Decrease In Number Of Pedestrian Accident Deaths In Four Months Of 1940

[illegible] Bureau,
[illegible] Hotel.

[illegible] North [illegible] are [illegible] walk [illegible] at dark- [illegible] of 1940 [illegible] Surely [illegible] were only [illegible] compared [illegible] 1939 [illegible] July 29

[illegible] movement in [illegible] though [illegible] showed an [illegible] four months [illegible] pedestrians 30 [illegible] motor vehicles [illegible] motorcycles 7 [illegible] 18 compared [illegible] 29 [illegible] 1939 [illegible] 50 [illegible] decrease of last [illegible] reduction in [illegible] 30 per cent [illegible] maintain- [illegible] death toll by [illegible] June Acre 80; [illegible] 1939.

[illegible] traffic deaths to [illegible] all motor ve- [illegible] the first four [illegible] first figure [illegible] second figure all [illegible]

Alexander 0-2; Al- [illegible] 2-4; Ashe 1-4; [illegible] Burke 0-0; [illegible] 3-2; Buncombe [illegible] Cabarrus 1-4; [illegible] 0-0; Carteret [illegible] 0-4; Chat- [illegible] Sam 0-1; Cherokee 0-1; Chowan 0-0; Clay 0-0; Cleveland 1-4; Columbus 1-1 Craven 0-0; Cumberland 3-11; Cu- [illegible] 0-0; Dare 1-4; Davidson 1-4; Davie 0-1; Duplin 1-4; Durham 0-3; Edgecombe 1-5; Forsyth 5-9; Frank- lin 1-2; Gaston 2-9; Gates 0-0; Gra- ham 0-1; Granville 5-2; Greene 0-0; Guilford 3-13; Halifax 1-1; Harnett 5-5; Haywood 0-0; Henderson 0-0; Hertford 1-1; Hoke 0-1; Hyde 0-0; Iredell 0-2; Jackson 0-0.

Johnston 1-6; Jones 0-0; Lee 0-4; Lenoir 0-3; Lincoln 3-5; Macon 1-1; Madison 1-1; Martin 0-0; McDowell 0-2; Mecklenburg 5-11; Mitchell 0-0; Montgomery 0-2; Moore 0-3; Nash 0-7; New Hanover 1-3; Northampton 2-6; Onslow 0-0; Orange 1-1; Pamlico 1-1; Pasquotank 0-0; Pender 0-1; Perquimans 0-0; Person 0-0; Pitt 2-3; Polk 0-0; Randolph 0-0; Richmond 1-3; Robeson 1-10; Rockingham 0-1; Rowan 2-5; Rutherford 0-3; Samp- son 1-3; Scotland 0-2; Stanly 1-1; Stokes 0-2; Surry 2-2; Swain 1-1; Transylvania 0-0; Tyrrell 0-0; Union 1-5; Vance 0-1; Wake 4-5; Warren 0-0; Washington 0-1; Watauga 0-2; Wayne 2-5; Wilkes 1-3; Wilson 1-4; Yadkin 0-3; Yancey 0-0.

Activities of Pacifists And Alleged Communists at UNC Cause Stir In Many Circles

(Continued from Page One)

at the Legion's state convention in High Point late next month; and there is no doubt that Dave Hall of Belhaven will succeed Rose. The burden of making the decision will therefore be on the Hall shoulders, principally.

If Rose were still to be commander it is a good guess that the University would not get Boy's State this year; because June is known to feel keenly that the atmosphere at Chapel Hill is surcharged with a spurious "liberalism" which far outsteps the bounds of propriety and wisdom.

Not that Rose views with alarm President Frank P. Graham in person. On the contrary the Legion commander has the very highest regard for the ability and sincerity of the University president. What he does think, though, is that these true liberal views have been badly digested by adolescent minds and have thereby become a serious ailment in the body politic.

Rose isn't the only prominent North Carolinian to become fed up with the pacifistic group at the University. Governor Clyde R. Hoey has been in the kind of humor entirely foreign to his usually serene nature ever since the "We Won't Fight" rally in Chapel Hill. He has expressed himself as feeling "pity mixed with a degree of contempt" for those youngsters who declare they will not bear arms for the country. He has pointed out that force is absolutely the only principle understood or respected by aggressor dictatorships.

