

THE JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL
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DAN TOMPKINS, Editor

So, the teachers are to get a raise
of 20 per cent.

These new dealers can at least find
the jack to fill a shaft.

If Hitler isn't careful he will turn
the watch on the Rhine into a death
watch.

Everybody seems to admit the right
of secession, from the League of Na-
tions.

A news story says that Bob Rey-
nolds drove the 520 miles from Ash-
ville to Washington in 10 hours flat,
including all stops. Either somebody,
I. e., or a United States Senator broke
the law as well as the record.

Mahatma Gandhi, the shriveled
powerful figure of the East, is trying
to arouse the teeming millions to ac-
tive sympathy with Ethiopia against
Italy. There is a complication that
might well cause El Duce to stop
look, and listen.

There is a bus driver who runs li-
censed vehicle between Sylva and Dillsboro,
and we understand, at other places of
his route, with cut-out open, to the
amusement of the citizenry. If the
Smoky Mountains Bus Line doesn't
do something about it, the Highway
Patrol should.

J. Sneed Adams, Asheville attorney,
and one of the most popular men in
Western North Carolina, died Sunday
morning. His attractive personal-
ity, integrity, sunny smile, and genu-
ine friendliness won for him many
friends. If he had chosen, he could
have represented this district in Con-
gress. He was chairman of the Way-
nesville Convention, when the hosts
of democracy lined up either for Bob
Reynolds or James M. Gudger, and
adjourned without nominating any-
body. Had he but said the word, the
convention would have banded the
nomination to Sneed Adams, and he
could possibly have remained in Con-
gress until his death. This was be-
fore Zeb Weaver came upon the
scene as a Congressional contender.

We are in receipt of a news article
from the office of Senator Reynolds,
setting forth his record in the Senate.
The thing in which he seems to take
the greatest pride is the part he played
in defeating the entrance of the
United States into the World Court.
Well, Bob may be proud of that, but
we are not. It was a question of
whether civilized procedure should be

followed in disputes between nation
or whether the law of the jungle
should prevail. Bob chose the jungle
philosophy, against the democratic
platform, against the teaching of
Woodrow Wilson, against the leader-
ship of President Roosevelt, and, I
believe, against the wishes of the
people of North Carolina. As between
the wisdom of Woodrow Wilson and
that of Bob Reynolds, we would pre-
fer to trust the sagacity of Wilson.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

An example of how newspapers and
others are greatly injuring the people
of the resort sections of North Caro-
lina, most of them unwittingly, some
ignorantly, and some maliciously. The
Post, of Big Stone Gap, Va., through
which places passes our U. S. High-
way No. 23, said, on July 25:
"There is no epidemic of infantile
paralysis in Virginia, and there is no
need for the people of Wise county to
become panicky. However, there is an
unusually large number of cases in
North Carolina. According to press
dispatches only one case has been
saved in Wise county."

There you are. The Post, up to
now, had no intention of injuring
the resort sections of Western North
Carolina. And yet the publication of
such blanket statements will, of
course, do that very thing. People for-
get that North Carolina is a big State
and that large parts of South Caro-
lina, Georgia and Virginia are near
to Raleigh, the center of the "epi-
demic" of unusually large numbers of
cases of the disease, then in Sylva
or other towns in the mountain res-
ort section of this State. Accepting
the statement of The Post, Jackson
county has been free of the disease
than The Post's own county. There
was one case in this county, early in
spring, that may have been infantile
paralysis, and that is the only one.

WASHINGTON NEWS

(Continued from Page one)
the more the feeling grows that it
probably would not be good politi-
cally to impose a tax on mere bigness.
Whether the Congress will remain
in session until it has enacted the
proposed new tax law is still an open
question. The prevailing desire is to
get the bill out of committee and have
it published, so that it can be widely
discussed while Congress takes its
much-needed vacation before finally
acting upon it.
Perhaps the controlling factor
which will determine whether Con-
gress adjourns around the middle of
August or sticks around until the tax
bill is passed, will be the activity of
the advocates of the bonus payment
to veterans, the Black Thirty-Hour-
Week Labor Law and the Greenback
Inflation proposal for the relief of
mortgaged farmers. If these muster too
much of a show of strength, Congress
may adjourn in spite of orders from

the White House, at least until the
weather gets cooler.

TODAY and
TOMORROW

(Continued from Page one)

"Well, there," I said.
Next day I had a letter from my
friend. The head of a great company
had personally interviewed a green
country boy—he had given him a
job!

Now it is up to John.

