

# The RED LAMP



By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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July 30.

I have today borrowed some of Mrs. Livingstone's books on psychic research, and intend to go into them thoroughly. If there is any proof in a mass of evidence, it is certainly here.

On the other hand, one must remember that the hope of survival is the strongest desire of the human heart. How many, if they felt that this life was all, would care to go on with it?

Analyzing my last night's experience, however, I can find nothing in my mind before I went to sleep, to account for it. I ate a light dinner, and spent the evening after Jane retired, with this Journal. The night was quiet, and my last waking thought was concerning the wood-cutter across the road, who seems so singularly inactive except when some one leaves the Lodge, or appears at one of its windows.

One thing I have traced, however. It is distinctly possible that the herbal, aromatic odor I noticed at the end of the experience was due to the leaves he collected yesterday, and which I find have smoldered throughout the night.

It was after midnight when, just as I was dozing off, Jane came to my door and asked me if I would mind sleeping in her room.

"I can fix you a bed on the couch," she said, avoiding my eyes. "I'm nervous tonight, for some reason."

I went at once, trilling my bedding with me, and while she prepared the couch I observed her. She was very white, and I saw that her hands were shaking, but she refused my offer of some brandy with her usual evasive answer.

"I'm all right," she said. "I just don't like being alone."

She fell asleep almost at once, like one exhausted, but the change of beds had fully roused me, and I lay for some time staring into the darkness. I do not know when it was that I began to have the feeling that we were not alone in the room, but I imagine fully half an hour had passed.

I saw nothing, but I had the sensation of being stealthily watched, and with it something of horror rather than of fear. I was rigid with it. Then something seemed to tug at my coverings, and the next moment they had slid to the floor. Almost immediately after that there came a rush of air through the room, a curtain billowed over my face, and the door into the hall swung open. Then all was silent, save for a low whine from Jock outside in the hall.

How much of this today to allot to my nerves I do not know. Undoubtedly Jane's nervousness had affected me; equally undoubtedly bed clothing has a tendency to slip from a couch. I have experimented today. A gale of wind would blow out a curtain and open an unlatched door.

On the other hand, I am as certain today as I have been certain of anything recently, that I had bolted the door when I entered the room. But it was not bolted in the morning.

If I have indeed actually had a psychic experience, it seems singularly purposeless. Up to this time I have imagined, correctly or not, that these inexplicable occurrences have had a concealed but definite objective, if such a phrase may be used. But in this case there is apparently nothing.

We have had, however, a development of our own, and this from Edith! It appears that this morning, seeing Doctor Hayward pass on his round of morning calls, she went to his office and, on his housekeeper reporting him out, asked permission to go into his office and there leave him a note.

"A note?" I inquired. "What sort of note?"

"Any sort of note," said Edith. "As it happens, I asked him to tea tomorrow. It was all I could think of." But what she really did was to type a few lines on his typewriter, tear the paper out and put it in the small vanity case which is as much a part of her as the nose she powders from it. (As a net result of which audacious performance Halliday now informs me that the cipher words were not written on the doctor's machine.)

A careful comparison under a magnifying glass shows this so that even I can recognize it. So there we are again.

July 31. Halliday has found the boat. At least he has found a boat which answers Jane's description. Today he took me to see it. It lies in the small creek which extends through the marsh half a mile north of the boathouse, and just beyond Robinson's point. The boat, evidently an old and abandoned one, gives some evidence of recent use. That is, although it contains some water, there is very little, whereas, as Halliday says, after the recent rains it might well be full. The oarlocks are wrapped with dingy white cotton cloth, and to prevent their being stolen, or the boat taken away, the oars had been skillfully



Today He Took Me to See It.

hidden in the marsh. Halliday located them but left them as they were; but with his penknife he cut away a small bit of the muffling on the oarlock, for later possible identification.

It was in this boat, Halliday believes, that the murderer fled onto the bay from our slip the night Carroway discovered him, and from it too that he later climbed into Carroway's launch and attacked him.

Small wonder that the boy's face set hard as he examined it.

Yet, for one must find some humor nowadays or go mad, there was something humorous in the careful indirection by which we reached it. We made rather ostentatious preparations to go fishing, Halliday working with hooks and sinkers, and I hopelessly entangled in coils of line.

