

at her home on Longwood Avenue, day night. Light refreshments served.

THE BEDFORD DEMOCRAT
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WE'RE CROWNING CARTER KEETH

As you entered the clerk's office in the old court house building—that building that wasn't modern like the one we have now, but had an individuality and a character that this splendid one has not—as you entered, your eye would fall on an old fashioned table—sort of a desk, only it slanted away from the center on both sides. It was covered with papers of every vintage and brew. Some of them new papers, immaculate and white, others old papers, in the red and yellow leaf. Some of them pressed with—oh, well, he chewed tobacco, but who didn't in those days?

Don't touch those papers. What's the use? You couldn't find the one you want. But he can. He has a filing system and holds the index in his head. What is that old stick on his desk with a hundred notches in it? None of your business. He notices that stick with his knife while he is thinking over his mind. Why does he notice that stick? That's none of your business too. But he notices 'er all right.

You want to qualify for sumpn' or on sumpn'? Watch him get into action. Sorry he hurt his thumb? He ain't hurt no thumb. That leather thing about the size of a riding saddle—that's his thumb stall. He uses that when he writes. Law require it? No, the law does not require it, but you wouldn't be legally qualified as executor, or guardian, or anything else, if he didn't use that thumb stall. The statute does not require it, it's the common law that requires it—that ancient law that has been in effect since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

But when he qualifies you, believe us, you'll be qualified all right. There ain't nobody in Virginia that can qualify you like he can. And when we use double negatives, or maltrat the king's English, in writing about him, it's because you couldn't describe him in ordinary English. Just let us alone about our English, anyway. It's not the common canny variety. It's home grown and hand picked. We take liberties with English because we are on such good terms with it.

But, you say what's the name of that old fellow you been talking about? Didn't tell you his name? Thought every body knew that—it's old Carter Keeth, no more and no less. But we haven't told you his name yet. But you are the only one who knows his name, "wining himself." It's Cardenio Cervantes Keeth—now we reckon you'll be good!

But we will go this far. When every Bedford county of fier was in his cradle crying for castoria, Carter was sitting in the old court house qualifying 'em. He began work in the clerk's office July 1, 1869—that's sixty-four years last July! He holds the long distance record in Virginia. God bless him, may the dew of youth be on his brow forever. Incidentally, he has seen Rowland D. Buford, Robert S. Quarles, John M. Speece, Samuel M. Bolling, Charles W. Wharton come and go, and he is serving with Victor W. Nichols now.

But when we tried to commit him to his age he told us of an eminent Bedford judge who guarded his secret sedulously. This judge while traveling on a railroad train was asked his age by a fellow passenger. His only reply was: "There are two questions one gentleman should never ask another. One question is how much money he has in his pocket; the other is how often he kisses his wife." That's all we could get out of Carter. But by consulting the records by inquiries among representatives of four generations, and by "mouthing him," as the farmers say, that is, by looking at his teeth, we are able, not to state his age exactly, but to approximate it at one hundred and thirty-six years. Another way we have of getting at it is that he and his cousin, our old friend, "Dap" Brown, Mayor of Allen's Mountain, (Uncle Charley Brown, is Secretary of State) were boys together.

Carter knows his stuff. His mind is as regular and as exact in its operation as is the tick of a high grade Geneva watch. He knows more about the technique of practice and pleading for the benefit of the uninitiated let us say that in the clerk's office pleadings are the court papers and proceedings in suits than all of the lawyers in Bedford put together. And he knows the technical side of legal procedure in Virginia, and the statutes relating thereto, better than any professor of law in the world. Here's a little secret. Many a time in these sixty-four years he has told a lawyer how to get his case all set for trial, and then the lawyer—dirty bugger—has made his client pay for Carter's knowledge without giving Carter a cent!

When Carter reaches a conclusion don't try to change him. Life's too short. The writer, who is a kind of a half-way lawyer, once had a little transaction in the clerk's office in which Carter officiated. This half-way lawyer wanted to do the thing one way while Carter thought it ought to be done another way. Court happened to be in session. The half-way lawyer said after arguing himself hoarse with Carter: "Well, I'll just go up stairs and ask the Judge what the law is." Upstairs he went. Judge Dillard decided with the half-way lawyer. Exultantly we descended and informed Judge Keeth, years ago we elevated him to the bench. He replied, "That may be the law upstairs, but it's not the law down stairs." And we had to let it go at that.

But enough of this nonsense. We started out to have a crowning and we propose to have one. But we are not going to crown any Cardenio Cervantes Keeth. He is Judge Keeth to us. We know him that way. We love him that way. And we're going to crown him that way. And why not crown him? Carter Keeth is of the royal blood if ever man was. He that would be great among you let him be servant of all. That's the scripture and that's the stuff. And by that token Cardenio Cervantes Keeth is a King.