STIMULATION the asset
It is easy to say that John was luck-
y in knowing a man who knew a man
whose company hires a lot of boys.
The answer to that is that I wouldn't
have sent John to my friend if John
had not been "stimulating his luck,"
so far as I am concerned, for four or
five years.

Unconsciously, John had been de-
veloping an asset that he has the qual-
ities of intelligence, ambition, en-
ergeticness, industry and—most im-
portant of all—character, which
could not fail to open the door of op-
portunity for him.

I was glad to hand him the key to
that door, for I believe that John will
make good use of his chance. All I
did, though, was to shorten the time
it might have taken him to find his
opportunity.

QUALLA.

The importance of the "Christian's
growth in grace" was the subject
of an interesting sermon, Sunday morn-
ing, at the Baptist church. He was a
former guest at Rev. J. L. Hyatt's be-
fore returning to Sumburst.

On Sunday, the 28th, Misses Neil
and Annie Ruth McLaughlin gave a
surprise birthday dinner in honor of
their mother, Mrs. T. W. McLaughlin.
Several friends and relatives who
were present enjoyed the bountiful
luncheon served by the hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ferguson and
Misses Mary Emma and Lillian Fer-
guson attended the funeral of their
brother, Mr. Arthur Justice, at Beth-
el Friday afternoon.

Rev. James Appleby, a Presbyterian
minister, with Mrs. Appleby, of Max-
ton, who are guests of Mrs. C. P.
Shelton, attended services at Qualla,
Sunday.

Mr. D. L. Oxner visited relatives
at Blue Ridge, Ga., last week.

Mrs. D. C. Hughes and children
spent the week end at Mrs. James
Battle's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hyatt of Glen-
ville are visiting home folks.

Mr. H. G. Bird of Sylva stopped in
Qualla, Monday.

Pauline and Glenn Freeman of
Beta are visiting among relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Blanton were
guests at Mr. G. A. Kinsland's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gunter, Mrs.

Julia Gunter and Mr. John Ward vis-
ited at Mr. D. L. Oxner's.

Mrs. N. E. Snyder and son, T. S.,
called at Mr. Charles Ward's.

Mr. Howard Wheat, Art Photograph-
er, and Mrs. Wheat, of Mountain
View, N. C., and Miss Stella Allard,
of Arizona, are spending a few days
at Green Acres.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Clement and
children visited relatives at Olivet,
Sunday.

Mr. Frank Cordell of Lufty visited

at Mr. D. A. Martin's, Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Luther Hoyle have re-
turned from a visit with relatives at
Brasstown.

FOR SALE Good Witte gasoline en-
gine, 7 horse power; one 1930 Ford
Truck; one 1934 sport Pontiac Coupe;
one fast four Dodge, 28 model; one
four door Buick sedan, with radio and
heater, at bargain—See Hooper Motor
Company, for prices.

New Alkaline Powder
Recommended to
FALSE TEETH
If you have sore gums or your
teeth drop—if you are self conscious
about your smile—if you are
conscious of your plate not
you should use PASTEETH. You
will be delighted with the com-
fort and security afforded by this new
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mouth and gums and keeps
in place—because it holds its
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Sweetens breath. Allows you to
your food properly. Buy PASTEETH
today at any drug store.

THE DIVORCE COURT MURDER

by MILTON PROPPER

Eighth Instalment

SYNOPSIS . . . six persons are in an
inner circle of the law firm of Dawson,
Mcquire and Locke at Philadelphia. A
major hearing in the divorce case of
Rowland vs. Rowland is under way. Mrs.
Rowland, represented by her lawyer
brother, Mr. Willard; Mr. Rowland, the
defendant, and his attorney, Mr. Trum-
bull, the court clerk and Mr. Dawson, the
master, are the six persons. There is a
new development in the case. After falling
adultery in earlier hearings, Mr. Rowland
digs up evidence and asks the court's per-
mission to produce witnesses and resist
the suit. Judge Dawson overrules and
orders the witness brought in. Rowland's
lawyer goes to get the witness but finds
her dead—chloroformed. She is Mrs. Bar-
bara Keith, wife of a prominent Phila-
delphia business man. Judge Dawson
phoned for the police. Detective Tommy
Rankin is assigned to the case. He is now
questioning all of the parties involved in
the case. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

her curious and desire to help me.
It wasn't until we were already trail-
ing my wife and Campbell away
from the club, toward city limits,
that she fully realized the predicam-
ent I placed her in. But it was
too late then and she was sporty
enough to see it through; for my
sake, she agreed to risk the publicity
and gossip and give evidence. If I
had ever dreamed it would end like
this . . .

