

# BULLDOGS BLANK ZEB VANCE, 11 TO 0

Harris Allows Visitors Two Safeties as Locals Lam-bast Clayton

By SEYMOUR DWORSKY

Today the Bulldogs played Dabney, at League Park. It was doubtful as to who would hurl the pill down to the Bulldogs foe. And just how the game came out was also doubtful when I wrote this article. This is the first time that the Bulldogs have played Dabney this year but we hope that the final decision was in favor of Coach Miller's squad.

Once somebody asked me did I ever see red and what it was, well I always thought that it was a figure of speech. But now I know that there is such a thing, for I never saw so many red-capped ball players in all my life, it looked like the whole Zeb Vance school was on the ball team, and they all had that red cap. Well this didn't upset the Bulldogs at all, for they went right out on that field and fought like they have never fought before. Harris went out to the mound and pitched a two hit game, the first hit was in the fourth, and the other in the seventh. The outstanding player was Edwards who put five men out unassisted, and six with some assistance.

The box:

Zeb Vance	Ab	R	H	E
J. Kittrell ss	3	0	1	3
Breedlove 1b	3	0	0	0
Brown c	3	0	0	1
Perkinson 2b	3	0	1	1
Clayton p	3	0	0	0
Young 3b	3	0	0	0
Alexander cf	2	0	0	0
Renn lf	2	0	0	0
A. Kittrell rf	2	0	0	1

Henderson	Ab	R	H	E
Hobgood ss	5	0	1	0
Edwards 1b	5	2	2	0
Turner cf	5	2	2	0
Stewart 3b	4	1	2	0
Calloway c	3	1	1	0
Jenkins rf	4	1	1	0
Rideout 2b	3	2	2	1
Coghill lf	1	1	1	0
Smith lf	3	0	2	0
Harris p	4	1	1	0

## Standings

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Rocky Mount	9	1	.900
Norfolk	7	2	.778
Asheville	7	3	.700
Charlotte	5	4	.556
Portsmouth	4	5	.444
Durham	3	6	.333
Richmond	3	7	.300
Winston Salem	1	9	.100

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	7	2	.778
New York	6	3	.667
Boston	4	3	.571
Philadelphia	4	4	.500
Cleveland	4	4	.500
St. Louis	3	5	.375
Chicago	3	6	.333
Washington	3	7	.300

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburgh	7	2	.778
St. Louis	7	3	.700
Philadelphia	6	5	.545
Boston	6	6	.500
New York	5	5	.500
Chicago	4	6	.400
Brooklyn	4	7	.364
Cincinnati	1	8	.111

## Today's Games

**PIEDMONT LEAGUE**  
Portsmouth at Rocky Mount.  
Winston Salem at Norfolk.  
Charlotte at Richmond.  
Asheville at Durham.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**  
Washington at Cleveland.  
Philadelphia at Chicago.  
New York at Detroit.  
St. Louis at Boston.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**  
Cincinnati at New York.  
Chicago at Philadelphia.  
Pittsburgh at Brooklyn.  
St. Louis at Boston.

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## Results

**PIEDMONT LEAGUE**  
Norfolk 5; Winston Salem 4.  
Rocky Mount 11; Portsmouth 5.  
Richmond 11; Charlotte 4.  
Asheville 6 Durham 4.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**  
Detroit 12; Chicago 9.  
Only games played.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**  
Boston 3; New York 1.  
Philadelphia 14; Brooklyn 8.  
Only games played.

## CAROLINA MEETS DAVIDSON MAY 6

Chapel Hill, May 4.—Carolina's varsity baseball team will resume play in the Big Five family circle when it encounters Davidson in a return game here Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock. When the Tar Heels and Wildcats played on Davidson's Richardson Field three weeks ago, the Tar Heels dropped a heart-breaking 7 to 6 verdict. Daffy Parker, leading Carolina pitcher, cut loose a wild throw in the ninth with the bases full to present the Cats with the winning marker. E. H. Hearn, Jr., is slated to do the hurling for Carolina against Dick Hicks, who was credited with victory in the first game.

**Citadel Golf Team Here.**  
Jack Jenkins and four other members of the golf team of the Citadel, at Charleston, S. C., were the guests last night of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jenkins. The other boys were Weldon Doe, of Montgomery, Ala., Dick Daniels, of Augusta, Ga., Ben Mayo, of Greenville, S. C., and Tommy Thorne, of Charleston, S. C.

