

**The Pistol in the Car**

The finding of a pistol tucked away in the side pocket of the Ford automobile in which W. W. Ormand sat when he was shot and killed by W. B. Cole is a circumstance that doubtless will play a part in the trial of the Rockingham manufacturer. Certainly the defense may be expected to make all possible use of the fact that a deadly weapon was carried in the car, a fact which usually suggests that one is "looking for trouble."

Two days following the homicide a dispatch sent out from Rockingham to the daily papers of the state, contained this unqualified statement:

"No weapon of any description was found on Ormand or in his car."

The statement was sent out by a correspondent on the scene, a man who has lived in Rockingham for years and was as familiar with the circumstances of the homicide as any man could be who had no connection with it or with the parties thereto.

Now the question naturally arises, why has the discovery of the pistol in the automobile been kept from the public so long, for two weeks?

The homicide was the talk of the town for days, and doubtless is the chief topic of comment down there even yet, more than two weeks after the tragic afternoon. Every bit of information that could have any bearing of much discussion, once it came to the knowledge of the people in the streets or the stores and offices. Why was the discovery of the pistol never talked so that any newspaper man, of the several who spent much time trying to get information bearing on the homicide, might chronicle the circumstance? What motive could one have for concealing the facts? Was it regarded as an incident of no particular interest or significance?

The case is one of the most interesting in modern North Carolina criminal annals. It is the more interesting because of the peculiarities involved. Keen interest has been augmented, if possible, by the silence of the defense.

The trial will be one of the most interesting in recent years in North Carolina. If one may credit the intimations that are frequently heard with reference to the plans and purposes of the defense, some real sensations are likely to be sprung during the trial.—Charlotte Observer.

Ask your grocer for Elektrik-Maid Bread—Baked in Camden fresh daily.

Staten Island, N. Y. — Miss Jane Phenix, writes:—"I am from the West, for many years I suffered from auto-intoxication due to torpid liver and constipation. My system was so badly poisoned that my face was swollen to twice its natural size. I was continuously tired, weak and depressed, had no appetite. I read your Tutt's Liver Pill advertisement and tried them. After a few doses I began to improve. Tutt's Pills have kept me free from a return of the illness, and I feel like a new person. Am never without them." At all druggists.



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**WOMAN IS KILLED**

**Temperance Worker Thought to Have Been Shot By Liquor Men**

Vinton, Iowa, Sept. 8.—Shot down as she was writing a paper she intended to read today before the Benton County W. C. T. U., of which she was president, Mrs. C. B. Cook was killed in her home last night. Her friends believe her the victim of one of a number of liquor law violators against whom she had been active.

A shot fired through a rear window as she sat writing her paper, entitled "Looking Forward," caused her death an hour and a half later. She was unconscious most of the time until her death and unable to supply any information that would aid authorities in their search for her assailant.

"Oh, save me, save me," were the only words she uttered to her aged mother, Mrs. Underwood, when the latter hurried downstairs upon hearing her daughter scream following the shooting.

Testimony to this effect was given by Mrs. Underwood at the coroner's inquest this afternoon. She also expressed the belief that "some of those drunks who hang around the streets near our home" were responsible.

Belief that Mrs. Cook was killed by a liquor law violator was strengthened by word from Cedar Rapids that Mrs. Cook had made two trips to the city to consult Roy C. Slade, a prohibition enforcement officer, relative to conditions in Vinton.

Mr. Slade said that on her last visit she furnished the names of several persons suspected of being engaged in rum-running and illegal sale of liquors. Later, Slade said, he received a letter from her in which she spoke of going before the Benton County grand jury.

Mrs. Cook charged, Slade said, that Benton County civil authorities were not doing their duty, though he declined to make public the correspondence. From another source it was learned that Mrs. Cook had a list of names of all of the bootleggers she intended to submit to the grand jury.

Marks on the screen of the window through which the bullet passed are believed to have been caused by burned powder, leading to the opinion that Mrs. Cook was shot at short range.

"A martyr to the cause of prohibition," was the way Mrs. Cook's friends viewed the crime. Her mother-in-law and co-worker, Mrs. S. W. Cook, declared that "this dastardly murder—the shooting down of a God-fearing woman in her own home—only arouses us to new efforts to crush the illicit liquor traffic in this community."

Mrs. Cook, born in Benton County forty-one years ago, had been active in work in the Christian church here. Several months ago her residence was smeared with rotten eggs shortly after she had returned from a meeting of Sunday school leaders. Her husband has been employed by the Sioux City Gas and Electric company.