Later, we rowed across the bay and anchored by the whistle buoy, where we fished assiduously for some time. Our approach to the mouth of the creek was therefore of a most desultory sort, but once around Robinson's point, we abandoned caution and rowed rapidly.

Had Greenough been able to see us, from start to finish, he would have had some basis for his suspicions of me.

Whether Halliday's later discovery has any significance or not we are not certain. Believing that, on the night of the girl's murder she was brought in the truck to the water front, and coupling this with the finding of the boat, he left me sheltered from observation in the woodland and started through it toward the main road.

In a half hour or so he came back again, and reported that he had found the track of wheels driven through the woods, and that in one place a barbed wire fence had been taken down and boards placed over it, to permit the passage of a car across it.

This is, I imagine, fair presumptive evidence, although it brings us no nearer the identity of the criminal than we were before. One thing, however, may be valuable. Edith, who knows a number of unsuspected householdly things, insists that the strips which wrapped the oarlocks are of a fine grade of material.

"Look for somebody," she says, "who uses linen sheets on his bed, and doesn't care that they cost twenty-five dollars a pair nowadays."

From which I gather, among other things, that our little Edith has been pricing the equipment of a home.

Tonight that old sea-chest which in the boathouse holds on its top the law books which were to occupy Halliday's leisure this summer, and which so far seem to be used chiefly to hold open his doors on windy days—the old sea-chest contains to date the four clues which are our sole ammunition in the putative expedition against Greenough. They are:

- (a) Half of a broken lens from a pair of eye-glasses.
(b) A scrap of paper, containing a cryptic bit of typing in large and small letters.
(c) The small cap of an ether can.
(d) A fragment of white cloth.
Had it not been for Halliday's unwittingly placing a weapon in the enemy's hands we should also have had:
(e) A very sharp knife, with a plain wooden handle and a blade approximately six inches long.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Groceryman Inspires Thoughts on Economy

(From The Maxton Scottist Chief) Some few years ago "the high cost of living" was one of the most talked about subjects. Nowadays people complain to some extent about tight money and hard times, but the term "high cost of living" seems to be forgotten. Or it may be the people have investigated the matter and found that the burden is not so much the "high cost of living" but rather the "cost of high living."

There is no denying that on the average, the standard of living has been raised. Throughout the country people are getting more of the things they enjoy than they used to get. In dollars and cents, it is costing some more to live than it did before the war when standards were lower and when only a few enjoyed conveniences and luxuries afforded today to many. The various conveniences cannot be had without paying for it; but, being personally interested we are led to wonder how many people realize that for the same standard of living, some families pay more dearly than others, and we also wonder if it would not be a good thing for families to form economy clubs so that the heads of families might get together, compare notes on household management and expenditures to the end that those who pay too much, may profit by the experience of those especially gifted in the art of stretching the dollar.

The writer walked into a Maxton grocery store the other day to buy some vegetable seed. The groceryman happens to be a student of human nature, and though he may not know himself, is also a good practical economist. While wrapping my seed he began talking of the advantage of having a good garden—how much money it saved by raising plenty of vegetables. From that the conversation drifted into the subject of management and money-spending in general and this groceryman and practical economist said "it is surprising how much different there is in the amount of money expended by different families. He has observed two families of the same size and practically the same income; one he says will manage to get along on half the amount spent by the other. And he ventured the assertion that half the amount spent by the other. Picking up a jar of salad dressing he remarked that one lady would pay 49 cents for that while another would take a little Wesson oil and make something better for 20 cents. Some may think that by such talk that this merchant was furnishing a stick to crack his own head, but not so.

For he hastened to add that as a rule the people who manage well and stay within their incomes are the most satisfactory customers because they are better able to meet their obligations. There are exceptions to the rule of course. He meant to deal with average customers as may come under his observation day by day. This subject of personal and household economy is as old as Benjamin Franklin, and of course even much older than that, but after our chat with a neighbor, the groceryman, we were moved to remark that it is still just as important to take care as to spending as it is to speed up production or to be concerned about our earning power, and we ought not to forget that the person who spends half what his neighbor does for essentially the same living will soon have additional earning power in the form of saved capital.

