

This Man, Joe Murray

BY
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CAST OF CHARACTERS
TERRY MALLOW—found love—and kept it!
JOE MURRAY—liked new place, new jobs, new girls.
HELEN—fell in love—hard—once.

Yester. Downhearted, Joe moves on, seeking work and eventually he begs at a lunch stand for food and is given it. He goes on, aimlessly, alone.

CHAPTER XVIII
It was bitter, but it was better, to be traveling alone.

Now there was the first way, the country, Joe found, the first way, and the way of the cities, the second way; and there was a dire and desperate way that you were loath to come to only because the iron was out of you any more, the primordial way of all life, violence and individual expropriation.

There came a time, in a small and better named town in a western state, when Joe Murray fell in with three who had blown into town in a wreck of an old car which had no virtue left but mobility. Even so, there was a sufficiency about a car, for a car carries gasoline and oil, and they betoken funds. Where would a man get funds? They gave him some idea, sizing him up for a tough one if so minded to be while the four of them rustled their mulligan in a jungle on the edge of the town. They were all young, younger than Joe even, but hard, with the adamantine polish that comes only from the burnishing of adversity on viciousness inborn.

"We're on the country," said the leader of the trio. "Only a sap goes broke. They're staking the charities, ain't they? Staking the government, staking the churches, staking everything to what it takes, and plenty of that. Well, I need what it takes, and they're staking me. Only I don't wait for them to bring it; I go out and get it, and if I deprive them of the rosy feeling of giving something to the poor, that's their tough luck. If they didn't have it, I'd leave them alone. They got it, I want it, and that's their hard luck."

"Well," said Joe, "how about some poor sucker needing what it takes himself—and you take it away from him?"
They all laughed. "Don't be a dope! Listen mug, you think people work for things and earn them and then own them, don't you? Well, how about all the saps that thought they owned all this country, and nobody but them could say a word about what they owned? Who owns most of it now? Not the saps; they've lost it! How? Read the papers. Who owns it? Banks, other saps, money owns it. It's a system. If you take a guy, you don't rob a guy—you tap a system."

Joe frowned, studying the theory.
"Look here, boy," said the red-head, who was enjoying a philosophic excursion which, however valid, was in no way necessary to his own self-justification. "How many tills liable to be cracked in this country fail to carry insurance? When you come up against a sap and take his money, who loses? Not the sap. The system! The system declares a thousand times a day that it wants to take care of the poor and the needy, and I'm all for helping it along."

Joe said, "H'm" and looked significantly at the battered car, at their dusty clothes, none too new, at the pot simmering thinly on the fire.

The redhead laughed. "That was another system, buddy. We're all saps in our way. We were saps for the gees till the bookies cleaned us. So we're on the country, making another stake."

He was curious as to their methods of making a stake. They smiled at his curiosity. No, they touched no hands or postoffices; they had no racket; they raided no stores or warehouses; they broke into no homes. They pursued no ambitions too big for their size. They fitted from town to town, lighting like a mosquito, and flying as far afterward. They played safe and easy and comfortable.

"Tell you," said Red, speaking out of quick reflection and decision. "You throw in. We can stand the company. We'll set you on your feet."

"What do I do?" asked Joe.

"Come along and we'll show you. We've got a cinch cased for tonight. Stick along and you'll see."

Joe shrugged. They would tell him no more, grinning. He was indifferent. But he went along to see.

They went at midnight. They

drifted through the town. They were furtive, on edge, but sure of themselves. Joe followed. He had one injunction to follow: stick with them, no matter what! He could do that, he had nothing better to sick 'em on, and perhaps grimly relish the encounter with anything disputing the point.

They drifted eventually up to a gasoline station which was the point of light and awake in that part of town. Joe looked at the sign; it was one of a chain in the town. There were two cars halted in the space; there were three men inside the office of the station. The day was ended; they were absorbed together.

"Right!" said Red softly. "Stick around, you guys. I'll take the front."

Joe trailed one of the pair circling, converging on the station, closing in on a petty clear now. There were four of them. Only three inside. The streets were empty. The owner was making up his account, his day's take. Joe had a clear picture: lunch wagons, all-night restaurants, gas stations, drug stores, they're all sleepily helpless while the night aleerily But on the gravel of the station, walking boldly up to the door—on a dime there was a gun in Red's hand! Red opened the door, leveled the gun, and barked an order.

Joe watched, cold. The three men inside turned quickly, astounded; then panic sprang into their eyes at sight of the gun bearing on them. All three sent their hands high. Joe could see through the glass a canvas bag on the desk and small piles of cash.

Red snapped to one of his partners, "Come and get it! And look for a gun."

The fellow darted inside, keeping out of line with the gun, edging to the desk and grabbing the money and stuffing it into his pockets.

Joe waited, tense. The third partner stood across the space, watchful as a cat. Joe waited, his heart pounding, his mind racing, yet stoic, resolving nothing. The night was very still. Somewhere a stout twig snapped.

A long instant, and the fellow across the space yelled, "Lam, you guys! The bulls!"