People come to the clerk's office bewildered, confused. Particularly so with women—widows by some swift blow of fate thrown out into the mainstream of business; orphans knowing only that they do not know; the filleters up against something that the law says must be done without telling them how to do it; all of us sooner or later, who with countenances "all sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," have business at the clerk's office; all of us must call on Judge Keeth.

mark you, this thing has been going on for sixty-four years, with only a brief intermission.
All over the county are men and women, hundreds and hundreds of them living to-day, and hundreds more who people the silent city, whom he has served without one thought of pay. Quietly, courteously, interestedly he has drawn from them what they want. Then he has explained to them with infinite patience the law of their matter, the requirements of their case. Or he will take them back to the records and search out for them the data in the records, about their land, their lines, their assessments—what not?

There has never been among us such a man as Carter Keeth. He has knowledge without pedantry. He has gentleness without weakness. He has sympathy without emotion. He has goodness—goodness to the poor—without ostentation. He has wit without rivalry. He is an encyclopedia on which we draw for information. He is a bank on which we draw for service. He is always there, and always ready, and always kind, and always self-immolating.

Between him and the members of the bar there is a union so close, an affection so great, a feeling so steeped in respect and so fused in love as simply to baffle all effort to portray it. He has raised several generations of lawyers. He has spoiled us all, his children, until we are rotten. He has helped us in our ignorance. He has never failed us once.

In his case, as to us lawyers, surely there is no irreverence to apply those deep revealing words of the spirit which Tennyson uttered to bring man closer to his Maker.

"Speak to him then, he hears.
And spirit and spirit shall meet.
Closer is he than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet."

Why wait until his spirit is translated? Why not tell him we love him now? He's too old to be spoiled, too modest to be inflated. Everybody would like to be a king. But everybody does not like to be servant of all—and that's the road to kingship.

Carter Keeth chose that royal road to the throne. We crown him to-day and salute him now as of the royal blood.

NO "SPECIAL INTEREST."

About 200 textile strikers recently paraded in Washington in protest against the pay scale of the N. R. A. Some of them also attended a hearing to amend sections of the code.

General Johnson, in opening the hearing, said he was fully aware that some "feeling very aggrieved" but he assured all that everybody was going to get a square deal because no special interest had "any particular standing here."

The N. R. A. Johnson insisted was an experiment and the problem of the President was to "see if we can find some method whereby, instead of violence and continued trouble throughout the industrial areas, by this kind of system we can finally arrive at peace."

It is important that all Americans understand that the "experiment" will have to be worked out before the millennium arrives. There will be mistakes and inequalities to be corrected, but the main promise lies in the fact that no "special interests" will be recognized and that the welfare of the entire people will outrank the claim of any group, whether organized capital or organized labor.

THE WHISKEY PROBLEM AGAIN

Practically assured of the repeal of the 18th Amendment all good citizens, whether wets or dries, should take counsel as to how the liquor question will be handled.

While repeal may end one problem it renews an ancient perplexity. For centuries men and women have realized the curse of strong drink, however far apart they may have been, and are, on the subject of proper control.

In Bedford County, as well as elsewhere, in this state, responsible officials realize the problem that will arise when national prohibition ends. Citizens who think also understand that the issue must be faced and that new troubles threaten the social organism unless wise counsel prevails.

It is probably a mistake for friends of temperance to take the view that all is lost. Such is not the case, although there is work to be done and no time for putting or for slacking.

Selfishness had a lot to do with the plight that the country found itself in and inasmuch as human nature hasn't changed in a couple of years selfishness is the most dangerous threat to recovery.

If somebody offers you a chance to make a fortune by a small investment, without risk, it is time for you to remember that very few people are going around the world to make fortunes for other people.

So far as we are able to judge labor has more to gain by cooperating with the present recovery effort than it can possibly gain by a policy of force.

The price of farm products goes up but, as usual, the better organized groups of those who sell to the farmer have managed to get their prices up faster.

MY COLUMN
S. S. LAMBETH, JR.

I'VE MET SOME FAMOUS MEN

Some of those whom I met never met me. Grover Cleveland was one of those who never met me. At least, not so as you or he could see it.

It happened this way. I was a student at Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, I say at Ashland because Randolph-Macon College was first at Boydton. My father attended the college at Boydton. But my meeting with Grover Cleveland, which was pre-arranged, I may say, was at Ashland.

The meeting between us was pre-arranged in this way. Mr. Cleveland was passing through Ashland on his way somewhere. He was in the sleeper of a very early train. It was daylight but not much more. I was notified that the Randolph-Macon College boys would like to meet him as he passed through. I agreed. That was the pre-arrangement. And we met him, but he did not meet us.

That happened thus. When the train pulled in we boys gathered around, of course all pepped up. We stood, somewhat awe-stricken, in expectancy, looking for the round form of the big man who was a still bigger President, which, in lieu of the round form, an arm with a hand at the end of it was dropped out of the curtained car window. There must have been something live at the north end of the arm because it did not fall to the ground. But we positively did not see anything but the arm.

There was great enthusiasm—among us. We gave the college yell. Then we formed in stately line, while the presidential arm hung amiably from the latticed Pullman window. We advanced in formation, each of us grasping the hanging hand about as we would have fondled the clapper of the college bell that wakened us for the occasion. It was a fat hand. I remember that well. And it was a ludicrous occasion. I laugh as I think of it now. And big honest old Grover would have gotten a kick out of it too, if he just could have seen it from the outside, with the sleep out of his eyes.

