

Graveyard Tales Are Going Rounds

Strange Story is told of stranger Findings in Grave at Hollywood Cemetery

Why should anyone sneak into a cemetery on a dark and stormy night, open up one of the graves and deposit there dead snakes in paper bags and other equally inexplicable objects?

This question remains unanswered by any of the score or so of interested persons who have made trips during the last week to the caretakers tool house at Hollywood Cemetery to examine the strange things found there the morning after the storm.

On Monday of last week there was a heavy rain in the vicinity of Elizabeth City. On Tuesday the rain continued but as the temperature dropped it became snow, melting almost as soon as it touched the ground. In the afternoon the weather became warmer and heavy rain and wind continued until about two o'clock Wednesday morning.

The story goes that some time between 2 o'clock and dawn Wednesday a man and a woman crept into Hollywood Cemetery bent on ghoulish work. As the wind whipped against them they made their way across the city of the dead pausing finally at the grave of Mrs. Love L. Forbes. Accompanied by the dripping water from the leaves and the sighing of the wind in the cypress trees close by, the man hastily, furtively dug his spade again and again into the sod of the grave until he had all but uncovered the casket.

What really transpired on that wet cold morning no one save the two who were there can say. The footprints of the man in the newly disturbed ground showed where efforts were made to press the dirt back into place. The tracks of the man and the woman back across the cemetery plot showed the direction they took in quitting the place.

When the caretaker arrived Wednesday morning, he noticed that the mound had been disturbed. He went to replace the torn soil, thinking it the work of dogs, when he noticed a cotton string partially imbedded in the mound and running back toward the foot of the grave. This held his attention and he went for a negro man to help him dig.

They first uncovered a newspaper unfolded and spread out in the grave. It was a copy of the Norfolk Ledger Dispatch dated March 7, rumped and torn.

The next find was a shingle, and on lifting it out there proved to be seven like it, one upon the other.

A shingle is a strange thing to find in a grave, but seven shingles bearing crude drawings in red crayon of human beings, each figure having a name written on all four sides, is more strange. On further examination one may see that the figures have been "killed" with needles, pins, bits of glass and metal. Some of the needles are imbedded in the wood sideways in such a manner, spectators declare, that they could only have been shot into it by means of a shot gun shell, opened and reloaded. It is impossible, it is said, that they could have been beaten into the wood for there are no marks of a hammer or other implement.

Some of the tiny missiles passed entirely through the wood leaving small holes and one or two of the shingles were torn badly at one end by the force of the charge.

The names written around the figures in pencil and red crayon are apparently: James Forbes or Pomer, Susie A. Harrison, and Clem Thatch. The writing appears to be the work of two persons, one fairly well educated and the other poorly so. There are two shingles for each person named and the name on the odd shingle is illegible. The two shingles named for Susie Harrison are widely different. One is inscribed in legible pencil script with the full name, while the other bears the carelessly written name "Susa Harries."

Between the last two shingles were found two figures cut from red flannel with features drawn in with a pencil. Even the fingers of the hands were made on these figures.

Beneath these unusual objects was a paper bag containing two dead snakes about eight inches long.

The work might have been that of children, except that the track of the man was large enough to indicate that he wears about a number 9 shoe and that of the woman about a number 4 or number 5.

The headstone of the grave bears only this inscription:

Love L. Forbes
Born December 5, 1852
Died Oct. 29, 1921
"Asleep in Jesus."

Mrs. Forbes was a woman of 69 years at the time of her death and it is not believed that the strange find in the soil of her grave had any connection with her. It was selected in all probability because it is close to the driveway by which the ghoulish pair entered, but sufficiently far back to afford some protection.

"But what does it all mean," people are asking. "Are the persons named on the shingles being hooded or have they been killed and buried in effigy?"

MULCAHY RESIGNS AS MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Dublin, March 20.—Richard Mulcahy resigned yesterday as minister of defense after differences of policy with other cabinet members arose.

War on Bad Teeth Makes Nation First in Dental Hygiene



TOOTH BRUSH CLINIC

American children lead the world in care of the teeth. Half of the twenty-one million public school pupils have now learned the importance of clean, sound teeth. The other half soon will be "converted" through efforts of parent-teacher associations and other welfare and health groups, according to an address by Dr. George N. West, Chicago, national figure in health hygiene work.

