

# In The Year Of Our Lord

## A Christmas Thought By Rev. L. B. Hayes, Central M. E. Church.

Only one event in the history of the world is great enough to reckon time by. Christ has captured the centuries and stamped His name on the brow of the hurrying ages. Before He came, and since, ambitious men and great epochs have been chosen to calendar the passages of time and chronicl imperishable dates. They have failed.

History is strewn thick with these half-forgotten markers of time. Greek Olympiads, Roman Consulates, Egyptian Pharaohs and Babylonian Eponyms have faded from the thought of the world. For several centuries the mystic words "A. U. C." (Ab Urbe Condita) were used to measure time from the founding of the Eternal City on the Tiber. But Rome lost both empire and fame—the Catacombs conquered the Caesars and A. D. supplanted A. U. C. All civilized time dates to the Babe of Bethlehem. Each day, as it arrives, is baptized into the name of Christ. Each letter and cheque, paper and periodical published bears His birth mark. Even those who write to oppose the Nazarene must date their attacks from His orole.

Alexander and Caesar had calendars dated after themselves but no sword had cut deep enough into the world to leave a lasting scar; time has healed the wounds of the world's worst conquerors, while the imperialism and pomp of every emperor passes quickly into the mangle of things that were. "Plato taught on a larger scale, belonged to a more imperial race and spoke a richer language than the carpenter's Son of Nazareth. Socrates drank the cup of hemlock to an accompaniment of philosophic discourse such as never was heard in Galilean villages—but the world

does not date its time from Plato or Socrates. It measures time by the timeless One, the Lord of the ages, Jesus: "The same today, yesterday and forever."

What! Must all time bear the signature and silent witness to this Jewish peasant who wrote no book, invented no philosophy; made no discovery; built no temple and who died; as men count years, before he has reached His prime—and died the death of a criminal? Yet the glory of this One is; that living in an obscure province in a far-off age, coming from among the weeds and brambles of obscurity and meriting only the "short and simple annals of the poor" he should by the love he bore and the service he rendered be able to brand the rolling years with His name. And no man has known how it was done. Five centuries passed before he wrote "Anno Domini" above our letters—time enough for this Jew to have been forgotten—others more pretentious have passed sooner. But time which reveals the weakness of men and covers them with a tasteless oblivion only adds to the lustre of "The Name that is above every Name."

So, somehow—by universal and common consent, unaided by any man, save possibly. Constantine the years are labelled, "The years of our Lord." Slowly and as resistlessly as the tide rises God moved in mysterious ways for this linking up of His world with the manger Child over whom the angels sang. The Father who gave Him to the world designed that this world must witness to Him as long as time lasts. Courage then! This is the empire and year of Grace. Never was His Star more ascendant; "The Lord reigneth, let the people rejoice."

# Bank Bandit, Once In Shelby, Is Caretaker For Governor Gardner At Raleigh Mansion; Is Trusted

(Continued from page one.)

"Portland Ned," whose real name is Edward Howard, along with a pal puffed the safe of a bank at Conway, in Northampton county, and took therefrom \$5,000 in cash and approximately \$30,000 in Liberty bonds. There was a chance slip in their getaway and the two bandits were captured. "Portland Ned," due to his desperate reputation the country ever received a sentence of from 11 to 14 years in the state penitentiary at Raleigh. While he ground away the years in the rusty red brick buildings surrounded by the desolate gray walls the brain which had thought its way to scores of successful bank and postoffice robberies began a philosophical study of life.

"In a year or two of thinking back over the past I recalled that not a one of my pals who had made big hauls ever prospered on their loot. The opinion came to me that in the general scheme of things (that phrase is Ned's religion) it was not intended that man should prosper unless he earned his prosperity; the former reg declared while discussing his career: "It was then that I decided that after all honesty is the best policy."

In Raleigh after "Portland Ned" had put in several years time there was a citizen who had always interested himself in the silent men, garbed in striped suits, who walked and worked behind the prison walls. This man was attracted by the former bank robber because of the letter's acquaintance with practically every state in the union, because of his entertaining conversational talent and his newly found philosophy of life. He talked long and often with Ned, and then, one day he visited the office of Governor McLean to see if there was any hope of getting the Nationally known yegg out on parole. The governor informed that there was little prospect of doing so; Ned's past was too checkered to permit his being given his freedom on his word of honor.