Mrs. Nellie Parker Henson, of Richmond, an old friend of our family, had better luck. At the time of her experience, she was the beautiful and witty Nellie Parker. She had met President Cleveland on some occasion and, attracted by her unusual personality, he gave her a bright penny as a souvenir.

Months later Miss Parker was in Washington and she called at the White House, sending in her card. Having in mind merely to renew for the moment her pleasant acquaintance with the President. But, alas, word came back that the President was engaged. In truth, the President had forgotten the name, but not the personality. The Virginia girl was not to be out-generalized. She wrote on her card, "The girl you gave the penny to"—and she was graciously received by the President of the United States.

Another famous man whom I met, but who did not meet me, was General Fitzhugh Lee, who was Governor of Virginia at the time of our meeting, or, more accurately, my meeting. To give a background to this meeting it is necessary to say that as a youth of fifteen and thereabout, I lived in the city of Richmond. Our home was not far from the Governor's Mansion. Other boys of the neighborhood, all of us attending Norwood's School, played baseball in the Governor's back yard with his two boys, Hugh and George Lee.

One day, Lee boys had a little fraternal altercation. I heard the din of battle, sniffed it from afar, as it were. He appeared on the scene as Commander-in-chief. With military dispatch he set up a court martial, himself judge-advocate, the Lee boys prisoners of war.

My memory fails as to which one of the boys was found guilty, but the rest of the episode is vivid, even today. There was a long covered and latticed in way which connected the old brick kitchen and servant's quarters with the mansion. The guilty one was ordered to enter this covered way near the quarters and to march ahead of the Governor to the mansion.

The General was distinctly belligerent at the moment. Carrying no sabre, or other side-arms, his bellicose spirit seemed to settle in his toe. His court-martial boy unwittingly failed to double-quick, and exposed his midway posterior too close for safety to the Governor's irate toe. The temptation was too great and the opportunity too inviting. These eyes of mine saw the toe of the celebrated warrior land on his offspring at the appropriate place. This little incident out of the way, the remnant of us that was saved resumed the baseball game.

I recall that "among those present" were my boyhood friends, Willoughby Newton, brother of the lamented John B. Newton, late president of the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, and son of Bishop John B. Newton, a sainted Episcopal prelate, and Stuart Lotter, a cousin of the distinguished and classically handsome, Albert C. Ritchie, now Governor of Maryland. Governor Ritchie is a Virginian of the well known Cabell blood and, if I mistake not, his Richmond home, certainly Stuart Lotter's, was just opposite the Governor's Mansion.

This incident is not designed to portray brutal, but merely human traits in the great and picturesque Fitzhugh Lee. He had not only a brave heart, but a warm soul, a genial spirit, and an unusually keen sense of humor. Shortly after his death, I read an amusing illustration of his wit.

Governor Lee would frequently stroll over to the Westmoreland Club for diversion and social contact with his familiar friends. There was a member of this historic club who had by his ill timed anecdotes and pointed jokes, earned the reputation of an all-round and year round bore. No one could speak but that he was reminded of something. On one sultry August afternoon General Lee walked into the club, made himself comfortable in a large leather chair, and settled himself down to repose. Oppressed with the heat he said to the porter: "Uncle Tom, won't you please pull that window down from the top and let some fresh air in; it is so stuffy in here." Quickly the club bore said: "Ah, General, that reminds me." Whereupon the General exclaimed: "Let the window stay up Tom. I'd rather suffocate."

Fitzhugh Lee was the idol of Virginia in his day. Astride his horse he was matchless, and in the line of march his appearance was always the signal for a mighty outburst of applause. But the Civil War had left him poor, and he had to count the cost of things.

We do not vouch for this, but on one occasion, it is said, while he was Governor, feeling the need of rest, he concluded to indulge himself. He made a reservation for two weeks at the Ponce de Leon Hotel in Florida. The proprietor, honored to have so distinguished a guest set apart for General Lee a suite of great elegance. When the General arrived, the sumptuousness of his apartments caused disturbing questions as to the cost. Inquiry confirmed the fear. He knew that he would be utterly unable to pay the bill at the end of the two weeks.

After grueling thought he fell upon this strategy. He approached the clerk and with an expression of great disappointment told him that, unexpectedly, he found it necessary to terminate his stay and return home, and he asked for his bill. The clerk replied, "Oh, General, we are distressed. We have no bill. You are our guest."

I had the honor of grasping the hand of Woodrow Wilson on the rostrum of the City Auditorium, in Richmond, many years ago. He was, of course, a national figure, even then, and he was widely discussed as the Democratic candidate for the presidency. There was an audience of several thousand present, an audience of great culture, for Richmond is a city of distinct culture. In some way I managed to get a seat on the rostrum in a most favorable position for seeing and hearing.

To have laid eyes on this great high priest of statescraft, this anointed prophet and seer in the science of government, to have heard his voice, to have been under the spell of his great intellect, to have seen his spirit incarnate in the earthly house of his tabernacle, I count a priceless privilege.