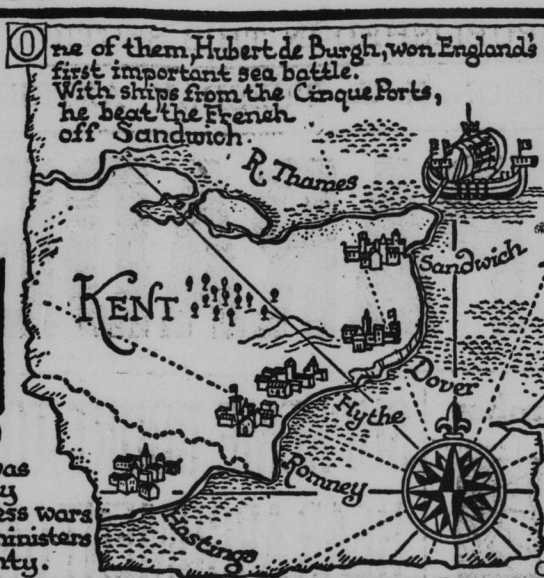
## Security Job Is Not So Enticing

(Continued from Page One.)  
though there are no reliable reports going the rounds to indicate that. Not that there are not plenty of applicants for the job. There are. Most of these applicants are understood to be either former county welfare officers, with strong political backgrounds, with a good sprinkling of women welfare workers and professional lifter uppers who would be only too willing to distribute some \$8,000,000 a year in old age pensions and aid to dependent children at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Indications are, however, that few, if any of these active applicants for the job are being seriously considered and the belief is that Governor Hoey is quietly looking around in search for a man—not a woman—of the type he wants for this very important job. Those who know Governor Hoey are convinced that he is not going to entrust the direction of the old age pensions program, involving the expenditure of more than \$8,000,000 a year of Federal State and county money, to any one who is not well fitted by training and past experience to handle the job. They point out also that the director of public assistance should have a thorough and sound understanding of county politics, since he must deal with county welfare boards and boards of county commissioners. Accordingly, he should know how to speak their language, as well as understand it, and not be the sort who can easily be sucked in or be made to respond to local political pressure. One of the main reasons it is understood Governor Hoey is having some trouble finding the type of man he wants for the public assistance jobs, is that the men of this desired calibre do not fancy the idea of being under the general direction of a woman superior. For under the law as it was finally enacted, the director of public assistance will be under the general supervision and direction of the commissioner of public welfare, who at the present time is Mrs. W. T. Bost. Not that they have any particular objection to Mrs. Bost. In fact, every one who knows Mrs. Bost, and comes in contact with her, has the highest regard for her and the manner in which she has administered her office. But men as a rule do not like to work for women superiors—to "take orders" from female bosses. It is just naturally contrary to the nature of the male animal, and his superiority complex, especially here in the South. Still another factor is believed to be the fact that 15 years the welfare department has been regarded as more or less of a political concession, if not a political sop, to the women politicians, and sob sisters and the professional women lifter uppers, in which to test out their ideas, because "the party" had to do something to keep the women satisfied and make them feel they were playing a vital part in the government of the State. For sev-

## ENGLAND'S KINGS



**HENRY III (1216-1272)**  
was lucky to reign so long. He was weak, and begged the country for foreign favorites and useless wars. He became king when only nine; ministers ruled for him until he was twenty.



Next—Edward I defeats Llewellyn of Wales. Creation of title "Prince of Wales". England acquires Scots' famed Stone of Scone, which is part of throne chair.

## No. 18

## Henry III



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eral years many observers here felt that the welfare department was little more than the plaything of Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, Miss Neil Easton Lewis and the "faithful" that had to be given jobs, though under Mrs. Bost it has gotten on a more businesslike basis and has been doing good work, observers agree.

## Denhardt's Fate Now Nearing Jury

(Continued from Page One.)  
Myers. He also denied Myers' charge politics had entered into the case. Messmer had testified that the tests showed Denhardt had fired a weapon shortly before the 41-year-old widow, Mrs. Verna Taylor, was found

shot to death last November, and said similar tests showed that he had not. Turner declared that if Commonwealth's Attorney H. E. Kincaid, Jr., "thought or knew Messmer had falsified the evidence," he would prosecute him as hard and as vigorously as he was prosecuting General Denhardt.

Newcastle, Ky., May 4.—(AP)—With the commonwealth demanding the death penalty, attorneys prosecuting and defending Brigadier General William Denhardt on a charge of murdering his fiancée, lined up today for final arguments to the jury. The jury which heard eight hours of argument, at times bitter, yesterday, was instructed by the judge that it could acquit the veteran officer or return a verdict for sentence ranging

from a jail sentence to the electric chair. Under the court's instructions, the jury of 11 farmers and one filling station operator could convict the defendant of first degree murder, voluntary or involuntary manslaughter or a misdemeanor.

## Family of Slain Union Organizer Tells of Killing

(Continued from Page One.)  
unable to meet it. With the Senate in recess and the House devoting itself to minor legislation, principal congressional activity was in committee rooms. Talk of compromise on court reorganization persisted in the Senate Ju-

diary Committee before which Senator McCall, Democrat, Kansas, urged adoption of his proposal to limit to two except for replacements the number of justices each President could appoint to the court.