Practically every other prominent public figure has taken the same attitude, and there seems to be a growing discontent with the situation as it now exists at Chapel Hill with respect to so-called liberalism and communism.

Not that the sober headed officials believe there is anything radically wrong, but they have begun seriously to debate with themselves the question whether the radical pacifistic views expressed by many college youngsters constitute only a pose, or whether they really indicate there is what President Roosevelt recently described as "undiluted poison" in the University's system.

Sees Future for Women In Textiles

[illegible] at the loom [illegible] of the State [illegible] is pretty Jane [illegible] dozen co-ed- [illegible] textiles in [illegible] in cloth- [illegible] the daugh- [illegible] C. B. Dickson of [illegible] art at Peace [illegible] years before entering N. C. State. Cloth-designing is a wide open field for women because, while knowing fabrics better than the average man, few women know the limitations of machines which must manufacture the beautiful fabrics they wear. June is learning just what can be done in yarn manufacturing, dyeing and weaving. She intends to work in a cotton mill this summer.

City License Taxes Due June 1, 1940

[illegible] notify all firms and individuals subject to a [illegible] license tax that the tax will be due and [illegible]

Saturday, June 1, 1940

[illegible] subject to this tax are requested to pay promptly [illegible] their license.

1939 City Taxes Past Due

[illegible] not paid your 1939 City Taxes, you are [illegible] the penalty is increased to 3 1-2 per cent [illegible] June 1, 1940.

[illegible] G. ROYSTER, City Clerk.

Plays In Danville

WOODY HERMAN

Woody Herman and his Orchestra will play at the annual Cotton Ball in Danville, Va., Thursday, June 6. The ball will be given in the drill room of the Danville Armory, and is sponsored by the Danville Cotillion Club.

Man Attempts The Theft Of Locomotive

J. W. Williams, who told Mayor Henry T. Powell he was enroute from Norfolk, Va., to Eugene, Oregon, was sent to the roads today in city court for 90 days when found guilty of forcible trespassing.

Williams was taken after a short chase and charged with the attempted theft of a locomotive of the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

The locomotive was parked on a siding near the old ice plant on the Durham branch, and, it was brought out in court, Williams, who told the mayor he had been drinking, attempted to open the throttle. Failing to start the engine, Williams is said to have opened a "blower", which was heard by an employee of the railroad, who rushed down to the engine. Williams is said to have fled, later being captured by railroad detectives.

Sylvester Perry, Negro, faced the court, charged with theft of a pocket book book and 50 cents from Fannie Thomas. He was given 90 days.

Robert Williams, Negro, drew 30 days on the roads for theft of 58 cents worth of meat from Big Star Store.

Cotton Prices Little Higher

New York, May 29.—(AP)—Cotton futures opened unchanged to 3 higher.

Futures closed 2 to 4 higher, middling spot 10.43.

Old contracts:		
July	9.56	9.50
New contracts.		
July	9.79	9.80
October	8.75	8.77
December	8.64	8.66
January	—	8.59
March	8.45	8.48
May	8.31	8.34

JUNIOR HIGH TOPS DIAMOND TIGERS

The Diamond Tigers of North Henderson recreation center lost to the Junior high boys in a softball contest yesterday, 6-5. The contest was run off on the Junior high diamond.

The Tigers will meet South Henderson at North Henderson school Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Democracy is the nearest approach to the Sermon on the Mount translated into political terms.

The fifth column makes your closest friends, even your own children, possible spies for the enemy.

Spinners Bow To Weavers

TEXTILE SOFTBALL LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Weave Room	2	0	1.000
Spinning Room	2	1	.667
Winding Room	1	2	.333
Card Room	0	3	.000

The Spinners bowed to the Weavers yesterday afternoon 6 to 3 in the softball league at North Henderson.

Lamb and R. Adams formed the battery for the Weavers, with Faulkner and Brinkley working for the losers.