## More About Kudzu

(From The Monroe Enquirer.) Fearful of wearying my readers I had about come to the conclusion to say no more, for the present at least, about kudzu. But I note in Tuesday's Charlotte Observer where "attention is called to the possibilities of this fine legume in reclaiming worn-out land, the utilization of rough, rocky lands unsuited for cultivation, for pastureage, and for the production of enormous quantities of hay on any land."

The Observer is absolutely right in its contention as to the value of kudzu, and should be commended in its effort to get the farmers of Piedmont Carolina interested in a plant which eventually will prove the farmers' salvation.

Right now there are a number of fields here in Union county, and also

in Mecklenburg, knee deep to waist deep in kudzu. Very little corn has been planted the present year in these counties because of the very wet spring and summer seasons. Had our farmers, who apparently will have very little corn with which to feed livestock the coming winter, a few acres each in kudzu a distressing situation would have been avoided.

Wet season or dry, year after year, kudzu produces enormous crops of fine hay. It never fails—needs no fertilization of cultivation. I have yet to find a man who has grown this splendid legume who is not a Kudzu Krank.

Piedmont Carolina can never become a prosperous country until it becomes cow-minded. Cattle may not be profitably grown unless there is cheap feedstuff in greatest abundance.

Kudzu, as the Observer states, may be grown on practically worthless soils. It will enrich the land, afford pasture for three or four cows per acre over summer, or will produce five to eight tons hay per acre.

## Too Much Forgiving

(From The Harnett County News) Judge Sinclair stated in court here last week that a great majority—practically all—of the cases of larceny and like crimes are chargeable to white boys between the ages of 18 and 22. His statement is not new. We hear it ever so often.

But what is to be done about it? Is there anything being done about it? Yes. There is this much being done. The young men who commit the crimes are hailed into court and a crowd sits around and listens to pleas for leniency. The Judge is persuaded that the crime-masters are the best boys in the world but that they have "gotten into bad company" when in fact they have been in no one's company except their own. More often it is the case that they are so bad that no one in the community will associate with them. Then the forgiving is done. The crime-masters are told to go to work and be good—something they have never learned to do.

What is the punishment and what is to act as a deterrent against future committing of crime? Nothing—nothing at all.

In the opinion of the News there is too much forgiving and too little repentance in these cases. Only last week this writer saw a young white man sitting in court listening to a plea for leniency in a case in which he was charged with crime, and he was laughing—a sneering laugh at that!

It is well and good to exercise the forgiving spirit after there is some evidence of repentance. But to be so quick to forgive, and even before the guilty party has shown signs of repentance, or has had time to decide whether he will repent, simply means that the crime-master is getting away with his wrongdoing.

The News believes in the forgiving spirit and leniency and all that sort of thing. But where it is not deserved and not appreciated, we wonder where it will end and what the result will be. What is the cause of the condition that justifies the statement of Sinclair that practically all of the larceny and such like crimes are being committed by white boys between the ages of 18 and 22?

In our opinion it is because there is too much forgiving where it is not deserved nor appreciated.

## "WOODSHOE" GIRL

"I call my wife my 'better half.'" "Why?" "Because she's always saying, 'You better half that tire patched,' and 'You better half your tooth fixed,' and 'You better half this,' and 'You better half that!'"—Life.

Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.

## NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of an order of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Chatham County, North Carolina, in the proceeding entitled "K. J. Smith against Mrs. M. A. Smith and husband, Manley Smith" the undersigned commissioner will, on the

31st day of July, 1929, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit: NORTH CAROLINA, CHATHAM COUNTY; I. G. W. Blair, sheriff of the county of Chatham, do hereby certify

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front of the Courthouse door at Pittsboro, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property:

BEGINNING at an iron corner 50 feet from center of Southern Railway tract, M. F. Morris corner; thence south 47 degrees west, line, 18 poles to an iron in Check's line; thence South with Check's line 8 poles to a stone, I. P. Coggins' corner; thence east with Coggins' line 19 poles to stone and posts; thence north 47 degrees east 13 poles to an iron Southern Railway right of way; thence with said right of way 21 poles to the BEGINNING, containing 2 acres, more or less, and being the lot of land conveyed to the party of the first part by J. W. Emerson, and to J. W. Emerson by S. J. Emerson estate, it being the same lot of land upon which is now located the Gin property of the party of the first part. Also all the gin, presses, machinery, motive power, beltings, shaftings, tools, etc., used with and in connection with the operation of the cotton gin located upon said lot, whether the same be fixed to the real estate or not.

