

THE SOUTHERNER

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1920.

NOTICE TO READERS

The Southerner is always anxious to improve its reading value and make its columns more valuable, both to its readers and advertisers, and in view of a rapidly increasing circulation, it desires to extend its local news.

All subscribers, or readers, who have any personal items that would be of general interest are asked to send them in daily, especially from the adjoining towns of Pinetops, Maclefield, Farmville, Hookerton, Leggetta, Speeds and Whitakers.

INDUSTRY LAGS

Fresh news from the coal mines tells of the troubles of the operator and it seems more than likely that labor troubles will add to the probability of a coal shortage the coming winter.

The farmers have shown no disposition to curtail their produce, except for the one reason of insufficient help to care for what the soil will yield in abundance.

At the same time, in the cities as well as in the towns and country there has been a house shortage. In New York it is not uncommon for a single office room to rent as high as a thousand dollars a year.

Whatever the idealists and theorists could figure out from the above facts is uncertain. In any event conditions all show that the people who predict panics are sadly misguided.

the small fortunes that they accumulated during war times. Doubtless prices are slowly coming down due to the fact that business profiteers and labor profiteers are being forced to subscribe to saper business conditions demanded by a country at peace with the world.

The railroad problem which holds public attention, and is of constant moment at Washington, does not stand by itself. It is a part of every detail. Hence it cannot be solved by itself.

The coal strike of last fall had long extended defects. All production in which iron and steel enters was complicated by the steel strike. Building has been hampered by numerous local strikes of craftsmen and the longshoremen's strikes have rendered it difficult to get many materials.

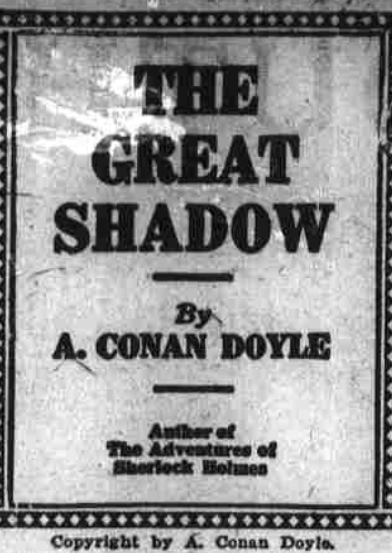
The exigencies of the war period has resulted—unavoidable, it is true—in deterioration of equipment and facilities which takes time to overcome.

Presbyterian Church Service Sunday, August 1, 1920 Sunday-school: 9:45 A. M. Morning Service: 11 A. M. Subject: "Not Disobedient."

Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M. Holy communion and sermon at 11 A. M. Sermon Subject, "The Presence of Christ."

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY Under and by virtue of a laborer's and material furnisher's lien for labor done one, and for material furnished in the repairs of One Ford Car, 1915 model, Motor No 43882, in the total sum of \$96.00 said property owned by Thomas J. Dupree, I, the undersigned, M. McLaurin, proprietor of the City Garage, in the City of Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, North Carolina, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the First National Bank Corner, in the City of Rocky Mount said County and State, on the 14th day of August, 1920, at 12 o'clock M. the hereinbefore described personal property, to satisfy the said lien, and the expenses and cost of keeping and selling such property.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS Maj. Gen. William A. Mann, who took the Rainbow Division to France, born in Pennsylvania, 66 years ago today.



THE GREAT SHADOW

By A. CONAN DOYLE Author of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scottish farmer, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation.

CHAPTER II.—When Jack is eighteen his father's brother dies and his daughter, Edie, seventeen years old, comes to live with her uncle. Attractive personality, intensely romantic, and seemingly feeling little sorrow for her father's death, the girl is something of a puzzle to the simple folk of the Calder home.

CHAPTER III.—Edie makes a plaything of Jack's affections, and though always somewhat in awe of her, a feeling of deep love for his cousin develops in the boy's heart. Edie reproaches him for staying at home in idleness while his country is at war.

CHAPTER IV.—Jim Horscroft returns from Edinburgh, where he is studying medicine. Jack tells his chum of his engagement to Edie, believing the girl is sincere. Some days later he witnesses an unmistakable display of affection between Edie and Jim and reproaches his friend.

CHAPTER V.—The Man From the Sea. Well, I was never one to sit groaning over a cracked pot; if it cannot be mended, then it is the part of a man to say no more of it.

downward slope. There was a little base, out to sea, that had been very misty in the early morning, though the sun had thinned it. As we looked seaward we suddenly saw the sail of a small boat break out through the fog and come bobbing along toward the land.

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?" I had crammed two bits of oatcake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open my bag?" "We hoped that we might find wine or brandy there when you failed."

"England? Scotland?" "Scotland. But it's England past yonder trees." "Bon! I know where I am now. I've been in a fog without a compass for nearly three days, and I didn't thought I was ever to see land again."

"Where did you come from, then?" asked Jim. "I was in a ship that was wrecked," said he shortly. "What is the town yonder?" "It is Berwick."

