

Independents Will Play Clarksville Here Tomorrow

Skipper Boyd Has Three Holes In His Team To Fill

Military Encampment and Injuries Take Three Regulars From Aggregation

FORMER GAMECOCK IS ON VISITING TEAM

Joe Burnett, Here in '28 With Jimmy Teague, May Hurl Game For Visitors; Boyd Selects Himself As Hurler for Locals With Hamm Doing Receiving

Archer Boyd and his Henderson Independents will tie up with Clarksville here tomorrow afternoon at League Park at 4 o'clock to feature the merchant's half holiday from their labors. Joe Burnett, who was one of Jimmy Teague's gamecocks here in 1928 when Henderson had organized baseball, an entry in the Piedmont League, is said to be one of the hurlers for the visiting aggregation. If Burnett does not see action on the hill that day, Leonard Cutts, said to be one of the best of semi-pro pitchers in this section, will do the afternoon's hurling.

Skipper Boyd is in a bad way for ball players at present. Two of his mainstays, Langley and Harris have gone off on a two-weeks encampment with a military company and Sunday afternoon Buddy Kelly, stellar third baseman, was pulled from the game in the second inning with Falls of Neuse with a broken finger on his right hand, the result of tagging a man sliding into his bag. With these three vacancies hard to fill, Boyd is negotiating for some good baseball talent to fill these holes. He will have them on hand by tomorrow's game, he thinks. Manager Boyd has chosen himself as the pitching choice for the locals in

the contest. The veteran receiver, Hamm, will be back of the plate. Boyd is general handy man with his ball club, one game he may be in right field, the next at first or the next pitching. He works well at any post and loves the game, working hard all the time to bring his team out on top. The usual good crowd is expected out to witness the contest, and the nine promises a good game.

LIONS TOP LEGION 13-1 IN CITY LOOP

Blake Hurls Well for Losers But Is Accorded Poor Support by Mates

The Lions routed the Legion 13 to 1 yesterday afternoon in the City League as Blake, Legion hurler, was accorded poor support by his colleagues, five miscues being charged against them, most of them coming at crucial times. The little fellow hurled a nice game, striking out seven of the league leaders during the contest. He gave up 12 hits.

The winners scored almost at will, while the losers pushed over their only tally in the first frame on a hit batsman, a stolen base and a single. The box score:

Team	W	L	Pct.
Lions	10	2	.833
M. P. Baracas	7	2	.777
M. E. Baracas	3	7	.300
Legions	2	11	.154

Team	W	L	Pct.
Charlotte	7	1	.875
Wilmington	6	2	.750
Richmond	5	4	.556
Norfolk	3	5	.375
Greensboro	2	6	.375
Asheville	2	7	.222

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	46	27	.629
Detroit	47	29	.618
Boston	32	35	.476
Cleveland	39	35	.527
Washington	39	38	.506
St. Louis	31	39	.443
Philadelphia	30	45	.400
Chicago	25	51	.329

Today's Games

League	Game
CITY LEAGUE	M. E.'s vs. M. P.'s.
PIEDMONT LEAGUE	Charlotte at Greensboro, Richmond at Asheville, Wilmington at Norfolk.
NATIONAL LEAGUE	No games scheduled.
AMERICAN LEAGUE	No games scheduled.

SILVER SLIPPERS

READ THIS FIRST:

Joan Dudley, vacationing with her wealthy aunt, Adelaide DeLaford, is engaged to Drew Hamilton who is twice her age. At Granitehead, where they are stopping with Drew's sister, Nancy, is a bookshop owned by Giles Armiger, below which is a shoemaker's shop run by his wartime friend, Stephen Scripps. Drew grows jealous after Joan meets Giles and they become interested in each other. Meanwhile Drew is paying considerable attention to Rose Carter, an old sweetheart. Giles goes to Portsmouth for some old books and Joan decides to leave Granitehead after her aunt has reprimanded her for her interest in Armiger. When Joan goes to Giles' shop to leave her address, Scripps lies and tells her Giles is away because his wife is ill, fearing he may lose Armiger's companionship because of his love for Joan. Stunned, Joan returns to the Maine woods and the home of a friend, Penelope Sears, but she is not happy. Her aunt writes she is sailing for Europe with Drew and Nancy. Unexpectedly Drew arrives and Joan feels she is happy again. He urges Joan to write her aunt for forgiveness for leaving her and when she refuses he proposes they be married secretly the next day.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



CHAPTER 26

DREW WENT ON to explain eagerly that what he hoped was that Adelaide would listen to reason as time went on. "She'll want you to come, perhaps before we sail. And if she doesn't, I'll know you're mine, for time and for eternity."

"But why not tell her?"

"Because while she's in this mood, she'll never forgive us. We might spill the beans."

Joan hated to have him say it like that. It destroyed the illusion. Yet as he wove for her the fabric of his dreams, she wavered.

"My wife! Joan, do you know how lovely you are? I thought I had remembered, but when I saw you tonight..."

She felt as if a silken net were being drawn about her. Her conscience, her common sense were against the thing he proposed, but at last she promised.

"You will never regret it," Drew told her, triumphantly.