This the 18th day of June, 1929. WADE BARBER, Trustee

## NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Default having been made in payment of the indebtedness secured by that certain deed of trust to me as Trustee for the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company by V. B. Elkins and wife, Willie Jordan Elkins, on the 16th day of June, 1924, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Chatham County in Book GH of Deeds, page 405, et seq., I will, under and by virtue of the power of sale vested in me by said deed of trust, and at the request of the cestui que trust, and for the purpose of discharging the debt secured by said deed of trust, proceed to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Courthouse door, in Pittsboro, Chatham County, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M. on

Monday, July 22nd, 1929,

the following described land, to-wit: Beginning at a stake, corner of Raleigh and Jordan Streets, and running South 25 degrees East with Jordan Street 175 feet to a stake, on West side of Jordan Street; thence South 65 degrees West 125 feet to a stake; thence North 25 degrees West 175 feet to a stake on the South side of Raleigh Street; thence with Raleigh Street, North 65 degrees East, 125 feet to the beginning, and containing 21,875 square feet. Same being the land conveyed to "Mrs. Willie Elkins" by Cattie M. Jordan, by deed dated November 4, 1920, and registered in Book F'W at page 458.

This the 14th day of June, 1929. JULIAN PRICE, Trustee

Brooks, Parker, Smith and Wharton, Attorneys, Greensboro, N. C.

## NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of a certain decree made and entered in that special proceeding now pending in the superior court of Chatham county, North Carolina, entitled "James L. Griffin, Administrator of J. J. Brooks versus Mrs. Sallie Brooks, et al.," the undersigned commissioner will on

Saturday the 13th day of July, 1929, at 12 o'clock noon, in front of the Courthouse door at Pittsboro, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that certain lot or parcel of land lying and being in Center Township, adjoining the lands of T. M. Bland estate and others, and bounded as follows, viz:

On the north by the lands of T. M. Bland; on the east by the right-of-way of the Pittsboro Railroad; on the south by the Jenks land, and on the west by the Newman lands, containing 35 acres, more or less, and being more fully described and defined in the title deeds which he held the same, SAVE AND EXCEPT, HOWEVER, from this tract of land the dower interest of Mrs. Sallie Brooks in and to the following:

BEGINNING at the southwest corner of the J. J. Brooks lands, Jenks line and running thence about east 163 yards; thence about north 160 yards to a cedar tree in grove; thence about west 180 yards; thence about south 190 yards to the beginning.

This the 10th day of June, 1929. WADE BARBER, Commissioner

## FORECLOSURE SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by H. G. Goldston and wife, Gola Goldston, to the undersigned Trustees, dated June 23rd, 1928, and recorded in the Registry of Chatham County in Book HA, page 621, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured and demand having been made upon the undersigned Trustees to foreclose for the satisfaction of said indebtedness, the undersigned will on

Saturday the 20th day of July, 1929, twelve o'clock noon in front of the Courthouse door at Pittsboro, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate:

BEGINNING at a stake in the fork of the west and east prong of Indian Creek; thence up west prong of Indian Creek its various courses 41 poles to an ash on said creek; thence about north with hedgerow 112 poles to a stone in Cleve Gunter's line (formerly W. L. Goldston line); thence about east with said Gunter's line 62 poles to a sweet gum on the east bank on the east prong of Indian Creek; thence down said creek its various courses to the beginning, containing thirty three (33) acres more or less.

This the 17th day of June, 1929. WALTER D. SILER & WADE BARBER, Trustees

**TIMBER FOR SALE?**

Is so, phone, write, or wire TODAY

**GOLDSTON BROTHERS**  
Goldston, N. C.

We just want to live another year or two, to see if they will padlock a congressman.—The Hamilton Evening Journal.