

HERTFORD PEOPLE WRITE EDITOR ABOUT SURROUNDINGS IN WAR-STRICKEN CHINA

Rev. Phillip E. White Says In Spite of Conditions These Are Good Times to Preach; Situated Near Danger Zone In War Area

The following letter received by the editor of The Perquimans Weekly from the Rev. Phillip E. White, will be interesting to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. White. Mr. White, a son of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. White, of Hertford, and Mrs. White, the daughter of the late Louis Norman and Mrs. Norman, of Hertford, have spent several years in missionary work in China.

The letter follows:
Kweith, Honan.
Sunday A. M., Sept. 26, 1937.—
Thinking it might be of interest to some of our friends, and readers of your paper, I thought you would like a note from two of Hertford's ordinary folks in very extraordinary times and circumstances.

I am writing this from Kweith, Honan, China, which is understood to be our Chinese home. While this place is marked as one place of danger, we are having it quite peaceful at present. We are just 5 miles from

R. R. with an airfield, and quite large barracks for soldiers near by us. There are heavy supplies of stores, I understand, which make it a prized place. Because of repeated consular advice, I am not willing for Mrs. White with Norman and Geneva Jo to come here, therefore I have made two trips there leaving them at Kikungahow, Ho., where we were spending sometime during the summer. It is a distance of 400 miles away, and it is not pleasant to be so far, especially when airplanes frequently come near us, and one hit on the R. R. can break train connection.

The fighting is mainly around Shanghai, with some hard fighting about 300 miles to the north. We feel the most severe fighting will be in the North, around Pooting, Chihli and then come South along our R. R., as a boundary. But it is by no means certain.

I have been here about two weeks. I expect to leave probably tomorrow

or tonight for Chengchow, since Mrs. White wrote that a telegram came that Dr. Ayers, superintendent of our Baptist Hospital in Chengchow was ill, and he was asking her to come and bring a nurse. He is the only man there for the present, and I feel that it is very likely that he needs help. When I can get away I shall go to join my family again for sometime. Mrs. White writes that Geneva Jo is doing well in school and Norman is a fine boy at home. It will be a glad time when we get back.

In spite of conditions, these are good times to preach. People listen carefully and the work moves along. We have had these two weeks of intensive study with our evangelists in for conferences and planning for Fall work. Would that peace might come over this land and all the lands. It is a great joy and comfort to know that God is abundantly able to do alone all we can ask or think. We look to Him for help and guidance each day. That He might be real to us all and that Jesus Christ might be our Lord, is the desire of His servants.

Cordially yours,
PHIL & MATTIE MACON WHITE.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our appreciation for the many services rendered by friends during the illness of our daughter, Mrs. Jack Jones.
MR. & MRS. T. W. NIXON.

WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY

As another service to its readers, The Perquimans Weekly each week will give authoritative answers to questions on the Social Security Law. By special arrangement with Mr. George N. Adams in Rocky Mount, N. C., the Social Security Board has consented to pass on the accuracy of answers to questions on Social Security, which may be asked by employers, employees, and others, through The Perquimans Weekly. Answers will be given here in the order in which questions are received. This is an informational service and is not legal advice or service. In keeping with Social Security Board policy names will not be published.

Question: Does the Social Security Act provide for maternal and child welfare services?

Answer: Yes. The Act provides for maternal and child welfare services. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of labor administers these provisions.

Question: How many states have unemployment compensation laws under the Social Security Act?

Answer: Every State has an unemployment compensation law approved by the Social Security Board under the provisions of the Social Security Act.

Question: Is the Social Security Board now making payments under the old-age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act?

Answer: Yes. The Social Security Board is making lump-sum payments to eligible workers, and to the estates or relatives of deceased eligible workers, under the old-age benefits provisions of the Act. Full information can be obtained from your nearest Social Security Board Field Office.

Question: Who has charge of tax collections under the Social Security Act?

Answer: The Bureau of Internal Revenue administers the tax provisions of the Social Security Act.

Question: Suppose my employer doesn't pay the taxes he collects from my wages, will I lose my old-age insurance?

Answer: The amount which will be paid you under the old-age benefits provisions of the Social Security Act does not depend on the amount of taxes collected from you or paid by your employer under Title VIII of the Social Security Act. The amount

you receive will depend on the total of your wages earned in covered employment after December 31, 1936, and before you become 65 years of age. But the employer who does not obey the law and report the amount of wages paid each employee puts his employees at a disadvantage because the Social Security Board will not have a record of those wages when it comes time to compute the amount the Board should pay each worker under the old-age insurance provisions of the law.

Visited at Mackays
Carlton Davenport and Howard Broughton spent the week-end at Mackays visiting Carlton's grandmother, Mrs. W. S. Davenport.