They went upstairs together, and as she went into her room, Drew's whisper ran in her ears like a chime of bells. "Our wedding day... tomorrow."

She lighted her candles, and moved about the room, finding the things she would need in the morning. Her mind was in a whirl. It seemed as if she were two people; that one side of her consented to all that Drew had proposed, while the other protested, "I will never regret it."

She decided that the gray dress which Drew had praised should be her wedding gown. And there would be the ivory beads. And the little violet hat.

In the room next to Joan's Penelope lay wide awake. She had not gone to bed until Joan came up. She had hoped the child might look in upon her and say "Good night," but the light footsteps had passed her door. She had heard Joan moving about, but now there was no sound.

She had a sense of foreboding. If Joan had been her daughter, she would have gone to her. But Joan was not her daughter...

At last she could stand it no longer. She put on a dressing gown and went along the hall. When she reached Joan's room, she found the door open, and Joan, like a ghost, in her white negligee, standing in the middle of the floor. "How strange you should come, Penelope," she said, in a breathless voice. "I was coming to you."

Penelope went in and closed the door. She sat down in a chintz-covered chair. Joan sat on the bed. She had lighted a candle and its pale flame showed the two women in strange contrast. Joan in white, with her silky, shining hair, was like one of Raphael's angels. Penelope's hair was in tids, and her dressing gown was made of a red blanket. Her shadow on the wall showed little horns, but there was nothing diabolical about Penelope. She was sane and sensible, and tonight her heart was troubled. If Joan were her daughter...

"And now, my dear, what is it?"

"How strange you should come, Penelope."

"I couldn't sleep..."

"Why not?"

"I had so much to think of."

"Pleasant things?"

"Worrying things. Penelope, darling, I wish I had a stiff backbone..." she tried to laugh.

"Does that mean you are going to give in to your aunt?"

"No. But I've found out that it wasn't Drew's fault. He came to tell me..."

"So you've forgiven him."

"Oh, yes... you see... I love him..."

Again Penelope had that sense of something sinister. "My dear," she said, "I don't know why you should wish for a stiff backbone, but let me say this, that in love as in everything else there are just three things which make for happiness—and they are faith and honesty and courage. If you bring these to your lover and he brings them to you nothing can prevail against them. If you were my daughter, Joan, I would wish only this for you, that the man you marry should hold you to your best."

Joan sat very still, a little statue in the sunlight, and at last she said, with a sigh, "... We are none of us perfect..."

"No."

They talked after that of other things and finally Penelope rose and stood by the bed, "I must say 'good night,' my dear."

"I shan't sleep," there was a quaver in Joan's voice.

"I will sit by you until you shut your eyes."

When at last Penelope went back to her room, it was a long time before she slept, and in the darkness she drew near to the infinite source of the strength which was within her. "Help her to choose the best, Lord," prayed the wise old woman.

Joan waked at dawn, and lay watching the light come into the room. It was a pleasant room, simply furnished with some of the nice old things that Penelope had inherited. Joan's bed was of the folding type, with a crevel-worked cover and tester. There was a hooked rug, a Jacobean chest, a maple dressing table with a Queen Anne mirror above it.

On the dressing table were laid out Joan's toilet things—the brush and comb and handbag of carved ivory and silver, the pale flagon of perfume, the painted porcelain boxes. These were the only opulent articles in the room. They belonged to the old life.

Joan seemed to see Adelaide sitting beside the bed as she had sat that day in the hotel... After all I've done for you... I've treated you like a princess... those pearls you have on are worth a fortune... The old voice had had venom in it.

"How strange you should come, Penelope."

"I couldn't sleep..."

"Why not?"

"I had so much to think of."

"Pleasant things?"

"Worrying things. Penelope, darling, I wish I had a stiff backbone..." she tried to laugh.

"Does that mean you are going to give in to your aunt?"

"No. But I've found out that it wasn't Drew's fault. He came to tell me..."

"So you've forgiven him."

"Oh, yes... you see... I love him..."

She got up and put on the gray dress which was to have been her wedding dress. Then she went downstairs and followed the path which led to the bluff. She descended to the moor and came finally to the sea. She walked up the beach for miles... it was a dull morning, and there were flocks of wild birds flitting back and forth across the sands. Their cries were mournful and were answered by the mewing of gulls overhead.

When at last she turned, Joan had made her decision. She knew now that when she faced Drew, he could not bring her to heel. He had been fought and she had won.

He was waiting for her at the edge of the bluff, "I saw you coming... where in the world have you been?"

"For a walk..."

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I shan't wait for you, Joan, darling... I can't do it."

"Do what?"

"Marry you today."

"Why not?"

"Because it... isn't right."

"That's silly. Why shouldn't it be right?"

"Because I can't—hide things."

"Don't you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Well, then, he caught up her hands in his, "show me that you do."

She shook her head. He dropped her hands, his forehead frowning.

"You know, of course, that you may be cutting yourself off from me—forever?"

"Not if you really love me."

He saw that she meant it. He stood looking down at her. "You're a strong little thing," he said, with a sort of grudging admiration. "But I'll tell you this. Some day you are going to marry me. On my own terms. And this is the sign and the seal of it."