Through a thick dark hedge adjoining the gas station a powerful figure came crashing.

None of them, drifting stealthily through the town, had seen a yet stealthier shadow following. None had an inkling that a uniformed patrolman watched them encircle the gas station, a policeman who had left his beat in the grim certainty of what was coming. The hedge afforded the one quick means of approach, and he was upon them a tone bound, shouting, gun drawn.

Red spun on one heel, fired instantly, and ran. The cop came on. The fellow snatching the money inside the station made incontinently for the door. A hand grabbed him desperately and broke his stride; he shook it off and ran outside.

The policeman fired point-blank and the younger recoiled and then wilted and dropped to the gravel outside the door.

Joe, off to the side, stood frozen. Red yelled to him from the shadows. The fourth member of the band had already vanished.

Joe turned and ran toward Red, who was waiting. Red was waiting with an ugly ferocity in his eyes as he watched, over Joe's shoulder, the youngster dead on the gravel and the cop aiming his pistol at Joe.

Red raised his own gun and fired. Joe stopped and looked back. The cop was falling, shot, striking the gravel heavily a dozen feet from the other body; and then there were two bodies motionless on the dark gravel.

"C'mon!" snapped Red. "Out of here!"

Joe got out of there with him, fleeing, racing in the night. And there was a fear now, a retching terrible fear that was worst of all after the danger was well behind them.

"Let's scatter," he gasped to Red. "We better not stick together."

"Meet us at the camp," Red agreed. "We'll hit for Roversville and ditch the car. Ten minutes!" Joe stepped into a pitch dark alley and was sick. The night was very still. After a time he went on through the alley.

Joe rode a blind out of town that night, speeding westward alone.

(To be continued)

COUNTY'S RED CROSS NURSE MAKES REPORT

Chairman Coston Hopes for Continuance, Extension of Health Work

Mrs. Dorothy McCoy, county Red Cross nurse, in a report submitted to the executive committee covering the period of January 17 through May 17, reported examination of the eyes of 1361 school students, of which number 197 were in need of attention. Every school in the county was visited, in most cases every other week, and besides eye tests, throat inspections were also made. J. C. Coston, chairman of the local Red Cross, praised Mrs. McCoy highly for the work she has done and stated that the work would be continued and increased as soon as possible.

In connection with this he asked the support of the people of the county in backing the Red Cross special picture which will be shown at the Carolina theatre on Thursday and Friday of this week. Tickets are now on sale by the Girl Scouts and at drug stores in the city.

Mr. Coston called attention to the fact that only the special tickets which are sold by the Red Cross will be credited to them. Funds from this benefit will be used entirely locally.

A resume of Mrs. McCoy's work is given here:

At Valley Hill school the eyes of 20 children were tested and the eyes of 15 needed attention. At Tuxedo 29 of 41 children examined were in need of attention.

At Tuxedo also, talks on personal hygiene, emergencies and symptoms were made to the upper grades.

At East Flat Rock the eyes of eight children were examined and all needed attention. The girls from the sixth and seventh grades were also shown how to make an unoccupied bed, an occupied bed and to turn a mattress with a patient on the bed and other points of home nursing.

The home economics class at Etowah was given the same course and also one on recognizing symptoms.

Flat Rock high school students were taught personal hygiene and emergencies, equipment of a sick room and other lessons in home care and hygiene.

A complete course in home hygiene and care of the sick was taught at Hendersonville, high school and 12 certificates were awarded by the National Red Cross to those in this course.

At Dana school, of 30 children whose eyes were examined 23 were in need of attention.

Classes in home hygiene and care of the sick were taught at Mills River and 25 of 42 children whose eyes were tested needed attention.

The same procedure was followed at Edenville and Fletcher schools with special instruction as to care of the sick and better hygiene in the home.

At Balfour a health program

was started and 19 children had their eyes examined, 10 needing attention.

At Bat Cave 32 children had their eyes examined and 25 an inspection of the throat.

At the Rosa Edwards school on Fourth avenue 50 of 77 children needed attention to their eyes and at the high school 23 out of 77 examined were faulty.

At the colored school talks were given on personal hygiene and charts of children receiving soup from the soup kitchen were made to record the improvements in their condition.

A course in home hygiene and care of the sick has been started for the P.T.A. and the N.Y.A. These courses are being given at the Hendersonville high school building.

Ten pairs of glasses were obtained for needy children whose families could not afford to provide them.

Talks were made before the Rotary club, the American Legion auxiliary and the Baptist Missionary society.

At the city high school 201 children were examined for the condition of their eyes, teeth, throat, skin, hand and scalp as well as weight and height, oral hygiene and history of past diseases. Two hundred seventy-seven children received this examination at the Rosa Edwards school.

Adult classes were held every two weeks and talks were given on common emergencies, symptoms, equipment for the sick room, care of the sick room and medicine and other remedies.

North Blue Ridge

NORTH BLUE RIDGE, June 20.—Mrs. King McCall and son, Fritz, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Jackson visited her mother, Mrs. Lewis Jackson, of Columbus, on a recent Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Allen and children, Jimmie and Dixie, visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young Sunday afternoon.