That auditorium was his class room and those thousands were his class. Sure of himself, master of his theme, faultless in his diction, clear in his thought, graceful and temperate in gesture and in utterance, one did not have to write upon the walls. Here is a Master of Men—it was audible and eloquent in the very atmosphere of the place.

Mark you this: Woodrow Wilson preached the gospel of government. He knew, as all must now know, that no man liveth unto himself, nor does any nation. If this nation had, with reservations that would have safeguarded our sovereignty, entered the League of Nations, and kept his idealism and his philosophy dominant in that great Parliament of Man; and if this nation had by tariffs laid for the people and not for the plutocrats promoted that reciprocity of international trade that he preached as the complement of his gospel of a world in union of ideal and of co-operation, we would not today be enduring the abomination of desolation that blights the world and makes a Babel of the councils of men.

But Woodrow Wilson, one day riding in regal triumph through the streets of Paris to the huzza of a world's acclaim, came unto his own, and his own received him not. And the next day he sat alone in the Gethsemane of his own country—and then his Calvary.

But if the darkness of this night of nations, shall ever lift in the dawn of any morning, it will be that morning when the sun of Woodrow Wilson's visions shall rise once more upon the world.

LET'S SPEND IT HERE

Every now and then I meet up with Buck Dooley and pass the time of day with him. Incidentally, Buck is mighty good company. He has a keen sense of humor, a lot of horse sense, and a heap of human touch. I have had occasion in recent years to get close to him, and I'm glad of it. So many of us would vastly enrich our lives by rubbing up against each other more. Alotness doesn't get us anywhere.

Buck and I were talking along the other day about business conditions in Bedford-Bedford County and Bedford town. It was just a chance meeting and a snatch conversation—he began me hard but I never allow him more than five or ten minutes at a time. He remarked that Bedford's tomato crop and tobacco crop would bring in around \$800,000.00 this year, and that this would help out a lot.

That set me to thinking. He was just talking about tobacco and tomatoes. But there are the apple crop, the wheat and the corn crops, cattle, hogs, sheep, milk, cream and butter, poultry, eggs, lumber, pulp wood, minerals, etc. And there are the pay rolls here in the Label Plant, the Woolen Mill, the Can Factory, the Paint Mill, the tobacco processing corporations, the Bedford Pulp and Paper Co at Big Island, and some other industries whose names escape me for the moment to say nothing of the sale of other crops, and clerks in the various banks and mercantile establishments.

Let's spend that money at home. Let's put it in the local banks. In this way the banks will have resources from which to supply credit to those who are entitled to credit, and thus keep money circulating, money, the life blood of commerce. If you ever had any doubt as to the stability of small town banks, just remember that there is no foundation for such doubts now that the Government will guarantee deposits.

And let's spend our money with our own merchants. We have a fine bunch—I like a little slang now and then. All words are born, of necessity, from time to time and added to our store of English. Then they are given a place in the dictionary. Slang is just the product of a brain trying to express itself when the Mother Tongue gives no word for the expression—but I was talking about the fine bunch of men in the mercantile business here.

These are our own. I don't care whether they are Jew or Gentile or Greek, or what not, they are our own. Their plight has been, and is, deplorable because they have to keep up their stocks in competition with the cities and the mail order houses, without adequate capital or adequate trade. If you will do better by them they can do better by you, both in price and variety. Of course, this applies to country merchants as well as to town merchants.

Our merchants carry a fine line as it is. There's a moral aspect to this matter too. It's like this. Suppose you want a dress pattern or a ready made dress, or some other article in some other line of business. Suppose your local merchant cannot exactly match what is in your head. How about letting him order for you? How about toning down your notions and meeting him on a fifty-fifty basis? How about using his goods instead of going to a nearby city?

You may not get exactly what you are looking for, but you'll get something good. And you'll get something still better. You'll get the kick of comradeship, the consciousness that you're doing your bit. There is by adaptation of the Government idea in N. R. A. to the individual a personal N. R. A. for every citizen. I present this N. R. A. to each citizen of town and county as a personal duty at this time.

If you want to do your part, do it at home, because it is good sportsmanship, good business, good sense. How would you like to see the tourists drive through and see the store houses of Bedford empty? If you do not buy at home you are helping to put empty storehouses on the tourist's route. Now and then, of course, we have to get something away from home. But let us make it a part of our religion to shop at home.

We have a splendid little town, the admiration of everybody. We have fine sturdy people out in the shire. We are all trying hard in these trying days to keep the wolf from the door. As one of Mosby's Men said during the Civil War, "Boys, we must all hang together or we'll hang separately."

And, don't forget, Bedford has a whole lot to be thankful for. We have fewer scars than many others. The county's resources are bound to be substantially augmented by this year's crops and products. The world is dark enough, but let's try to let a little sunshine in. I remember hearing a humorist lecture years ago. His subject was Sunshine. He said: "Once I was visiting a hospital in a large city. I was passing through one of the wards when my eyes fell upon a pale faced little fellow stretched upon his cot, evidently a great sufferer, but yet smiling. I said, 'Well my little man, what is the matter with you?' Oh, nothin' much—just had a couple of legs. Is that all, I said—Yes, all I had, he rejoined. Well, you certainly do stand it splendidly. You see I can't kick, he replied, as I passed on."