The Spinners got just four safe blows off the offering of Lamb. The Weavers got to Falkner for 19 hits. Hughes and Jenkins led the winners, Owens and Faulkner topped the losers.

The Carders lost Monday to the Winding Room, 11 to 9.

The Weavers and Carders play this afternoon.

Standings

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Richmond	23	14	.622
Asheville	22	15	.595
Durham	19	16	.543
Portsmouth	18	18	.500
Rocky Mount	19	20	.487
Charlotte	17	19	.472
Norfolk	14	20	.412
Winston-Salem	14	24	.368

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston	20	9	.690
Cleveland	20	13	.606
Detroit	18	14	.563
New York	15	17	.469
Chicago	15	19	.441
St. Louis	14	18	.438
Washington	15	20	.429
Philadelphia	12	19	.387

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Brooklyn	21	8	.724
Cincinnati	22	10	.688
New York	17	12	.566
Chicago	18	16	.529
Philadelphia	11	16	.407
St. Louis	12	20	.375
Boston	9	17	.346
Pittsburgh	9	20	.310

Results

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Durham 10-3, Portsmouth 3-2.
Asheville 12, Richmond 2.
Norfolk 5, Charlotte 1.
Winston-Salem 4, Rocky Mount 1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York 12-3, Washington 4-1.
St. Louis 10-7, Chicago 9-[illegible]
Detroit 8, Cleveland 5.
Boston 4, Philadelphia [illegible]

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburgh 5, Cincinnati 2.
St. Louis 5, Chicago 0.
Philadelphia 2, Brooklyn 4.
Only games played.

Schedule

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Durham at Portsmouth.
Winston-Salem at Rocky Mount.
Norfolk at Charlotte.
Richmond at Asheville.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

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

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Cincinnati at Pittsburgh.
St. Louis at Chicago.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Only games scheduled.

Stocks Gain Small Margin

New York, May 29.—(AP)—Stocks worked a point or so higher in a war-burdened market today and bonds and commodities followed the upward trend.

Traders moved hesitantly, avoiding heavy commitments prior to the Memorial Day closing and only about 650,000 shares were exchanged.

American Radiator	5 1-2
American Telephone	148
American Tob B	73 1-2
Anaconda	21 1-2
Atlantic Coast Line	10 1-2
Atlantic Refining	20 7-8
Bendix Aviation	27 1-2
Bethlehem Steel	69 7-8
Chrysler	59
Columbia Gas & Elec Co	4 3-4
Commercial Solvents	8 5-8
Consolidated Oil Co	6
Curtiss Wright	8 1-4
DuPont	154
Electric Pow & Light	3 3-8
General Electric	29 7-8
General Motors	40
Liggett & Myers B	93
Montgomery Ward & Co	36 3-4
Reynolds Tob B	34 7-8
Southern Railway	9 1-2
Standard Oil N J	30 3-4
U S Steel	45 7-8

The city hall in Stockholm, Sweden, is known as one of most famous examples of modern architecture.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

BILL BAILEY wasn't quite sure where to start.

He sat down on a straight chair for a minute to be sure nobody had observed his coming, and to accustom himself to the darkness of the room while organizing his thoughts. It occurred to him that he would never make a success at the profession of burglary.

"I'm scared silly, with nothing to be scared of," he admitted to himself—he who had been a crushing All-American football halfback only a few months ago.

After a bit he tip-toed to the room's one window and lowered the shade fully. There was no transom or other opening for ventilation, although sundry unlovely odors had come in. Many of them now were associated with dinner—grease, fish, garlic, mustiness, boiled vegetables. All in a poor boarding house melange.

He decided to start with the bed. There was one pillow, and without ripping it he felt through the ticking at every feather and tiny lump. With his flashlight next he inspected the mattress. The seams showed no evidence of recent opening. It was little more than a cotton pad about three inches thick anyway, and so he could feel in and through it as he had the pillow. All of the covers, the springs, the shabby bedstead were thoroughly searched, to no avail.

