

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1939

Instructions for children following the mass.
Every Sunday at 5:00 p. m.—Sermon and evening prayer.
Holy Mass each morning at 7:00.
Services Friday night at 7:45.

MT. CALVARY F. W. B. CHURCH
Rev. E. M. Hill, Pastor.
9:45 a. m.—Sunday School; Jos. Killebrew, Supt.
Preaching every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m.
Evening worship every fourth Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

PHILIPPI CHRISTIAN CHURCH
(Disciples of Christ)
Corner 13th and Greene Sts.
Rev. C. T. Utley, Pastor.
Regular services every second and fourth Sundays.
9:30 a. m.—Sunday School; John L. Leary, Supt.
11:30 a. m.—Preaching.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday night at 7:30.
All are cordially invited to attend these services.

YORK MEMORIAL A. M. E. ZION
Albemarle Avenue
Rev. Solon P. League, Pastor.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Preaching, 11:00 a. m.
Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.
Preaching, 7:30 p. m.
Prayer and class meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30.
All are welcome to these services.

SELVIA CHAPEL F.W.B. CHURCH
Rev. J. W. Wilkins, Pastor.
Services every first Sunday at 11:00 a. m.

Sermon by the pastor.
2:00 p. m.—Sunday School; Sam Weathering, Supt.
All are invited to these services.

CORNERSTONE BAPTIST
(Thirteenth & Railroad Streets)
Rev. J. E. Tillett, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; Geo. L. Jenkins, Supt.
Church hour, 11 a. m. Sermon by the pastor.
Evening service, 7:30 p. m. Sermon by the pastor.

SIMPSON F. W. B. CHURCH
Rev. John Harden, Pastor
Services every fourth Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a. m.; C. L. Hardy, Supt.
11:00 a. m.—Morning worship.
7:30 p. m.—Evening worship.
Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

ELOHIM HOLINESS CHURCH
Pitt Street
Elder J. N. Batten, Pastor
Services at 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Sunday.
All welcome.
Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

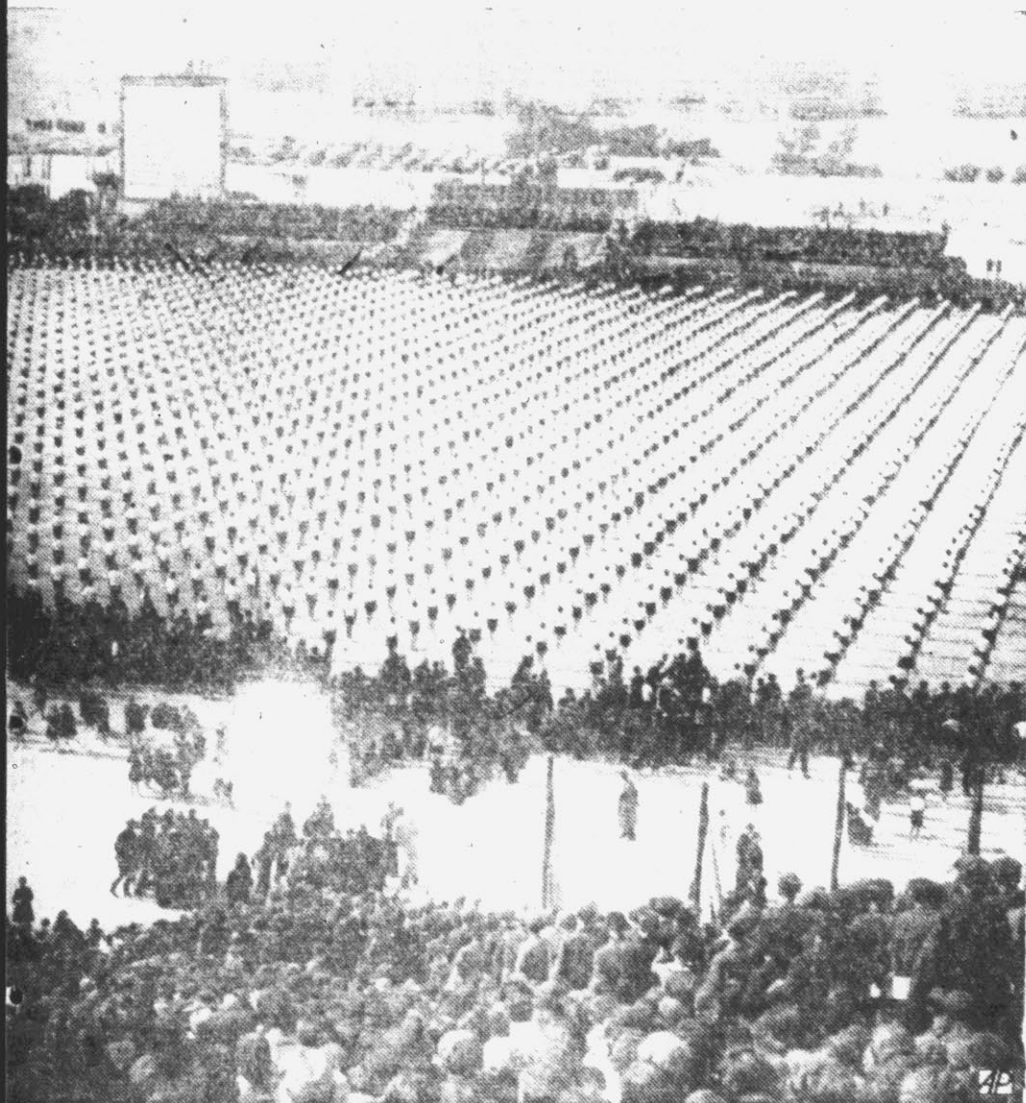
PHILIPPI BAPTIST CHURCH
Railroad Street—Simpson, N. C.
Rev. J. H. Harris, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; J. H. Taft, Supt.
11:00 a. m.—Morning worship.
7:30 p. m.—Evening worship.
Home Missions meet.
Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Mid-week
Wednesday, 2 p. m.—Women's prayer service.



WHO'D BLAME THE BIRD?—Contrary to plan, this turkey got loose during a re-enactment of the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth, Mass., and Norman Gifford, 12, retrieved the bird. Plymouth will observe the Nov. 30 Thanksgiving.



LEAGUE HUNT—Young Harland Clift, Jr., 2, topped his dad, the St. Louis Browns' third baseman, glory in this deer-point elk bagged near Yakima, Wash., by the player's mother, Mrs. A. B. Clift (left). Party also got several deer.



SPANISH YOUTHS PUT ON SHOW—To mark Spain's slow return to normal, 5,000 members of Falangist youth organizations held gymnastic drill at Madrid, with Franco as spectator.



