

NEW LIGHT ON THE LAND

New York World. Along 885 miles of the air route crossing the Great Valley from Chicago to Cheyenne new lights are flashing. At the end of every league the airplane mail-carriers traverse by night an earth-mark star winks and grows dark and winks again from dusk to dawn. At Chicago, Iowa City, Omaha, North Platte and Cheyenne great midnight-sun searchlights make day out of night. As the summer days grow shorter the lighted way will be extended east and west. Midwinter will find it reaching from Cleveland to Rock Springs 1,400 miles, so that on the darkest and longest night mail men headed east or west can pick up their guiding lights as sailors do at sea.

In the illumination of this single Great White Way enough candle power is used to light every household in the land as illumination went in the days of tallow dips. It is but the beginning. Other routes will be laid down, charted and lighted, crossing and criss-crossing each other, distinguished by color of light and length of flash, so that the winged messengers may not collide or stray as they thread the night at four times railroad speed.

So in this wonderful new way of living that rushes upon us with such swift and momentous changes there

is never again to be any unbroken bar of darkness between sea and sea. The sun may set upon our dominions, but there is a new light in the land, flouting time, mocking distance, uniting the people.

UNIVERSITY COURSES PROVIDED FOR AMERICANS AND SCANDINAVIANS

The University of Lille will offer courses at Calais during the summer of 1924 for the benefit of American and Scandinavian students. This project is an extension of the policy heretofore developed in the summer courses at Baulogne-sur-Mer for British subjects. The courses at Calais will be under the direction of Prof. Charles Guerin de Guer, and the instruction is expected to be of high order. Paul Chapin Squire, American counsel at Lille, states that the vacation courses of the Lille University present no commercial aspects whatever. The fee for the course is 140 francs, and board and lodging may be had for about 25 francs a day. At the present rate of exchange a franc is equivalent to about 5 cents of American money.—School Life.

After seeing a man wearing a pair of those wide-bottomed pants, we apologize to the girls for anything said about their apparel.—New Orleans States.

PIEDMONT HIGH SCHOOL.

Asks your patronage on the merit of its accomplishments for the last twenty-eight years and on what it is now doing to advance the interest of boys and girls in college, in university and in life. The school is highly recommended by Wake Forest College, Trinity College, Meredith College and the University of North Carolina.

One of the finest locations in the Carolinas. Six Buildings including the Waters' Library. Another building soon to be constructed. Steam Heat in Girls dormitory, electric lights, water-works, Sulphur-lithia water.

Departments: Classical, Music, Domestic Science, Bible.

Board on co-operative plan. Tuition in Literary Department \$5.00 per month. Electric lights 15 cents per month. Steam heat \$2.50 per month. Room rent \$1.00 per month. Tuition in literary department of High School and Domestic department free to those in Cleveland county for Six Months of the session and free for all living in the consolidated district for the entire session.

Fall Term Opens August 12, 1924.

For announcement write to,

W. D. BURNS, Principal, LAWNDALE, NORTH CAROLINA

AUDITOR'S REPORT FOR SECOND QUARTER, 1924

Table with columns for Salary Fund—Receipts, County Fund—Receipts, Disbursements, and School Fund. Includes sub-totals and grand totals for each fund.

Respectfully, B. T. FALLS, County Auditor.

ANTE-BELLUM NEGRO TELLS STORY OF BURIAL OF YOUNG CONFEDERATE MASTER

Loyal to his "old marster" in death as in life; honest, gentlemanly and respectful—a towering monument to the ante-bellum negro—in George Foster, 77-year-old former slave of Laurens County, who in recent years has become a familiar figure about the Salvation Army citadel in Spartanburg. "Uncle George," as he was best known, was a blacksmith in Hendersonville, N. C. for many years, and more recently lived in Greenville, writes W. L. Hicklin.

The old darkey is one of the chief mourners in the departure of Captain J. M. Satterfield, commanding the Salvation Army post, who was recently transferred with rank of Adjutant to Charlotte, N. C. Uncle George loved the officer with the same loyalty as that with which he clings to the memory of his "old marster." Captain Satterfield was greatly attached to the aged negro, and gave him such work to do as he was able in order that he might feel he was paying for his meals and then added \$2 a week so he would not want for necessities. Uncle George was one of those who stood aside and wept as friends bid the officer God-speed.