Be Your Own Fire Inspector

An article in Safeguarding America Against Fire suggests that each person be his own fire inspector. It is not a difficult job, and requires only a little time plus a little knowledge. A couple of hours spent in "wandering" for fire hazards on one's property, and planning a program to eliminate them, may save thousands of dollars—and something much more valuable still, human lives.

A good place to begin the inspection tour is in the furnace room. Thousands of disastrous fires result from defective or dirty heating equipment. Clean out the furnace before it is too late to winter service. See that non-burnable containers are provided for ashes. Have the various parts and components inspected for possible faults. Protect any combustible material which must be near the furnace, with asbestos. Make certain that rubbish and papers and waste are not allowed to accumulate nearby.

The electric wiring is worth looking at next. It's safe—if it has been installed by a licensed electrician, and has not been allowed to deteriorate. Many householders, however, haven't had it examined since the day it was put in—many others have committed the very dangerous practice of making amateur extensions and additions. If you're at all uncertain about it, call in an expert. Whatever his charge is, it will be cheap in view of the protection for person and property you will receive in exchange.

Keep your eye out for oil or rain-soaked rags that have been dropped in corners. Thousands of spontaneous combustion fires occur annually because of them. They should be kept only in closed metal cans.

Another ordinary household hazard is gasoline. It is often carelessly stored in unsafe containers and close to flame. Its use as a household cleaner is simply an invitation to disaster with R. S. V. P. written in the corner.

Finally, turn your attention to the house itself. Has it properly installed fire-stops? Are extinguishers handy and in good working order? Is it really fire-resistant, and up to underwriters' standards?

Get going on that inspection tour!

PENICKS

Rev. S. M. Query conducted church services Sunday morning at Peaks church.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jenks of Timber Lake community, were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mosley, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Mosley and daughter, Jeanette, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mosley.

Mrs. William Alshire has recovered from a recent illness.

Miss Ethel Fields of Roanoke, will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Sam Ruff.

Mrs. Robert Ruff entertained a few of her friends at dinner last Wednesday.

The orchardists are busy picking and shipping apples.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Harper are at their home Bramble Bush, for the winter.

Miss M. J. Latham, Mrs. D. A. Thomas and Miss Betty Thomas spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mosley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leftwich went to Clifton Forge to visit Mr. Leftwich who is ill of rheumatic fever.

Mrs. Belle Rose is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Overstreet.

Mrs. H. L. Patterson and little daughter, Mary Isabel, spent the week-end at the home of Mrs. Hubbard, near Forest.

The Community League met in the school home Friday afternoon with a good attendance. The officers are: Mrs. H. B. Mosley, president; Mrs. Charles Jennings, treasurer; Mrs. Reeves Bowyer, secretary.

The officers of the Jr. League are: Edward Ruff, president; William Jennings, vice-president; Gladys Dooley, treasurer.

Elizabeth Jane Howell is attending the school for the deaf at Staunton. Elizabeth is very much missed but her friends are glad to know that she is happy at Staunton.

Charles and Ann Wilson brought to school a cotton plant, with fully developed pods of cotton, which they grew in their garden.

William and Wallace Jennings have secured an owl nest for the school collection of birds' nests. They have also donated an ostrich egg, which was sent them by a friend. An ostrich egg weighs five pounds which means that a good sized family would be supplied with scrambled eggs for breakfast.

The grounds about Mr. Morgan's mill has been improved by the building of stone walls and the planting of roses. All our friends are invited to our Halloween party which will be given on the 27th at the school house at 7:30 o'clock. The Owl Town string band will furnish music. Proceeds from sale of refreshments to be used for school purposes.

Tribute to Rev. Ernest Stevens

Brotherhood Class Methodist Church Bedford, Va. Rev. Ernest Stevens, Teacher, of the class went away Tuesday morning, October 10. He will not come back any friend. Pleasant hours they spent. The class went away last Tuesday morning. He was not a very young man. Many friends will miss him, his class will miss him, all of them were his friends and he was their friend. Pleasant hours they spent together many Sunday mornings. He was not strong in body, his health had been broken several years before he finished his journey. Often weak in body but always strong in the faith. He taught his Sunday school class with joy to himself and spiritual uplift and mental profit to the members of the class. He was a man of a sensitive nature, but those who knew him well knew his real worth, knew his fine qualities of head and heart. It is sad to know that he will not meet his Bible class again, but it is to be that all may meet beyond the river. Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be spread upon the minutes of this class and that a copy be sent to the widow of our deceased Brother. W. A. FITZPATRICK, C. C. BUCKNER, M. T. HARRISON, Com.

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Big Island and Vicinity

The Big Island Community League held its first monthly meeting last week under Mr. William B. Jones, president. The League has submitted a request to the county school board to add several class rooms and an auditorium to the M. E. Marcuse high school which was built in 1928. At that time assurance was given that an addition would be built in the near future.

The Junior League of the high school will hold a Halloween Party at the school this Friday night. The high school teachers will act as chaperones and the public is invited to attend.

