

### THE PERQUIMANS WEEKLY

Published every Friday at The Perquimans Weekly office in the Gregory Building, Church Street, Hertford, N. C.

MATTIE LISTER WHITE, Editor  
Day Phone 88  
Night Phone 100-J

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Six Months 75c  
One Year \$1.25

Entered as second class matter November 18, 1924, at the post office at Hertford, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished by request.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1935.

#### THIS WEEK'S BIBLE THOUGHT

**THE FATHERLESS:** A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.—Psalm 68:5

#### GIVE US A LITTLE CREDIT, PLEASE!

The Perquimans Weekly makes its bow to the Elizabeth City Daily Advance in gracious acknowledgement of the compliment, implied by the neighboring daily's reproduction of the simple little stories from the small country weekly.

The human interest story of Joe White, which appeared in the November first issue of the Weekly was re-told in the Advance a few days afterwards. There was nothing strange in that. The story of Joe White would bear re-telling.

But the why and the wherefore of the appearance in the Advance on Saturday of the more or less fantastic yarn The Weekly carried last week concerning the inglorious end of Old Man Turtle is shrouded in mystery more impenetrable than the merely disfiguring disguise of Old Man Turtle as he masqueraded in the Advance in the flimsy skirts of one "Lula."

#### FINE TRIBUTE TO OUR FRIEND CHARLES W. MORGAN

"I have never heard him make an unkind remark about any one."

What a splendid tribute to be paid to a man who had spent his entire life of three score years and ten in his own native town!

The remark was made of Charles W. Morgan, who died at his home in Hertford on Monday night.

Mr. Morgan probably at one time, during his active business life, knew as many of the people of the county as any one in the entire county. His friends were many.

Mr. Morgan may not have liked all of the folks he knew. Who does? But whether he liked them or not, whether he disapproved of them or not, he did not speak evilly of them. Many other fine things might be said of Mr. Morgan, but that one statement, made by one who was associated with him over a long period of years, is a monument in itself.

#### IT'S OUR DUTY TO JOIN THE RED CROSS

A generous response to the Red Cross Roll Call is called for by the local chairman, Mrs. C. P. Morris, who, together with her corps of helpers, is very anxious to collect as much as possible this year for the Red Cross.

Remember that only fifty per cent of the money given to the Red Cross is sent to National Headquarters, the other fifty per cent being retained for local work. It is this half sent to the National Headquarters which makes up the fund used by the Red Cross in helping the stricken ones in the major catastrophes which occur in various parts of our country.

After all, it is a privilege to be able to contribute even that small amount towards the alleviation of the suffering ones who are the victims of disaster.

Let's join the Red Cross.

#### Just An "Accident" In This Case, Maybe

"I got mad with him and I bit him, and he bit me back. And then I went and got a stick and started to hit him and he threw up his hand and the stick struck me side of the head."

That was what Katie James told on the witness stand about the trouble she had with Edward Welch as a result of which she swore out a warrant against Edward, charging him with assault with a deadly weapon, to-wit a stick.

There was a little more to the story, but Katie couldn't tell much about what exactly led up to the scrap.

The boy had been in jail for several days when the trial came up in Recorder's Court on Tuesday. Katie said she wasn't mad now.

The warrant was amended to charge Katie with assault, and the cost was divided between the pair.

Cleveland County corn yields have been increased 100 percent in field demonstrations where 100 pounds of th nitrate per acre was added 45 days from planting, reports the farm agent.



MIRIAM HOPKINS  
EDW. G. ROBINSON  
JOEL McCREA

#### Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

##### CHAPTER 3

##### What His Goss Says

To San Francisco, in the early Gold Rush days, comes Mary Rutledge, of New York City, to marry for his money—a rich prospector, Dan Morgan. Life has treated her badly, and she is determined to find comfort and security. She learns on arrival, however, that Morgan, having lost his fortune to a crooked gambler, Louis Chamalis, had killed himself, leaving her stranded and penniless. She sets out, therefore, for the Bella Donna gambling parlor, owned by Chamalis.

##### THE BELLA DONNA

Miss Rutledge stared out of the window of her room at the Bella Donna over the top of the beginning-to-swirl and lift. Her valises were scattered around the room, some opened, with the clothes strewn around, as in a confused effort to unpack. The door opened, and she turned around, startled. It was Chamalis.

"I didn't hear you knock, sir," Miss Rutledge said coldly.

"I guess that's because I didn't knock." Miss Rutledge turned away, and put her hand to her eyes. She recollected confusedly the evening before—the bolsters, mad New Year's Eve at the Bella Donna.

"How do you feel?" Chamalis asked, not without solicitude. She grimaced.

"I feel like New Year's morning, Mr. Chamalis."

Chamalis poured her a drink. "Well," he said, "about that little discussion we had last night."