Now, out of work, too old and weak to seek regular employment the aged negro has drifted out upon his own resources. On his seventy-seventh birthday he appeared at a church street home and asked for work. There was no work. He turned to go, but almost collapsed before he reached the bottom step. "Missis, I'm hungry," he said. He was taken to the kitchen and a hearty meal spread before him. Every day he returns for breakfast and dinner. Before he begins his meals, he always insists: "Missis, you'll have to find some work for me to do. I can't eat your vittles unless I pay for them." He is urged always to return with the promise that some work will be found him.

The old darkey is as staunch a defender of the Confederacy as was any who carried a musket in the sixties. He lives in the past—happier days for him when he worked for "old marster." His tears are not for himself, but for "his white folks gone on before."

He was born in Laurens County July 3, 1847, on the plantation of George Armstrong, his master. His mother was married in 1835, the year of the outbreak of the Indian war. He was less than 14 years old when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, but he clearly recalls that day. In the days which followed the war, he refused to accept freedom and remained with his master through the reconstruction period, faithful until the death of the latter, more than fifty years ago.

On the night of July 3, when hundreds of Ku Klux klansmen marched through the streets of the city, Uncle George was perhaps the only negro who wildly cheered from the curb. It stirred memories buried beneath the weight of half a century.

It was in 1864 that Uncle George performed his service to the Confederacy. The story, as nearly as possible in his own words, was something like this: "Marster Billy Armstrong and me went to Richmond to fight the Yankees up round Petersburg. The very night we got there, Marse Billy took sick. I done everything I knowed, but twant no use. In four days he was dead. With these same hands I digged his grave out under a big white oak. Den I put him in a dry goods box and buried him. He was just a boy, not quite eighteen.

"A Confederate officer give me a piece of paper telling folks to feed me, and I left Richmond walkin' Times was hard, but the white folks always give me plenty to eat when I axed for it. When I come to Catawba river, just this side of Charlotte, it was swole up mos' outen its banks. I shucked off my cotton overhauls what my mammy had made for me and swam across wid 'em tied on my head by suspenders."

"I got home and Marse George was waitin' on the porch like he was 'specting me. 'George, whar's Billy?' he says. I didn't know how to tell him and I hated awful bad to, so I just busted out cryin'. He knowed what had happened then. He waited a long time afore he went back in the big house and told the Missis. He came back out lookin' like a ghos'. 'George, can you find his grave?' he says, and I says, 'Yessir.'"

"Us brought him home and buried him again. It almost killed the Missis. Marse George was kinda killed out too. Nuther one of 'em lasted very long after that. Missis went first and twant long 'til Marse George followed her."

"I sho did love Marse George and Marse Billy. They was always good to me. I ister go back to Laurens county when I was able to see if their graves was kep' right. I'd pull out the grass and put some flowers there. It seem like a long time since the last of those graves was made."

The old darkey wept unreservedly during his narration. The tragedy had lost none of poignancy for him in the three score years which have elapsed.

Uncle George may often be seen seated at the foot of the Confederate monument. It is symbolic to him of friends who have gone and days long passed. "I always goes

there when I gets lonesome for the old marster. It makes me sad and some tim el cry. But when I'm there, it don't seem like they're so far away."

A few years ago, Confederate veterans here presented Uncle George with a ticket to Nashville, Tenn., where he attended the Confederate reunion. His eyes grow bright as he recounts the reception tendered him by the aged men in gray. They are comrades, to his mind.

In 1898 Uncle George enlisted in a North Carolina negro regiment to fight in the Spanish-American war, but he was not called for active service. "Rooseyvelt's niggers didn't leave enough of 'em for us to fight," he explains.

Uncle George lives with a paralytic brother. His afflicted brother receives a pittance from children in the north. But Uncle George is left to shift for himself. His wife is dead and he has no children. He receives no pension from the state owing to the fact that he was never actively in service.