"Grown-ups are likewise making greater progress than ever before," Dr. West said. "Our nation easily leads the world in dental hygiene. Even so, vast numbers still ignore those simple fundamental rules es-

sential to sound teeth. They fail to recognize that continued good health is not possible if teeth are neglected or ignored. Careless, incorrect brushing of the teeth is dangerous. They should be brushed outside, inside and in between. While jaw friction helps to clean the outside of the teeth, the inside of the teeth and the grinding surfaces quickly accumulate dirt. The tendency now is to use a smaller brush purposely made to fit easily inside the teeth. Gums should be protected by using an up stroke on the lower teeth and a down stroke on upper teeth. The brush should be of the best materials and made under sanitary conditions. After

being used it should be rinsed and hung up to dry. Fresh air, water and salt are the best sterilizing agents. Placing it in a container is unsanitary, for it prevents free access to air. These are small points but vital ones."

A huge industry has grown out of Dr. West's dental hygiene doctrines. Armies of workers are employed in factories of the most modern sanitary type producing brushes embodying the principles he advocates, and sold under his name.

"The tooth brush is a weapon against disease, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated," Dr. West concluded.

Reporter Happy Hooligan Is Jap Muma Of Broadway

Or at Least So Jap Regards Himself and He Has a Host of Friends Who'll Say That He'll Do Anything for You Regardless of Trouble to Himself

By ROBERT T. SMALL
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Washington, March 20.—"Jap" Muma, who leaped over night from the "obscurity" of the blaring lights of Broadway to the headlines of every newspaper in the country, often thinks of himself as the "Happy Hooligan" of Eastern journalism. He says he is always trying to help someone else, usually with disastrous results to himself. "Jap" also says he belongs to a dying race—the old time reporter.

"I know what's going on all the time, but I can't write it," complains the man who has become a central figure in the Senate inquiry into the Department of Justice. Muma has already become known on Capitol Hill as the moving spirit in what is called the prize-fight film episode. He is one of the most widely known newspaper men in New York where he has lived and grown up with the town for the past 40 years. Muma is well along in his fifties and has spent most of his adult life as the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. He was working for John R. McLean when Ned McLean, the present owner of the paper, was in his swaddling clothes.

Muma is a sort of institution on the Enquirer, working when he feels like it, which most of the time he doesn't. He is always on tap, however, when anyone wants anything done. He is known from one end of Ohio to the other and has as many and as wide a diversity of friends as any man in the United States. "Jap" loves the importance of doing things for other people. Nothing is too small or too big for him. He will reserve a seat at the theater for a friend with as much ceremony as he charts a yacht for a trip around the world.

"Jap" Muma's name was very confusing to the members of the Senate committee when they first heard it, but it is no more picturesque than the owner of it. "Jap" is not Muma's real name, but he uses it on all of his business and social cards. Out in Ohio they say his regular given name is Jasper. "Jap" blushes when he hears it and insists that Jap is good enough for him. When he wants to be very dignified he calls himself J. C. Muma. His last name is a contraction of Mumaugh, the shorter spelling having been adopted by all the members of his family. Muma is a Canadian by birth. He is rather tall, heavy set and has what might be called a blonde complexion, his hair being a light silver. Muma wears many glasses—not all at the same time—but during the course of an evening he will change pairs at least three or four times. The most characteristic thing about him is an infectious laugh.

Although Ned McLean has aligned himself recently with the Republican party, Jap Muma, his trusted employe, has always remained stalwart in his attachment to the Democratic party. He learned his Democracy from John R. McLean and believes in it. That he should be credited with so much "influence" in a Republican administration here in Washington is at least a tribute to his versatility.

Muma long has been the intimate friend and confidante of men of prominence in the political and business worlds. His offices in New York and his apartment, in the very midst of the "roaring forties," are filled with the autographed photo-

graphs of these men of affairs. With most of these men Jap Muma is the first person they call up when they reach the metropolis. Like the jolly Jack Tar, Jap is always ready for a fight or a frolic. He knows his New York from the darkest corners of the Bowery to the uppermost reaches of Riverside Drive. His activities at times also extend to the Bronx, but like all "typical" New Yorkers Muma feels that when you leave old Broadway you are only camping out.

Those who know Jap Muma best say that he is bursting with pride that he should suddenly have come in for such nation-wide discussion, but at the same time he would like to know what it is all about and how it is going to turn out. Jap always has been anxious to know what the finish is going to be before he starts anything. That goes for horse racing, too. One of his friends named a horse for him and the equine Jap Muma has won some rather tidy purses down in Cuba this winter. Jap generally has a small bet down on his namesake, but seldom has thought better of the horse than \$5 or \$10.

Muma is a poor man and admits it. He says his salary is not all that it ought to be, but he is happy in his work and wouldn't change it for the world.

