

Fremont Youth Is Cruelly Murdered

Fremont, Nov. 8.—This quiet and peaceful little town was sad today. For at a country cemetery a few miles away, the rain beat mercilessly over the wilting flowers placed yesterday over the grave of Gordon Yelverton, 16 year old son of J. B. Yelverton. Highwaymen in the morning mists of Friday, shot young Yelverton through the head that they might steal a truck load of tobacco which the boy was driving to market.

All evidence in the case points to one of the most foul murders committed in North Carolina in recent years. Six years ago, Gordon's mother died and for the past two years he had been living with an uncle in Walliamston.

"The boy loved an automobile," said J. B. Yelverton, the father, and his lip quivered and there was that numbed look of pain which comes to a brave man under a great sorrow.

"And his uncle let him drive his tobacco trucks to tobacco speculators who hauled tobacco from Walliamston to Wilson. On Friday, however, was the first time that he had allowed the boy to go away by himself."

The boy left Walliamston for Farmville about 5 o'clock in the morning. It is supposed that the men who murdered him begged a lift, and having ingratiated themselves into the confidence of the youth persuaded him to stop on some pretext and to accompany them some distance into the woods.

His body was found about twenty-five feet from the highway some six miles from Farmville. It was at first thought that the boy had been stung by a blow and then finished by a shot from a pistol. The bullet entered the back of the head and came out at the forehead.

Undertakers who dressed the body yesterday discredited the report that the skull had been fractured from a blow from some instrument.

"The discoloration and swelling over one eye," said one who viewed the body, "was evidently caused by the body having lain with the face across a large stick. This was the position in which Gordon lay when found."

Funeral services were held over the remains from the home of the grandmother of the boy, Mrs. Ellen Yelverton, two miles east of Fremont, Sunday afternoon. Rev. N. B. Strickland, pastor of the Fremont church of which Gordon was a member, was in charge of the burial and a great concourse of people attended.

"I don't see how any body could kill Gordon," said one of the number taking up the story, because he never made anybody mad and was always a good boy and easy to get along with. I don't remember that he ever got into a single fight at school."

Fourteen hundred dollars worth of tobacco was the booty which caused three men one white and two colored, to slay Gordon. The circumstances indicate that these men killed the boy, took the truck he was driving, carried it to Farmville, unloaded it on the floor of Mack's warehouse, and sold the tobacco. But they never called for the \$1,400 in three checks which had been written for it.

J. E. Cash, employe of Mack's warehouse, helped three men unload a truck load of tobacco Friday, one of them a white man, according to Cash, was 35 or 40 years old, poorly-dressed, very unkempt looking and wore an old toboggan cap such as is worn by young children. Of the two negroes, Cash said, one was tall and slender and one chunky, both of them black. He paid no special attention to the trio and thought little about them at the time.

A little later Chief of Police Taylor chanced to be talking in the warehouse. While he was there and near several piles of tobacco some one noticed and remarked upon the fact that these particular piles looked different from the tobacco raised around Farmville and began to make a closer inspection.

It is thought that the presence of the officer and the scrutiny of the tobacco from the murdered boy's car was getting caused the murderers to become frightened and to make their escape without waiting to get the price of their crime. The truck was left in the warehouse. One of the three checks was made out in the name Reddick. The other two names were not available but it is believed that they would afford no clue as it is felt certain that assumed names were given.

The body of the youth was found at 6:30 o'clock Saturday evening in the woods near Highway 91, about six miles south of here. It was discovered by Jack Thigpen. The back of the head had been beaten in and there was a bullet hole in the middle of the forehead.

Sheriff E. A. Rasberry, of Greene county and his deputies are searching for the three men who are believed to have committed the crime.—Goldsboro News.

A SCORE CARD OF 14 HEALTH RULES Since in teaching health or anything else, it is important to be as simple, specific, and definite as possible, we are awarding second prize of \$10 to the Georgia subscriber who sends us the following experience embodying a simple "score card" of health rules we should all do well to cut out and try to follow. Says this reader:

- 1. Ventilate every room you occupy.
2. Wear hygienic clothing.
3. Live out of doors as much as possible.
4. Breathe deeply.
5. Keep your weight up to the standard.
6. Avoid overeating of protein

Smithfield Cotton and Produce

Table listing prices for Smithfield Cotton, Grain, Poultry, Bacon, Green Vegetables and Fruits, Eggs and Butter, and Livestock.

what the effects will be.—Clarence Poe, in The Progressive Farmer.

KNOWLEDGE IS SUCCESS

When Douglas Fairbanks went to Richard Mansfield, told him he wanted to be an actor, and asked him for advice, Mansfield counseled him to go home and "develop himself" to learn all sorts of "if you want to be successful," he added, "and are thrown into the world of big things, with men who have succeeded in their fields of endeavor, you will be able to Speak Their Language."