"You know," the Raleigh man a pal and there is no record of his ever having betrayed a confidence. Governor, if you'll give him chance I'll put up a bond of \$10,000 for him. I believe in him."

"Portland Ned" got his parole, has never violated it, and says that he can think of nothing more depreciable than to go back on a friend who never knew him until he was wearing stripes.

"I'm on the straight and narrow, have been on it, and am there to stay," he reiterates.

### Goes To Mansion.

Not long after he received his parole, brought his wife to Raleigh and began keeping house in a little home on a sidestreet, there became a need up at the executive mansion for a caretaker for the expansive, shrubbery-covered grounds sur-

rounding. Ned had a way with flowers and shrubs and was a hard worker, and Ned became caretaker at the mansion and is still caretaker. Some of these days his parole will become a pardon and his years of longing to be a full-fledged citizen again will be realized.

"I would be willing to leave the keys to everything in the mansion with Ned and go away a month," Governor Gardner says. "And I would not worry a minute while away. Ned's a real man now."

Whereupon Ned grins from ear to ear. Governor Gardner is the second governor in Ned's life who placed confidence in him because he believes there is a bit of good in all and also believes every one should have the opportunity of coming back with that resurrected inner urge as a basis. This time Ned is determined that "the Gov'nor" will not be disappointed.

**Planned Shelby Robbery.**  
When Governor Gardner first took office Ned met him on the grounds one day and said "Governor, I can tell you something about your home-town that you do not know."

The Governor, interested in the odd prisoner about whom he had heard from Governor McLean and his friend, the Raleigh man, who signed the \$10,000 bond, stopped to listen.

"About 30 years ago I came into your town early one morning to get the lay of the land with the idea of cracking the safe in the postoffice that night. It was a little tank town then, Gov'nor, and the postoffice was a little wooden building." (The postoffice in those days was located where Pendleton's music store now is.)

"Well, did you blow up our postoffice that night?" Governor Gardner asked.

"Nossir, I had a bad break in your town. On the night before the morning I came to Shelby the police chief there (Chief Shel Jones) was killed and was too much to do and excitement about town. Everybody in town was looking for the slayer and a stranger wasn't overly welcome that day. It would have been too dangerous to have tried your postoffice that night—and I don't guess it would have been much of a haul," Ned replied.

**On Pacific Coast.**  
Ned got his name of "Portland Ned" while "working" the Pacific coast. In his career of crime he had staged robberies in nearly every state and in police courts over the country he has 40 or more aliases, he says.

"The dicks (a dick to a criminal is an officer) always like to get several aliases for a fellow they catch," Ned said. "Often they make them up for us because it makes it harder on us in court."

Ned hasn't worked Chicago since the World Fair and is not acquaint-

ed with "Scarface Al" Capone and the modern criminals there.

"That idea of being too careless with human life wasn't my style anyway," Ned says. "Crime never pays and it don't differ how you go at it, but I never was tough enough to bump 'em off to make my hauls."

**Refuses Big Bribe.**  
One of the known honest traits about Ned is that it is definitely known that since being in this State he has three times refused a big bribe to lie about a man prominent in life who once refused him.

Years ago Ned was a prisoner in another state prison. He was up for a pardon and the Governor of that state intended to give it to him. Federal officers were wanting "Portland Ned" for postoffice robberies and when they heard of the expected pardon they flocked about the office of the governor to nab Ned once he walked out the door. The governor wanted to give Ned a chance to redeem himself in life and did not want the Federal officers to get him. Ned, as he tells it, was in the governor's inner office, the Federal officers were in the outer office. As the governor walked out the front door to the outer office he pointed so that Ned might see to a door leading out the back way. Then he told the Federal men that Ned was inside. They made a dash for the room, but Ned was missing. The governor, whose name will not be recorded here, is still in politics and on three occasions since political enemies have visited Ned in this state to offer him a bribe, running in the thousands, to swear that he had bribed the governor to let him slip out the back door.