From all that has been testified to in Washington, Muma is known by now as a man who talks heaps, reams—veritable tidal waves of conversation. But like all loquacious persons he has the utmost contempt for other people who talk a "great deal."

"Tell that fellow anything and he'll let the whole fall out" he often has said in expressing his lack of confidence in a rabby guy.

Jap is a hard person to beat. Recently one of his closest friends, spending the winter in New York, bet Jap a suit of clothes and an overcoat that he couldn't stay on the waterwagon from Thanksgiving until next derby day at Louisville, May 17. Jap bet that he could. He mounted the wagon and became drier than any member of the whole Volstead family. He also became silent and morose. Each evening he would visit his friend, take an evening paper with him and sit in the corner and read. It got on the friend's nerves. He asked Jap to stay away, but Jap wouldn't. He kept coming around drier and more morose than ever. Finally the friend could stand it no longer.

"I'll give you two suits of clothes and two overcoats if you'll fall off the d—d wagon," he said.

"You're on," said Jap and from that time forward a pleasant evening was had.

Registered at Southern

Registered at the Southern Hotel Wednesday were: John A. Thomas, Raleigh; H. J. Prater, Augusta; R. H. Bartlett, New York; J. W. Kane, Raleigh; L. H. Harrison, Raleigh; J. A. Getsinger, Plymouth; J. P. Harris, Charlotte; F. A. Webb, Charlotte; Lee S. Grey, Norfolk; W. H. Ward, Norfolk; C. D. Fackler, Lancaster; A. E. Stoneley, Greensboro; R. D. Fleming, Rocky Mount; A. J. Clemson, Charlotte; E. J. Riddick, Suffolk; and E. R. Harden, Norfolk.

SELF DEFENSE PLEA

(Continued From Page One)
swers were scarcely intelligible and not at all intelligent and in the opinion of his physician he was never in possession of his faculties after the blow was struck.

The most direct testimony the State could offer in rebuttal of the testimony of Jones was that of two negroes, Ned Moore and John Henry Proctor. Moore's demeanor on the stand left something to be desired while Proctor was a more or less unwilling witness. None but leading questions elicited anything from him, which was perhaps the reason why the State permitted the defense to put him on the stand instead of putting him on himself to corroborate Moore. Moore told a plausible story but his demeanor on the stand may have added to the not unnatural reluctance that a jury has to convicting a white man on the testimony of a negro. Now here is Ned Moore's version of the difficulty that led to the killing of Ferebee:

"I was working for Alfred and I had told him when we got through our job I wanted my money. John Henry Proctor was helping me haul peas and when we got to the barn with a truckload along about 6 o'clock I asked Alfred if he was going to get the money from Mr. Jones to pay me. He went to the house. After he had been gone for some time I heard Mrs. Jones and the children crying and screaming and we ran out to see what was happening. I heard Mrs. Jones tell Alfred to go on home and he said 'Yes, 'em, I'm going.'"

"Then I heard Mr. Jones say 'It don't you ever come back.'"

"Ferebee said he wouldn't, and was leaving the yard when we turned back to unloading the peas, thinking the trouble was all over."

"Then, in a minute or two, or just the time it would take to unload a couple of sacks, I heard Mrs. Jones scream, 'Don't hit him no more,' and I heard Mr. Jones answer, 'I'll kill him.' By this time I and Proctor had run up and Mr. Jones was standing over Ferebee resting on the club which he was holding in his hands. I tried to twist it away from him, but he told me to stand back or he'd kill me and I stood back."

"The place where Ferebee fell was beside the bridge leading from the Jones' lot to the State highway, but outside the fence enclosing the yard. It was night and the moon was shining. Ferebee lay, when I saw him, with his face up, his feet toward the road and his hand toward the Jones' fence. I went to get a horse and cart to take him home, but when I got back to the place where he had been lying he was gone. I learned later that he had gone home."

Evidence of other witnesses tended to show that Ferebee fell toward the Jones house face downward, but turned over as Pritchard

They Are Here
Boys 2-Pants Dress Suits, last breath of style and service; fit well. \$10.00, \$12.50, \$13.50, \$15, \$16.50. Belt and buckle with suit.
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Weatherly's
Bestest Peanut Brittle
One Lb. Package 37c

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and Moore came up.

The defendant testified that Ferebee was a good negro under ordinary circumstances, but that when he got mad he became a "wild man" and desperately dangerous. The defense was able, however, to put on only one other witness who testified that Alfred Ferebee had a reputation when he was in anger of being a violent and dangerous man. That witness was J. S. Lambert, not a native of this County, who is employed in dredging work incident to the building of the State road across the Dismal Swamp Canal and who boarded in the Jones home for a period of several months. As far as any other witness would go, including D. E. Williams, who had known Ferebee from boyhood, was to say that Ferebee was insolent or impudent when he got mad. Mr. Williams and his sister, Mrs. Jones, both testified that they had known their father to have to run the negro off of the place again and again.