Cement Walk Now At Baptist Parsonage

The young women of the Judson Memorial Sunday School Class of the Hertford Baptist Church, of which Mrs. Charles Johnson is the teacher, have had a cement walk constructed from the street to the front door of the Baptist parsonage on Grubb Street, adding much to the attractiveness of the appearance of the place, as well as making a very convenient improvement.

Here From Kings Mountain
Mrs. G. F. Lattimore, of Kings Mountain, is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. T. White.

THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell her about her real mother, Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish and had said: "It's odd your baby died and mine didn't." Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him, instead of going to New York. Anne and Rachel depart the next morning. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job. After Anne calls, Rachel, bent on seeing her real mother, looks up Elinor Cayne's number. Rachel learns the Caynes are not yet in town. Pink takes Rachel to dinner at Tom and Rhoda Steele's where she meets Oliver Land, a shabby genteel young man out of work, who suggests that she apply for a job as a photographer's model for advertising illustrations. He agrees to introduce her to the head of an agency. Rhoda tells Rachel never to lend Oliver any money. Rachel is not entirely happy with Pink Matthews. Her desire to see Elinor Cayne increases. Through Oliver Land she meets Louis Vinco, is hired as a photographer's model and succeeds on her first assignment. Oliver makes her feel her indebtedness to him. On an assignment, Rachel meets Curt Elton, a young friend of Vinco's.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I don't know if I'm a lady. I haven't heard the word for so long. But I certainly do eat and I'd love some tea, for I'm dead."

Curt caught her arm as they passed an old-fashioned hotel. "Let's stop in here, then. This place has good muffins and nice deep-cushioned chairs and they have real India tea, which should always be drunk. Miss Vincent, without any fixings—no sugar, cream, lemon or whatnot."

"Oh, I must have a tiny pinch of whatnot!" said Rachel; and then, "I don't know what makes me so silly. It must be because I'm tired."

It was early, there were few people in the tearoom. The tea and muffins were delicious and at first Curt and Rachel ate in the pleasant greedy silence of hunger. But at his second muffin Curt paused and spoke. "I'm awfully glad you came out with me. It was kind. I was afraid to ask you, really, for fear you'd turn me down."

"Well," said Rachel, reflectively, "it's the first time I've been out with one of Vinco's young men."

Curt stopped her with a shout. "Hey, lay off, I'm not one of Vinco's young men, God forbid. I'm just a country newspaper boy taking a sabbatical year to learn about the big city. And Louis Vinco, the good-hearted guy, throws a piece of easy money in my way as often as he can, because he worries about my finances. I'm not really hard up, but Louis thinks anything less than a plush suite and a private bath with valet attached is squalor. Needless to say, Louis didn't get those ideas in our native village."

"If you don't like being a model and don't need the money, why do you do it?" asked Rachel.

"But I just told you I'm a newspaper man and a comparative stranger in town. I want to know people, all kinds of people, and I want to do all kinds of things. This is my year off. When it's over I'm going back home and edit the paper, my father edited." His face clouded for an instant, but he went on: "I'll have a lot of experience and a lot of pictures in my mind to keep forever. Like you, Miss

there looking like, yes, you do—like Marlene Dietrich in 'Blue Angel'."

"All legs and wispie ostrich feathers! Thanks! I can only hope you mean it kindly."

"Most girls would have screamed with joy."

"Then you've tried it before, that line?"

"It's my test. I say to a girl, 'You look like Marlene Dietrich in 'Blue Angel'' and watch how she reacts. Then I rate her, the count ranging from one-half of one per cent to ten."

"And what does the rating prove, Mr. Elstein?"

"It doesn't prove anything. The trouble is, I try to do this modern young man patter and it never works out, the girl doesn't give the right answers."

"Now that's all settled," said Rachel, "suppose we skip it and talk sense. How long have you been here?"

"Since the first of June. I have a room in the Caledonia where Oliver used to live. I get a new job every two weeks or so and between times I work for Vinco. It's all against his principles to take me on in this odd way, but he's intent on improving me and, do you know,



"But What's It All About?"

sometimes I fear he's succeeding. I bought one of those deep blue shirts the other day from a swell haberdasher. I'm slipping."

"Tell me about your jobs," begged Rachel, "and don't take that last muffin, it belongs to me."

"I've driven a taxi, been a door-man for a chop suey joint, sold ladies' hosiery from door to door and delivered hats for a Fifth Avenue milliner so far. How's that? I'd like to get a job as a waiter, but there's a stiff union. I may do some amateur window washing, or janitor work, and I want awfully to be an usher at Madison Square Garden."

"But what's it all about? Why do you try all this? Don't tell me you're writing a book."

"I might at that, a Worm's-Eye View of New York, maybe."

"It sounds grubby enough for a worm."

"Listen, my heavenly beauty, in spite of the popular adage soap has very little to do with morals and none at all with interest of character, I know stacks of people who don't wash and don't shave much, but they're swell, nevertheless."

