

THE JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL

Published Weekly by The JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL CO.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Sylva, N. C.

DAN TOMPKINS, Editor

A thing that is greatly needed for all of us is a common sense in our America.

We are surrounded by the peace and quiet of the mountains and the quiet of the mountains.

The building is a grand one to make one feel the reason they are here is to see what they can do for the people of the county.

The building is a grand one to make one feel the reason they are here is to see what they can do for the people of the county.

TODAY and TOMORROW

WASHINGTON . . . distant. Many years ago somebody called Washington "the city of marvellous distance" and the application has stuck. I was again reminded of it last week, when on a trip to the national capital I had to wait at a dozen or more Federal offices.

Washington is more like the great European cities than any other American municipality. Its growth has been horizontal rather than vertical. About the tallest building in the city is the National Press Club, and that is only 13 stories. Most of the Government buildings are under six stories high.

It is not at all uncommon to have to travel three or four miles or farther, to get from one Government building to another, and in the course of a day around Federal offices the visitor

has to walk along literally miles of sidewalks. It occurred to me that one of the reasons why Government business goes so long to transact may be the time and energy wasted in getting from one office to another. Walking on is not covered up to speed and efficiency.

BEAUTY . . . in marble. Major L. D. Fox, the brilliant architect who planned the Federal building, conceived it as the most beautiful city in the world. I seem to recall every time I visit it, and I know Washington since 1800. Another fifty years there will be nothing to compare with it for beauty. The Supreme Court moved into the most beautiful of all Washington buildings last week. It is built all of white marble. Outside, Vermont marble; inside, Georgia marble, floors of Italian, Spanish and African marble. Everything about the building is freshly new and gleaming except the Justices' chairs. They sit in the old, comfortable chairs they have been accustomed to. When it was proposed to buy a new chair for Justice Cardozo, he replied that the old chair that was good enough for Justice Holmes twenty years was good enough for him.

TENANTS . . . everywhere. In spite of the multitude of Government buildings, there isn't room for all the new Federal offices. Uncle Sam is the biggest tenant in Washington. After taking all the available office space in town, public offices are spreading out into hotels, apartment and private houses.

Some of the "temporary" buildings put up during the World War are still in use by Federal offices. One of these is the biggest located in Washington. It pays half the cost of running the District of Columbia. In return for the Federal Government's assumption of the tax burden, the people of the District, 60 years ago, gave up their right to vote on local affairs. If they want to vote on state or national questions they can do so in their old home towns.

HOUSING . . . problem. I hear a lot about the "housing" shortage, but I don't know of any place where it is as acute as in Washington. More than 100,000 new Federal employees have been trying to crowd into the city in the past two years. There just isn't room for them

I heard of one landlord who had 145 applications on file for his next vacancy. Another built a 50 family apartment house and rented every apartment from the place before the summer was over! Rent has gone down most everywhere else, but not in Washington.

One result has been the spilling of population away out into the Maryland hills and across the Potomac into the beautiful Virginia hills. I met one Federal official who "commutes" to Washington every day from his home in Baltimore forty miles distant.

LAG . . . the salutary. I read in the papers the other day that the school boys had been directed for talking to the fire engine. I don't think that's a very good idea. I don't think anybody really feels. It is a common sense in our minds. I can hear the Nazi epidemic, but you can't believe they all mean it.

If I could reach every child what of

lag really means, the first thing would try to make the understanding that it does not stand and has a very good for camp' ion, even examples to salute it. If Old 'Story means anything, I mean to me at least—the complete liberty of every individual under it to believe and behave as he sees fit so long as he doesn't try to interfere with other people's beliefs and behavior.

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION To all to whom these presents may come, greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary

HEAL YOUR KIDNEYS

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles; feel upset and miserable . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended by users the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

dissolution thereof by unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, The Jackson Headware Company, Incorporated, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated at Main street, in the town of Sylva, county of Jackson, State of North Carolina (John R. Jones being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now Therefore I Stacy W. Washburn, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 21st day of September, 1935, file in my office a duly

ed consent in accordance with the provisions of said Statutes, and I have filed a copy of said consent and the proceedings thereon in my said office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the official seal of the State of North Carolina at Raleigh, September 17, 1935.

