

HENDERSON DAILY DISPATCH

Established August 12, 1914.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by HENDERSON DISPATCH CO., INC. at 109 Young Street

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TELEPHONES: Editorial Office 500, Society Editor 610, Business Office 610

The Henderson Daily Dispatch is a member of the Associated Press, Southern Newspaper Publishers Association and the North Carolina Press Association.

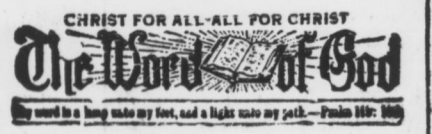
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Subscription Prices: One Year \$5.00, Six Months 2.50, Three months 1.50, Weeks (by Carrier Only) .15, Per Copy .05

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS: Look at the printed label on your paper. The date thereon shows when the subscription expires.

National Advertising Representatives: BRYANT, GRIFFITH AND BRUNSON, INC., 9 East 41st Street, New York

Entered at the post office in Henderson, N. C., as second class mail matter



GREAT THINGS: Fear the Lord, and serve him in truth: for consider how great things he hath done for you.—I Samuel 12: 24.

TODAY

TODAY'S ANNIVERSARIES

1818—Lucy Stone, champion of liberty worker for the advancement of women, born at West Brookfield, Mass. Died in Boston Oct. 18, 1893. 1823—Goldwin Smith, English scholar and author, born Dec. 7, 1910

TODAY IN HISTORY

1534—(400 years ago) The Society of Jesus founded in Paris by Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, and five others. 1846—In war with Mexico, Americans captured Los Angeles.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS

Frederick A. Sterling, U. S. Minister to Bulgaria, born in St. Louis, 58 years ago. George H. Payne of New York, author, member of the new Communications Commission, born in New York 58 years ago.

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

The native of this day will be gifted with powers of intuition and versatility. The mere strength of mental brilliancy will bear the fortunes along triumphantly to a certain point.

FIRST OF ALL

Congress refused to enact the first Draft Law introduced! The Secretary of war: James Monroe, appealed for adoption of a Conscription Act during the second war with Britain, in 1814.

THE WORLD WAR 20 YEARS AGO TODAY

Told in Pictures by CLARK KINNAIRD

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U. S. warns French defenders, German invaders

Appeals for relief—for U. S. citizens stranded in Europe, for Red Cross, for Belgian assistance, were bringing the war which seemed so far away, close to American homes, 20 years ago today.

Today is the Day

With DAY-BY-DAY STORY OF THE WORLD WAR 20 YEARS AFTER

Monday, Aug. 13; 25th day of year; 54th day of Summer. Elul 2,5694 Jewish calendar. Morning stars: Saturn (until Saturday), Mercury, Venus, Mars, Evening star: Jupiter. New Moon.

Every Day is a Holiday: Opening of St. Stephen's week in Hungary. Occupation Day in Philippines. Assumption Eve (until 15th) in Guatemala, a festival season.

THE WORLD WAR DAY-BY-DAY

August 13, 1914—Cotton interests are holding meetings in various Southern states to consider means of alleviating the effects of the collapse of markets and prices due to the European conflict.

THE WORLD WAR DAY-BY-DAY

Appeals for Red Cross and Belgian relief are beginning. Every major line of production and commerce is feeling the recoil of the big guns. Solemn messages are coming for relatives of men who responded to the insistent call of fatherlands.

THE UNITED STATES NOW IS THE MOST

important neutral nation. Its embassies and legations are attending to the affairs of Germany and other belligerents. They are clearing houses of the whole continent for dispatches, mail, telegrams, money, prisoners, refugees.

THE UNITED STATES NOW IS THE MOST

An attaché describes the Paris embassy on one of these days. "When I arrived today the Chancery presented an astounding sight. Hundreds crowded together seeking audience and counsel. Women sank down in corners of the halls or on stairs, weeping for joy to have found a haven of refuge.

THE UNITED STATES NOW IS THE MOST

At night Paris is as dull as a country village. Cafes close at 8 and restaurants are open other than a few poor cinemas. But in Berlin, restaurants, cafes, theatres and concerts are going full blast.

GREAT DAYS

Aug. 13, 1469—Earliest appearance in historical records of William Caxton

opposed her higher education. She earned her way through Oberlin, then the only college admitting women, by doing housework; and mastered ancient Greek and Hebrew—to ascertain whether Biblical texts used in arguments against equal suffrage were correctly translated!

When she wed Henry Blackwell of Cincinnati, they had to send to another city to find a minister who would omit the word 'obey' from the ceremony. Regarding merging of the wife's name with the husband's as a symbol of subjection, she refused to be called Mrs. Blackwell.

NOTABLE NATIVITIES: The late George Benjamin Luks, b. 1867, amateur boxer and celebrated American artist... Llewelyn Powys, b. 1884, novelist—Black Lotus, etc.

