

FOLKS CAN BE HURT WHEN NONE WAS INTENDED

Most Anybody May Become Offended At Things That Get In Print

One has only to run a newspaper to learn how sensitive people can be; to see how easily and without any good reason a person may be unduly aroused over some reference.

Mrs. Sarah Shulman is an elderly, quiet, industrious and polite old

lady of the Jewish race. She was born in a foreign country, and she and her husband by hard work have made many sacrifices and sent forth an able group of children who have made their mark in the world.

Mrs. Shulman and her husband run a small store. They are people of foreign birth, and so no harm in selling beer and wine. The law gives them license to sell beer and wine.

Knowing that Mrs. Shulman has a big trade among the WPA men, and being almost only just across the road from the colored "California" settlement, some of the loose colored women have come within hailing distance of Mrs. Shulman's house to attract some of her customers.

A recent influx and increase among the WPA forces brought more

business to her store. Among these men are some who are not very fastidious about their women. They had heard that somewhere in the neighborhood Mrs. Shulman lived, women might be found for a price.

Having chosen to run a public business that recruits its trade from among the wine bibbers and beer guzzlers, it is somewhat amazing that Mrs. Shulman or her children should become offended at the following inoffensive words that happened in this paper in connection with the trial of a WPA man for entering a house.

"Tucker had been wandering around town with a number of fellows from the WPA camp. They decided to get drunk. They kept sampling Mrs. Shulman's beer and wine, and what not. They were looking for strange women who were supposed to hang out around Mrs. Shulman's. Tucker went in the door of a nearby house."

Now when this reference is carefully analyzed it will be seen, there are no charges against the purity of Mrs. Shulman; no inference that anyone expected to find an immoral woman in her house; no suggestion that Mrs. Shulman has anything but the best of intentions, and no evidence that this paper wanted to take a dig at Mrs. Shulman.

The foregoing is not printed as an apology in any sense. There has been nothing said for which to apologize. There has been no desire to wound the feelings of any member of the Shulman family for which we have the best of wishes, and good will. It is simply to show, how easily a person may easily mistake even the printed word and how careful one must be in what is written to offend no one.

HEAD OF DRY FORCES IS HEARD AT MANTEO

A union service at the Manteo Baptist church Sunday night drew a large number of people to hear Cale K. Burgess, Raleigh attorney, who is at the head of the United Dry Forces in North Carolina, speak on "A Christian's Relationship to Strong Drink."

TWO REIDSVILLE LADIES WANTED TO SEE HATTERAS

Mrs. R. J. Olive, wife of the late R. J. Olive Editor and Publisher of the Reidsville Review, was a visitor in Manteo this week. She was accompanied by her daughter. The two of them have been on a tour of the coast land of North Carolina all week and expressed with regret that they could not continue their trip down the Banks of Dare County to Hatteras.

Almost every week the same thing is true of someone and often many. This alone should mean that something should be done to improve traveling conditions down the Banks.

The United States controls 31 per cent of the world's railroad mileage.

Panama, Land of Tropical Romance

CHICO SOLLAS, Camp Duck Boy Tells of Native Climate As Told to THOMAS POOLE

Among the many stories told to me from people from all parts of the world, none surpasses in romance, color or entrancement that related to me by Chico Sollas, familiarly known to many Manteo people for his exploits in the boxing ring for the Camp Eustis Boxing team, and certainly one of the finest and most inspiring young men it has been my good fortune to know.

"It is with deep regret that I could not have written this short, but interesting story about my beloved country and native home sooner," Sollas begins his story. "However, being persuaded by several boys in the camp, I am about to tell you the interesting and romantic things about the Republic of Panama and the Panama Canal."

"First of all, Panama like other tropical countries, is well located in a remote region surrounded by tropical palms and the lovely and stately coconut trees of which the natives and Indians are very fond. This lovely County of Dare reminds me somewhat of my home; being so peaceful and quiet. Therefore I sit down in solemn silence while concentrating on various phases that will be of interest to the many readers of this superb newspaper."