The Bedford Pulp and Paper Co. is installing talking pictures in the High, under the management of Mr. J. H. Miller. The theatre will be reopened around November 1st. The community regrets the departure of Dr. Euclid F. Neal who has been practicing here for the past several years. Dr. Neal has now opened his office in Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Penn and Mr. Forbis of Princeton, W. Va., spent the past week-end with Mr. John and Miss Beale Penn.

Mr. Charlie S. Parks is a patient at the University of Virginia Hospital, where he will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacy, Sr., and D. P. Lacy of Lynchburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Basil Murray were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Parks at "Penn's Mill."

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Parks spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Overstreet in West's Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wilson were guests of their daughter, Mrs. George Ragland in Lynchburg, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Molteni and Mrs. Mary Molteni of Johnson City, Tenn., spent the week-end here with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Molteni. Mrs. Mary Molteni will remain several weeks as the guest of her son.

Miss Frances Turpin was a recent guest of Misses Edna and Mary Marshall Griffin at their home "Sunny Crest" at Natural Bridge.

Miss Dorothy Oliver of Waugh, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Oran Perrow who has been suffering from a severe cut on the hand.

Mrs. Walter Perrow sustained minor injuries when she fell recently and has been under the doctor's care.

Misses C. S. Parks, R. W. Walker and Hamilton, and Miss Evelyn Walker of Coleman Falls, were guests of Mrs. P. B. Parks, Monday.

Mr. "Sunny" Powell, of Danville, was the recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brydges, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Molteni attended the banquet and dance given at the Virginian Hotel, Lynchburg, at the annual Paper Maker's Convention.

Mrs. M. L. Rogers, Miss Katherine Rogers and Rev. J. J. Conley of Lynchburg, were visitors at "Penn's Mill" last week.

Mrs. Tom Booker and Mrs. Jesse Douglas were visitors in Bedford, Thursday.

Miss Mary Turpin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Turpin, of Goode, a student nurse at Lynchburg Hospital, is on duty again, after being ill several days with sore throat.

Mr. Burgan Cox of "Oak Shade Inn" is much improved and at length about after his recent illness.

Mr. John Penn, Miss Beale Penn and Mrs. Wati Padillo spent last Sunday with Misses Blanche and Lou Ackerley at their home near Lexington.

Misses Guy White and William Rice were ordained deacons at Hunting Creek Baptist church Tuesday night to take the place of R. H. Parks Sr. and J. Leitch Douglas, deceased.

Get a hot water heater installed on your car, \$13.50 installed. Peoples Garage, Inc. 30-21

MONTVALE

The citizens of our little village have been attending the meeting at Presbyterian church for the past ten days, but now that it is over, we hope that the good done by the evangelist, Bro. Z. V. Lewis of Lynchburg, will continue to be increased until our community shall be known far and wide as a God fearing community, carrying out the command of Christ, when he said, "Go ye into all the world, and teach all nations—not denominationalism, but Christianity—and unless this meeting has given us a wider vision and a clearer insight of God's message then people, it has failed insofar as true religion is concerned, and we ought to hang our heads in shame, to think we would stoop so low as to put our petty, insignificant denominationalism ahead of Christ and his word. Just to night after one of the finest sermons of the series, your writer heard a person remark that they were doing all they could for their Sunday school, which, of course was all right, but listen folks, let's not let our enthusiasm carry us so far as to undermine the other fellow. Let's remember the Golden Rule and make it "Our Motto."

Now for some news of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pettigo of Stewartville and Mr. and Mrs. Horn of Vinton, were visiting friends here last Sunday.

Rev. A. W. Linthicum is attending conference in Norfolk.

Mrs. Edgar Ferrell and daughter Elma, of Lynchburg, were recent guests of Mrs. T. L. Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ferrell and son of Vinton, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Allen Biggs, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bush and Elizabeth, of Vinton, were afternoon guests of Mrs. J. B. Oberchain, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Metz were visiting friends in Rocky Mount, Sunday.

Day Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nash Williamson and family were visiting their mother, Sunday.

Mrs. McDermoon and Horace McDermoon attended the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Dyson in Eastern Virginia, last week.

Harold Oberchain spent Saturday in Bedford.

Mrs. J. W. Caldwell is slowly improving at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Goggin, of Vinton, are in our village for a while.

Miss Vinny Underwood who is teaching at Howell's school, this session, spent Sunday with homefolks.

Miss Frances Oberchain, of Bedford, spent the week-end with her parents.

King Winter is making his debut tonight.

The basketball teams of M. H. S. are playing Pinnacle tonight.

Wheat Production and Acreage Statement

Of Members of the Wheat Production Control Association of Bedford County, State of Virginia.

Notice of farm allotments and of maximum acreages of wheat for 1934 under contracts for members of the wheat production control association of Bedford county, state of Virginia.

Listed below are statements of the allotments which have been determined for members of the Bedford County Wheat Production Control Association.

These allotments are to hold for the duration of the present wheat contracts, and they are the basis upon which adjustment payments are to be made. They have been determined by the County Allotment Committee after careful consideration of the application statements. Every effort has been made to have these allotments as accurate as possible. The maximum acreage which may be sown to wheat for the 1934 crop on each farm, under the reduction requirements of the contract, is also listed.