STACY W. WASHBURN, Secretary of State.

FOR RENT: Eight room dwelling, with garden and outbuildings. Can be used for two apartments—Mrs. S. C. Allison, Sylva.

Fifteenth Installment

BARBARA KEITH, wife of a prominent Philadelphia business man, is reported to have been alone in a side room of the Ritz Hotel in New York City on the night of the murder of Fred Dennis. It was she who was to have testified for the defense in the trial of Fred Dennis. Her husband, who was certainly in the room, Detective Tommy Rankin is assigned to the case from police headquarters. His preliminary investigation led him to Mr. and Mrs. Rankin. He had gathered evidence against the other of individuality. The wall of Mrs. Rankin's room had been directed for law enforcement to see that Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had gathered evidence against the other of individuality. The wall of Mrs. Rankin's room had been directed for law enforcement to see that Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had gathered evidence against the other of individuality. The wall of Mrs. Rankin's room had been directed for law enforcement to see that Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had gathered evidence against the other of individuality.

"Well, Rankin, here it all is," said the lawyer. "You can have it in going through it, if you need it. What are you particularly interested in?"

"Every bit of it," Rankin returned. "I want to make a thorough search. But first, have you found a picture of Dennis among his belongings?"

Becker shook his head. "There wasn't any, or our hunt for him might have been more successful."

"I suppose a description of Dennis will have to do then," Rankin observed. "Of course, you obtained full details of his looks from Miss Trent."

"Yes, it's right here—exact a picture of him as she could give us." Disappointingly, however, the record was not overly practical for identification; it might have applied to hundreds of similar youngish, attractive men.

"What about his fingerprint?" the detective queried. "He must have left plenty in his quarters on the articles he handled."

Lieutenant Becker produced an ink-stained paper. "These are the ones we found on his furniture."

"I'd like a copy of these," Rankin requested.

The detective reached for a suitcase. "I'll start going through Dennis' things," he said. "If you'll get up on to open these other bags, Dennis' and help me sort their contents, it won't take long."

Instead of summoning assistance, Professor Rankin had himself. There were three bags altogether, the one on which Rankin began his examination being of brown leather, oblong and held together by straps. The second was a roomy black satchel, somewhat old and ragged, while the third was a get-up bag, leather overnight case. None bore traveling tags, and only the last a manufacturer's imprint; though on the suitcase, the name of the retailer, a well-known department store in Chicago, was stamped.

Despite the optimism he expressed about the clue from Fred Dennis' suitcase, Tommy Rankin fully realized the slenderness of the thread on which he depended.

Nevertheless, having progressed as far as possible in his investigations at Fort Wayne, he looked hopefully toward his next step. Indeed, he had no other avenue of approach. In uncovering Dennis as a likely suspect, as the murderer of Barbara Keith, he had been favored.

The detective caught the Manhattan Limited, New York bound, that necessitated a change at Harrisburg, for the most direct route to Washington. In the nation's capital he knew were lodged the records of all enlisted men, as far back as the American Revolution. Eager and alert, he nevertheless retired, and for the second night in succession, slept aboard a train. So sure as he could predict, the pursuit of Fred Dennis had just begun through six years and in many places, because of the precarious life he led, he must trail the wanderer of the culprit. There was no judging how long the chase would take him or how far afield.

In the morning the detective disembarked at the Union Station in Washington.

Offhand, he could not be certain exactly which bureau housed the information he sought. Rankin decided first to cover the possibility of Dennis having been a marine, and instructed a taxi to drive him to the Navy Building.

Within his official card speedily gained him the intelligence at the information desk, that the records of enlisted men were in the charge of the adjutant-inspector's office.

Once he proved his bona-fides, Rankin anticipated no difficulty in gaining access to the records he required.

Mr. Roche, a blond, dapper young man in a wing collar, was, however, impressed with his own importance. Behind his cold politeness the detective sensed suspicion and antagonism. Rankin did not mention the murder, giving Mr. Roche to understand that he hunted Dennis as the ringleader of a robber organization. It was not until the latter realized the magnitude of his quarry's activities and, more important, had been out of the country for more than six years, that he became affable.