He left the sentence unfinished,
compressing his lips with a sigh,
shaking his head dolefully. An
awkward silence followed until Rankin
asked:
"Then you and Mrs. Keith were
good friends, Rowland. How long

me a leg to stand on." Rowland
replied, a harsh note in his voice.
Abruptly, the detective shifted
the subject. "Now, just one more
point, Mr. Rowland," he said.
"About the night of Wednesday,
February first, when Mrs. Rowland
caught you and Miss Edmond to-
gether at the Sunset Inn. You
found out that immediately after
the interruption, Mrs. Keith's hus-
band arrived there. Can you tell
me how he came to be there or
what his connection was with
you?" he paused delicately, "your
trigue?"

But as Jill Edmond had done the
young man professed to be unable
to account for the manufacturer's



"Mrs. Keith and I could make out they were drinking in the living room"

Rankin nodded, in appreciation of
the diabolical effectiveness of the
late Tom Marshall's measures.

"So, with the divorce goes the
management of the estate," he sum-
marized. "But I thought Harvey
Willard had means. Both he and
your wife inherited from Peter Wil-
lard's estate. Why should he need
the trusteeship?"

"The young man shook his head.
"He's not rich any more, and any-
how Adele was willed most of it.
Willard's share all disappeared in
poor investments and the stock mar-
ket. And Marshall's will permitted
him to spend for his own benefit the
thirty per cent he didn't need to
transfer to his sister—about fifty
thousand annually. I happen to
know he is hard pressed by credi-
tors. Unless he can obtain plenty
of funds before July first, he's a
ruined man; they will close in and
force him into bankruptcy. Adele
is too smart to throw good money
after bad and won't lend it to him.
Only a prompt divorce decree can
save him."

"Still," the detective pointed out,
"if your wife intends to marry
Campbell shortly, what good will
that do him? As her husband, he
then becomes the Marshall executor
and Willard's situation isn't bettered
at all."

"Even with temporary control of
the estate," Rowland returned, "he
might manage to slide out from
under." He extinguished his cigar-
ette.

"Besides, he had no more idea
of Adele's intentions in that direc-
tion than I had until my spying
brought results."

He paused, and after a brief
moment for reflection, Rankin ac-
quiesced.

"Yes, I can understand that. Now,
what did you discover by watching
Mrs. Rowland?"

"Two weeks ago I obtained the
evidence I needed," Rowland re-
sumed his narrative. "It was on the
Wednesday evening after the last
hearing. I had learned several days
before from the chauffeur that
Campbell was back in town; and for
some evenings I continued my usual
watch and trailed them. Then that
Wednesday, May twenty-fourth,
Finley reported he had been dis-
missed for the evening and also
added this significant item: Adele's
maid had casually informed him that
she was instructed to pack an over-
night bag for her."

"Well, right after supper, I took
up my watch by the entrance of the
Willard estate. Campbell, driving
a Cadillac coupe, arrived at eight
o'clock, and Adele joined him with
her overnight bag. But for the early
part of the evening, they did nothing
more censorable than on other occa-
sions. First, they went to the For-
rest Theater. At eleven o'clock,
they visited the Organdy Club on
Broad Street, but I didn't dare fol-
low them in. Instead, I parked near
Campbell's car, looked into it and
saw that he too had brought an
overnight bag. He and my wife
remained in the night club until
midnight. And perhaps twenty
minutes before they appeared, Mrs.
Keith came out of the place by her-
self and—"

Rankin's interruption was abrupt.
"All alone?" he demanded sharply.
"She was at the Organdy unescor-
ted?"

"Yes, and it puzzled me too," Row-
land replied. "I called her and she
explained that she had been to the
opera for which Mr. Keith did not
care. Because the club was so close
by, she went in to see the floor
show. I realized, for a married
woman in her position, the story
didn't ring true. I didn't question
her, as it was none of my business
and beside the point. I was too
thankful for her appearance just
when I needed a witness to worry
about it."

"You were well enough acquaint-
ed with Mrs. Keith to enlist her aid
in such a personal matter?"

The young man made an apolo-
getic gesture. "I'm afraid I wasn't
fair to her and took advantage of her
lucky appearance," he explained per-
suasively. "You see, I asked her to
join me, but didn't tell her why I
wanted her; I only said it would be
an important service to me and ur-
gent. I was excited and that made

have you known her?"

"I met her two winters ago, at
Palm Beach, though, like all Phila-
delphia society, I had heard of
Mortimer Keith. She stayed at the
Royal Arms Hotel, where Adele
and I were; and because he was
too busy to join her, she was a

grass widow and needed company.
That, her social position and her
attractiveness made her welcome
with all the young men at the re-
sort. I did my share to entertain
her; I rode and visited the casino
with her, and several times attended
the dog races. Even Adele acted
fairly cordially toward her."