Washington, May 4 (AP)—A tow-headed boy of 12 told Senate investigators today he had watched four Harlan county, Kentucky deputy sheriffs fire a volley of nine bullets from ambush into a carload of United Mine Workers organizers. The boy, Markham Clouse, shyly testified before the LaFollette civil liberties committee he was hunting "scrap iron" along the wooded banks of a mountain stream on February 8 when he saw the officers start shooting from a nearby cliff. Some of the five bullets fired splintered around his feet, the gum-chewing youngster related. Earlier witnesses had told the committee Thomas Ferguson, union organizer, was severely wounded in the shoulder by one of the rifle slugs. John Clouse, 13, son of Lloyd, corroborated Markham's story. The two boys and Mrs. Minnie Clouse, Lloyd's widow, said the youngsters did not give their eye witness account of the ambushing to a grand jury because Pearl Bassham, manager of the Harlan-Wallins Coal Company, had informed Lloyd such an action "was just to cause trouble."

Sir Ronald Lindsay, Britain's ambassador to Washington, born 60 years ago.

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# The MOUTHPIECE

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CHAPTER 40

STILL NOT knowing where she could be, Jacqueline thrust a foot over the side, feeling for the floor, but found nothing. Then she turned so that she lay face downward on the mattress, gripping the edge of the ledge, and gently lowered herself. It seemed an immense distance, but eventually the toe of her shoe touched something solid. The next moment she was standing on her feet, her hands still gripping the ledge that was now level with her eyes.

She stood very still, listening intently, not daring to move. If only she had a light! If only there were a faint glimmer somewhere to give her some sort of guidance!

Then suddenly she thrust her hand into her pocket and gave a little gasp of satisfaction as her fingers located her cigaret lighter. She took it out and snapped it open, rubbing the wheel with her thumb. There came a flash from the flint, but the wick was dry and refused to light, and though the flint sparked a dozen times in rapid succession, the wick refused to light. She held the lighter above her head, stared into the darkness and thumbed the wheel again. In the faint light of the spark she caught a glimpse of what seemed to be a door, and with her hand outstretched in front of her, she went cautiously in that direction, flashing her lighter as she went.

Her hand found the door, groped round the handle and turned it. Very gently she pulled and found that the door gave. She opened it a few inches and peered out. A gust of wind met her, and glancing up, she saw the deep blue of the sky, with a sprinkling of stars.

She stepped out through the door, made out the dim outline of a flight of steps on her left, and moved cautiously toward it. There was an iron handrail beside the steps, and as she gripped it and placed her foot on the first step, she paused suddenly and caught her breath.

On the top of the steps, silhouetted against the sky, a figure was seated. As Jacqueline moved, the beam of a flashlight stabbed the darkness, shining full on her face and dazzling her.

"So you've come to, dearie, 'ave yer?" said a voice. It was a rough, uncouth voice, but it was a woman's voice, and Jacqueline felt a sudden rush of relief. "And where will yer be goin' now, dearie?" asked the voice.

Jacqueline blinked into the dazzling beam of the torch, trying to catch a glimpse of the speaker. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Who am I? Joplin's my name, dearie—Mrs. Joplin. Pleased ter meet yer, I'm sure."

"But I—I don't know you. I've never seen you," exclaimed the girl.

"Pleased ter meet yer, all the same," said Mrs. Joplin amiably. "And as for seeing me—well, 'ave a look at me now, dearie, an' get it over quick." She turned the flashlight upon herself.

Mrs. Joplin's face, revealed by the beam of light, was not a beautiful face. It was heavy and fleshy, with small, beady eyes beneath an untidy mass of greasy black hair, and with a mouth whose size, to say nothing of the distinct suggestion of a mustache on the upper lip, must have deterred Mrs. Joplin, had her thoughts turned in that direction, from entering her name in any beauty competition. Jacqueline could not see the body to which the face was attached, but she got the impression that it must be a short, thick-set body, with ample bosom, broad hips, and arms and legs fashioned more for service than for aesthetic effect. At the moment, the face was plectated into a smile, and though the result of the plectating was the exposure of a particularly unattractive set of discolored teeth, the smile seemed to Jacqueline to be a not unfriendly one.

"There you are, dearie—that's



Mrs. Joplin's face was not a beautiful face

me," said Mrs. Joplin. "Not the sort of face as shows up well with floodlighting, but if you'd spend 20 years with my old man you wouldn't be looking so fresh yourself." Her smile vanished. "Take my advice, dearie," she said, "and don't you go getting married to no one. It's wearing. My old man . . ."

"Where am I?" Jacqueline interrupted.