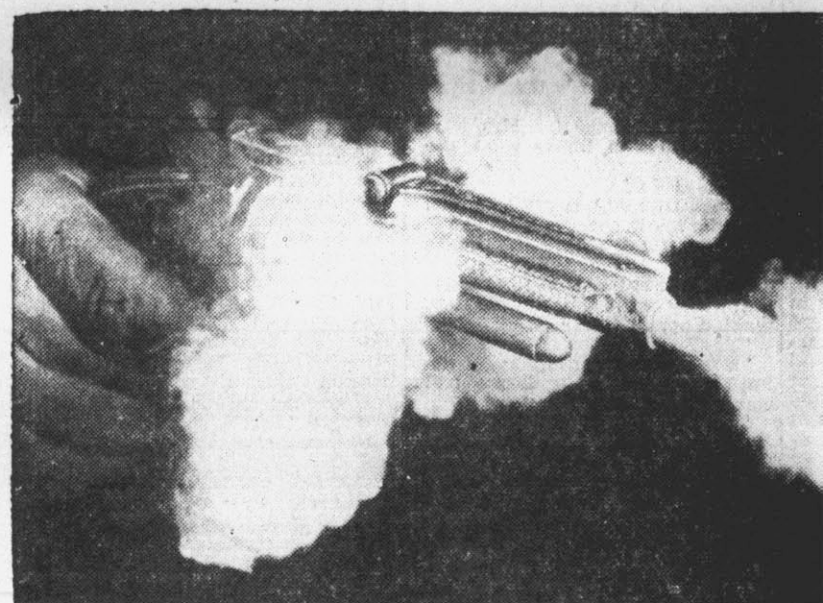
LOW, BLOW!—Icey hands won't nip the fingers of in Staunton, pretty ice skater New York. Her mittens are blue angora; earmuffs, lamb-skin; costume, blue velvet.



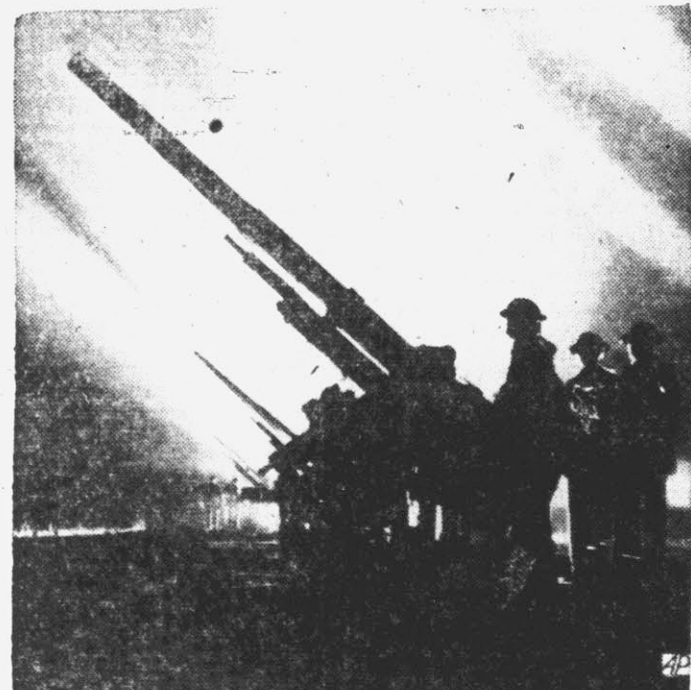
MARS' NEW FACE—War threatens the earth in insignia of scouting squadron 72, attached to new aircraft carrier Wasp.

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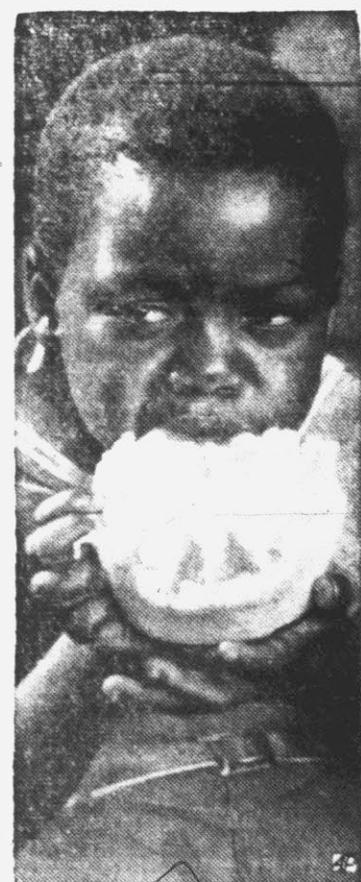
PIC



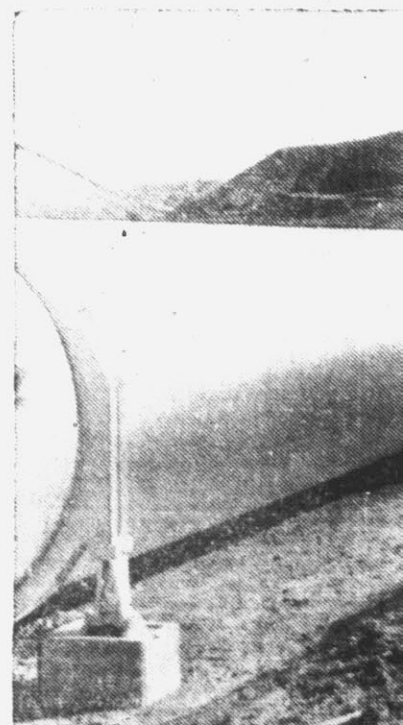
INSIDE STORY OF A PISTOL—The inefficiency of an old-fashioned well in this picture, made at the incredible exposure of one-millionth of a second, shows the explosive force escaped from sides of Edgerton of M.I.T. Note how much of the explosive force escaped from sides of the projecting rod shown; it is just emerging, cannot be seen for



PATTERN FOR A CUT-UP—For anyone interested in cutting out a real-life silhouette, there's this good sample of soldiers and anti-aircraft guns etched against the glare of searchlights at Fort Story, Va. Guns are three-inches.



FOURTH DOWN—So expert a grapefruit eater is young Troy Howard that the flying spray of juice doesn't bother him, and he takes his fruit "in the raw" at Waverly, Fla. And that's No. 4 on his menu for the day, he declares.

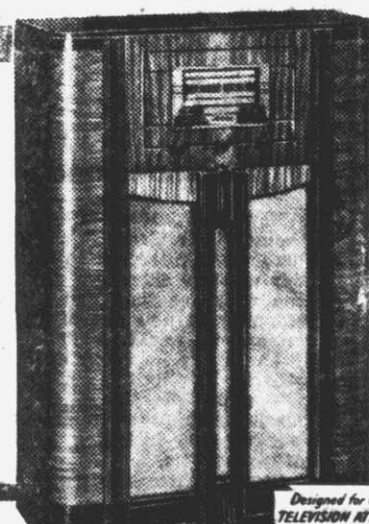


OVER THE HILL AND FA—tain canal siphon water to 41.

Sensational 1940

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TELEVISION ATTACHMENT



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Without a demonstration — you can't appreciate the value of a Chevrolet Truck as a part of your farm equipment.