"Ah, well, I must get stronger before I can go further." He turned toward the boat, and as he did so he gave a lurch, and would have fallen had he not caught the prow. On this he seated himself, and looked round him with a face that was flushed and wild eyes that blazed like a wild beast's.

"Vollgeurs de la Garde!" he roared in a voice like a trumpet call, and then again, "Vollgeurs de la Garde!" He waved his hat above his head, and suddenly pitching forward upon his face on the sand, he lay all huddled into a little brown heap.

"My God! he's off," cried Jim. "Here, run to the burn, Jock, for a hatful of water. Quick, man, or he's gone! I'll loosen his things the while." Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glangary. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lips.

"There were two deep puckers in it, one just below the collar bone, and the other about halfway down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. In fact, as I was, I could tell what he had done. Two bullets had pierced his chest—one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside.

"What did I shoot?" I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his shoulders. "It's the words of a song," said he. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now? I didn't thought I was so weak. Where did you get this water?"

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he lay down upon his face, and he drank

"Put I neither know nor care," said I. "No stranger shall pass our door without a crust and a bed." With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path, with my new acquaintance at my elbow.

CHAPTER VI. A Wandering Eagle. My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to this new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye.

"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's yours, and you pay always on the third of the month." "Ah, and here is my first friend," cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog.

"I once saw three thousand men starve to death," remarked De Lapp putting out his hands to the fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and pain. The first few days their howls went over the whole city, but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had fallen."

"And they died?" I exclaimed. "They held out a very long time. Austrian grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men, as big as your friend of yestaday, but when the town fell there were but four hundred alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie, who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before, but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of his back like a louping trout, and stiff his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, and away she went in a great courtesy, until I thought she would have had to give it up, and sit down right there in the middle of the kitchen floor.

He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother he to Cousin Edie—and he was never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. Edie did not say much, but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

"What think ye of that, Martha?" said he. "You've sold the two black tups after all?" "No, but it's a month's pay for board and lodging from Jock's friend and as much to come every four weeks." But my mother shook her head when she heard it. "Two pounds a week is overmuch," said she. "And it is not when the poor gentleman is in distress that we should put such a price on his bit of food."

"Why, woman, he's turned your head w' his foreign trick of speech," cried my father. "Aye, and it would be a good thing if Scotchmen had a little more of that kindly way," she said, and that was the first time in all my life that I

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"I could not thank him for the present, which was of more value than anything I had ever owned in my life. 'I am off to the upper muir to count the lambs,' said I. 'Maybe you would care to come up with me and see something of the country?' He hesitated for a moment, and then he shook his head. 'I have some letters,' he said 'which I ought to write as soon as possible. I think that I will stay at quiet this morning and get them written.' All forenoon I was wandering over the links, and when I got back he looked as though he had been born and bred in the standing. He sat in the big wooden-armed single chair, with the black cat on his knee. His arms were out, and he held a skein of worsted from hand to hand, which my mother was busily rolling into a ball. Cousin Edie was sitting near, and I could see by her eyes that she had been crying.

"Hullo! Edie," said I; "what's the trouble?" "Ah! mademoiselle, like all good and true women, has a soft heart," said he; "I didn't thought it would have moved her, or I should have been silent. I have been talking of the suffering of some troops of which I knew something, when they were crossing the Guadarama mountains in the winter of 1808. Ah, yes, it was very bad, for they were fine men and fine horses. It is strange to see men blown by the wind over the precipices, but the ground was so slippy, and there was nothing to which they could hold. So companies—all linked arms, and they did better in that fashion; but one artilleryman's hand came off as I held it, for he had had the frost bite for three days."

I stood staring, with my mouth open. "And the old grenadiers, too, who were not so active as they used to be, they could not keep up; and yet if they lingered the peasants would catch them and crucify them to the barn doors with their feet up and a fire under their heads, which was a pity for these fine old soldiers. So when they could go no farther it was interesting to see what they would do. For they would sit down on an old saddle, or their knapsacks, maybe, and then take off their boot and stocking, and lean their chin on the barrel of their musket. Then they would put their toe on the trigger, and puff! it was all over, and there was no more marching for those fine old grenadiers. Oh! it was very rough work up there on the Guadarama mountains."

"And what army was this?" I asked. "Oh! I have served in so many armies that I mix them up sometimes. Yes, I have seen much of war. But there is a man out yonder. Maybe he is the one who your father said would carry my letters to the post."

"Yes, he is farmer Whitehead's man. Shall I give them to him?" "Well, he would be more careful of them if he had them from your hand. He took them from his pocket, and gave them over to me. I hurried out with them, and as I did so my eyes fell upon the address of the topmost one. It was written very large and clear.

"A. S. Majeste Le Roi du Suede Stockholm."

I did not know very much French, but I had enough to make that out. What sort of eagle was this which had flown into our humble nest? (Continued next Saturday.)

DR. E. G. HORNBECK desires to announce the opening of a branch office for the practice of OSTEOPATHY —IN— THE MASONIC BLDG —ON— Monday, Wednesday and Friday From 2-6 P. M.

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