He has pinned his hopes upon the promise of Captain Satterfield and as soon as he becomes settled he will send for him. "There may be other men in the world just as good as Cap'n Satterfield, but I ain't never found one since the Lord taken my marster," he declares.

Ten Million Fords Would Circle Globe

They're off! Ten million Ford cars in one parade.

With Ford No. 10,000,000 scheduled to cross the United States on the Lincoln highway, a genius for figures has worked out the matter of staging a parade of the entire 10,000,000 Model T Fords.

Here's the way he figures it. The road selected is 24,840 miles long, circling the world at the equator. He parks the Fords in one place at the side of the road, sets a place of twenty miles an hour for the parade and starts the cars at intervals of thirty seconds.

Drivers are to have an eight-hour day the same as enjoyed by all the Ford employees and are, of course, to have Sundays, Christmas, New Year's and Fourth of July off.

If you are inclined to watch such a parade and would remain until the last car passed, you'd have to stick at your place along the lone for thirty-two and a half years.

With all the Fords remaining in line, it wouldn't be long before you would find yourself in the center of a whirling corkscrew of cars, and as the genius has already figured out, if you remained to the finish and were noticed that the first car passed you sixty-seven times before the last or ten-millionth car had left the parking ground.

Furthermore, figuring Ford production on the time basis of the last million, 65 million more cars would have been built while you were watching the parade.

YELLOW IS CLASHING COLOR OF THE SEASON

Old Hurraygraph.

Yellow is a raging color this season, and it does look like dame fashion is deliberately bent upon the problem of choosing the most glaring, nerve-racking, blantant color imaginable. It does make some of the dear women look like a flock of canaries. There are some colors that are an assault upon the sense of sight. Violent colors to some people are just as repulsive as violent discords. I was in a town some time ago and the street cars were of the most flaming yellow color. Some quiet, cool color, such as olive or subdued green, would be ideal. Furthermore, it would probably have a good psychological effect upon the passengers. If a person has waited for a car for some 15 or 20 minutes and finds a flaming yellow monstrosity bearing down on him he is very likely to complain of the service. But green, or olive, is soothing, and though it might not wear quite as well as yellow, it would certainly reconcile many patrons who are inflamed at the sight of a yellow car.

EDITOR GETS ENOUGH MONEY TO GO TO EUROPE

Lenoir News Topic.

The newspaper business in North Carolina is evidently picking up sharply. It is not often that a North Carolina editor makes enough money to indulge in a trip to Europe. But it has been accomplished, and by a woman. Miss Beatrice Cobb, the accomplished editor of the Morganton News-Herald and the efficient secretary-treasurer of the North Carolina Press Association, and our highly esteemed neighbor of sixteen miles distant, sailed from New York Thursday for Southampton, England, from which place she will go to London to attend a convention of the World Advertising Club. After the convention she will tour France and Italy before returning home. The good wishes of the whole state press go with her on this journey, and the hope that she may have a safe trip throughout, full to the brim with all the pleasures and delights of her tour.

FARMER TELLS OF HEAVENLY VISITORS

Clarendon, June 5.—Frank Edge, a white farmer about 60 years of age, who lives two miles from Clarendon, was married for the third time last May, his last wife being Miss Alice Williams.

Edge's second wife was an invalid for about five years, and two years ago she became insane and was committed to the State Hospital at Raleigh where she died some time ago.

A short while before his wife was taken to the asylum, Edge claims, he was visited by spirits, which came up near the house, and one was seen by himself, his daughter and a young man who was visiting him. After his wife was carried away, a heavenly visitor paid him a visit every week, he says, until the death of his wife. After a number of visits from the angel, which came in his sleeping room every Saturday morning about 1 o'clock, he spoke to it and inquired its mission.

He says that since that time up to the death of his wife he has held weekly conversations with the spirit, which he says was the most beautiful form he has ever seen. Dressed in pure white, with features so bright that it could be plainly seen in the dark, the heavenly visitor sat down upon the edge of his bed the first night that he spoke to it and after conversing for some time asked Mr. Edge to accompany it out on his porch, which he did, and after a few minutes conversation here it ascended to the skies, telling him before it left that it would continue its visits until the death of his wife. This promise was kept and it paid him one visit after the death of his wife and told him it would come no more, but another would come instead.

