## Jalong And Henderson Play Wednesday At 4:30 P. M.

### Norman Smith Is Lost To **Tourists For The Season**

# Saturday.

Otto Pahlman will lead his Hender son Tourists against Jalong here Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in a scheduled gam of the Central State

With the appearance of Jalong comes Woody Woodruff, former centerfielder of the Tourists. He has pearance against the locals.

Smith Lost for Season

Big Norman Smith, heavy hitting right fielder for the Tourists, is lost for the remainder of the season. Skipper Pahlman announced today Smith has been bothered with an ailment, and is acting upon orders from his doctor. He will be sorely missed, his long clouts meaning games in

Langley will be missing from the lineup for the next two weeks as he City, with Company "C" local infanhas gone to Camp Glenn, Morehead

Woodall will fill in at left field in the place of Langley and Archie Boyd general handy man, will cavort in right field for the time being.

Pahlman expects his team to land far up in the running of the league title in the second half, and he's whipping his boys at a fast pace to get them in the best shape possible. Oxford Saturday

Oxford will come here Saturday for a league encounter with the locals. Pahlman's crew whipped them twice July 4 as part of a big celebration for Previously, Oxford had whipped Henderson on the Oxford diamond in league play by a close

PIEDMONT LEAGUE Asheville at Wilmington Portsmouth at Charlotte Norfolk at Richmond

AMERICAN LEAGUE No games scheduled

NATIONAL LEAGUE No games scheduled

Norfolk 7; Richmond 1. Portsmouth 4; Charlotte 8. No other games played.

AMERICAN LEAGUE No Games Scheduled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE No games scheduled,

GIRL BALL TEAMS

WILL PLAY FRIDAY Baird Barnes, baseball promoter, stated today that two girl teams will

play at League Park Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, one team representing South Henderson and the other the city. The team known as "Florida Specials" will represent South Henderson, and the "Midnight Specials" will represent the city.

PHOTOPLAYS



GEO. RAFT BEN BERNIE

"STOLEN HARMONY" Comedy-Pathe News

> Lew Ayres— Claire Trevor—

"SPRING TONIC" THURSDAY - FRIDAY

Warner Baxter "UNDER THE

PAMPAS MOON"

Strange, Mrs. T. T. Clopton

#### THE COOL

#### **Moon Theatre**

Randolph Scott, Kay Johnson-in "THE VILLAGE TALE" Added comedy Admission ..... 11-16c All Times

## Fletcher Langley at Camp for 2 Weeks; AMERICAN LEAGUE Oxford Comes Here TOPS NATIONAL, 4-1

Gomez and Jimmy Foxx Are Big Stars in Third Win of Junior Circuit

Cleveland, July 9 (AF)-Baseball's been playing consistent ball with that dream game is still the same hauntclub, and will be watched in his ap ing nightmare-for the National lea-For the third successive time the shooting stars of the baseball firmament gathered to outshine each other before a huge assemblage to close to 70,000 spectators yesterday and again the brilliants of the American league eclipsed those of the National. The score was 4 to 1, one run better than the winning margins produced by the younger circuit in the first two dream games.

A towering man from the American league's second division Jimmy Foxx of the Philadelphia Athletics, and Vernon "Lefty" Gomez, one of the bellwethers of the New York Yankee pitching corps, were the two who sent the Nationals reeling and helpless into



Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Wilmington	4	1	1.000
Richmond	4	2	.667
Portsmouth	4	2	667
Norfolk	2	4	.333
Asheville	1	4	
Charlotte	1	4	.200
AMERICAL	N LEAG	TUE	
Club:	W.	L.	Pct.