He lifted her in his arms and kissed her again. Then he set her down and strode away.

Joan stood where he had left her. And after a long time Penelope came out. "Breakfast is ready. Where is Mr. Hallam?"

"He's gone. Penelope. He isn't coming back..."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WILL STAGE GOLF TOURNEY AT CLUB

J. H. Brodie and O. T. Kirkland Captains of Teams in 36 Hole Contest

The Henderson Golf club will stage a red and blue tournament over the club's links tomorrow and the following Wednesday with the membership divided into two teams, J. H. Brodie heading the "blues" and O. T. Kirkland leader of the "reds." The low team score for 36 holes will be the winner of the tournament.

The captains of the team will choose their "sides" and tee off Wednesday afternoon in the first 18 holes, the remaining to be played the following Wednesday.

Every member of the club is urged to take part in the tourney, thus creating much more interest in golf.

Recently, the new club was organized and a number of members added to the rolls. This added interest in golf has made possible this interesting tourney that has been planned.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Citizens Bank and Trust Company

At Henderson, North Carolina, To The Commissioner of Banks At the Close of Business on the 30th day of June, 1934

RESOURCES

Cash, Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	\$ 96,744.99
Due from Approved Depository Banks	615,345.32
Due from Banks—Not Approved Depositories	3,258.77
Cash Items (Held Over 24 Hours)	576.12
North Carolina State Bonds, Notes, Etc.	115,753.07
North Carolina Political Subdivisions Bonds and Notes	23,088.63
Other Stocks and Bonds	26,461.37
Loans and Discounts—Other	1,155,564.25
Banking House and Site	30,000.00
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment	7,609.49
Other Real Estate	50,251.79
Overdrafts	14.27
Accounts and Notes Receivable of Insurance, Real Estate and Other Departments	10,038.21
Insurance Department	5,000.00
F. D. I. C. Fund	3,009.63
Total Resources	\$2,142,715.91

LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL

Demand Deposits—Due Public Officials	\$ 93,494.50
Demand Deposits—Due Others	787,609.47
Cashiers Checks, Certified Checks and Dividend Checks	4,240.91
Uninvested Trust Deposits	17,670.37
Time Certificates of Deposits—Due Others	132,169.72
Savings Deposits—Due Public Officials	5,877.83
Savings Deposits—Due Others	565,741.72
Accounts and Notes Payable of Insurance, Real Estate and Other Departments	7,708.04
Total Liabilities	\$1,614,512.56
Capital Stock—Common	\$ 125,000.00
Capital Stock—Preferred	125,000.00
Surplus—Unappropriated	12,500.00
Undivided Profits	16,403.31
Reserve for Contingencies	246,137.81
Reserve for Interest	3,162.23
Total Capital	528,203.35
Total Liabilities and Capital	\$2,142,715.91

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF VANCE, ss.

Roy O. Rodwell, Cashier, W. A. Hunt, Director, and K. L. Burton, Director of the Citizens Bank and Trust Co., each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

ROY O. RODWELL, Cashier,
W. A. HUNT, Director,
K. L. BURTON, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of July, 1934.
W. H. FLEMING, Notary Public.
My commission expires Oct. 7, 1935.

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GOING SCHEDULES

Lv. Henderson	SAL	8:45 AM	9:48 PM
Ar. Washington	RF&P	2:25 PM	3:40 AM
Lv. Washington	PRR	4:10 PM	12:00 N
Ar. Chicago	PRR	8:30 AM	7:00 AM

a Occupy Washington Sleeper until 8:00 AM.

RETURN SCHEDULES

Lv. Chicago	PRR	4:00 PM	8:00 PM
Ar. Washington	PRR	12:40 PM	6:30 PM
Lv. Washington	RF&P	2:20 PM	11:59 PM
Ar. Henderson	SAL	7:55 PM	5:43 AM

b Sleeper open for 10:00 PM occupancy.

INDIVIDUAL FARES

Unrestricted 18 Day Limit	Unrestricted Season Limit	Coach 30 Day Limit
\$34.85	\$44.65	\$26.80

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Results

CITY LEAGUE	Lions 13; Legions 1.
PIEDMONT LEAGUE	Asheville 7; Richmond 3. Others not scheduled.
AMERICAN LEAGUE	No games scheduled.
NATIONAL LEAGUE	No games scheduled.

Between Innings

TOURISTS DOWN BUCS
Asheville downed Richmond yesterday in the Tourist City 7 to 3. Grayson Wolfep itched masterful ball, keeping the Colts in check all of the way.

This was the only contest played yesterday, rain washing out the other contests.

New Trade Member

William A. Ayres
The post formerly held by James M. Landis on the federal trade commission is being filled by William A. Ayres, above, Kansas Democrat. The new member was named when Landis was selected for the stock exchange central board.

Electric Fans

8 inch	\$1.98
9 inch	\$3.98
10 inch	\$8.98

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Discharge
Mrs. R. M. Hester, Sr., has been discharged from Maria Parham hospital, where she has been undergoing treatment.