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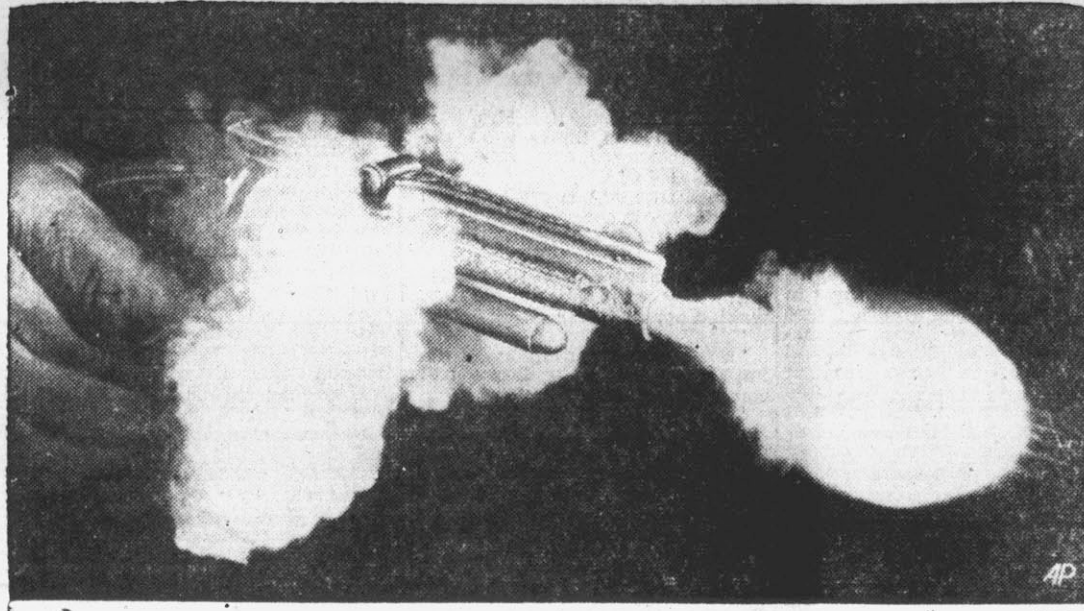
Chevrolet Co., Inc.

GREENVILLE, N. C.

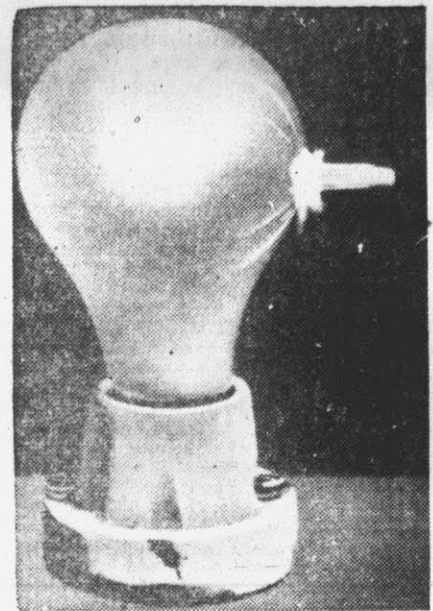
ASSOCIATED PRESS PICTURE



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CAMERA 'STOPS' FLIGHT C (left) and leaving a light bulb were taken Harold E. Edgerton of Massachusetts Instit used, the shutter being opened j



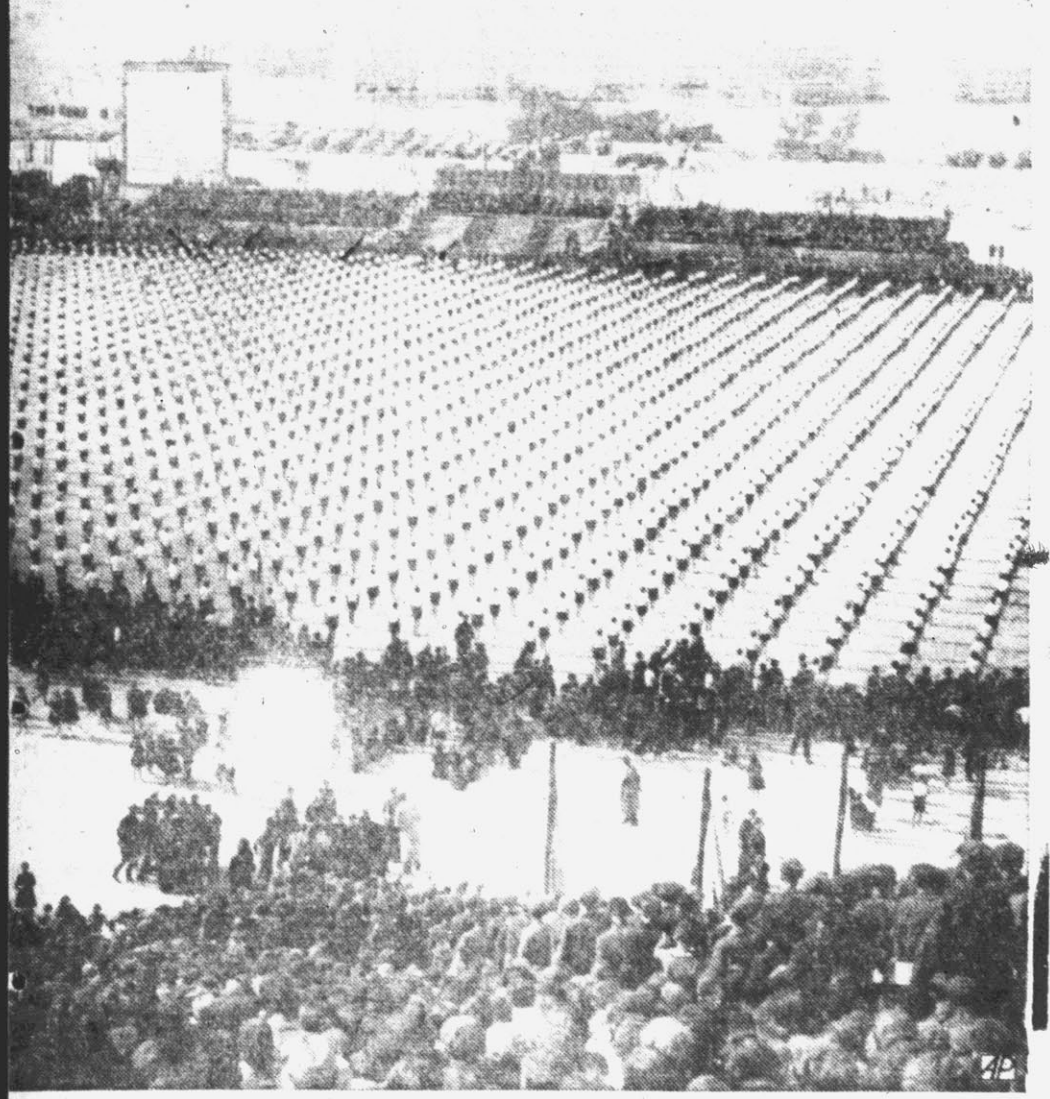
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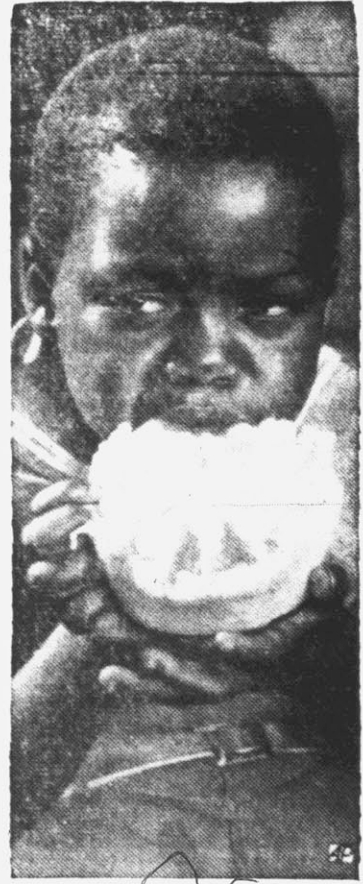
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WAS HIS CONSCIENCE HEAVY?—The blessing of the h found one dog (left) dodging away from Father Fassolla of St. Anthony