Since then he has been visited by another spirit equally as beautiful, he says, and both have told him things which he prizes very highly, the greater part of which the spirit asked him not to tell, at the present time at least. He says that many things will be revealed when he is given permission to do so. Instead of being frightened at the appearance of his visitors, he expresses himself as delighted to see them, and he was now fully aware of their mission.

While in Clarendon with a load of strawberries he was seen by a reporter, and stated that his last angelic visitor had paid him nightly visits for the past three weeks, except Monday night, but called on him again Tuesday night. His new wife was asleep and he did not wake her up to see his visitor, but promised to do so when it came again. He said it promised to pay him two more visits.

Mr. Edge told several weeks ago of the visits he had been receiving from angels and the story was published in the local paper at the time. This has attracted a great deal of attention and many inquiries have been received, and some have come from a distance to see him personally. Others have expressed their desire of spending the night with him in order that they might see his visitor. None, however, that we have heard of, have mustered up sufficient nerve to do so, except his last wife, and she slept while the angel paid its first visit after her marriage.

Since he has been entertaining angels he has changed his place of residence and has also spent the night at the home of friends, but he receives the visits wherever he may be. Besides the two visitors in the form of women, he has also been visited by two or three angels in the form of little girls, and it was one of those that was seen by his daughter and the young man. It seems that no one except himself has seen the two spirits that appeared to him in the form of women and with whom he has conversed so many times.

Mr. Edge is of sound mind and is looked upon as a man of truthfulness in his community. He has told this story repeatedly to different people and always tells the same story to all, as it develops from time to time.

MUST HAVE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH CLOSE BY MANILA

Manila, July 9.—The town of Taytay, situated only a few miles from Manila in the province of Rizal, claims the record of longevity in the Philippine Islands. From October 1923 to the end of April, 1924, six persons who had passed the century mark died there, according to the record kept by Father Dumandan.

One woman, Benita Gonzaga, according to the record was 140 years old when she died. Others who had lived far beyond the century mark were Tomasa Vivencio, 123 years and Maria Roxas, 129 years.

Father Dumandan says he believes that the simple diet of fish, vegetables and fruit which compose the chief foods of these people, adds greatly to their long lives.

New York was founded just 300 years ago. I'm afraid it's too late to do anything about it now.—The Passing Show (London).

P. Cleveland Gardner ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Royster Building Shelby, North Carolina

INMAN WOMAN, MOTHER OF TWENTY-TWO CHILDREN, GIVES HAPPINESS RECIPE

Spartanburg, July 5.—Fifty-one years of age, married 33 years, mother of 23 children, 14 of whom are still living, and the oldest of whom is 32 years of age, never a sick day in her life, and still as young in body and spirit as a girl of sixteen summers, is Mrs. Roxie Kimball, wife of R. C. Kimball, Route No. 3, Inman, who spent Saturday in Spartanburg.

For 33 years Mrs. Kimball has roused at daylight to milk the cows, prepare breakfast, attend her steadily expanding family and perform the duties of a farmer's wife. On a few occasions during her 51 years of living she has taken medicine. Otherwise, doctor's accounts, as far as she is concerned have not been an item with the family.

Mrs. Kimball was born in 1873 in the Mountain View section about nine miles from Spartanburg. She is the oldest of fourteen children born to Webb Horton and Mahala Horton. She lived in that section practically all her life, only recently moving to her present home near Inman. Joining the Mountain View Baptist church at the age of 17, she has regularly worshipped there.

Three Sons in War. During the late war she boasted three sons in the armed forces of this country. One was severely wounded in action overseas. One is now enlisted in the United States navy.

She weighs 191 1-2 pounds, is jovial and motherly. Her husband is one year her junior.

Her living children from the oldest to the youngest are Landrum, Clara, Joe, Ernest, Eliza, Lorena, Nellie, Minnie, Claude, Webb, Lila.

INDIAN MAIDENS READY TO MARRY

Waurika, Okla.—Several hundred Indian maidens of means were made in these nations reached their majority, by virtue of an act of Congress, on March 4, 1924. Generally the fact had been overlooked in this territory but an oil man revealed his recollection of it when he began searching for some of these maidens that he might obtain oil leases on their lands.