ASTRO-PROGNOSTICATION

Zodiac sign: Leo, governed by Sun. Men born under this sign are advised by astrologers to wed women born in Aries (Mar. 22, April 20) or Sagittarius (Nov. 23, Dec.)

Huey Long Is Not In Nearby Fights

(Continued from Page One.) ber in Louisiana's nearby commonwealths; not only of Mississippi, but of Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, too.

Now, it is all very well for politicians outside Louisiana to howl that it is perfectly outrageous for Senator Long to invade their various realms, with his Yellow Kid campaign methods, but the fact remains that they can't prevent him from doing it—and worse yet, they have to recognize that

when he does it, there is danger that he will "gum" their cards disastrously. He did it, for example, in Arkansas, in 1932.

SILVER SLIPPERS BY Temple Bailey

CHAPTER 56

DILLY started to speak, but Giles stopped her. "I can't have her now. Perhaps I can never have her. And I can't tell you why, Dilly. But this is what I think of life. Not as a scramble after vain ambitions, but as a serene and gracious thing, to be spent with the books one loves, with the woman one loves."

There were tears in Dilly's eyes. "I know..." and after a moment, "that's what keeps me contented here with William and the light. Our life isn't like yours, Giles. And Joan won't ever have to do the things I do. Cook, and wash and iron, and look after my old hens. But I love doing it because of William and the baby."

"I'll start back as soon as supper is over," Giles said. But he did not, and when he finally left the light-house, the snow was whirling in a wild dance and the wind blowing great gusts. All the way home he fought with the elements. But he loved it. He felt young, strong—a conqueror. Nothing could keep him from Joan. She was his... and she would know it... Some day he would go to her... and when at last they were married, they would roam through the world, looking for all the rare and wonderful books which might be found by a man who knew. And then, coming back to his island, he would write a book about these books he had found, and she would sit beside him—a thrilling presence.

This mood lasted all through the storm—then when Jose made a trip to Granitehead and brought back the mail, came the reaction. The little Granitehead local paper had copied an item from one of the big New York dailies. Miss Joan Dudley, the paper said, who had been spending some time in Maine, was sailing in February on a trip around the world. She had closed her house in Baltimore and her stay would be indefinite.

Giles was conscious of a raging rebellion. She was going around the world, and he would not be with her! Oh, what would she see of the things he might have shown her? There were old manuscripts in old libraries, old volumes in old monasteries, stories carved on stone monuments, were written. There were tombs that legs had built to the women they loved, oases in the desert with all the world away—gardens still redolent with the perfume of long-ago romance. Joan must see these through his eyes—see them with him...

And he was bound... by a promise to a man who wasn't worth it. The scene with Drew in the little grove, as he looked back upon it, seemed mad and melodramatic. Why should he have promised anything, and having promised, why should he keep it? Drew had had no right to make conditions. There was no reason why Giles should not go to Joan and lay the thing before her. He had tried to save her the humiliation which Drew had declared would be hers if Giles did not agree to his bargain. He would have mar-

ried Rose. Well, if he married her now, it couldn't hurt Joan. And why should he let Joan slip away from him, when he might have her? Yet a promise was a promise. He knew that he would not break it. He was a prisoner, bound by chains of tradition, by gentlemanly codes of honor. He had always respected the integrity of his word. He must respect it now. The world might call him a fool. But he had to be what he was. And Joan would sail away from him not knowing that his heart followed.

It was Penelope who had suggested the sea voyage to Joan. "I can't quite face the thought of the cold of winter," she would not have dared confess to Penelope how she hated the thought of facing anything... winter, spring, summer—all the years to come. "I had thought I might open the house in Baltimore, and that you would stay with me."

"I should hate it, my dear," Penelope had said, frankly, "and I think you would. It would mean a lot of entertaining, and you are not up to it."

"No, I'm not," Joan's voice had broken on that, and Penelope had patted her shoulder and had said: "Well, think about the trip—the sea air and the sunshine would put color in your cheeks."

For Joan was as white as a lily. Penelope, worried about her, had talked the thing over with old John Leonard. "The thing is enough here to interest her. She is putting up a brave fight but she needs something more than we can give her."

"Do you think she regrets giving up Hallam?" "No, she's glad. But she doesn't know what to do with her life. She has money—everything—but she isn't knit by any real ties to the people who were Adelaide Delafield's friends. They mean nothing to her—and yet her position demands that she take her place among them."

"She'll find herself in time," the old man said, "and that's all that matters." To neither of the two people who loved her, however, had the truth been revealed—that Joan was longing for Giles Armiger—for proof of his continued friendship—for proof, indeed, of his love. She was not perhaps aware that she wanted—but it was six months since her engagement to Drew had been broken, and in all those months she had not heard from Giles.

She had come, gradually, to a realization of what he meant to her. Her mind had dwelt on the days in the dim old shop, the night when he had sat in the pavilion and had talked with her in the storm. She had leaned then on his wisdom and his strength; she had trusted when absolutely until the moment when Scripps had spoiled everything. Yet, when she had learned the truth, she had been swept away from him by the spell that Drew had put upon her.