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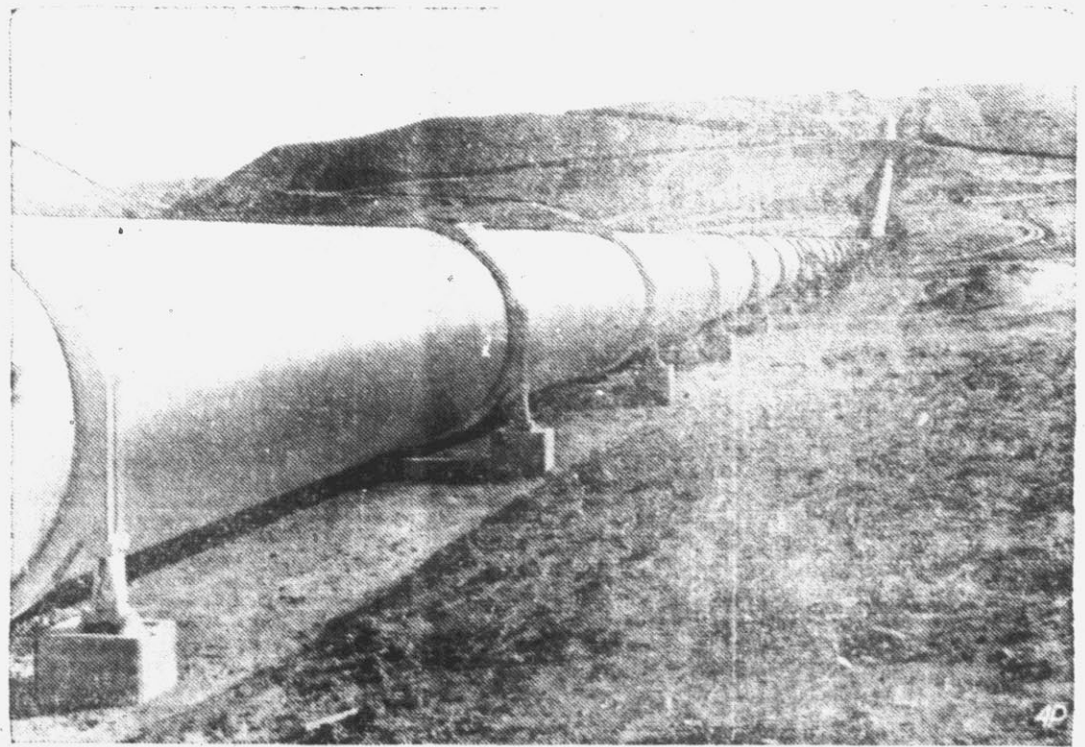
'HAVING WONDERFUL TIME'—When the fur-sealers from the Pribilof islands—Uncle Sam's fur-seal breeding preserve in the Bering sea—have a holiday, they really enjoy themselves. Note the faces, variety of dress. These sealers with their wives and children live on the Pribilof islands which are 250 miles north of Unalaska, at the tip of the Aleutians, Alaska.



NOW, BLOW!—Ice skaters won't nip the fingers of in Staunton, pretty ice skater New York. Her mittens are blue angora; earmuffs, lamb-skin; costume, blue velvet.

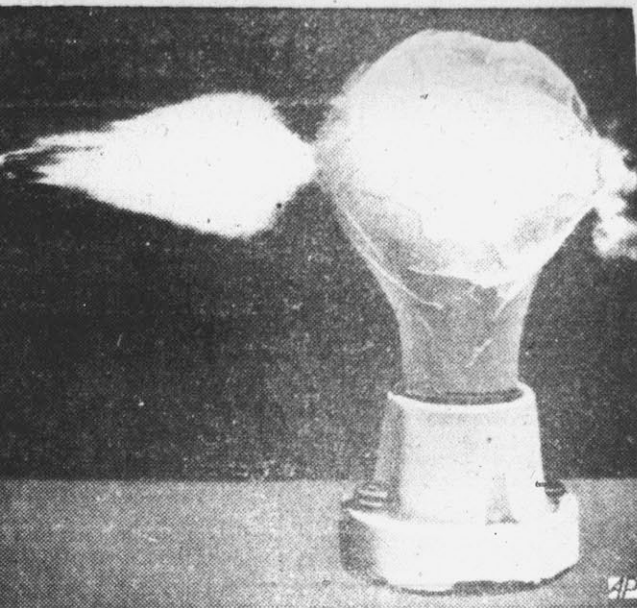


MARS' NEW FACE—War threatens the earth in insignia of scouting squadron 72, attached to new aircraft carrier Wasp.



OVER THE HILL AND FAR AWAY—This eight-foot pipe will help the Heart Mountain canal siphon water to 41,000 acres of the Shoshone reclamation project in Wyoming.

NEWS



OF BULLET—These pictures showing a bullet entering a target by a high-speed photographic process developed by Dr. J. P. Muller of the University of California. For the pictures an ordinary camera was used just before an intense, split-second flash of light.



ounds at the start of a fox hunt sponsored by the Pegasus club. The hounds came from Virginia for hunt.



HERE COME SUPPLIES—This native sealing boat "Birrah" is poking through the surf off St. Paul in the Pribilof Islands, which lie in the Bering sea a little southwest of the Alaskan mainland. On these islands are the breeding grounds for the largest fur-seal harems in the world, which are directly supervised by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.



FAMILY MAN—His narrow escape from Harvard and from a career in investment banking is among the memories of Orchestral Leader Johnny Green, seen with wife, Betty Furness, and baby. He has just composed a piece for Pianist Jose Iturbi.

The Daily Reflector

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DAVID J. WHITCHARD, Jr.
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Washington Daybook

By Preston Grover

Washington. — When Hendrik Hudson sailed up the Hudson river in 1609 he was too busy looking for Indians and shoals to notice it, but he passed right by a little oak that was earnestly growing into a big oak to shelter the Franklin D. Roosevelt library at Hyde Park.

The little tree, together with several companions, was growing on Indian public domain at the time. Now again it belongs to the public for President Roosevelt has donated the site to the Federal government for permanent housing of the millions of papers and documents accumulated during his 30 years and more in and out of public service.

The historic Hudson, the nearby Albany Post Road and the old Indian camp grounds under the oaks which now spread magnificently are frequently mentioned by the President as he takes part in the step-by-step building process, such as the laying of the cornerstone, November 19.