"No, I didn't take it," Ned said. "What you think I am? I'll stay in my little shack here in Raleigh and keep up somebody's yard. I guess, but I'll never lie on the man who played that square with me. I didn't bribe him; he just played white with me."

**Other Prisoners.**  
"Portland Ned" isn't the only paroled prisoner employed at the mansion. In fact, nearly every time Mrs. Gardner pushes a call button it is a reformed bandit or killer who answers. The chauffeur of the mansion car is an attractive young fellow who became involved in the killing of his buddy in the rum-running racket. There were several things indicating that the killing was accidental but the business he was in went hard with him in the court room and he drew a stiff sentence. Not long after going to Raleigh Governor Gardner gave him his chance and today he has the freedom of the mansion and is trusted to the utmost by every one there.

The servant second in charge to Uncle Dave, who has bossed the mansion servants for 36 years and for nine governors, is an intelligent young negro who used an "owl-head" with disastrous results on a rival who "crowded him" while he was calling on his "lady friend." His fine record in the prison and since he has been employed on parole at the mansion will entitle him some day to a pardon, but he is so adept and able at keeping the official household in order that Governor Gardner may hand him his pardon just about the time the Governor himself moves out. The assistant major-domo's name is "Wonderful." He says "I guess my ma called me that because I was just that to her."

The chef at the mansion, an expert in the culinary arts, is another colored fellow who handled his shooting iron with too much abandon.

**Sculptor In Prison.**  
An array of artistic talent is to be found among the convicts still within the prison walls. At a choice location in the library of the mansion is a striking bust of Max, Junior, which can be immediately recognized by anyone who has ever seen the youngest child of the Governor. The bust was made by an embezzler at the prison who has now gained nation-wide attention by his sculptural arts. His unusual story has already received several big magazine articles, and after the holidays he hopes to start moulding a bust of the Governor. On visiting days at the prison he makes quite a bit of money selling two of his favorite works to the visitors.

Throughout the prison all the prisoners, white, black, young and old, are very fond of the big fellow who comes down from the mansion every week to chat with them and give them cigarettes. In these chats he has discovered the spark of honesty in the prisoners he has moved up to the mansion as servants. Very popular, also, with the prisoners is the First Lary who visits the prison with the governor or on other occasions with friends, because she is very sympathetic in listening to the appeals they make to her husband through her.

Otto Wood, the most widely known criminal in the prison, recently declared that there are honest people "in here than on the outside," and it's a certainty that Governor Gardner and Mrs. Gardner are just as popular with the silent people who populate the State Prison as they are with those on the outside.

A black bear was used as the first payment on a motor car by Mildred Englebert of Williamsburg. Iowa E. L. Makibben, the automobile dealer who accepted the bear in lieu of cash turned it over to the town zoo

# Death Mystery Reopens Dot King Inquiry



The mysterious death in a fall at Washington and deathbed statement of Mrs. Aurelia Dreyfus, has reopened the inquiry into the slaying in 1923 of Dot King, Broadway butterfly. (Upper left) District Attorney Leo Rover of Washington, who, on insistence of Mrs. Dreyfus' family, has reopened the investigation of her death. (Center) Diagram showing the death scene of Mrs. Dreyfus. Albert Guimares, one of the principal figures in the slaying of Dot King, is again in the limelight. Mrs. Aurelia Dreyfus, blonde divorcee, who fell to her death during a dance at the exclusive Potomac Boat Club in October. (Lower) Dot King, Broadway butterfly, mysteriously strangled and chloroformed in her New York apartment in 1923. (Lower left) John Mitchell, Philadelphia millionaire, who was revealed as the mysterious "John Marshall." Edmund McBrien, escort of Mrs. Dreyfus at the exclusive boat club when she either fell or was thrown from the balcony.