The Mayor of San Francisco paced with his wife, and Chamalis halted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayor. I want you to meet a friend of mine." The Mayor was embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I am with my wife."

Chamalis was livid with rage. He drew his gun.

"The two-faced coyote! The ungrateful hyena! I mean him Mayor and I'll stop him being Mayor."

But Swan halted him. "I'll get used to it," she said calmly, "and you will, too."

Nevertheless, Chamalis had an idea. Thereafter they followed the Mayor from stall to stall, overbidding him at every purchase, effectively preventing him from making a single purchase. Finally, only the fish counter was left.

"Do you want the fish, too?" the tradesman asked.

"No," Chamalis said, brutally. "Throw the fish to the Mayor's wife . . . she looks hungry."

But all of Chamalis's generosity fell on arid soil. Swan accepted his gifts lightheartedly, and gave nothing in return. Chamalis was in despair.

"Ain't there anything on your mind but gowns and diamonds and gold?" he pleaded. "Don't I mean something to you, too?"

Swan smiled sweetly. "You mean a great deal, Louis. You mean more diamonds and gowns and gold."

Nor could Chamalis's obviously sincere pleadings draw anything from her but mockery.

Swan would shrug her shoulders. "What would you like me to do? Look at you and swoon with love?"

"Yes," bellowed Chamalis, beside himself. "That's what I want."

Swan burst into laughter, which was cut short when Chamalis suddenly slapped her across the face.

Frightened by what he had done, Chamalis sought to apologize, but Swan was relentless. She made a sweep of the fiery around her, the precious things Chamalis had bought.

"Send these things back!" she cried. "I don't want them!"

"I paid fifteen thousand dollars for them," Chamalis pleaded.

Swan laughed bitterly. "I've just paid for them, too, and I've paid too much."

Thus matters stood between them when an incident occurred, little regarded at the time, which was to precipitate a crisis in their affairs.

##### No Vulgarity Permitted

Sawbuck MacTavish, a prospector, who had just struck rich dirt, stumbled, roaring drunk into the Bella Donna, followed by his partner, Sandy, more sober and more cautious.

Unheeding Sandy's plea, MacTavish threw his whole fortune upon one turn of the wheel—and lost. The keener Sandy, however, had kept his eyes open.

"Come outside," he said to his partner. "I want to talk to you."

But MacTavish was still "high." "I don't want to hear no scolding. I lost to the prettiest pair of blue eyes I ever seen. Come on, Swat, let's go somewhere and celebrate."

And he lurched toward Swan, grabbing her.

Instantly Knuckles, the bouncer, swung into action, bringing a gun butt down with sickening thud against MacTavish's skull. MacTavish fell prone to the floor.

The players, mildly amused, hardly interrupted their game.

"You should've taken his hat off first. One of them rolled his eyes."

The sign read: "NO VULGARITY PERMITTED AT THIS TABLE."

"I guess he didn't read the sign," Sandy picked up his unconscious partner, and with a slow, significant look at Chamalis, began to carry him into the street. But nothing had escaped Chamalis's keen eye. He ordered Knuckles to follow.

Scarcely had Sandy reached the street when Knuckles caught up with him.

"Wait a minute, partner," he said ominously. "Where you going?"

Sandy turned. "I saw how she ran that wheel," he cried. "Crooked! I'm going to tell the whole town."

He turned and started away, still carrying his partner, his back to Knuckles, who reached for his gun. A Chinaman, carrying a laundry basket, came between them, but seeing the revolver, dropped frightened on his face. Knuckles fired. Sandy lurched forward, dropping his burden. He reached for his gun, but before he could get it out, slumped forward—dead.

##### TO BE CONTINUED



Chamalis paused to admire her

"Let me see," Miss Rutledge replied. "It was something about marriage, wasn't it?"

Chamalis grinned. "No, that wasn't me. Let's me and you understand each other. You ain't staying in San Francisco for to go into society. You're staying for gold, and you didn't bring a pick and shovel, either. Well, you'll be glad to hear you've staked a good claim. You and me go in cahoots."

Chamalis paused to admire her. "Geel!" he said. "You've got a pretty way of holding your head. Like a swan."

"Let's hear your business proposition," Miss Rutledge said sharply.

Chamalis snapped back into his businesslike mood.

"All right. Look . . . you had a lot of boys last night laying bags of gold at your feet. That wasn't their gold—that was mine. Only I don't have to dig and sweat to get it. Now, you work at a gambling table, see? You'll be such an attraction they'll crawl on their hands and knees across the Sierras to see you. And I'm offering you part of all you take in."

"You mean—half?"

Chamalis grinned approvingly. "Yeah—half," he said, with a chuckle.

"But supposing I lose."

"You don't lose, unless you want to. That's the kind of little wheel it is."

"Was that the wheel Dan Morgan played?"

"The very same one."