Club:	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	45	26	:634
Detroit	46	29	,613
Chicago	33	29	.567
Cleveland	38	33	.535
Boston	38	35	.535
Philadelphia	29	39	.426
Washington	30	42	417
St. Louis	19	50	.275
NATIONAL LI	EAGI	UE	
Club!	W.	L.	Pct.
Now Vork	48	91	696

Club:	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	48	21	.696
St. Louis	42	29	.592
Chicago	40	32	.556
Pittsburgh	41	34	.547
Brooklyn	33	37	.471
Philadelphia	31	40	437
Cincinnati	31	42	.425
Boston	21	52	.288

## RAILROAD INQUIRY IS HERCULEAN JOB

Some of Water in Their Stocks Was Pumped in . by Men Long Dead

By CHARLES P. STEWART Central Press Staff Writer

Washington, July 9.-Max Lowenthal, recently named by Chairman Burton K. Wheeler of the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee as chief investigator in the committee's probe of railroad finances, starts on a task compared with which Hercules' job of sprucing up the Aegean stables was a trifling undertaking.

The difficulty confronting an inquisitor into the exploitation of the public by a few big bankers and speculators, by means of the national transportation system, is not so much that the figures ran high into the billions; it began so long ago that the original operators are dead, their children are dead, many of their grandchildren are dead, their estates have been liquidated for a generation or two-and what's to be done about

Charles Kelly of the staff of Labor the railroad brotherhoods' organ, and a deep student of transportation history, mentions records indicating that rolling stock used in moving troops at the time of the Mexican war, is not yet paid for; it was bought with borrowed money, and these debts, merged with many others, simply have been carried along to the present, through successive

BONDS CAUSE WORRY Railroad bonds are a graver worry than railroad stocks to the Senate in-

vestigators. It generally is recognized that there are not many railroads in which the holders of their stocks have any considerable equity above the value of the lines' various indebtedness.

If the stockholders lose, painful as it may be, only they will be the suf-

The bonds, however, are held by savings banks and insurance and trust companies throughout the nation; a default upon any considerable proportion of them would be a disaster of immeasurable ramifications. WATER STILL IN

Railroad executives contend that much of the water in railroad securities was squeezed out during the depression of the 1890's.

But the 1890's are 40 years ago. The Wheeler committee suspects. from superficial inquiry, that a deal of water has been pumped in since then, not to mention a vast quantity that escaped being squeezed out in



A PEAL OF thunder heralded the storm; thunder that echoed and reechoed in the mountains until it finally died away, grumbling like an angry old man, A flash of lightning, and Blair Rodman heard a tree fall somewhere behind him; fall and crash among other trees, tearing their giant limbs until they seemed to scream and moan with pain.

Then rain-not a soft gentle mist but a drenching, driving rain that splashed against his face without warning.

The man at the wheel of the big roadster glanced at the night sky, thinking perhaps this was but a shower that would pass quickly. But not a star was visible and a sickly young moon was scurrying behind a cloud, black as bubbling tar.

A moment ago . . . but it must have been an hour, for he had noticed nothing for a long time on this forsaken road . . . the night, although rather cold for mid-summer, had held not a hint of rain. Indeed, had he dreamed it was going to rain he would have stopped miles back for the night as he had removed the top from his car a month ago.

Queer, he had seen no sign posts. Yet in Montrose where he had din ner about seven o'clock, a garage man had told him to keep to the right and he would come out on a good gravel road.

He looked at the clock on the dashboard . . . eleven and no gravel road yet. Not a gas station for miles. At the next one he would have to stop and refill his tank. Foolishly he had not thought of gas when he stopped for dinner. Must be getting he stooped over. In the car again, would be going by . . . early rising pretty low. Well, the next town. . .

Up one hill and down another the powerful car sped. The road was The car wheels made a slushing getting narrower and on curves the noisy sound as they plodded through wheel had to be turned sharply.
Blair watched the headlights

searching through the curtain of rain into the deep woods on each side of the road gilding the fir trees for a moment, then seeking out others to brighten. Big fellows, these trees, with trunks, gigantic and tall. He forded a small stream, one of those as he went, and now and then he streams that net the Western Canadian Rockies. There was not a light ahead . . nothing that would tell him a house,

It was raining harder now, a steady downpour that beat like a lash on his face. Beyond the headlights the rain was a broad golden, twinkling ribbon. His chamois driving gloves were sopping wet, and

his clothes felt damp and clammy.