**When It Rains**

When it rains, and undoubtedly it will some day, it should be remembered that the most important thing being the farmer is to do something to provide feed for his farm animals.

The outlook now is most gloomy. No feed has been made nor can it be made now in time to support stock through the winter unless some of the cane crops come in for those who have put in cane.

Feed will have to be bought for next year's crop and that is very distressing. But the handicap may in part be offset by sowing oats now. We may have a hard winter, and some of the weather men are predicting a hard winter. Grain is likely to be killed unless it is in time, and sown just as soon as the rain comes. And there should be lots of it to put in this year.—Greenwood Index Journal.

A pilot was fined \$25 for flying under the 2,000-foot altitude when he flew in his airplane over the stands on Yale Field, New Haven, Conn.

Relinquished garrisons hereafter will be provided with provisions and ammunitions from airplanes equipped with special canisters attached to parachutes. A metal dome or cap at one end absorbs the shock of landing.

Ask your grocer for Elektrik-Maid Bread—Baked in Camden fresh daily.

**Your Subscription is Due**

The Chronicle is mailing this week a card to all subscribers whose subscription accounts expired in July and August. We have run the accounts over a short while owing to the dull season. But now that a good deal of money is being put into circulation, those in arrears should call or send the amount to us before another week as our mailing list will be corrected and all in arrears will be taken from our list.

**A Nuisance**

This thing of sollicitors traveling around the country selling everything from pins to steam engines is getting to be a nuisance. Nothing fires me more than to have an agent selling typewriter ribbons drop in your office when you are busy as a cat with a tin can tied to its tail and proceed to elucidate in glowing terms about his selling the best typewriter ribbon in the world, guaranteed not to rip or ravel no matter with what speed you may operate your typewriter.

You tell him you do not need a ribbon and furthermore you buy them only one at a time and still furthermore you can get them right in town and get them when you want them. He proceeds to unravel his typewriter ribbon, still elucidating, and goes on to say that you just simply sign an order for a dozen ribbons and order them out one at a time as you need them. This gink takes up your valued time and irritates you to the extreme, yet one does not like to be discourteous to people who call in your office, but such agents are getting so plentiful and call so often until I am beginning to give them the cold shoulder and to let them know in no uncertain terms that when I say I do not want a thing that the argument is settled. I may be different from most people, but I can tell a salesman in two minutes whether I want what he has to sell or not.

These "bell ringers" must be quite a nuisance to the housewives throughout the country. Just think of having to get up early and get the children off to school and then the sailing around the house in your kimono, cleaning up and getting things straight before time to start dinner and have one of these elucidating "bell ringers" step down on the door bell and want to take up your time trying to demonstrate that he has the best hose or the best mop in the world. If I were a housewife I think I would want to pick my own time to buy my household articles and wearing apparel and that I would visit the local stores at a time chosen by me. I would then also have the satisfaction of knowing that if the articles were not "up to snuff" that I would know who to call on to have the matter adjusted.

Yes, these peddlers are getting to be a nuisance. I went into an office here in Chester recently and there was a gink in there trying to sell the local citizen staff for which he had no earthly use. The man told him he had no use for the stuff, yet that gink proceeded to tell him what fine stuff he had—the best in the world—used by all the largest firms in the country and absolutely guaranteed. Then he would start over with the same line of chatter. I went in that office on business and hung around for possibly fifteen minutes, got tired and irritated and went somewhere else to get a matter attended to. That darn salesman took up that man's valuable time, sold him nothing and caused the local man to lose about \$5 worth of business that I intended giving him but did not feel disposed to wait on that wind-jammer to get through with his elucidation. And the sad part of it is that these "traveling salesmen" are becoming more plentiful every month.

If the people keep encouraging these agents the time will soon arrive when a man who has anything to do will have to hire a secretary to listen to the elucidations of the traveling wind-jammers.—W. W. Pogram in Chester News.

**"Accepting a Position"**

There are some phrases that irritate you more than others, and the one, "accepted a position" is the one that makes us feel like throwing a brick at some one more than any other. It is used 100 per cent. by newspaper correspondents, and also largely by newspapers themselves. The editor of the Daily Mail has been working a long time, and has held a number of jobs, all of which were secured by going after them. So it is with 99 per cent other people. It is the exception when the job seeks the man. Ministers are about the only class of people who "accept" calls, but in a whole lot of cases the acceptance comes after considerable effort on the part of the minister to secure it.

Of course a fellow "accepts" a job after he has secured it, but the general use of the term implies that the employe has been hunted up and begged to take a job.

We hardly know of a suitable word to use instead of "accept," but we don't like it at all.—Anderson Daily Mail.