"Going on with my story, Panama City is 47 miles from the Canal Zone which was built by the United States and near to the Panama Railroad Company, also built by the American government in 1917, it being the only one of its kind in the country. Cristobal, near Panama City, is occupied mostly by Americans and employees of the Panama Canal. Bordering Cristobal we come to Colon, property of the Panamanians and most interesting of any city in the small republic. Colon has a population of about 20,000 people; most of whom are from every part of the world. However, the majority are well-to-do Indians from the Islands of San Blas, in addition to other citizens of Panama proper. In passing through the streets of Panama on a short visit, you will see the Carametas or coaches as most Americans call them; all loaded down with tourists that have disembarked from water and are viewing the sights. On each side of the street you will notice the various cantinas or beer gardens as they call them in America. Also the lovely decorated Spanish stores with their beautiful silks, perfumes and merchandise that has come from all parts of the world; the ever-fragrant Rostin lovely Spanish flower and fragrant the Tiendas de Frutas, or fruit stores.

"On every block of Colon you will observe a dozen Chinese stores consisting mostly of groceries and other commodities produced in China and imported for sale to the natives. Leaving the beautiful city now on our pleasant cruise, I take you to the docks at Cristobal, where you land before coming into the city. Cristobal has one of the most elaborate constructive piers in Latin or Central America; they being numbered in rotation, piers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 and are capable of holding three ships on each side of the dock or two large vessels. Before entering the harbor of Panama or Limon Bay as they call it, immigration officials come aboard your ship and inspect all luggage to see that no foreign merchandise, guns or other weapons or contraband is brought ashore.

"When you come ashore you will hear the sweet voice of a Muchacho always calling out 'Naranjas. Avacodos, Comprame uno,' which means oranges, pears; buy some. And occasionally a newspaper boy greets you as he runs down the street trying to sell you a copy of the Estrella de Panama, Panama's most popular newspaper and translated in English to the Star of Panama.

"Coming through Colon on 8th street and Calle Bolivar, you come to the most important business dis-

as little danger as possible to myself. But suddenly a white head, and a long nose, surmounted with wrinkled but sparkling eyes, flecked with brown, and a hand gripping a thigh were there before me in the web. Then I looked upon the beautiful, enormous gem with awe and sympathy instead of hate and fear. In an hour I had discovered another such gem. I really do not believe this kind of spider would sting anyway.

But I know that when people pass by our yard and see the very prominent in the barberry hedge they will think, 'what careless people! Those who are in on the secret, if there are others besides my far away landlady and fellow roomers, will, however, pause and note the delicate structure of the web and the wonderful color of the abdomen and the legs, and forget all about the poison sting, except that they will keep their hands to themselves.

DECLARES HERTFORD COUNTY LOST ITS BIG CHANCE

Joe Vann Censures Folks For Not Standing By Clyde Hoye

Declaring that Hertford county voters permitted themselves to be swayed by unreasonable prejudice in giving a majority in the recent primary to Dr. Ralph McDonald for governor, and that the county would have been in a better position if it should have broken its twenty-eight year record of voting against the winning candidate, for once joining up with "the machine," J. N. Vann, former representative and Atoka political leader, says Hertford county has again lost its opportunity to obtain its full share of benefits for roads and other state construction by not joining the "ring."

Following is Mr. Vann's comment on the results of the primary, as contained in a letter given the Herald for publication:

The primary is over. The expected thing has again happened. The so-called "ring" candidate has been declared the party nominee for Governor by an overwhelming majority vote. A most gratifying situation this is for the people of those counties which have become a part of this great political "ring" and whose choice is convincingly proven by a majority vote for the successful candidate for Governor. The citizenship of these counties who are entrenched within this "imaginary" ring, are at this moment in a favored position for public benefits at the hands of the "invisible machine." The rewards that are sure to come to them by way of public construction and development will perhaps be a bit meagering to us Hertford County folks whose proven distrust and fear of the so-called "machine" have kept us at a safe distance from this visionary circle. No county in the State could have occupied a better position than Hertford. Had we given the so-called "machine" candidate a majority vote, and with Thad Jure as a member of the Council of State and the usual loyalty of the Honorable Stanley Winborne to back us, we could get what we need.