A number of people of this community are attending the tent meeting, which is being conducted by J. Harold Smith of Greenville, S. C.

A wedding which came as a surprise to a large number of friends and relatives was that of Miss Symona Hyder to Andrew Hyder. Mrs. Hyder is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knox Hyder. The wedding was solemnized at Greenville, S. C., June 1. Both the bride and bridegroom are graduates of Dana high school. They are making their home at present with the bride's mother, Mrs. Hyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Pace had as their dinner guests Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Edney and mother, also Mrs. J. T. Pace.

OTTERS MULTIPLY

SAN FRANCISCO. (UP).—Since the recent return of sea otters to the Pacific coast, Dr. Edmund Heller, director of the Fleischhacker Zoo, estimates that there are now probably 300 of them swimming in the ocean between Carmel and San Luis Obispo, each one with a skin worth \$1000.

Japanese automotive engineers have perfected a charcoal-burning automobile.

God As Creator Scientist Topic

"Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?" was the subject of the lesson-sermon in all Christian Science churches and societies Sunday.

The golden text was from Ps. 124:8: "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Among the citations which comprised the lesson-sermon was the following from the Bible: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do not appear."—Heb. 11:3.

The lesson-sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The true theory of the universe, including man, is not in material history but in spiritual development. Inspired thought re-creates a material, sensual, and mortal theory of the universe, and adopts the spiritual and immortal." (page 547)

BARKER HEIGHTS

BARKER HEIGHTS, June 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Coates spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Mack Coates of Inman, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Embler of Candler were guests Sunday, June 12, of Mrs. Lottie Surratt and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Porter had as their guests the past week the former's sister, Mrs. Brown, of Charlotte.

Mrs. Nannie Mitchell called Wednesday on Mrs. Jane Ward of Dana, who is ill.

Miss Christine Coates is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bentley.

Mrs. M. R. Jackson visited Sunday, June 12, with her parents at North Blue Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson are spending some time in Johnson City, Tenn., where Mr. Ferguson is a patient at a sanatorium.

Mrs. Smith and little son of Charlotte spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McQuinn.

This community was saddened by the recent sudden-death of Mr. Albert J. Henderson in an automobile wreck.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were among the first settlers of Barker Heights section, and were model, progressive citizens.

It was in their Christian home that a large and interesting Sunday school was organized for the benefit of those unable to attend the city churches.

A few years later, a union church was built, having the hearty support and cooperation of this family, who were faithful members of the Methodist church in Hendersonville.

To the bereaved family the people here extend deepest sympathy.

Japan's present fiscal year saw nearly 10,000 new employees go on government payrolls.

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from page two)

the great outstanding soul winners of the age.

I heard one person say that 25 years ago there was a big revival in Hendersonville, but that the evangelist was found to be a big liquor drinker. Another person said to me, "No, I haven't been to a meeting at all, after my disappointment at the McBirnie meetings last summer." It is amazing what fine memories some folks have along this line, and how the devil can keep people away from services of this kind where there are poor, hungry, sad hearts that might be satisfied and blessed.

At every service at the tent there have been precious souls saved and hundreds and hundreds of believers have been wonderfully blessed and God is at this time visiting our community in an unusual way. And while thousands are coming to the services and getting something for their tired, sick hearts, great numbers of our Christian friends, members of our churches, are conspicuous by their absence.

The people that are coming are coming because they are getting something that blesses their hearts, and I am writing this letter principally to let our Christian people of this town who ought to be co-operating in this great campaign for lost souls know that they are missing a great opportunity of service for others, as well as missing great blessing for themselves.

We may have had deceivers

come to our town in the past. We may have had folks preaching one thing and living another, but beloved, the Lord is blessing our community through the efforts of this young man of God in a wonderful way in saving the lost. And what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what can a man give in exchange for his soul? I hope, my dear friend, that you will print this letter, not for my sake, not for the sake of the hundreds of people who have already been saved and for the many hundreds whose hearts have been blessed, but for the sake of the hungry, discouraged, down-hearted, defeated Christians and sinners who live in our midst who are not taking advantage of this wonderful opportunity of receiving the blessing they need.

We need tourists of the right kind (and the wrong kind we need to get rid of), we need industries to employ our people, we need prosperity, we need many things which we do not have, but more than all of these things put together a million times, this town needs God. He is the only One that can solve our problems, and His blessed Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the only One that can save and satisfy, and that's what He is doing now for many, and our heart's desire is that all of our people might give up to God, whom to know aright is life eternal.

Sincerely, and with best wishes, I beg to remain,
Your Friend,
J. S. SARGENT.

James I of England, was fond of writing and his books include "Counterblast to Tobacco" and "Daemonology," a treatise on witchcraft.

HAS "FIREBURG" THEORY
BOSTON. (UP).—Sexual adjustment is the force behind "great majority" of persons who set fire to buildings, according to George Mansfield, chief investigator of the Massachusetts department of public safety. He finds, however, that "most criminals have entirely overlooked the sex angle."

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