He has a keen historical sense of the enterprise, which pleases scholars even as it annoys certain critical politicians.

"Only an egocentric magalomaniac would have the nerve to ask for this legislation," said Representative Dewey Short, Missouri Republican, in opposing the bill by which the Federal government agreed to accept and maintain the library now being built on the Hyde Park estate.

But the bill passed and the tons of letters, books, ship models, old sea-going ships' logs, and other items of the Roosevelt collection ultimately will rest in the U-shaped structure to be built within the shade of the great oak.

Material Spread Out

The papers of other presidents have been handled in various ways. Some have been lost, burned or scattered among relatives. President Hoover housed many of his in a special library at his alma mater, Stanford University. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Coolidge each keep possession of their husband's papers, although Mrs. Coolidge has housed that collection in the library of Congress.

President Roosevelt consulted scholars and librarians on his plan for a library on the Roosevelt estate. "It has been the conclusion of the committee of scholars who have given me their advice on the whole project that in these modern days it is advisable for us not to put all of our historic eggs in one basket, that there is too much risk in having all of our historic material in one place.

Therefore, they will welcome a partial distribution of such original material through the different parts of the nation. This spreads the risk and, incidentally, will probably result in an increased public interest in historic documents in every part of the country."

Two Terms—Or Three?

Since 1910 when he became a state senator—President Roosevelt has preserved all his papers, correspondence both official and private, business books, pictures, pamphlets, literally wagon-loads of it. It covers his time as state senator, as wartime assistant secretary of the navy, his trips to Europe during the war, his campaign for the vice presidency, his political correspondence during the twenties when he regained his health and attained greater political prominence, his terms as governor, and the years of the presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt paints a quiet picture of himself, retired from the presidency, assisting the national archivist in cataloging and organizing the material. It will be open to all scholars. Due to the invention of microfilm, photographs of any or all documents can be sent to other libraries or colleges on request. Air-conditioning and fire-proofing will be provided.

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Michael discovers young Gordon Deane enjoying a dugout he has made on the riverbank. Gordon admits that he wrote the anonymous diamond note, broke into the house, and has been generally snooping around with Higgins.

Chapter 35

Oath Of Secrecy

GORDON thought it over. "I don't know much," he said. "I used to know of it. I did. I used to watch that Lissey old maid snooping around, and I thought maybe she did it, but she didn't, I guess. I've dug about half the woods up looking for Murchison's grave, but I can't find it."

"Don't you think he might have been thrown in the river?"

"They'd have found him downstream, wouldn't they?"

"Unless a stone, properly tied to the body..." Michael suggested.

"He'd have to row him out in the river then, to drop..." Gordon stared at him. "My boat!" he said.

"I knew the same guy had it!"

"Your boat was stolen a year ago, I thought you said, Gordon?"

"Yes. That's right. But..."

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing. Only there's somebody on this river got a boat. I've heard the oars at night when I been here."

"Oars at night, eh?" Michael considered. "Lately? Since we came here?"

"Oh, off and on all the time. I don't come here every night. I have to wait until mom thinks I'm asleep, and I know they are, and then I come down here and read."

Michael glanced at the pack of cards on the bench. "And Higgins comes too, eh, and you play cards?"

"Pinocle. He's awful dumb, though."

"Yes. But didn't he swipe a key to the study door for you?"

Gordon swallowed miserably. "Thanks," said Michael. "I had an idea that's where you got it. Now about those oars. Is the boat out in mid-stream or close in?"

"Pretty close in. What gets me is that it always sounds like it's coming in to shore, and I listen, and the oars stop like it's been beached, and I been up and down every inch of this bank for miles and there's no place where a boat's landed. I go out every morning after I hear it, but I can't find it. So I guess it doesn't land here."

"It's up-stream from you, then? Sure it isn't down toward the golf club?"

"Sure. Anyways, there's no landing places downstream either, till you get clear on the other side of town. The bank's too steep."

"Well, I don't suppose it concerns us," Michael looked at the lad keenly. The blue eyes were steady, the chin firm. Sense there, Michael decided.

"How'd you like to take on the job of helping me solve this mystery, Gordon?" he asked.

Gordon gasped. "Help you? I thought you was going to arrest me for butting in!"

"Of course I ought to," Michael said gravely. "But I don't think I will. You see, I need you. I need somebody to do two or three things for me, that nobody will notice. And I need somebody to dog around and ferret out a few things where I mustn't be seen. You're a sharp kid. If you're game to help me, I'll give you the oath of secrecy and swear you in, and we're away."

Gordon's eyes were shining. "You bet your boots I'll help!" he said enthusiastically. "I hate that guy anyway with his buggy brown eyes, and his..."

Michael held up a warning hand. "Shush, Gordon. No guessing allowed. No names mentioned until you can prove it. Now, spit on your right hand, and put it over your heart, and repeat after me. I swear, so help me Pete, never to divulge anything I know except to my chief, and I swear to act like a fourteen-year-old kid with no brains as nearly as possible and never to hint that I am a special deputy. I swear moreover to obey orders without question."

"The last is the most important," Michael told him, when the oath was taken. "Now we start. The first thing I want to discuss, Gordon, is the Creeping Man."

Two Bullets

THE inquest on the death of Alix Lissey had been called for Wednesday. On Tuesday afternoon, Michael, coming from the University Post Office by the woodland path, was shot.

Shot at, rather. The first bullet went past his chin by a bare fraction of an inch, and buried itself, as he discovered by a careful search later, in a birch tree beyond him. The second clipped his coat collar. There were no more because he dropped down instantly behind a big stump, and stayed there for several minutes. The shot had come from the river bank, and as he dropped he had an instantaneous glimpse of a man's figure outlined against the sky through the trees.

"So?" he said to himself as he waited there. "I know too much, eh? And the inquest is tomorrow?"

Tuck came running out of the house; Michael stood up hastily before she saw where he had been and started off toward her. The gentleman with the gun would not remain in his present position for more than a second or two. An idea struck him.

"Go back to the house, honey," he said. "Gordon's got a new rifle, and I promised to help him break it in. I'll be in a few minutes."

"Was that what I heard?" she asked, her face clearing.

"Yes. And d'ye mind looking for that tennis racket with the red handle? Dave wants it back. Look for it now, will you?"

"Um," she said as she went back.

That would keep her in the house, in safety, he told himself. He raced back down the path to the river fork, and went swiftly across through the trees. He stood on the edge of the bank, and looked down-stream. There was no one in sight. Cautiously, keeping well inside the line of trees, he followed down the bank until he was even with the Horseshoe. There was no one, and no trace of anyone... dropped shells, cigarette cases or anything that an obliging would-be murderer really should leave behind him.

He went back to the house. "I can't find that old racket," Tuck said as he came in the door. "I don't remember that you ever had one with a red handle, Michael."

"Well, perhaps I gave it back," he said vaguely. "Where's Charlotte Jean?"

"She doesn't know."

"Oh?" Michael wandered out into the kitchen. Charlotte Jean was folding clothes.