Lord! He had never seen such a rain! Not a rift in the sky, not a to the hub caps. Nothing to do but sign that the storm would stop. . . What a fool he had been to take the top off his car! But he liked the summer wind in his face when he drove, the feel of it in his hair, the sting of it on his cheeks. . . .

There was a blanket in the back ... he stopped short, scrambled out of the car and, cursing softly to himself as he opened the back com
... his car barely cleared the narto himself as he opened the back compartment, drew out a heavy robe. row road. The water dripped down his back as Surely in the morning, trucks



he put the robe over his shoulders. The road led down, now, gently. the mud.

For perhaps half an hour Blain drove through the storm, hoping at every turn he would see a friendly light ahead . . . something, a house, a barn, where he could stop for the night and get out of this ghastly rain. The road was getting muddier had to put his car in second to plow through it.

A sharp turn to the right . . . but the car instead of responding to the wheel, skidded in the slimy mud, and before he knew it, was off the road in a ditch. Muttering savagely, Blair put on all his power, but the car would not budge. Again and again, he tried to move it ahead. It would not go. Finally, he got out. Hopeless, more than hopeiess, impossible.

It was then that Blair realized sudroad. He wondered grimly what he for it. would have done had he seen another

farmers going to market . . .

A sheer cliff at the right, he could not tell how high. At the left a forest of firs. The rain seemed to come down

more fiercely as he sat impatiently. wondering what he should do. Snapping out the lights, he reached in his pocket for a cigaret and, lighting it with his lighter shielded it from the storm under the corner of the wet blanket. Even then, it soon was out. He threw it away in disgust.

What was that ahead in the trees? He peered out. A dim light. . . With a leap he was out of the car, wading through the mud, whistling. A light meant a house, where has could get shelter, or perhaps a car to haul him out of the mud. He preferred the shelter, he decided, as ha hurried along.

Not finding a path, he made his way through the trees, losing the The wheels were buried in the mud light and stopping still until he had located it again. He stumbled sit still, and wait for somebody to come and haul him out. trousers wet, and clinging to his denly that no car had passed him for legs. A low branch tore his cap off hours. He had been alone on the his head, but he did not stop to look

He had left the forest behind, and was plodding through what seemed (TO BE CONTINUED)

## FARMERS ABIDING ward. Others working with the situation have a number of other plans for maintaining price control, as long as

Doing Their Best to Comply With Acreage Allotments, Officials Says

College Station, Raleigh, July 9 .-North Carolina farmers participating in the crop adjustment programs are seeking to comply accurately with heir contracts.

H. M. Ellis, State compliance supervisor at State College, reported today that most of the growers tried to plant only the acreage allotted them by their contracts. In cases where growers accidentally

planted more than their allotments, he added, the majority of them have been glad to remove the excess when notified of their overplanting. The work of measuring acreage for

compliance with contracts is going ahead rapidly over the State Ellis continued. In the northeastern counties the cotton and tobacco measurements will probably be completed this week, he

pointed out, and in the southeastern counties it should be finished within about three weeks. In western North Carolina the

measurement of burley tobacco acreage is well under way and should be completed shortly. The corn acreage of growers who

have signed corn-hog contracts is being checked, Ellis stated, but the amount of corn under contract is much smaller than the amount of cotton and tobacco. The acreage of cotton growers who

did not sign contracts, but who have made application for tax\_exemption certificates under the Bankhead act, is also being measured.

When the measurements are completed and all figures tabulated, the state compliance office will be able to report accurately on the size of the cotton crop this year, Ellis added.

#### AAA Amendments Will Be Costly

(Continued from Page One.)

self there, would work a hardship on the tobacco farmers.