Mrs. Joplin turned the beam of the torch on Jacqueline's face again.

"Don't you go worrying your head about that, dearie," she said. "It don't make no difference to you where you are. You're here, with old Ma Joplin, an' there's no call to be scared. Real scared you're looking, an' the best thing you can do is 'ave a nice 'ot cup of tea an' a bit of a rest."

"But I can't stay," exclaimed the girl. "I don't know where I am or how I got here, but I must get away at once."

She stepped forward and began to ascend the steps. But she had gone up only three of them when a large black object suddenly rose in front of her, barring her way, and she paused abruptly. Her hand shot out to ward off the object from her face. As she touched it she realized that it was Mrs. Joplin's foot and that it was built on the same massive scale as the rest of her.

"Just you stay where you are, dearie," said Mrs. Joplin. "Just you go back, and I'll come down and light the lamp for you and see you nice and comfortable."

"But I've no time . . ."

"Plenty of time, my dear," Mrs. Joplin assured her. "Several days, probably, the gentleman said, and if it's six months I'm not to let you go until 'e gives the word. Them's my instructions, so if you've a date with some nice young feller, he'll be disappointed this evening."

Suddenly Jacqueline grasped the foot, thrust it aside and stepped quickly up two more steps. And then there loomed out of the darkness a head no less massive than the foot, which was placed against her chest. It was placed there quite gently but firmly, and Jacqueline got the impression that, no matter what efforts she might make, that hand would remain

fixed and immovable, resisting all her puny attempts to force it aside.

"Now we don't want no unpleasantness, dearie," said Mrs. Joplin. "There's no kind of need for it. You just be sensible an' do as I say, an' nobody's going to hurt yer. But you mustn't try none o' them tricks, because I've got me duty to do, an' when I start doin' me duty somebody usually gets hurt. I'm no beauty to look at, dearie, but if it's a case of a rough an' tumble—well, ask my Alf. Fourteen stone 'e weighs, but 'e's never 'ad the best of it yet, an' he'll be the first to admit it."

"If you think you can keep me here against my will . . ." began Jacqueline furiously, but Mrs. Joplin cut her short with a wave of her massive hand.

"I can, dearie. I could keep a dozen like you 'ere against their will if I gave my mind to it. But I don't want no violence. Peace an' 'armony's my motto, an' when my Alf gets rampagous I never 'it 'im 'arder than 'ave to."

She got up, laid her hand on Jacqueline's shoulder and urged her down the stairs.

"Go along now, dearie, before I 'ave to speak sharp to yer."

"So, under the guidance of Mrs. Joplin's massive hand, she went down the stairs and back into the room from which she had groped her way. Mrs. Joplin followed her, closed the door behind her, struck a match, and lighted an oil lamp that hung from a beam above her head. Jacqueline glanced hastily around, and saw a small table, a couple of chairs, a shabby strip of carpet on the floor, and a small oil stove. On the wall in the corner were two bunks, one above the other, and she realized that it was in the top bunk that she had been lying when she had returned to consciousness.

She turned suddenly to Mrs. Joplin.

"Where am I going?" she demanded.

"Going? You're going nowhere, dearie. You're staying here."

(To Be Continued)

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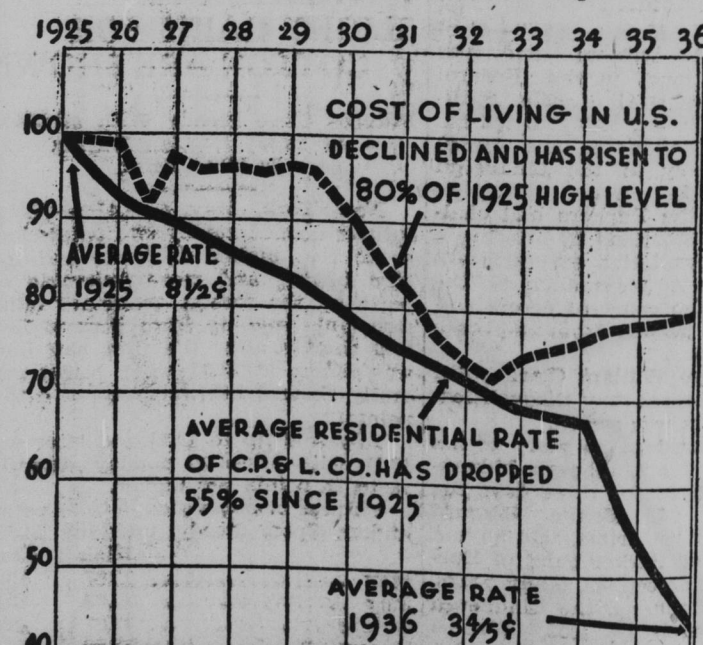
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