"I think we should have a picture of you in our files," Rankin said. "What was the name of your service?"

"Fred Dennis," Rankin replied. "That doesn't mean anything, unless he enlisted under a different name. I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

"Oh, yes, that's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

"And what about Rankin spoke about you pictures of yours?"

"We don't take pictures of the enlisted men where they're serving, or when they're in a military school, and their pictures are in our files," Rankin said. "I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

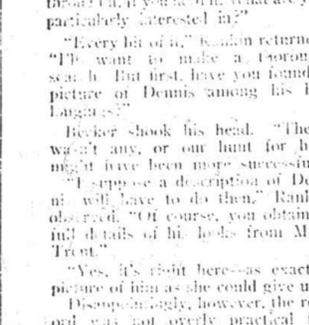
"That's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

THE DIVORCE COURT MURDER

BY MILTON PROPPER

The lieutenant inspected it carefully. "But there's nothing on it to indicate that it's part of service equipment," he objected. "I always supposed the stuff was marked—either stamped with the name of the corps, or the initials of the army or navy punched on."

"You'll generally find the name of the depot that issued it," Rankin agreed. "But it's usually placed on a small loose leather strip, inside."



He turned it over. "Well, what about it, Rankin?"

that connects the buckle with the loop for the end of the belt, to keep it from flapping. And that's easily removed. If Dennis didn't want the fact known that he had been in the service, he could slip off that strap. I enlisted during the war, and from my training camp days I recall that much about my uniform."

The lawyer also examined it. "It's very likely this is a service belt," he then agreed, "only you mustn't jump to conclusions. It is possible this didn't come from a post, but from an army and navy store; I understand they can be purchased there quite easily."

For an instant this idea took Rankin aback; then his confidence in his theory reasserted itself.

"That's a chance I'll have to take," he replied. "But one thing is certain," he added with enthusiasm and excitement. "If Dennis was ever in either military branch, we'll be making genuine progress. They maintain a complete record of their men, and we should get valuable information about him."

Despite the optimism he expressed about the clue from Fred Dennis' suitcase, Tommy Rankin fully realized the slenderness of the thread on which he depended.

Nevertheless, having progressed as far as possible in his investigations at Fort Wayne, he looked hopefully toward his next step. Indeed, he had no other avenue of approach. In uncovering Dennis as a likely suspect, as the murderer of Barbara Keith, he had been favored.

The detective caught the Manhattan Limited, New York bound, that necessitated a change at Harrisburg, for the most direct route to Washington. In the nation's capital he knew were lodged the records of all enlisted men, as far back as the American Revolution. Eager and alert, he nevertheless retired, and for the second night in succession, slept aboard a train. So sure as he could predict, the pursuit of Fred Dennis had just begun through six years and in many places, because of the precarious life he led, he must trail the wanderer of the culprit. There was no judging how long the chase would take him or how far afield.

He nodded more. "I think we should have a picture of you in our files," Rankin said. "What was the name of your service?"

"Fred Dennis," Rankin replied. "That doesn't mean anything, unless he enlisted under a different name. I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

"Oh, yes, that's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

"And what about Rankin spoke about you pictures of yours?"

"We don't take pictures of the enlisted men where they're serving, or when they're in a military school, and their pictures are in our files," Rankin said. "I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

"That's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

"And what about Rankin spoke about you pictures of yours?"

"We don't take pictures of the enlisted men where they're serving, or when they're in a military school, and their pictures are in our files," Rankin said. "I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

"That's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

"And what about Rankin spoke about you pictures of yours?"

"We don't take pictures of the enlisted men where they're serving, or when they're in a military school, and their pictures are in our files," Rankin said. "I've also been in the army and navy. You take the name you want to compare."

"That's the description," Mr. Roche said. "Give the name to have it checked now."

FREE

A Handsome Chest Of Drawers
A Lovely Week-End Bag
A Fine Philco Radio
 will be given away absolutely FREE to our customers on

SATURDAY, OCT. 26

Come in -- Look over our immense stock of furniture, stoves, ranges, rugs, and cabinets. We'll tell you about how we are to make the gifts.

Jackson Furniture Co.

Continued No. 1 week