"The agricultural adjustment act, on the basis of its original plan or a processing tax to be used to guarantee at least parity prices for the part of the products consumed in this country, seems to me to be both beneficial and reasonably sound," Williams said. "The farmers have drawn great benefits from it nad can continue to be protected by it. But under the leadership of economists like Dr. Forster, who lack only a Senate vote (expected within a few days) of having their proposal written into law this beneficial status is about to be destroyed in favor of a new and quite doubtful plan under which the farmers or producers may easily pay two or three dollars for every dollar of additional benefit they may get

"The argument used is that except for the new plan control would be

maintaining price control, as long as the farmer wants it, without making him pay two or three prices for But the AAA tries to cover up this fact of multiplied cost to the farmer by telling him that these proposed new processing taxes on the new basis gives him the same protection and benefits that industry gets out of the tariff. "That is another joke-or joker, Tariffs that protect industry are levied against the other fellow's product, while this so-called tariff on tobacco is to be levied against the to-

lost. Even AAA officials admi-

this is not necessarily true. They are quoted as having said that they had a plan for control fully worked out before this new plan was brought for-

bacco farmer's own product. But none of the economists have called that little difference to the farmer's at tention. To a farmer there just can't be anything in that proposition, after parity prices are attained, except that he is again being invited to indulge in an attempt to lift himself by his own bootstraps."

The statement by Dr. Forster to the effect that the 1933 marketing agree. ment was forced on the tobacco companies by the government is errow. ous, Williams points out, since it is generally known that this agreement was entered into voluntarily by the domestic manufacturers of tobacco. It is true that the government did try to get the domestic manufacturers to sign an agreement which the manufacturers did not think was to the best interests of the growers, newspaper publishers and other owners of advertising mediums, but that they refused to sign, Williams said. Again in the fall of 1934, the AAA officials wanted the manufacturers to sign a marketing agreement under which a minimum average price of about 20 cents a pound would have been fixed.

"But again feeling sure that if the psychology of the market should not be destryode by such an official declaration, tobacco would sell at prices substantially above 20 cenfs, I again, with the full support of the industry, advised the AAA that we would not enter into such a contract." Williams said. "Growers now know how the prices they got for their 1934 tobacco crop compares with the price the government would have made us establish if it had had the power to force us to do and which Dr. Forster has now assumed for it."

Mr. Williams cites still other arguments to show that the new plan pro-posed by the AAA and advocated by Dr. Forster would make it almost inpossible for tobacco farmers to get more than the parity price fixed by the government.

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#### First National Bank In Henderson

Henderson, N. C.

# Her voice sounded strangely weak home now. I'll be very careful."

CHAPTER 60

VAL STOOD uncertainly for moment as Brad threatened to thrash Cordray. He had to find Lia against the table, his color gone, his eyes worried. Say, what if this chap were bigger and heavier and more expert than Brad? He was aiready licked. And Brad rated the satisfaction of handing him the beating he

deserved. With no further word Val turned toward the door. When he approached it he saw that the Japanese was trying the knob and he called through the panel, "Mr. Cordray does not wish to be disturbed for while, Taki," then swung across and made his exit through the French doors that led down the long flight of steps to the sunken gardens. He could take this way to the side entrance out of the grounds. As he closed the door behind him he heard Cordray grunt when Brad's first blow smashed home.

It had cost him something just now to let Brad settle the score with Cordray. He felt the nervous reaction sweep through him. stopped at the head of the long flight to light a cigaret with fingers that

As he stood there it suddenly came to him that Jan Edding had suspected, if she had not definitely known, about all this. Perhaps she had seen what had happened to Sue and what threatened Lia. This, then, was why she-sweet, loyal kid that she was-had insisted Lia needed her husband's protection and care And Jan was right. Tonight, as he lieved he would be the one person had listened to Garenne's story, the sudden insistent feeling had grown in him that his wife needed help as

she never had before. The night was hot and breathless. Blackness had fallen on the garden but the street lights were on. One of them made a faint pool of light on the grass at the foot of the steps played out. "He didn't mean any of and, glancing down at it, Val was the things he told me, I reckon. He if he could reach the entrance beand, glancing down at it, Val was suddenly jerked into the present to didn't want me. He sent me fore the ghastly pursuer, Lia would see a little huddle of clothes lying at away the edge of the circle-