There was a dresser and he started with its two top little drawers. Their contents were woefully scanty: Hairpins. A little jar of cold cream or something like that (it had a fancy name.) Some scarlet ribbon neatly folded. Only one pair of stockings. Six plain but dainty handkerchiefs, scented above the house odors. A gold and enamel pin of the college sorority type. A pretty little cluster of artificial flowers.

The two lower drawers were all but empty. One held two pairs of pajamas, both badly worn. Neatly in the other were stacked some extremely brief garments which Bill named only as scanty-pants, and some folded things he called shirts. These he moved carefully, pressing each between his hands, looking under the plain wrapping paper which lined the drawers, missing no possible corner, but putting the garments back as carefully as he could.

Then he pulled the drawers all out and looked in their openings, probing into every remote corner of the dresser, front, underside, top and rear. Then he moved to a trunk which, fortunately, he found unlocked. It presented a greater problem because he wished to leave no tell-tale marks of his search, but he labored on.

When he had been there about an hour, he sat down again with a sense of defeat. Except for a tiny table with one drawer, he had investigated every possible corner of the room and its furnishings. He had even stood on the chair to look carefully along the picture molding near the ceiling, and had taken an ugly brass lamp apart with his pocket knife for a screwdriver, to see inside its head and base. Bill remembered reading a story—by Edgar Allen Poe, wasn't it?—in which just such a search was conducted. He thought it was Poe. Object of the search there was a letter, and it had been right before the searchers' eyes all the time, in an obvious location.

For a moment or two there he grinned to himself, feeling distinctly silly.

"I'm getting to where I believe storybook doings," he thought. "I'm glad nobody knows about this."

Even so, something told him that he wasn't being as childish as he might have thought. He was driven only in small part by a sense of adventure; back of his exploit was hard, common sense. He looked at the little table, then moved to open its drawer.

There were four or five pencils, a fountain pen, blotter, ink paper, scratch pad, a little stack of opened letters tied neatly in a ribbon, two old dance programs, six one-cent stamps, some paper clips, a nail file and a lipstick (out of place, Bill thought) and a rather fat, leather-bound little book with a lock on it. The book had a title: "Thoughts Day by Day." The clasp was of thin brass, held in place by a brass padlock no larger than his finger nail. It was a delicate, attractive novelty, really, and he might have broken into it with one rather firm pull of his finger and thumb. But he must break nothing.

He was reaching for his pocket knife to try to open the lock when he was interrupted—a key was suddenly inserted into the lock on the room door!

Bill's very blood seemed to freeze.

Instantly he snapped out his flashlight. He stood and turned, crouched to defend himself—against what? He didn't know.

The key made an unmistakable clicking. Obviously someone was trying more than one key as he himself had done a while ago. He hadn't remembered relocking the door from the inside, but supposed the automatic catch was on. He had, now, to take a breath, and so inhaled slowly, silently. It served to restore his poise.

He looked quickly toward the window. No, this was the third floor. The fire escape was at the end of the hall. Anyway, flight was distinctly contrary to his plan, even if there had been time. He glanced at the door of the tiny closet and ruled it out. Then there remained but one place in the room where a man might hide, and he moved toward it as quickly and quietly as possible.

* * *

"Nowhere iss happeeness weethout
you-u-u-u,
My heart calls me to be here—
Love leengers 'round you
Now that I've found you—
Love that's our own, sweetheart
de-e-e-e-ear."

Lola Montesa was singing. Hers was a throaty contralto, with that peculiarly exotic inflection characteristic of Latin voices. The words of her song, overly sentimental and unimportant, were lost in the softly flowing music of them. The others did not sing with her because they did not know her song. She had sung it first in Spanish and now, by request, was doing an English version.

When she finished there was generous applause, although Gayle observed that Tempe Hyde alone did not clap her hands or otherwise express approval.

"It's a sweet song, Lola," said Gayle. "Are all the songs from Mexico about love and things?"

"Iss a veree romantic countree," Lola avowed, smiling at them. "Thee people seeng becaus they love to. Iss not—not artificial."

Old Mr. Merrifield nodded emphatically.