The code of the underworld is fairly elastic. But there is one offence for which, regardless of the circumstances, the punishment is always death, a death that comes swifter than almost any other man-made retribution. That offence is known as "squealing." It is generally believed that it cost the life of Dot King, gay beauty of the Great White Way, six years ago. And now the police are proceeding on the theory that it may supply the motive for the mysterious death of yet another butterfly, Mrs. Aurelia Fischer Dreyfus, who was killed by a fall from the balcony of the fashionable Potomac Boat Club, at the conclusion of a dance held there on October 20 last. Mrs. Dreyfus, it has been revealed, was an intimate of Dot King and her crowd in the days when her jeweled figure in a night club was the signal for sudden sil-

ence and then a buzz of comment and gossip. For, despite Dot's efforts at secrecy, it was known that a fortune was being lavished on her by a famous millionaire. Was Mrs. Dreyfus, the mysterious blonde, a key figure in the alibi of Albert Guimares, who was arrested as a suspect in the murder of Dot King, found in bed in Fifty-seventh street apartment, with a bottle of chloroform at her side, and her jewels missing? It will be recalled that an Edmund McBrien, Guimares' roommate, and an unknown blonde supported the alibi offered by Guimares and he was subsequently released. McBrien refused to reveal the name of the "blonde" then implicated on the ground that "it would break up her home life." It has since been learned that at that time Mrs. Dreyfus was the wife of Herbert Dreyfus, prominent New

York business man. She was later divorced, McBrien being named as the co-respondent. Since then the couple have been frequently seen together, although they did not marry after the decree was granted. It was with McBrien that Mrs. Dreyfus spent her last days in Washington, visiting her family, a visit that was terminated by her sudden death. According to affidavits, sworn by the family of Mrs. Dreyfus, she is said to have frequently stated that she was forced to make misstatements in the testimony offered by her in support of the alibi of Guimares. And individual members of her family say that she had acquinted them with the real facts. If the police can establish that Mrs. Dreyfus met her death for squealing, they may yet establish the motive and find the slayer of Dot King.

# World's Greatest Grab Bag In United States Postoffice

Collection From Dead Letter Office Has Everything In It. Beats General Store.

Does any one need a hula skirt, fourteen volumes of Elbert Hubbard, some slightly damaged snuff, a broken radio set or some house-collared pads? Does baby need shoes? And, speaking of shoes; how about ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kinks? The postmaster general at Washington has no cabbages, but he stands ready to supply any of the other needs listed above. In fact, he will be tickled to death to perform this little service.

The question naturally arises at this point: What is the postmaster general doing with a hula skirt, not to mention some \$40,000 worth of miscellany along these same general lines? Well, it all happened this way: During the last six months hundreds of parcels have been dropped into the mails without proper addresses, and in many cases without any addresses at all. Following the usual routine, they have been taken to the dead letter office and left there for the required period. That office, undergoing its semi-annual cleanup, has sorted the contents of this weird collection of parcels into 307 lots which were offered at public auction in the conference room at the postoffice, says the postoffice department building in Washington.

**Better Than General Store.**  
Neither in the old-fashioned general store of long ago nor in the drug store of the future could any one expect to find so general and varied an assortment of merchandise as that which lay in the little piles or was dumped in boxes around the edges of the conference room at the postoffice, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun.

There were 280 men's shirts of all sizes and descriptions, 2,525 handkerchiefs, 206 pairs of men's socks and 581 pairs of women's stockings, along with nearly 100 pairs of men's and women's garters. Then, too, there were 178 dresses varying in size from 7 to 42; 360 neckties, many of which had been damaged and others of which ought to have been. Little piles of women's underwear were scattered in great profusion through the collection, together with a quantity of gloves, scarfs, blouses, rubber aprons, sweaters, skirts, kilometers, dressing gowns, nightwear, brassieres, bloomers, fur coats and neckpieces.

There are men's suits, overcoats and mufflers and every known item of children's clothing up to and including boys' lumber jackets. Many of the merchandise offered had never been worn or used and some

of it presented excellent opportunities for the thrifty Christmas shopper. Most of the women's dresses, to be sure, would serve best at a next-querade party. Prospective masqueraders had a choice too of a pearl-embroidered headdress, enough beads to clothe several queens of Sheba, and, of course, the hula skirt. Unfortunately the postmaster general was not prepared to complete the hula costume. It would be necessary for the purchaser to acquire elsewhere a lei, a ukiele and a deep coat of tan. The sale offered a rare opportunity for a one-legged man. Among other things, there was one lot of shoes, all of which were new, but none of which were mates. Then, too, there was one pair of apparently new crutches. All kinds of household necessities, such as napery, bedding, shelf and wallpaper, carpets, linoleum, silverware, candlesticks, vases, curtains, clocks, toilet articles, kitchenware glass and chinaware, electrical appliances, washtubs, trunks and trunks were available.