Then there was testimony that when he had a controversy at the store of J. A. Whitehead with the storekeeper's son as to whether he had given the boy a \$2.00 or a \$5.00 bill, Alfred attacked Mr. Whitehead and threw him to the floor.

"I don't know what he would have done to me if somebody hadn't pulled him off," testified Mr. Whitehead.

However, that was 18 years ago and was the only instance of violence on Ferebee's part that the defense was able to show.

There was interesting and striking divergence in the evidence of the State and that of the defense as to the matter of Alfred Ferebee's physique. The defense testified throughout the trial that Ferebee was a man near to six feet tall and weighing about 160 pounds. "He was very near my height though not quite so heavy," testified D. E. Williams.

Witnesses for the State, on the other hand, testified that Ferebee was of slight build, about five feet six inches in height and weighed less than 135 pounds. The State sprung a surprise on this issue toward the end of the trial by putting on S. J. Walston, negro undertaker, who swore that after putting the brain back in its place and sewing up the head he weighed the body clothed, except for shoes, and found it to weigh only 110 pounds. In this he was substantiated by W. W. Williams, white, Newland township farmer, whose scales were used, and another white man who was witness.

This developed the interesting question of how much weight Ferebee lost by reason of his illness at the hospital, by loss of blood and as a result of the autopsy. Dr. I. Fearling, coroner, thought that he would lose practically no weight at all. Dr. C. B. Williams thought that he might lose one or two pounds. Both physicians answered in the negative a question for Mr. Aydtlett as to whether a man lost weight in the passing of life out of his body.

The courthouse was packed all day Wednesday during the trial, and fully half of those in attendance were blacks, who followed the trial with the keenest show of interest. Further indication of the interest in the case among Newland negroes is seen in the fact that they have assisted Ferebee's widow, who is sick and unable to attend court, in financing the prosecution, making it possible for her to employ such able counsel as Ehringhaus & Hall to assist Solicitor Small.

An insight into the difficulty that led to the murder of Alfred Ferebee may probably be gained from the fact that Ferebee had been a servant to the Williams family for so long that he had come to regard himself almost as a part of the place. It was from Mrs. Jones, or "Miss Bettie" as he called her, that he got his money on the night of the difficulty. Jones testified that he told his wife to give Ferebee the money, but Mrs. Jones' testimony was that she was giving Ferebee or had just given Ferebee the money when her husband came out from supper. Then Jones began to upbraid the negro about slackness in his work, and the negro must have resented his interference. His words, "I was here before you come," perhaps furnish the key to the whole tragedy.

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SLEEPLESSNESS
Virginia Lady Says That Many of Her Long-Suffered Ills Have Fled Since She Took Cardui.

Bristol, Va.—"I can sleep good at night now, something I have never done before in my life," says Mrs. Deala Hawks, of 712 Prospect St., this city, "and it is due to Cardui."

"I was always nervous and tossed when I should have been asleep, but since I took Cardui it has strengthened me, and my general health is so improved that many of the ills from which I have suffered for years have fled."

"I used to go to bed tired and, when I would get up in the morning, I was still tired. Now I feel like doing a day's work in my garden or in the house, and I owe all this good health to Cardui, for I had suffered for years until I took it."

"I had had female trouble for years and once, for six months, I was flat on my back. I am glad to recommend to other women a medicine which has helped me."

If you are nervous and run-down in health, suffering as Mrs. Hawks describes above, it is probable that Cardui will greatly help you. Try it.
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Your CITY and GRADED SCHOOL TAXES have been past due since January 1st, 1924. I will ask that you come forward and make settlement at once as we are in need of money to run the City and Schools, and not compel me to have to enforce the law as I will be compelled to do by advertising on April 1st, all unpaid taxes.

G. H. WOOD,
City Tax Collector.

mar.20,21,22,25,26,27

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite
Recipe of Sage Tea
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Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyrth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

OUCH! LUMBAGO! RUB BACKACHE AWAY

Kidneys cause backache! Not your backache is caused by lumbago, rheumatism or a strain and the quickest relief is

soothing, penetrating St. Jacobs Oil. Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a 35 cent bottle of St. Jacobs Oil from your druggist. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

In use for 65 years for lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains. Absolutely harmless. Doesn't burn the skin.

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