And now that Giles was broken, she again wanted Giles—for her friend—she would not let herself think beyond that. At Christmas she sent him a note. But no answer came. She had said she would like to see him. Surely if the note had reached him, he would come. So January came and in two weeks she would be off and away. And suddenly one night as Joan lay in bed and the moonlight shone on the little ship, so that it seemed to sail

on a silver sea, she made up her mind. If Giles would not come to her, she would go to him. She did much of her shopping in Boston and was to have two days for final fittings. It would be easy enough to run down to Granitehead—to look in on the old shop. To speak to Giles about books... She need not tell him why she had come—but when she looked in his face, she felt that she would know if he had changed.

Farley came up from Baltimore to stay with her at the big hotel. The maid was then to go back with her to Maine—to pack trunks and get everything ready. Farley would, of course, take the trip with them. She was not anxious to cross the sea, but she would, of course, go anywhere with the child she loved.

It was on the morning of the second day in Boston that Joan said: "I'm going to run up to Granitehead to see Mr. Armiger about some books." She said it casually, though her heart was beating madly. "You'd better wear your fur coat," Farley advised, "it will be bitter cold by the water."

So Joan as she started off was beautiful in silver-colored broadtail, with a wide, warm collar and great cuffs of gray fox, and there was a little violet hat and violet bag, and a soft wool dress of the same color underneath the coat. She took the train down. The air was clear as crystal. The tide, coming in as they crossed the marshes, deepened the shallow waters until they were as dark as indigo against the red and brown of the coarse grasses. When she reached Granitehead, Joan walked from the station to the boardwalk, meeting few people and none who knew her. The boardwalk was deserted, yet it did not seem desolate for there was the flash and sparkle of the sea, and the sound of it in a wild and glorious song. Joan, approaching the shop, was conscious of a thrilling exaltation. In a moment she would meet her friend, speak to him, see his face, and her heart would be still.

Yet when she came to the door of the shop, it was shut. A card stuck in the window announced that business was closed for the winter. So that was that... As she turned away, it seemed to her that the day darkened. The wind blew cold. She shivered in her warm coat. She walked to the rail and stood looking over the wide stretch of water. Somewhere out there was Armiger's island. She wondered if he were at home—or had he gone far away—so far that she was forgotten... Below her was a floating pier. Now and then a boat came up to it. One of the boats seemed to bring passengers. It was in charge of a red-faced and hearty seaman in a leather coat and cap. If he asked him, would he take her to the island? It would be a mad adventure. But why not? If Giles were there, she could talk to him of books. Oh, but why deceive herself? She would talk to him of more than books. Of their friendship... and of his letter. She had his letter in her bag. She would know... if he had changed... and if he had, she could come away... and he need not know what had been in her heart. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Who'd Have Thought It?



Mrs. Senator Hattie W. Caraway having been allowed to serve a year as successor to her husband, the late Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway, the Bowie State Democratic machine felt that it had complimented her about enough, and planned to retire her in favor of a choice of its own.

It was at this point that Senator Long introduced his ballyhoo into the situation, and when all was over Mrs. Caraway was renominated (and subsequently re-elected, as a mere matter of form) to serve until 1938. When it's taken into account that to accomplish this result, Huey had to overcome the opposition (never announced, but well known to everyone) of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, his party's leader on the Senate floor and its vice presidential candidate in 1928, and to do so on Joe's own home soil, it becomes apparent that the Kingfish is not an influence to be light dismissed with a casual "pooh-pooh."

ANSWERS TO TEN QUESTIONS

- 1. The art of extracting metals from their ores and adapting them to the various purposes of manufacture. 2. Athens, Ga. 3. Ellis Island. 4. A species of ox native in central Asia. 5. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 6. James Watson Gerard. 7. The nickname for a submarine called in German-Unterseeboot. 8. A German hymn writer. 9. Rupee. 10. China.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Grid for a crossword puzzle with numbers 1 through 54 indicating starting points for words.

- ACROSS: 1-To fog, 5-To suspend, 9-A female bird, 10-Cover of the eye, 12-The human being, 13-A measure, 14-Quadruped of Asia and Africa, 16-Father, 17-Boy's name, 18-Mournful, 20-Note of the music scale, 21-To extend, 23-Personal pronoun, 25-A torn piece of material, 26-Negative particle, 27-Obtained, 28-Having a quality (suffix), 30-To set forth explicitly, 32-Else, 33-Undressed hides, 35-To rush out suddenly, 37-A title of deference, 39-An aeriform mixture, 41-Separated, 45-Near, 47-Pertaining to the poles, 48-Sun, god, 49-A Hebrew dry measure, 51-Anything woven, 52-A sailor, 53-To send forth, 54-Solid frame of an animal.

LOADS: BRIM AID, EAT ALTAI, MAD ARE BAG, EDICT ST MA, EOR AM L, SOB LOT PES, MOLDS ALA, PALE ITEM, DRONE