In addition to all this there were gifts suggestions to fit every possible need. For the wife there was an assortment of wrist watches, one of which was undamaged; dressmaking supplies and hundreds of paper patterns, perfumes, cosmetics, hair

boxes, purses and handbags, cameras, stationery and a choice of 241 rings.

For dad there was a choice of bill-folds, cigars, snuff and tobacco (leaf and drapper), and damaged; bedroom slippers, a fountain pen and pencil set, cigarette holders, pipes, lighters and shaving supplies, including a choice of twelve straight razors, all damaged; two electric water heaters, and book ends.

For baby, a lot of large-sized safety pins, (mostly broken), hundreds of toys and games, a sled, a sailboat, pocket knives and tools of all kinds.

For the literary friend there were in addition to the tomes by Hubbard, a volume of Margaret Sanger, a biography of Herbert Hoover, one book of the "Floral Art of Japan," seven Bibles, all but one of which are damaged; Bufton's Cyclopaedia, a history of Freemasonry, the Library of Health, the Human Interests Library and some real snappy fiction.

For the distant neighbor the auction suggested any of a number of damaged radios, portable talking machines, sheet music and records and various other musical instruments, including a clarinet, a broken violin and a strange thing called a ukiele, which no one on earth could play.

**Sporting Goods Offered.**  
The sportsman had choice of a fishing rod, a shotgun, a pair of skis, a golf bag and clubs, bathing suits and caps, and playing cards. For the scowfaw there were five Corbin locks with keys to match.

numerous. The tops, three-five gallon cans and a copper washbowl—the closest thing to a bathtub that can be sent by mail.

The automobilist was particularly fortunate. For him there were forty-three, a camp stove, auto gears and accessories, polish, tire cement, inner tubes, auto awnings, jacks, hms, chains, luggage carriers and wheels.

There was plenty, too, for the unrelieved farmer—implement parts, plow points, sizing, glue, garden hose, a hay knife, a two-man saw, one lot of wagon trees, the horse-collar pads, five canvas elevators for threshing machines, axes, spades, pitchforks, post-hole diggers, lawn mower handles, hedge clippers, dehorner, a blow torch and a full set of shoemaking supplies, including lasts, in case the senate retains the duty on shoes and leather goods.

Lastly, for the girl friend there were two rings, both wrought of white gold and set with real diamonds.

Then, just in case some one had been overlooked, there were stacks of cards bearing greetings not only for the Christmas season, but for all occasions. There were also stationery supplies of all kinds, Christmas ribbon and wrapping paper and even some last year's tuberculosis seals. The whole collection would put to shame the most variegated conglomeration to be found on the pushcarts of Orchard street, yet the postoffice department last year received \$81,376 from the sale of the contents of dead parcels like these.

**Mountain Cotton.**  
Charlotte Observer.

It might be said that Cleveland county's right to the belt as champion cotton grower of North Carolina, fenced on the north as it is by mountains, is now unchallenged. The big counties in the old belt have been given a back seat. Cleveland operates 43 gins and had produced, up to December 1, 47,496 bales. Robeson, down in the original belt, operates 62 gins, and had produced up to December 1, 28,064 bales. The next nearest approach to Cleveland is by Johnston, with 73 gins and 35,593 bales. Little Polk county, all mountain, has produced this year 3,916 bales, a fact that shows the possibility of cotton-growing, even in the mountains of the state.

**What A Fight!**

Down in Arkansas a man was tried for assault and battery with intent to kill. The state produced as evidence the weapons used—a rail, a gun, saw and rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, pitchfork, pistol, dog, razor and hoe. After being out several hours, the jury gave their verdict: "We, the jury, would have given a dollar to see the fight."

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