The number of such maidens appears not to be known outside the agency office at Muskogee. Nor is the residence of many of them generally known. Some are fullbloods and live among their kind in the recess of Pasmmataha and McCurtain Counties. A few live with parents or guardians, on, or near, their allotments.

But wherever they be, they are now competent to get married and make disposition of their lands, some of them subject of course to provisions of laws governing fullbloods and mixed bloods. The lands of many are in Jefferson, Carter and Stephens Counties where oil fields exist and wild caters are seeking to identify new lands. Some of them have been rich from oil incomes for several years.

The making of a common birthday for several hundred Indian children was one of many curious provisions of law governing these Indians. They were bates when allotments were made, but lands were set aside for them. Congress said the female babies should have their eighteenth birthday on March 4, 1924, and the male babies their common majority birthday, on March 4, 1927.

An illustration of the forgetfulness of fortune-seeking and adventurous young men of the county is revealed by the fact that the number of June weddings in the Indian country was only normal for the season.

Attend Gastonia Meeting P. O. S. A.

Twenty four members of the local camp of the Patriotic Sons of America attended the third quarterly district convention in Gastonia Saturday night, July 5. The meeting was held in the K of P hall there and was attended by about 234 members of the order. The principal speakers of the evening included: R. G. Cherry, mayor of Gastonia; L. T. Speaks, of Statesville, state president; R. L. Bustle, state organizer; W. H. Setzer, state M of F; W. A. Daniel, of Salisbury, state secretary, and Major A. L. Bulwinkle.

During the business meeting a new district was organized composed of the following camps; Shelby, Gastonia, Kings Mountain, and Mt. Holly. The next district meeting will be held at Mooresville, according to E. M. Auten, secretary of the local camp.

"Is there a photographer in this town?" asked a traveling salesman who had taken as many orders as he felt that he was entitled to.

"Yes, sir-ree!" responded the landlord of the tavern. "Professor Dadd's studio is upstairs over the post office. Figgering on getting your picture taken?"

"No. I merely want to ask him if anybody in this dod-molested hamlet ever looks pleasant."

Meda, Otha and Ezell. Practically all live in Spartanburg county, and others in counties immediately ad, joining.

Two sons and three daughters are now married, and Mrs. Kimball is the proud possessor of twelve grand children. Four other sons and three daughters live with their parents. The youngest is a son seven years of age. Not one instance of twins is to be found in her family, her babies having been born an average of about fourteen months apart.

Is Remarkable Woman Mrs. Kimball is a remarkable woman. She has never ridden on a railway train but once in her life. That was to Columbia. She has been to Atlanta twice by automobile, the greatest distance she has ever been from home.

But that is not the most remarkable part of it. The unusual lies in the fact that she is as active as a school girl, continues to do her house work, milk the cows, churn the milk, cook for her family, and perform every other nature of work to which she has been accustomed.

She is happy as can be and infinitely proud of her family and of her faithful motherhood. True she has lived 51 years, but she declares that life holds as much for her as ever before.

Her prescription for happiness is to be found in the motto: "Work like Helen B. Happy." It is also to be found in her statement that her children and her home are her source of greatest pleasure, and that she wishes she could live her life over just as it has been.

AUTOMOBILES SEEM CHEAP WHEN BOUGHT THIS WAY

Winston-Salem, July 7.—Automobiles are being sold here by the pound. An enterprising dealer who handles a low-priced car now advertises his wares at 33 1-3 cents a pound. His advertisements set forth the weight of the cars, together with the total price at so much a pound and compares the price with that per pound of every-day necessities of life.

It is said the unique method of advertising has proved unusually successful.

An ice-skating rink is to be constructed in London. Doubtless for the benefit of those who prefer a sedentary pastime.—The Passing Show.

Would You Buy a BRAND NEW FINE QUALITY STRAW HAT

Worth \$5.00 For \$2.50?

75 HATS Will Be Sold This Week At That Price.

EVANS E. McBRAYER Opposite BAPTIST CHURCH