Michael perched himself on the corner of the table. "How's your boy friend these days?" he asked.

"My boy friend, Mr. Michael? Which one do you mean, then?"

"The newest one. The pocket size edition, Higgins. By the way, was he overseas, Charlotte Jean?"

"Yes, Mr. Forrester. I think he was."

"Did he ever happen to tell you whether or not he's a good shot?"

"Yes, Mr. Forrester, he did. He is. A very good shot, he says."

"These men are gay deceivers," Michael told her gloomily.

"Yes, indeed, sir. As for Higgins—I think the little man's crazy, sir."

From The Golf Course

"WHY?"

"Because he is, Mr. Michael. You'll maybe have heard I told Mrs. Forrester about the money he's comin' into. I didn't so much as mention that I'd told Mrs. Forrester before he fair flew off at me. He said I'd no business tellin' his secrets like that, and he hasn't been around since. So I up, and broke the engagement."

"Quite proper, under the circumstances. Does he know you've broken it?"

"No. I haven't had a chance to tell him yet."

"Is he still around the gardens?"

"Oh, yes. Although he is letting the weeds grow in our yard something scandalous."

"He didn't mention that he might be leaving the country?"

"No, he didn't, sir."

"Well, that's nice. Now weren't you hanging out clothes this afternoon?"

"No, Mr. Michael. I was taking them in."

"But you were out in the yard."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you there when Gordon Deane shot that fire-cracker off?"

"Oh, was that it? It gave me a real start, that it did. Yes, I was there."

"Did you happen to see anyone going into or coming out of any of the houses afterward?"

"Not that I just remember. Mr. Michael. What do you want to know for, if I may ask? Is it something about that old maid divin' last night?"

Michael got up. "Very little, I'm afraid. You didn't see anyone else?"

"Not that I can remember of. Oh, let me see... I believe I did see Mr. Devoe. But he wasn't goin' anywhere. He was coming home."

"From where, Charlotte Jean?"

"From the golf course, I guess. He had his golf bag with him, and he came from the river bank way you know, over to the right where the path goes down toward the golf course."

"And how long ago was that?"

"Oh, let me see—I was just finishing the colored clothes—I guess it was maybe ten minutes or so ago."

Continued tomorrow

SHORT SHOTS

Reflector Bureau.

By HENRY AVERILL.

Raleigh, Nov. 18.—The North Carolina Council of Youth-Serving agencies, meeting Tuesday, November 21, has adopted "Youth and Employment" as its conference theme. Sessions are to be held at the Sir Walter from 10:30 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Raleigh folks, and those of the section, will have an opportunity Sunday afternoon to see what dirt-road motorcycle racing looks like.

Under auspices of the Raleigh Post Number 1, American Legion, approximately a score of the biggest daredevils of the country are going to present thrills at Milburne Meadow, about six miles out from the capital city on the Rocky Mount road.

Louis H. Wilson, publications chief of the State Department of Agriculture is in a Kingston hospital undergoing observation for suspected sinus trouble. No complete diagnosis has been made, but it is not thought that he is seriously ill.

His office secretary seemed greatly surprised that an inquiring reporter laughed out loud when informed that "Mr. Wilson is in the Kingston hospital having his head examined."

Statisticians in the office of the Highway Safety Division sought this bureau's cooperation in seeking to get more and better reports on automobile accidents over the state. After several articles had appeared on the subject, there was such a pick up in reports that the tabulators now complain about the amount of work they have to do.

The North Carolina State Employment Service believes its October report of placements shows a very decided swing toward better business in North Carolina.

It is cited that while the report for the month shows an increase in total placements of only 14.78 per

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. D. A. WINDHAM

We are considering our last lesson from the sermon on the mount. This has to do with our dealing with each other and climaxes in the golden text the golden rule.

The whole trend is in the tone of friendship, the tie that binds the hearts of men to each other and seeks to bring humanity into perfect harmony.

A doctor on returning to the sick room found his prescription on the mantel; when he asked how the patient was? This is just what the world has done for nineteen centuries. The Lord of glory came and gave a perfect panacea for all our ills and the pathetic fact we have set them aside and humanity is still unhealed. Men unjustly criticize his fellow man and seeks to take advantage of his neighbor all the things mentioned in the lesson today; with the climax in the magic words: "Do as you would have them do."

Originating in the Gulf of Mexico is a wonderful current which means much to the world. Warmed by a tropical sun it starts its northward drift. It bathes the coasts of Florida and the West Indies giving them a climate of summer and spring. It parallels the Atlantic Seaboard and tempers the sea breezes, giving refreshing dewdrops to revive the thirsting flowers along its way. It has made the coast of New England and the tides that rise there shores the fishery of the world. It flows on and melts the icebergs drifting from Greenland to make the Atlantic safe for navigation. It surrounds the island of Iceland making this northern island a land of spring and flowers. Onward to the shores of Norway, Sweden and Denmark making them the land of tulips. It tempers the climate of the British Isles and warms the zephyrs for the vine-clad hills of France; the gulf stream flows on to make the world bloom like a rose.

If it were not for the Gulf stream Florida and the West Indies would feel the chill of winter, the climate of the Atlantic seaboard would be changed, the fish of New England would disappear, the icebergs of Greenland would make the Atlantic unsafe for navigation. Iceland would be a land of perpetual winter, the tulips of Denmark would fade, the British Isles would be chilly and the zephyrs of France would be chilled with frost.

Like the Gulf stream, a fountain of love originates in the great loving, pulsing, throbbing heart of God and flows through a cold and friendless world, warming hearts and uniting them together in bonds of love and understanding. It touched the hearts of Jonathan and David and thousands of others, and if it could but touch the hearts of all men, implements of war would be beat into plowshares and pruning hooks and from every land would rise one mighty anthem with a chorus, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." The lion and the lamb could lie down together, and a little child could lead them.

Friendship like charity should begin at home and like a pebble dropped into the water would wave on and cheer other hearts. Humanity is but the mirror that reflects the friendship of our own hearts, for if we measure friendship to others it shall be measured to us again; and those about us are only an aid in returning the friendly words we speak. If we speak kindly we shall be kindly spoken to. No implementation of torture is as effective as the look of kindness; and nothing turns away wrath like the answer of kindness.

Unparalleled friendship softened the despotic hearts of Damocles and Cromwell that which stubborn malice could never have done.

Friendship helps us to overlook the mote in our brother's eye and makes us willing to give good things to our children and our fellowman and for so doing our heavenly Father will in turn give us the good things mentioned in verse 11.

Friendship is a christian grace accepted by every nation on earth and the only one practiced by the lower animals. When fully practiced it is a trail leading through life's rocky and noble experiences upward to a higher plain where light lingers long when the day is done. It watches in the sick room at the gravestone mingling with the bereft a sympathetic tear and with the soft hand of charity brushes the tear from the widow and orphan's eye.

We reach the climax by making friends with Jesus Christ. "Ye are my friends," you do whatsoever I have commanded you." Having formed this divine friendship when we come to the ending of the way we will pass the straight and narrow way through the "straight gate" of life's golden sunset somewhere out yonder where the wicked cease to trouble and where the weary is eternally at rest; where the Lamb is the light and where we shall see Him face to face as he is.