"Well, what happened the night
here you followed your wife and
Campbell?" the detective prompted.
"Where did they lead you?"

"Out the Park Drive and left on
the Ridge Pike," Rowland said.
"We passed through Roxborough
and Norristown. At Collegeville
we caught up and followed them off
to the right, along the narrow
country road paralleling Perkiomen
Creek. At the end of five miles,
they halted finally at a substantial
stucco bungalow along the creek. It
was then one-thirty."

"Again I drove my car past,
about two hundred feet, and parked
where a clump of trees fringed the
road and hid us from the cottage.
Campbell produced a key and un-
locked the door; then he turned on
the lights. I have inquired about
it since and learned it belongs to
Nick Alberti, the manager of the
Organdy Club, a friend of Camp-
bell's. Adele was then cautious
enough to pull down all the blinds.
Still watching silently in the dark-
ness, Mrs. Keith and I could make
out they were drinking in the living
room. At two-thirty they started
to retire and a half hour later Camp-
bell turned out the lights. I con-
sidered I had gathered enough evi-
dence against Adele to enter a de-
fense to her suit; so I retraced the
trail with Mrs. Keith back to the
city."

The speaker concluded his narra-
tive and fell silent until Rankin
asked:
"And at no time did your wife or
Campbell see you or become suspi-
cious of your presence?"

"I'm practically certain they
never realized they were being fol-
lowed."

"Then they and Mr. Willard had
no idea in advance with whom they
had to reckon? Mr. Trumbull felt
reasonably sure they hadn't iden-
tified Mrs. Keith as your chief wit-
ness before she arrived at the hear-
ing this afternoon?"

Allen Rowland pondered a mo-
ment. "That's right, unless Adele
noticed her at the night club," he
offered at length, "and she prob-
ably didn't; her arrival there that
night must have been one of the
reasons Mrs. Keith left without
waiting for her date."

"Yes, I suppose that's possible,"
Rankin frowned uncertainly. "And
you have no other proofs of your
wife's infidelity? Your entire case
depended on her?"

"Mrs. Keith's death doesn't leave

appearance. He had never met
Mortimer Keith, he said, never
having seen him several times he
had recognized him when he had
entered the room. He could offer no
explanation or detail to the detec-
tive's description of the incident.
Concluding his question on the

circumstance, Rankin thanked Row-
land and dismissed him.

His next step was to examine the
dead woman's checkbook. Except
for two stubs, her accounts seemed
in perfect order; her expenditures,
with the date, purpose or name of
payee and amount, were carefully
audited. The sums she spent were
comparatively small and far from
commensurate. Rankin wondered
at her low balance, which never
exceeded five thousand dollars, and
at present came to less than one.

The two check-stubs which were
not identifiable as to purpose, how-
ever, indicated exceptionally large
sums. One check had been drawn
about three months ago, and the
past Thursday—for two thousand
and three hundred dollars, respec-
tively. The only clue to the reason
for these withdrawals was the word
"personal" written on each stub.

Before the detective could ponder
the significance of these entries, a
knock interrupted him. At his com-
mand, the policeman he had sent to
locate Mortimer Keith opened the
door and entered the room.

"Yes, Cottman?" Rankin greeted
him. "You've been gone a long
time. Is Mr. Keith with you?"

The officer shook his head. "No,
I haven't found him; he isn't in
town at all," he replied. "It was
too late to visit his offices, so I
called at the Aldwich Apartments
and learned from his butler, Stan-
ley, that he had gone away—and
business, he thought, to Wash-
ington."

Rankin pursed his lips in disap-
pointment. "Washington? I sup-
pose you discovered what business
took him there and communicated
with the people he went to see
Cottman?" the detective inquired.

"No, I didn't, although I tried
to; that's what took me so long.
The secretary said it had something
to do with the New Ray Silk Com-
pany. Neither he nor the butler
had any idea at what hotel Mr.
Keith might stop, tonight."

"Hotel? Then he isn't expected
back today?"

"The policeman shook his head.
"No, not until tomorrow," he an-
swered, "when he's completed his
business."

"Well, I imagine we can wait and
give him a chance to turn up ac-
cording to schedule," Rankin said,
dismissing Cottman.

Johnson entered as Cottman left.
"Finished, Johnson?" asked Rankin.
Johnson did not reply until the
officer had gone. "I've taken
everybody's fingerprints, Tommy,"
he said, "but I can't make a de-
tailed report until I've had time to
study them—say tomorrow morn-
ing."

Continued Next Week

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