The Bedford County allotment, which has been calculated from records of the United States Department of Agriculture, is 119,792 bushels. This is the total number of bushels allotted to the county under the wheat plan.

Central-Lisbon District

Community Committee—A. A. Saunders, Elbert D. Overstreet, William Garrett.

Ollie S. Bowyer, 145 acres, allotment 147 bushels, maximum 1934, 15 acres.

Mrs. Irene J. Garrett (William Garrett), 148 acres, allotment 177 bushels, maximum 1934, 17 acres.

William H. Hatcher, 218 acres, allotment 160 bushels, maximum 1934, 21 acres.

Ben W. Jones, 80 acres, allotment 49 bushels, maximum 1934, 6 acres.

Fielding J. Markham, 154 acres, allotment 143 bushels, maximum 1934, 16 acres.

Charles E. Marshall, 115 acres, allotment 47 bushels, maximum 1934, 7 acres.

Oscar T. Overstreet, 340 acres, allotment 139 bushels, maximum 1934, 16 acres.

William B. Overstreet (Wm. F. and Harry N. Overstreet), 160 acres, allotment 91 bushels, maximum 1934, 8 acres.

Eugene E. Riley, 235 acres, allotment 171 bushels, maximum 1934, 21 acres.

John W. Robertson (William E. Farley), 197 acres, allotment 220 bushels, maximum 1934, 20 acres.

Alvin A. Saunders, 182 acres, allotment 155 bushels, maximum 1934, 16 acres.

Harry B. Walker (Herbert V. Overstreet), 200 acres, allotment 105 bushels, maximum 1934, 14 acres.

Elbert D. Overstreet, 189 acres, allotment 186 bushels, maximum 1934, 15 acres.

BUY NOW

Before Prices Go Up

Plain white Cups and Saucers and Plates, each 10c

Decorated China, 6 Cups and 6 Saucers 75c

ENAMELWARE

Spoons, Cups, Pans, Pie Plates, each 10c

Cotton Blankets, each 69c

Bed Spreads, each 79c

Towels, large size, each 10c

Wash Cloths, regular 10c size, each 5c

Children's Hose, pair 15c & 20c

Knit Gloves, men's, women's and children's, pair 25c

Children's Union Suits, any style, ea. 39c

Children's Sweaters 39c, 49c, 69c, 79c, 98c

Hallowe'en Masks

Novelties, Lanterns, Horns

5c & 10c

Delicious Candy—Fresh Daily

STANLY STORES

5c to \$1.00

BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

LIBERTY

Two Days - Mon.-Tues., Oct. 30-31

He Has Time for Everything
... Including a Widow!

Tends to other people's business and ailments... sings tenor in the church choir... but just doesn't get around to figuring out how he stands with that widow.

will Rogers
IN
DOCTOR BULL
WITH
MARIAN NIXON
RALPH MORGAN
ANDY DEVINE
Directed by John Ford

ment 157 bushels, maximum 1934 15 a. Mrs. Carrie T. Elliott (Harry T. Elliott) 164 acres, allotment 252 bushels, maximum 1934, 23 acres. John L. Gillespie (Robert W. Cameron) 308 acres, allotment 133 bushels, maximum 1934, 13 acres. Ruric E. Judd (W. Hilton Dooley) (Lawson Comer), 300 acres, allotment 246 bushels, maximum 1934 21 acres. Duroc B. Massie 445 acres, allotment 474 bushels, maximum 1934 60 acres. John T. William H. and Walton T. Rucker, 1300 acres, allotment 332 bushels, maximum 1934, 53 acres. Clyde E. Smith (Walter G. Moorefield) 438 acres, allotment 167 bushels, maximum 1934 23 acres. Bennett D. Walkup, 312 acres, allotment 56 bushels, maximum 1934 6 a. Lewis R. White and Mrs. Rosa O. White, 322 acres, allotment 271 bushels, maximum 1934 21 acres.

Chamblissburg—Staunton District Community Committee—J. T. Lansdowne, R. G. Johnson and Milton J. Turner.

Robert H. Dudley, 297 acres, allotment 102 bushels, maximum 1934 20 a. John H. Foster, 154 acres, allotment, 177 bushels, maximum 1934 14 a. Robert O. Johnson, 256 acres, allotment 184 bushels, maximum 1934 19 a. Ezra P. Kidd, 163 acres, allotment 69 bushels, maximum 1934, 7 acres.

Charles W. Kidd, 100 acres, allotment, 77 bushels, maximum 1934 8 a. John T. Lansdowne (Eugene T. Mayhew) 195 acres, allotment 205 bushels, maximum 1934 22 acres. William H. Meador, 330 acres, allotment 263 bushels, maximum 1934 34 a. Walter S. Thompson, 183 acres, allotment 186 bushels, maximum 1934 16 acres.

Earl R. Tuck, 162 acres, allotment 192 bushels, maximum 1934, 20 acres. Joseph R. Tuck, 150 acres, allotment, 196 bushels, maximum 1934 28 a. Mrs. Sallie S. Turner (Milton J. Turner) 179 acres, allotment 119 bushels, maximum 1934 13 acres.