John Muir, naturalist and poet, and largely responsible for the setting aside of the Yosemite Valley as a national park, called sheep "hoofed locusts," because of their ruthless raids upon forest vegetation.

No trees grow in Iceland, except a species of low willow.

**Yes, They Are High; But—**

A beloved old county officer of the kind that the boys like to drop in and have a talk with listened quietly while his visitor railed at the high taxes. The angry tax payer was a poor man, and naturally one could understand how he would rebel at having a large portion of his income taken from him by the rapacious hand of the public authority. The old man heard him through. Then he said:

"Bill, you have a pretty good road by your house, now, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Heath, we have a fine road both ways, across the county and north and south."

"And it seems to me, Bill, that I noticed a mighty good brick school building last time I was down there."

"Yes, we've got a fine school building and a fine principal and a good set of teachers."

"What were your taxes last year, Bill? If you don't remember exactly I can look here on the book. Here it is: a dollar and eighty-nine cents. How many children have you, Bill?"

"I've got four children in school, Mr. Heath."

"All right, Bill; I've got you right where I want you. When you were a boy, your daddy drove to town over a road that almost tore his wagon to pieces. You drive to town today as smoothly and as fast as railroad trains used to run then. I remember when the schoolhouse near your home was a log cabin with a dirt floor, and you know what kind of school you've got now. You've got four children in a good school and you and your family have all the benefits of good roads, and all it costs you is a dollar and eighty-nine cents a year. Say, Bill, what do you think about your kicking?"

"I think I'm a damn fool, Mr. Heath."

"Well, I wouldn't say that about you, Bill. Probably you just hadn't thought."

"That's so, Mr. Heath. I just heard some other fellow kicking, and I just began to kick too."

There is not any fiction in this. We have told the whole story just as it happened, except the name of the county.—Newberry Observer.

U. S. Department of Agriculture explorers have brought from the Andes Mountains some rare varieties of potatoes that are said to have flesh as yellow as butter and a rich, nutty flavor.

A supreme court justice in Brooklyn refused to approve a certificate of incorporation for the first Hwerchmedneprowsker Progressive Society on the ground that the name was un-American.

From a total of 40,000 children and young men who have been before Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the past twenty-five years, only one case has been graduated to the capital criminal class.

The Bermudas may be said to be a land of perpetual springtime, for their monthly temperatures average between 62 and 79 degrees Fahrenheit.

Fire early last Monday morning caused \$5,000 damage to the saw mill of the G. E. Miller lumber company at Hartsville. The plant will be rebuilt as quickly as possible it is said.

# STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



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York Blue  
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For early fall  
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From the Saturday Evening Post of September 12

What suit so warms a man's heart as a blue?

You should have a blue—the all around indispensable suit. Do you know the Styleplus York Blue Silk Lined? It is easy fitting, comfortable, stylish—and a quality suit throughout.

Silk-Lined! The quality of the silk gives it the feel of luxury. Come in and see the York Blue this week—nationally famous for its style and quality, and the price is moderate.

Other special Fall features in Styleplus which we will gladly show you: Fieldbrook Chevots, Windsor Chevots and Supermixtures, Holbrooks, Sahara Tans, Platinum Stripes, Tuxedos, Glade Toppers, Dunberry Overcoats.

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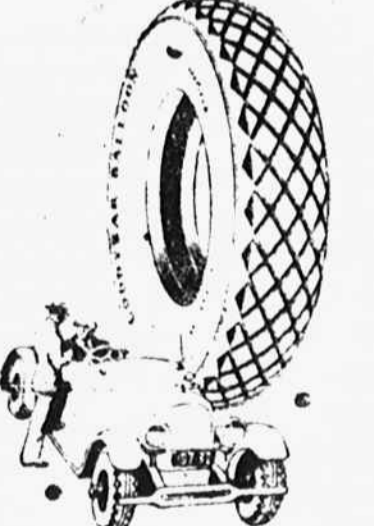
CAMDEN, S. C.

Deposits and total resources of the banks of the United States were never as large as now, according to R. N. Sims, secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Supervisors of State Banks.

In 1924 the Methodist Episcopal church paid in excess of \$25,000,000 in ministerial salaries. At that, there were only 218 churches that paid \$5,000 a year or over.

The early advertiser was humble and obsequious in attracting attention, he often wording his appeal by such expressions as, "solicits a call," "has the honor to announce," etcetera.

Michael Faraday discovered benzene in 1825, giving to the world the knowledge of that discovery on June 16 of that year, but it remained for others to show its value.



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