We prefer to follow our tradition of twenty-odd years by our unceasing efforts and prejudicial influence to the end that a substantial majority vote is given the losing candidate for Governor. "What have we accomplished for Hertford County by ranting and hell-raising against the so-called "machine"? We do not have votes enough in the county to change the final result if a single candidate got every one. This is a machine age, and whether we like it or not, Hertford County is unable to throw a monkey wrench in it, or otherwise harm it. In reality the injury comes to us. Hertford County reminds us of a poor tenant farmer who boasts of his independence and prides himself on his personal liberty—drunk on his own freedom. At each week end he looks to some one for necessary supplies. It is obvious that for the past several years Hertford County has failed to receive its fair share of public

money. We are again inviting the same condition. There is always some little thing about the biggest of us and some little meanness about the best of us. Governors are no exception to the rule. We cannot hope to obtain Hertford County's full share when we have so vigorously and unfairly opposed the party nominee.

As a business matter, it would be far better for us just for once in a period of twenty-eight years to join the "ring" and enjoy some of the blessings and benefits of this big and powerful "machine" which Dr. McDonald told us was broken down, the gears worn, brakes bad, out of gas, and headed for the ditch. We took the Doctor too much to heart. To the contrary, the old machine is still running in high. It's a good one and it will be running when we are forgotten. We are unable to fix it and we haven't the votes to wreck it.

Underneath the long tall coat in the right hip pocket of the Honorable Clyde R. Hoye is a commission from 270,000 voters to him to take charge of the old machine, repair the brakes, add a starter and make other necessary adjustments, which he has the courage, experience and capacity to do.

Just four more years to wait for an opportunity to join the "ring." God give us patience and forgive our mistakes.

JOE VANN

DAUGHTERS OF WESLEY PICNIC ON BEACH

The Daughters of Wesley (Miss Holland Westcott's Sunday School Class) enjoyed a picnic on the Nags Head beach Wednesday afternoon, going early in the afternoon, and having time for a swim in the ocean before spreading a bountiful lunch at the Will Rogers' picnic stand.

MISS CARTER'S CONDITION REMAINS UNCHANGED

Miss Alice Carter, Dare County's beloved Home Demonstration Agent, entered Sarah Leigh hospital in Norfolk last week for treatment, and was found to be in a serious condition. Her condition remains about the same.

"A girl no longer marries a man for better or worse"

"Indeed!"

"No; she marries him for more or less."

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The Story of A Spider By GASTON MEEKINS

She was thin, her hair was grey, and her eyes were more than seventy. Rheumatism caused her to limp especially after climbing the flight of steps leading from downstairs to the rooms we students occupied. But her eyes were bright as her thoughts, and these kept us on our toes. Her most memorable peculiarity was her philosophy of pleasure. Not that she was a hedonist as the word "pleasure" would incline you to think, but she cared more to like than to dislike. It was a purely good philosophy of pleasure. Healthy, but that part which applied to spiders was a bit dangerous too. I thought so then, and I think so now, but the fun of loving spiders is worth all the danger one brings oneself to imagine, and what little real danger there is.

My landlady had her porch covered with Dutchman's Pipes. The vines were profuse and their shade was extremely welcome in the warmth of the summer. Up in one corner of a trellis, near the gutter, among the fresh tendrils of the plants, I saw one day, as I walked up the steps with my books under my arm—here intentionally to impress my chance professor I should meet—the spider which made me love my landlady. His platinium web was an excellent background for his gaily colored abdomen and legs. His head was down, busy with some unwary insect he had caught. A thick white zigzag stretched away into a corner of the web. And there were other interesting details, as I know now, that I did not take time to notice then. I had been taught to kill spiders immediately upon sighting them, and I hastened in to put down my books. But my dear landlady! She must point out to me the beautiful big spider that had come to gaze out Dutchman's Pipes up near the gutter along the edge of the roof! She grasped her leg firmly with one hand, as if to steady it, and shuffled quickly outside. "But I will kill it right away!" I almost said, before I saw she really loved the creature. She was so afraid one of the boys would brush the web away before she might tell each one that she wanted it there.

Today, years have gone since that summer with my landlady. As many years as a first, I suppose. So when I saw the first horror in the barberry my instinct was to find a long stick and kill the thing, with

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