"Cleanliness combines very well with other attractions, though," Rachel maintained. "I must go on home," she continued, rising. "I'm going to get dinner tonight. Thanks ever so much for the tea. He's been

was speaking the truth, the half hour with Curt Elton had reduced her discontent and pushed her difficulties into an easier perspective.

She stopped on the way home and bought mushrooms and bacon, limes and avocados, and as Pink was late she had dinner almost ready when the other came in. "Oh good!" exclaimed Pink. "I'm so glad we're going to have something here instead of going out. I'm so tired I'm sunk. What elegant food!"

Just as they sat down to table there was a ring at their bell and a florist's box came for Rachel. She opened it to find snapdragon and African daisies, all pale rose and orange and yellow, with a card saying "You look like these, not like Marlene," but no name was signed.

So she had to tell Pink about Curt Elton and Pink said he seemed a good scout. "And a lot better than that so-and-so Oliver Land, if you ask me," she added.

"There's nothing the matter with Oliver except that he can't get a job," said Rachel, annoyed by Pink's coquetry. "Since when have you got a down on people because of that?"

"This Elton lad seems to have no difficulty in finding jobs," replied Pink, calmly.

"That's different, he's quite another type. Everyone's not so smart and up and coming as you are, Pink. We're not all made alike."

"And thank heaven for that. But I do like a man to earn his own living and not cadge it."

Rachel had a grievance she had no aired. It would now make a reprisal.

"I don't criticize your friends, Pink. Not that I think so much of them—there's that girl across the hall, she's been in here half a dozen times and always to borrow something, carfare or a hat or an evening dress—"

"Genie Moore is going to be a great singer some day and she's only got money enough to pay for her living and her lessons and I'm glad to help her along. She works like a horse and she's got to have decent clothes when she gets a chance to sing at a private house. I suppose you're still peeved because I loaned her your white evening dress. I wouldn't have done it if she could have worn mine. I had it cleaned for you, didn't I?"

"This doesn't need to be a brawl," said Rachel. "I certainly didn't like your lending my white evening dress without telling me, but—"

"It was a chance for her to sing as a substitute and I didn't have time to do anything else. I should think you'd want to help another girl along. Look here, I'll buy you another evening dress and you can give me the white one and I'll give it to Genie Moore."

"Certainly not," said Rachel, stiffly. She didn't want to quarrel with Pink. She had come home feeling better than in weeks, the flowers had added to her peace of mind, but now somehow she and Pink were fighting. Over what? Over Oliver Land. She went on after a minute: "I don't want to defend Oliver especially, you'll think I'm interested in him and I'm not, but you ought to be fair, Pink. He may be a great actor some day just as Genie Moore may be a singer."

"It's right to help Genie because she works and tries to help herself," blazed Pink. "Oliver Land's a loafer and a beat!"

Rachel got up and put on her hat and coat. "I'm going to the movies," she said, blindly. She stopped at the door, remembering that Pink was tired. "Leave the dishes, I'll wash them when I come in," she managed to say.

Her mood of discontent and loneliness had come back stronger than ever. She was, she thought, an utter failure. She sat in the nearest movie theater and watched the roaring comedy without seeing it, while all around her the audience chuckled and cheered. Finally, in the midst of the loudest laughter she rose abruptly and went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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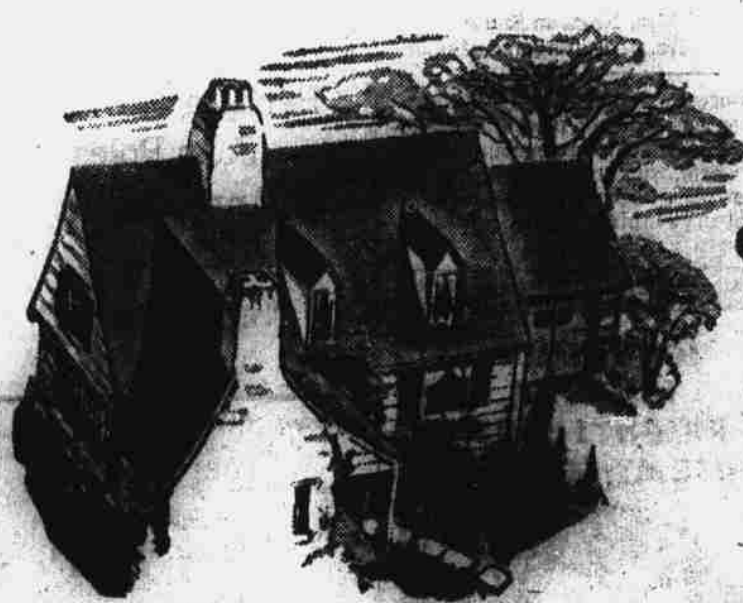


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