For an instant, powerless to move, he stood staring down at the small crimson bundle. An icy dread Just before he reached the bottom,

she had dropped back on the grass gain. "I'm all right. Just don't "Don't to ne nginting sort, you again. But even as he passed through the gate and into his haven, he knew that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that for Liz he had represented by the same that the same tha called. "What has happened?" again. "I'm all right Just don't "Don't talk like that," he said touch me for a minute, Val. Please," shortly, "Come, let me carry you

and high. He knelt beside her. "Are you but he hated deserting Brad. He anxiously. She had evidently had a stared at Cordray, still pressed bad fall. Only her face lay in the begged, "Please! Just until I finish light and it looked small and blanched to a golden pallor.

She shook her head. "I didn't fall ve'y far. I fainted, I think, But ve broken no bones. I shall be beter than 'evah-presently. Only I just want to rest here on the grass is the last time I'll make you unfor a moment-

"It will soon rain. Better let me

carry you home. She made a slight protesting gesture with one hand. "It is so hot in the house. Stay just a minute more," she pleaded in a low voice. "Smoke one cigaret with me. When it is finished-you may take me

Why was she putting him off like Why was she putting him off like when she answered, "You always this? Did she fear to return to the hated the—Venetian bracelets, Val. house where Garenne waited? Something urged him to insist they leave turn. I wouldn't have dared to do it here. But he knew she had been myself. See-my Chinese blood-is through a terrible experience just almost gonenow and to humor her he lighted the

eigarets as she asked. "Do you-hate me, Val?" she whispered. He stared away from her pallid face. "Why did you come here to

Cordray?" he asked harshly. "I thought he would help me." "I told you I would do that." "Not the way I wanted you to, She closed her eyes for a moment and he saw two tears slip spurts of red gushed out from the from under her heavy lids. "You severed artery to soak into the thick see, I thought he was in love with grassme. I mean the-real me. I behappened to me as-ugly and horrible. But when I told him that the what we had pretended—that I had knew that he fied before a dread,
—Chinese blood—Oh Val, he looked pursuing force at me as if I were-unclean." Her

Val's tone was hard. "All right. Then that's ended. I'm not asking check. He felt the small head sag you're through with that bird we'll

The fringed shawl lay across her but he saw then that one of her sure you're not hurt?" he demanded arms was turned under her. When my cigaret." Her voice sounded drowsy. She seemed to be making an effort to stay awake. Her face was ashen against the crimson robe.

whispered, "that this doesn't matter at all. And I'm glad that-that this happy, Val. You've been awfully deah to me. I just—wasn't your girl, that's all. You should have married someone like Jan. Perhaps you will

An unknown fear took hold of his things like that, Lia?" he demanded harshly.

Her voice was the merest whisper but—they've done both of us a good Into the circle of pale light she

moved the arm that had been concealed in the shadows and beneath her crimson robe. Val's heart leaped violently against his ribs; his eyes widened with horror and he cried out. Great guns! Two of the six glass bracelets still remained intact. The others had splintered where she had fallen! From a deep and jagged wound in her wrist little, diminishing

The man's frenzied fingers knotted a handkerchief above her elbow and who would not think of what had drew it taut. Then he swung her up in his arms and ran through the gar-

Just ahead lay the Navy Yard and voice sounded completely weary and suddenly it seemed a sanctuary, be safe A chill gust of wind touched his

you any questions. But now that against his shoulder and stopped short to gaze fearfully down into his gripped his heart. He sprang down go ahead with my way of living our wife's shadowed face. A cruel, iron hand seemed suddenly to close about "I'm through with him—and with his heart. His breath came in he saw the figure stir and then half everything else. Val," she murmured broken sobs and he began to run raise itself on one elbow. "Lia!" he "I'm not the fighting sort, you again. But even as he passed