seems to have its light and darkness.

### High Voltage Line Snuffs Out Lives Of Three Persons

West Saugerties, N. Y.—John Schafft decided his radio needed a new aerial.

Mrs. Ella Simon said she's help him.

Eleven-year-old Jacqueline Krable watched.

Schafft coiled the wire, tossed it over the roof of a summer cottage.

Mrs. Simon caught it—and fell dead.

Schafft rushed to her side, stooped to lift her—jerked convulsively and died.

Jacqueline's childish hands tore once at the two bodies—and death took her.

The uncoupling wire had looped over a high-tension line, carrying 4,440 volts.

At least 5,000 to 8,000 persons die of malaria in the United States every year.

### Cotton Classing Service Is Given

A free cotton-classing service for growers cooperating in one-variety communities will be provided for this year's crop, by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics said J. A. Shanklin, extension cotton specialist at State College.

The service will be provided only to growers in organized groups who are taking active measures to improve their cotton, Shanklin pointed out. Fourteen one-variety communities have been established in North Carolina.

The purpose of the service is to supply growers with dependable information regarding the grade and staple length of their cotton so they will know how much improvement they make in their lint. This information will also be a help to both the farmers and the buyers in marketing transactions.

From each bale of improved variety cotton ginned by a member of a qualified group, a six-ounce sample representative of both sides of the bale will be sent to the nearest classing office. The two nearest to North Carolina growers will be in Atlanta, Ga., and Memphis, Tenn. The office will notify the grower of the grade

and staple length of the bale from which the sample is taken.

The organized groups, Shanklin said, must provide for the taking and identification of samples and for shipping to the classing office. Tags will be supplied by the Bureau, and the government will pay transportation charges on the samples.

Growers wishing more information may communicate with J. A. Shanklin at State College, or write direct to the classing office: post office box 4072, Atlanta, or 1111 Falls Building, Memphis.

Deposits in 13,853 banks were insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation at the end of 1937. The banks hold deposits amounting to about \$48,000,000,000 of which insurance protects about \$21,000,000,000. Fifty million depositors are more than 98 per cent covered by insurance. Incidentally 11.6 per cent of the 7,293 state banks were said to have unsatisfactory or poor management last year. The report shows that the capital of insured banks increased \$5,500,000,000 since the banking crisis of 1933. Of this, \$3,500,000,000 has been used to write off worthless assets, \$500,000,000 to repay all RFC investments, and \$1,000,000,000 to pay interest and dividends.

### NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain judgment of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, in the case of The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, plaintiff, versus Ida V. Snow, et als, defendants, authorizing and empowering the undersigned Commissioner to sell the lands described in a certain mortgage deed under date of the 9th of July, 1927, executed by Ida V. Snow and husband, B. W. Snow, to The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, and recorded in book 126, page 206, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes county, the undersigned Commissioner will expose to sale at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court-house door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock, Noon, on the 25th day of July, 1938, the following described lands, lying and being in Traphill township, Wilkes county, and more particularly described and defined as follows, to-wit:

All those two certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land containing 131 1/2 acres, more or less, situated, lying and being on the Elkin and Traphill road about twenty miles northeast of the Town of North Wilkesboro, N. C., in Traphill township, county of Wilkes and State of North Carolina, the two tracts having such shapes, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to the two plats thereof made by Charlie Miles, Surveyor, on the 30th day of March, 1937, and attached to the abstract now on file with The Federal Land Bank of Columbia.

This first tract being bounded on the north by the lands of Alfred Spicer; on the east by the lands of J. F. Stroud; on the south by the lands of D. A. Absher, and on the west by the lands of S. V. Tomlinson and J. D. McCann, containing 69 acres, more or less.

The second tract bounded on the north by the lands of Frank Cockerham and Watt Smoot; on the east by the lands of the Caudill heirs; on the south by the land of Alfred Spicer, and on the west by the lands of Sant Spicer, and containing 62 1/2 acres, more or less.

This is the same tract of land heretofore conveyed to Ida V. Snow by W. A. Stroud and wife, Pearl Stroud, by deed dated 24th day of November, 1924, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes county on December 3, 1924, in book 138, at page 200.

The terms of sale are cash. No bid will be accepted unless its maker shall deposit with the Commissioner the sum of FIFTY DOLLARS (\$50.00) as a forfeit and guaranty, the same to be credited on his bid when accepted.

Notice is now given that said lands will be re-sold immediately at the same place, upon the same terms, on the same day, unless said deposit is made.

Every deposit not forfeited or accepted will be promptly returned to the maker upon expiration of the period allowed by law for the confirmation of said sale.

This sale will be made subject to the confirmation of the Court.

This 20th day of June, 1938.  
EUGENE TRIVETTE,  
Commissioner

7-18-4t(M)

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