If I were able to write a counterpart to the famous poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," I would choose as a title "The House in the Middle of the Road" that I might be closer friend to man.

In closing may I notice the saving economically to the nations of the world. The costs of firing one of the biggest guns in the modern way would be enough to give a college education. And if it should hit its target, a modern battleship, it would send the ocean bed enough to evangelize the world for a period of five years. Oh, the tragic result of hate. May God hasten the day when nations will settle their disputes with wisdom rather than with weapons.

BABSON

(Continued from page one)

gle taxpayer. Their stocks and bonds are owned by more than 100,000 more than those of any other industry. More institutions exist on the income from railroad bonds than on any other type of security. The railroad business is entwined and interwoven throughout the entire business fabric of the continent. There

Donor Sought



The one person in 5,000, whose blood might save Catherine Felt (above), is sought after 15 blood transfusions failed to halt acute lymphatic leukemia which is slowly weakening the child in Philadelphia. Doctors said the blood of a person who has recovered from the malady might help her but they estimated only one victim in 5,000 recovers.

Another Dimaggio



Twenty-one-year-old Dominic, youngest of the ball-playing Dimaggios, has been sent up stairs to the majors. The Boston Red Sox bought him from the San Francisco Seals. Dominic, brother of Joe and Vince, was voted the most valuable player in the Pacific Coast league last season. He is busy at the telephone telling friends and sports writers of his sale to Boston.

can be no real prosperity in America without the railroads shining!

They are now participating fully in the present upswing. They have given out thousands of jobs to take care of their increased business. The sensation jump in volume of traffic this fall has taxed their freight car and locomotive facilities. As a result, more orders for equipment have been shored through in the past two months than in the entire year 1938. Millions of dollars are being spent on rail replacements, dressing up depots, repairing present rolling stock, and improving road-beds.

The vertical upswing in railroad earnings does not mean, however, that the railroads have suddenly become healthy and robust. The danger list and is now escalating. There are still many individual roads which are facing major operations. As a whole, however, the industry is temporarily in the black. That means that it is paying its bills and its taxes and earning the interest on its bonds for the first time in months.

Traffic Vs. Prices
Railroad traffic today is higher than it has been in any fall since 1930—higher even than in 1936-7. Here is a comparison of carloadings for the mid-November week for each year since 1929. To show how our investors are on the industry, I am giving the average price of 30 leading railroad stocks on the same date for each of these years:

Year	Loadings	Price
1929	805,000	\$31.30
1930	637,000	31.80
1931	690,000	33.40
1932	785,000	60.10
1933	628,000	36.20
1934	585,000	35.30
1935	578,000	39.90
1936	537,000	26.10
1937	686,000	51.50
1938	881,000	99.00
1939	1,050,000	127.80

Note that today, based on traffic volume, railroad stocks are cheaper than at any time in the past decade, and that means at any time in history. Carloadings are slightly higher than in 1936 at this time, while rail stocks are 50 per cent lower! The same is true of bonds. Ten \$1,000 bonds—one each of the ten most important bankrupt railroads—can be bought for a total of \$1,000 today. These same ten bonds would have cost \$3,500 in 1937. Yet the railroad picture is much brighter today than it was then!

Doubts Fair Treatment
Most investors are convinced that the railroads' basic problems are still with them: Competition, labor, taxes, and politics. I am sure that the railroads will never again experience the prosperity they enjoyed in the 1920's. Yet, through efficient management and a fair level of general business, two-thirds of the mileage could earn enough to pay big taxes, good wages, interest on bonds, and small dividends—if government and labor give them half

MAY MAKE RUN AGAINST EURE

Pete Murphy Talked For Secretary of State Post

Reflector Bureau.
By HENRY AVERILL
Raleigh, Nov. 16.—There is a definite movement under way to induce Rowan's political war horse and veteran House member Walter (Pete) Murphy to run for secretary of state in next year's primary.

How far the movement will get is something that this bureau's operators have not yet reported; but there is information of a highly reliable sort that Mr. Murphy has been approached and that he has not turned his back upon the idea.

As the story goes, he is still toying with the thought and seems not too averse to making the race. He is pictured as wishing for "one more fling at something important politically."

Back of the incipient efforts to get Murphy into the race are many members—and some officials, for that matter—of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who want the Rowan veteran placed in a statewide political job for a reason quite unusual in such cases. These ladies feel that "Pete" knows more about North Carolina than any living man and they have come to the conclusion that if lodged in the office of secretary of state he would be in position to write a complete history of the state which would be far superior to any other work on the subject.

Without going into too many details on a race which is still highly problematical, it can be said that a contest between Murphy—veteran, hard-boiled, often undiplomatic, hard-hitting, plain spoken—and the incumbent, Thad. Eure—youthful, suave, the "handshakingest of the handshakers"—self-styled "people's man"—would be something to get just a bit excited about.

a chance. Developments in connection with the Old Colony Railroad in Massachusetts make me doubt this, however.

With the type of political leadership we have now, with the public's unfair attitude toward private property, with our short-sighted labor leadership, I would not advise anyone to put railroad securities in the baby's bank. On the other hand, I believe that two-thirds of all railroad securities are today under-valued on the basis of current traffic and earnings. Investors should hold their rail securities for a market rise and then clean out the rotten ones. Meanwhile, manufacturers, jobbers, and salesmen should find railroad purchasing agents in a buying mood. Moreover, some people now out of work should find jobs with the roads themselves or with their suppliers.

Colored News

Program At Zion Hill School
A program was given at Zion Hill school Wednesday night, November 15, 1939. The program was under the auspices of Miss Mamie Maye and with the help of the principal, Johnnie B. Young, the program was a great success.

After the program ended remarks were made by the principal, at which time he expressed his gratitude to the parents and friends of the community for their co-operation in helping put the program over. During his remarks he urged the parents to send their children to school regularly, thus outlining to them the importance of sending their children to school every day.

A number of the parents were present to aid in putting the program over. Several of the parents made remarks expressing their desire to cooperate in any way throughout the year. Some of the parents present were: James Blount, Jonnie Green, Johnnie Lang, Moses Noble, and Charlie Brown. Even one was served in grand style and a sum of \$3.85 was raised to purchase equipment for the school.

THIMBLE THEATRE (Starring Popeye)



BLONDIE



Red Cross First Aid Graduates



Pictured here a group of local citizens, mostly employees of the Water and Light Commission, who recently completed a course in first aid. The course was sponsored by the Red Cross. Reading left to right are H. B. Markham, Grover Whitehurst, W. E. Hill, all holding Elvin Jones, D. C. Tripp, R. I. Hill, M. D. Adams, K. R. Rowe, James Brewer, holding T. A. Bryson.



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Man About Manhattan

By George Tucker

New York.—Almost every day people ask this question: "I've written a song; how can I get it published?" It's an unknown, consequently, they won't give me a break. How do you do it? How can you break through?"

And this applies to the other fields. . . . A man from Minnesota tells me he has a play, but he doesn't know what to do with it. . . . A school teacher in Idaho writes that she and her sister have spent four years collaborating on a novel. . . . "How can I get a publisher to publish it? . . . Can I find an agent who will handle this for me?"