Miss Rutledge turned away, with a gesture of pain. But she controlled herself before Chamalis could observe her emotion.

"Then it's settled," she said.

Swan Takes Charge

In this fashion did Miss Mary Rutledge, formerly of Gramercy Park, New York City, become the Swan, partner to Louis Chamalis, the most powerful figure on the Barbary Coast.

Even as Chamalis had predicted, men fought for the privilege of losing money at her table. Time passed, and her reputation spread along the whole Barbary Coast. But no man could boast that he had enjoyed her favors. As for Chamalis, he made no effort to conceal his passion for her. He showered her with diamonds, with imported gowns. Yet there were some things he could not purchase for her.

One morning they went shopping at the sea-front bazaar, and stopped at one of the make-shift trading stalls. It presented a startling picture of commerce in its crudest beginnings. Piled high were bales of clothing, valises, trunks, and other miscellaneous articles, in juxtaposition to produce, meats, and trays of fish. Signs read:

Hardware: One shovel \$10.00  
One axe 15.00  
Box of nails 5.00

### SPORTS TALK

#### By "White"

Not much news around these parts in the sports line. All the talk is about the Duke-Carolina upset, and the way Duke upset Carolina's chances at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Cal., on New Year's Day.

What will be the outcome of the Duke-State affair this Saturday? If State should beat the Blue Devils, Duke, Carolina and State would be tied up for the State championship.

The Indians dropped a 13 to 6 game in Windsor on the local grid last Thursday. The game was tied up six all until the last few minutes to play, when the Windsor eleven put over the winning score.

The Indians have had plenty tough luck the past two games. In the game with Aulander two weeks ago the locals were leading 6 to 0 when the Aulander team in the last minute pushed over the tying score.

Tough luck, boys. Better luck next time.

The Indians play their last game of the season with Oceana here next Friday afternoon at 2:30.

Coach Rogers says that the boys have been improving all along and that he is ready to put out his very best this Friday. He says that there will be plenty of trick plays such as laterals, overscores, fakes, and punting. Come out and see the boys play their last game of the season Friday.

Some of the boys on the squad will sing their swan song to high school football this Friday with Oceana. The members of the squad who will graduate this year are Morris, who has done some fine work in the line for the past two years, and he does the kicking for the team this year.

Stokes, also will play his last game Friday. Stokes, who has been playing tackle, was called on the latter part of the season to crack the line from the fullback position.

Tim Brinn, one of the Indians' ends will also graduate this year. Tim has done some fine work for the team in the line.

Another to sing his swan song Friday will be Carlton Barclift. Carlton has played some swell football in the Indians' backfield. All these boys will be playing for their last time, so come out and give them a big hand.

Football games between the different classes will be run off soon to determine the school championship. The schedule has not been fully completed as yet.

Who wants to buy a ticket to the Rose Bowl?

### PINEY WOODS

Ralph Phthisic has returned to his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, after a few days visit with his mother, Mrs. Mary Phthisic.

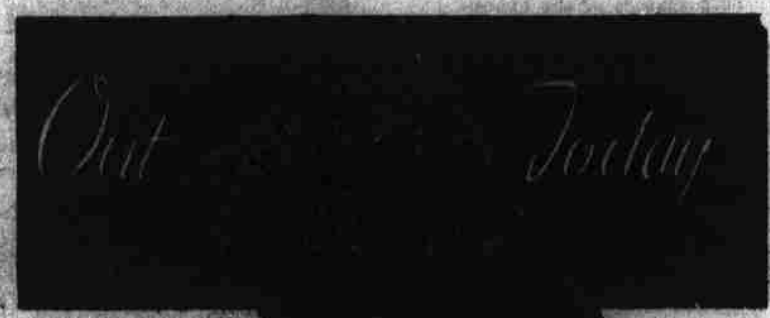
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ward, of Elizabeth City, Cale Copeland, Mrs. Callie Copeland and children, Shelton Chappell, Mrs. Lizzie Copeland, and Mrs. Milton Copeland called on Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Ward Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Ward is improving after several days' illness.

Mrs. Mary Phthisic continues very ill.

Leroy Lane has returned to Swan

## NEWS of the WEEK



All the significant news of the world, gathered by 5,500 correspondents, tensely, concisely, yet completely told, and superbly illustrated with action photographs.

Intimate Pen Picture of Mrs. Ogden Reid of New York Herald-Tribune

New Illustrations From Seat of Ethiopian War

Review of New Stage and Movie Productions

10 Cents on All Newsstands

# NEW "FISH TAIL" Coats



Are Here at

## SIMON'S

ARRIVED

THIS WEEK

Sizes 12 to 20

Specially Priced

\$9.98

PLENTY OF

OTHER

COATS

SHOES

HOSE

DRESSES

BLOUSES

SWEATERS

## Simon's

"STORE OF VALUES"

HERTFORD, N. C.