"I have observed that in Arizona," he declared. "When I was younger and spent much time in the mines out there, the Mexican people sang every Saturday night, like this. Groups of them. Sang and danced. Once I remember there was a funeral Saturday morning, with all the Mexican people for miles around present, mourning. After lunch, somebody suggested that it was a shame to waste so fine a crowd just because of a death, and now that the dead man was buried, what about a fiesta? So, after supper there was dancing and singing and laughter until midnight. And I don't think the dead one was any worse off for having been so promptly forgotten."

"It iss so," Lola nodded. "Iss best to be happee. When one can."

When one can.

Gayle, of all those present, caught that last phrase from Lola. In the semi-darkness there on the beautiful Merrifield lawn, she glanced at the other girl and tried to read something from her expression, but the darkness was just enough to forestall her. On impulse she did reach out and squeeze Lola's hand. She wasn't sure why.

Then, lest peppery little Tempe Hyde mistake the gesture, Gayle turned to Tempe with determined gaiety and began teasing and poking fun. The little after-dinner party there on the lawn lasted for a full hour longer, with nobody enjoying it so much as Mr. Benjamin W. Merrifield himself. In the shifting around after the eating, Jeremy had somehow found himself sitting next to Tempe, and that pretty miss leaned on his shoulder in the night glow. Gayle observed it, without comment. She observed, too, that Jeremy was ill at ease because of it, so that he presently pretended that he needed to stretch, walked around a bit and came back to sit near Gayle herself, on the other side.

"You'd think I was his mother!" Gayle told herself, smiling quietly, but feeling somehow sorry for the shy fellow, even so.

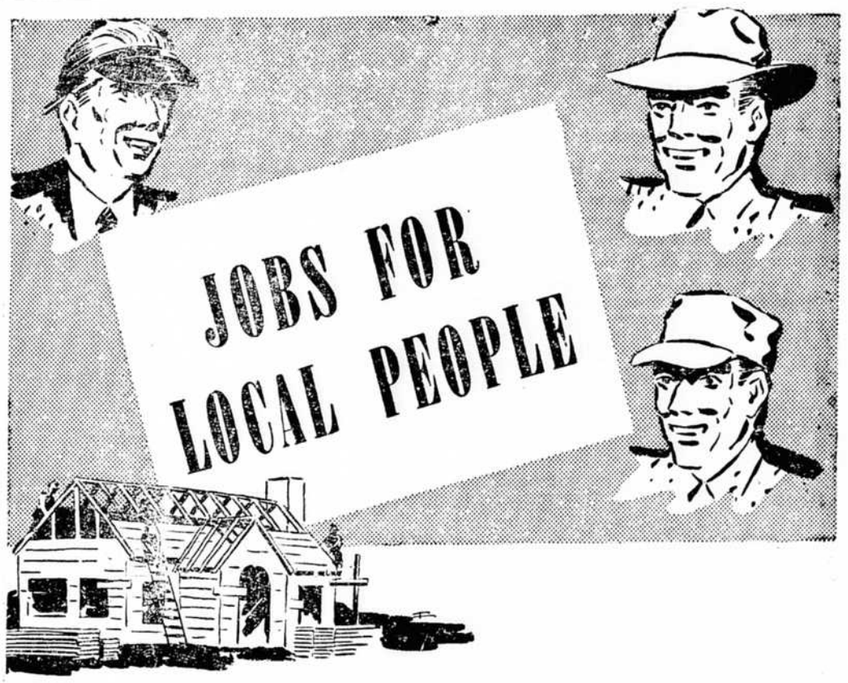
It was after 8 o'clock when they arose reluctantly to go inside and, in getting slowly to his feet, old Mr. Merrifield asked about Bill.

"Young Bailey missed an excellent gathering," my dear," he addressed Gayle. "Where can he be, I wonder?"

"He—he's downtown, Mr. Merrifield. He—I think he had to do something about the tickets for the play. Everyone of them have been sold, you know. There'll be about $600, with very little expense."

"Excellent! Excellent, my dear. I must compliment him. And all of you. I like to see projects succeed. It's the American way. Working, and thinking, not whining." He paused to chuckle appreciatively. "Tell the young man I wish to see him."

(To Be Continued)



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