How can I crash the stage? . . . How can I crash the films? . . . Frankly, I don't know. . . . Some people with all the merit in the world go all their lives without stumbling on the one little key of commercial success. Others find it apparently, without any trouble. It just seems to drop into their laps.

Now, if you've written a play, or a novel, or a song—I can't get it published for you. I can't introduce you to film magnates, and music publishers. But I can do this: I can suggest that you read a book, a little yellow-covered book whose title is "How to Crash Tin Pan Alley." It carries the sub-title of "An authoritative handbook for a successful song writing career." It also does for other fields of creative expression what it does for music.

Who wrote this book? Two men and a woman—Arthur Jones, Louise Howard, and Jeron Crisswell. . . .

General U. S. Grant's tomb in New York was built by popular subscription at a cost of \$600,000.

Some dairy people have sent me a letter about cows and milk and about a new type of paper bottle. Their product is to be delivered in I think they've made a mistake. In no sense do I claim to be a city boy, unused to the cow-pasture, but I

RUPTURE

Shield Expert Here Again
E. J. MEINHARDT, widely known expert of Chicago, will personally be in Goldsboro, N. C., at the Goldsboro Hotel, Tuesday only, Nov. 21st, from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. He will also be in Rocky Mount, N. C., at the Ricks Hotel, Wednesday only, Nov. 22nd. Same hours as above.

MR. MEINHARDT says: The Meinhardt Shield is a tremendous improvement—well known for producing immediate results. It closes the opening in 10 days on the average—regardless of size or location of Rupture and no matter how hard you work or strain. It is waterproof and has no leg straps or cumbersome arrangements. (No Surgery or Injection Treatments used.) Mr. Meinhardt has been coming here for 15 years.

Caution: If neglected—Rupture may cause weakness, backache, constipation, nervousness, stiffness, pains, etc., or sudden death from strangulation. Men having large Ruptures which have returned after Surgical Operations or Injection Treatments are also invited. When all others fail—see MEINHARDT. He will be pleased to demonstrate to you privately without charge. (Only men invited). White only—(Adv.)

CARE OF TREES IS ESSENTIAL

Demonstration Shows Planning Pays in Dividends

Raleigh, Nov. 16.—Many trees are like Topsy, they "just grow." But it is possible to make trees do more than "just grow," says R. W. Shoffner, farm management specialist of the State College Extension Service in charge of the TVA demonstration farm program in the state.

He said that the Department of Forestry Relations of the Tennessee Valley Authority established experimental plots in April, 1937, to determine the effect of fertilization on black locusts, one of the most valuable species of trees. Recent measurements showed that application of superphosphate increased the height of the seedlings almost double the height of unfertilized trees.

Eight hundred trees were planted on an old field where the vegetation consisted mostly of broom sedge. Half of them were fertilized at the rate of one-quarter pound of superphosphate per tree, applied in a four-foot diameter circle around the tree. All of the trees, including those which did not receive any treatment, were cultivated by turning over the soil with a spade in a four-foot circle around each tree.

Of the 400 unfertilized trees, 362 are now living, or 90.50 per cent survival. Of the 400 fertilized trees, 373 survived, or 93.25 per cent. The unfertilized seedlings have attained an average height of 3.4 feet each, while the seedlings which received applications of superphosphate now average 6.6 feet in height.

"This is good proof that fertilization will increase the growth of forest trees, and that the practice should be adopted with the better species of timber," Shoffner declared.

happen to be anchored on a street called Broadway, with a roving assignment to write about people whose names mean something and about the things that have an appeal to those who live away from New York. I'm supposed to be a back-home correspondent, with a daily letter to write, and if I went in for the milking pail, instead of the night life tale, I'm afraid my editor might take it upon himself to say, "Son, you seem to be mis-cast. Suppose you get on back to the farm, where you can put some realism into your work, and really milk a cow, instead of rhapsodizing about it." I'm personally all for milk. I think it's a good idea. I like it sweet or sour, buttermilk or clabber. I will drink it out of bottles, buckets, or gourds.

But I'm sending this letter back to Mr. L. A. Van Bommel, of Sheffield Farms, because he must have made a mistake. Maybe there's a Tucker somewhere in Manhattan who writes a dairy column—you know, "Here's Milk in Your Eye" or "The Cream of the Cow." He couldn't have meant this one for me.

Try these famous Old Colony beverages today! — Orange — Grape and Cherry.

OLD COLONY
Quality Beverages

12 OZ. BOTTLE 5¢

Swimmer Is Saved By Quick Thinking

By S. B. UNDERWOOD, JR.
Roll Call Publicity Chairman
Near tragedy in the blue waters of the Pacific recently was averted by the quick action of Virginia Williamson, a Red Cross life saver. Attracted by shouts on the beach, at Balboa, California, Virginia discovered that one of the swimmers had struck his head on the edge of a float and had sunk to 12 feet of water.

After several surface dives, she located the body of Bill Jones resting on the bottom. Placing her hand under his chin, as she had been taught in her life saving lessons, she brought the victim to the surface and towed him ashore. Securing the assistance of bystanders, she sent for a doctor and immediately started artificial respiration. By the time the physician arrived, the near-drowning victim was again breathing and on his way to recovery.

Keep your Red Cross ready! Pitt County Red Cross Roll Call week of November 11, 1939.

Italians were the most numerous foreign-born group in the United States in the census of 1930.

END CHILLS AND FEVER

MAKE YOUR FAUCETS MARKED "HOT" TELL THE TRUTH—INSTALL A RUUD GAS WATER HEATER WITH A MONEL TANK

Tired of "temperamental" water from your "Hot" water taps—scalding hot today, freezing cold tomorrow? You can very easily turn your chills into thrills—thrills of having hot water at exactly the right temperature, day-in, day-out, morning, noon, and night. You can forget those fights up and down the steps to light a make-shift boiler in the kitchen or cellar on cold winter mornings. Or carrying a steaming kettle of water gingerly up to the bathroom to do your shaving. . . . How? Just let us install a Ruud automatic gas water heater with a Monel tank. That way, you banish chills and fever, step-climbing, tinkering, kettle-carrying, and rust—once and for all. Yes, rust, because the Monel tank can't rust. It's guaranteed for twenty years. You don't spend money uselessly heating up a tank full of rust scales when you buy this water heater. Don't put it off any longer—call us tomorrow about the easy terms on a Ruud automatic gas water heater with a Monel tank of the right size to meet your family's needs.

A small down payment and the balance in small monthly payments for perfect hot water service.

Water & Light Com.

Prices Firm All Week, Fancy Grades Continue to Sell Up to \$50.00—We Strongly Urge Getting
Your Tobacco on Market Early as Possible

1st Sale Monday Star No 2—1st Sale Every Day at No. 1 or No. 2 Warehouse

Smith & Sugg Star Warehouses 1 and 2 --Greenville, N.C.

"OLDEST ESTABLISHED WAREHOUSE FIRM IN GREENVILLE" — BEST MARKET IN STATE