J. Kone Watson, 193 acres, allotment 73 bushels, maximum 1934 6 a. Robert M. Saunders, 206 acres, allotment 81 bushels, maximum 1931 10 acres.

Aubrey L. Whorley, 144 acres, allotment 255 bushels, maximum 1934 23 a. Jimmie L. Saunders (Ernest L. Barber) (Leonard K. Overstreet) 800 acres, allotment 207 bushels, maximum 1934 43 acres.

William T. Mitchell, 61 acres, allotment 86 bushels, maximum 1934 15 a. Nannie J. Hackworth (James W. Hackworth) 175 acres, allotment 81 bushels, maximum 1934 8 acres.

William D. Franklin, 357 acres, allotment 221 bushels, maximum 1934 32 acres.

Other District Community Committee—J. K. Phelps, J. B. Walker and Frank Overstreet.

Hubert M. Pariss (Frank A. Pariss) 235 acres, allotment 200 bushels, maximum 1934 26 acres.

Wm. H. Holdren, Sr. (Wm. H. Holdren, Jr.) 187 acres, allotment 277 bushels, maximum 1934 20 acres.

Thomas S. and Waldo M. Johnson, 327 acres, allotment 190 bushels, maximum 1934 21 acres.

Lona C. Judd (Claude J. Judd), 444 acres, allotment 260 bushels, maximum 1934 30 acres.

J. Frank Overstreet and son, 125 acres, allotment 86 bushels, maximum 1934 14 acres.

Oscar C. Roy L. and David E. Padgett, 327 acres, allotment 329 bushels, maximum 1934 27 acres.

James K. Phelps, 417 acres, allotment 388 bushels, maximum 1934, 26 a. James R. Skinnell, 200 acres, allotment 190 bushels, maximum 1934, 16 a. Charles F. Walker, 178½ acres, allotment 145 bushels, maximum 1934 14 acres.

Wm. R. and Jesse B. Walker, 429 acres, allotment 268 bushels, maximum 24 acres.

Luther H. Witt, 150 acres, allotment 119 bushels, maximum 1934 9 acres.

Wren L. Franklin, 185 acres, allotment 211 bushels, maximum 1934, 15 a. Henry E. Patterson, 200 acres, allotment 191 bushels, maximum 1934, 17 a. Thomas A. Farley, 225 acres, allotment, 77 bushels, maximum 13 acres.

George L. Cox, 125 acres, allotment 95 bushels, maximum 1934 8 acres.

Brookhill Community League

The Brookhill Community League held its regular October meeting, October 17th at the school. The meeting was well attended and several new members added.

An interesting program arranged by the membership committee was given. This consisted of a speech on the Community League work by D. T. Bonner, principal of Moneta high school.

Selections by a male quartet and music by the Misses Ralphine and Marcelle Coffey.

Business Picking Up

For the second successive week, the weekly index of business activity, recorded by The New York Times, advanced again for the week ending October 17th. The figure now stands at 78.9, compared with 67.4 for the same week in 1932.

For Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

USED CARS

1928 Buick Sedan \$175.00

1928 Erskine Sedan 110.00

1928 Ford V8 150.00

1929 Pontiac Coupe 230.00

1930 Chevrolet Sedan 175.00

1928 Chevrolet Sedan 160.00

1926 Chevrolet Touring Car 20.00

Small cash payment and easy terms on the balance.

These cars have been reconditioned in our service department and are real values at the prices we are offering them. Small cash payment and easy terms on balance.

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ELECTRIC CORP.

Phone 254 Bedford, Va.

N.W. Pugh Co.
INCORPORATED

REMOVAL --SALE--

MEN'S SUITS

Broken Sizes

One Group \$5.00

There are only 15 of these suits in this group. They are slightly soiled and shop-worn—but, the quality is still there. There are values up to \$31.50 in this lot. The sizes are broken. Most all of them are dark colors.

Many others at \$10.88 up to \$23.88, sizes 35 to 42 inclusive. Values to \$29.50 in this group. These are real values—why not come and get one before your size is gone.



One Lot
Toiletries

Too numerous to itemize

AT

REDUCED

PRICES

For quick clearance

One Lot
Jewelry

Too numerous to itemize

10c ea.

Values to 49c

275 Pairs

"Bare leg" Hosiery

Sizes 8½ to 10, inclusive

59c ea. 2 for \$1.00

Truly this is a real value in ladies hose. Of course they have no seam—if they were full fashion they would sell for at least 89c or \$1.00—if you would like to have some good serviceable hose, not full-fashioned, we're sure you want a supply of these.

One Rack
Dresses

Broken Sizes

\$2.88

The sizes and styles are broken. There are wools and crepes in the lot. Some of these dresses sold at \$3.95 to \$5.95 ea.

One Lot
Ladies
Coats

\$2.44 to \$33.65

VALUES TO \$69.50

The sizes and styles are broken.

One Lot
Ladies' Shoes

BROKEN SIZES

\$1.00 pr.



About 150 pairs in this lot—shoes that sold as high as \$5.95 in this group—medium, low and high heels. Patent leathers and kid.

Many others, men, women and childrens, at 48c to \$3.88.