Knowledge is the language of the Hundredth Man. Ignorance embarrasses you, shames you, makes you tongue-tied and awkward. There is no Royal Road to knowledge. You cannot learn its language in a week, nor a month, nor by four years in school, nor by any other spirit of effort. There is just one Big Idea you must get, if you would take your place among the worth while people. It is, "Learn One Thing Every Day."

That is the old, smooth, straight turprike that leads directly to your goal.—Wilson Times.

Urges Farmers To Use Their Heads

Continued from page one season, instead of a reduction, there has been an increase. Now is the time for us farmers to wake

up to our own best interest, become organized with a penalty for any farmer violating an agreement as to reduction of acreage, raise about one-half crop next year, work your children less, send them to school more and have a bank account large enough to pay cash the next year.

"Quit this way of being a slave for the Banker and the Credit Grocery Store. Put in more hours and burn less gasoline, until you get on a cash basis, then the cotton crop will not be forced on the market in thirty days to satisfy banks and credit merchants holding mortgages. If a man farms 10, 20 or 30 years, or in other words if it is still necessary for him to borrow enough money the first of January to make a crop, it is high time for him to change his methods or just quit the business."

"A solid phalanx of cooperation of the solid South is the only thing that will save us from bankruptcy and ruin. Who is your friend in time of temporal need? THE CASH. The banks are always for the banks. The more fortunate farmers deposit their money in the banks to be loaned to the less fortunate at from 8 to 10 per cent, after exacting collateral to the extent of 3 to 5 for one; then when the note is due it must be paid, regardless of the price of cotton. Don't be peonized by these financial institutions. Get a year ahead and demand a living price for your farm products. Don't use your hands less, but your heads more."

"I am not a Bolshevik, Socialist or a Pessimist. Brought up in a school of the old-time Democracy, I believe in a government by and for the entire people, with a square deal for very man. Let's have the mills begging for cotton in 1927, at 25 cents per pound. No trouble to do it by cooperation."

ASTHMA There is no "cure," but the wheezy breathing that prevents sleep may sometimes be relieved by inhaling the soothing medicated vapors of VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

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DOROTHY DARNIE YOU SEE THAT LADY? SURE I SEE HER! DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS? YES THAT'S MISS CALES SWIPES WHY? MY MAMA SAYS EVERY CENT HER HUSBAND EARNS, HE PUTS ON HER BACK! WELL MY PAPA SAID IF YOU'D A SEEN HER AT THE THEATER LAST NIGHT- YOU'D THINK HE WAS LOSIN' MONEY! HELLO WIFE! IT'S ABOUT TIME! C. M. M.

H. B. Easom Weds Clinton Bride

(Continued from page one) at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. Robert Bateman, of Asheville. The marriage was performed by Rev. T. H. King, pastor of the bride, using the ring ceremony. "To a Wild Rose," was softly played during the ceremony.

Immediately after the ceremony an elaborate reception was given at the home of the bride. Receiving at the door were Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bethune, who showed the guests to the reception room where they were introduced to the receiving line, consisting of the bridal party, Mrs. Lucy Stevens, mother of the bride; Mr. J. H. Easom, of Smithfield, father of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Herring, of Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Stevens, of Wilmington; Mr. John A. and Miss Louise Oates, of Fayetteville. Receiving in the music room where punch was served; Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt Powell receiving in the gift room were Miss Mary Vick Fowler and Mr. Bill King, receiving in the dining room were Dr. and Mrs. Wilbert Jackson. A pink and white color scheme was carried out in the dining room, the table was especially lovely in a lace cover with

a large silver basket of pink roses tied with a tulle bow as a center piece with four silver candle sticks with pink candles tied with pink tulle on each corner. Ice cream in pink with fancy individual cakes in bridal shapes with mints was served. Serving were Misses Fannie Blount Smith and Elizabeth Bizzell. Mrs. O. J. Powell and Mrs. J. A. Stewart poured coffee, in the hall. Following the reception Mr. and Mrs. Easom left for New York and other points of interest for a few days. Mrs. Easom is the attractive daughter of Mrs. Lucy Stevens, and was educated at Fassifern and Coker Colleges. She is a popular member of the younger social set. Mr. Easom is educational director of the First Baptist Church of Asheville, N. C., and a musician of note. He was educated at Baile's Creek Academy, Wake Forest and New York School of Music. They will make their home in Asheville. NOTE—Mr. Easom lived in Smithfield in his boyhood days and until he began his course as musical director in a Wilmington church. He has many friends here, and in the county who extend best wishes.

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