

The Spun Glass Mystery

A TALE OF SCOTLAND YARD by H. FIELDING

READ THIS FIRST:
Talking to her sister Etta, Alysia Naylor is resentful over the approaching marriage of their cousin John Tait and Lucy Burnham, a widow, because the sisters will have to leave Tait's home where they have been living. They relate the news to Reggie Claridge, Alysia's fiancee. At Alysia's suggestion Reggie agrees to go to Vichy where their wealthy Aunt Norah is stopping with her stepson, Tait, and his fiancée. Reggie is to try to win Lucy's attentions away from John and prevent the marriage. Lady Tait, who is "Aunt Norah" to the Naylor sisters and their brother, Claude, is seated in the hotel lobby at Vichy.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 4

FIDDLESTICKS, thought Lady Tait, ruefully aware that her accident had at least saved her from the necessity of having three weeks of that sort of thing. As it was, she had agreed to try them for a week, coming back next year for the regular cure should she find herself benefited. Her maid, Rainer, came for her now. It was time for the first of the week's baths. Rainer wanted to go with her mistress, but Lady Tait did not want her. She liked exploring by herself. Lucy Burnham, too, would be at the Establishment des Bains, and they would come home together.

A minute later and the hotel car put her down at what looked like a Moorish palace of white stucco, a big building just behind the Parc. Lady Tait stepped into a vast, vaulted hall, made her way to a business-like looking desk, showed the doctor's ordonnance, and was given a ticket. She was directed down a passage which started with Eastern magnificence, but increased in simplicity with every step, until finally she was asked to wait in a ladies' waiting-room, which was a very creditable copy of the same room in an English country station. Here she was kept only a second, for two cheerful, smiling women pounced on her, declared themselves as Doctor Precher's baigneuses, and took her into a tiny bath opposite. Here three wooden cubicles met her eye with a sort of sun blind across each doorway.

Lady Tait, as she undressed, wondered how stout women fared. Even for her the box was a tight fit. The next compartment was empty, the third apparently occupied.

"A lady, who comes frequently, had this, but we asked her to let madame have it, as madame is still a little lame from her accident," the woman had said on showing Lady Tait in. A very dashing garter on the floor suggested that the late occupant was young.

Lady Tait was undressing in her rather slow, methodical way, when she heard the door of the waiting room open, and a swift step on the tiles. To her surprise, a second later, a hand, fat, pudgy, thrust something through the side of the sun blind into her cubicle without a word. It dropped on the floor on the envelope. Lady Tait supposed it to be some toilet advertisement, or fortune teller's address. She slit it with an incurious finger preparatory to tearing it in half.

Inside, on a half sheet of paper, was written Reginald Claridge. Then came the following: "Lives by his wits. Penniless. Small salary with Decor, Ltd. No money. No family. But knows some good people." That was all. Lady Tait turned the paper over. Nothing was written on the other side. The message, whatever its meaning, was all that the envelope contained. It struck her as extraordinary, this singularly brief and unflattering resume of Mr. Claridge, written in English, and dropped into her cubicle here on the first visit that she had ever made to the baths. She read it again. Surely it was not some new form of ad-



"I was afraid they would be bitter about his marriage."

vertising, too subtle for her to grasp? She heard a voice speaking close beside her in French, a very trim shadow crossed her door blind. As she stepped out in her loofah shoes, and thick toweling wrap, the baigneuses, pocketing a departing tip, murmured to her "Une jeune anglaise" who let madame have her cabin.

"Could this have been meant for you?" Lady Tait called, as she held out the envelope with its odd enclosure. She had quite forgotten the little boxes. "It was dropped into this cubicle just now. It's certainly not for me, as I saw when I opened it."

She found herself looking into a very striking young face, but, to her surprise, as she skimmed over the words, "More likely for a detective, I fancy. I'll give it in at the lost property office as I pass, since you say it isn't for you." The eyes rested impudently on the elder woman before she went on. Lady Tait felt that every white hair, every wrinkle, was noticed and scorned. That impression soon passed, but the incident itself stuck in her mind while one attendant played a hot water spray from across the large room up and down her spine, and the second rubbed her with Eau de Cologne.

She went on into the waiting room and related the little happening to Mrs. Burnham who, her own carbonic acid bath over, looked fresh and charming as usual in her shady hat and frock of colored embroidery. Lucy Burnham was very pretty, sweet-faced woman with a gentle, timid glance and manner that suggested that life had not allowed her much independence as yet. Her unpowdered skin had no need to fear the light. Her curly hair still kept the gleam of a child in it. Figure, hands and feet were exquisite, and she was the kind who looks her best of a morning.

She burst out laughing at the account of the note, and refused at first to take it as true. But she was all eagerness to talk about a letter that John had handed to her from his cousin, Alysia Naylor. "Ah, yes, Alysia," Lady Tait's tone did not suggest great affection. "A note of congratulation, of course." "Such a charming letter," Lady

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and Washington, made a short address, his subject being "Historical Reflection," dwelling upon John Paul and Willie Jones in particular.

A vocal solo, "Trees" was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Elliott Clark. Hon. E. L. Travis, of Weldon, next introduced Dr. T. W. M. Long as the speaker of the occasion. Dr. Long, a descendant of Willie Jones, gave a most interesting and detailed account of the Jones family from the time of Robin Jones to the death of Willie Jones. In giving the history of John Paul, Dr. Long quoted from numbers of sources to prove the authenticity of the facts as given in regard to John Paul.

Mrs. Cooper read a very cordial letter from Mrs. Josephus Daniels of Mexico City in regard to the occasion. "Halifax, My Halifax," the words of which were composed by the late Harry Gowen, of Halifax, was sung by a group of school children. Mrs. Cooper made a talk on John Paul Jones and on the work of the D. A. R.

The visitors were then invited to the unveiling of the two tablets—one on Highway 40, and the other placed on the chimney—all that is left of "The Grove" house.

The highway bronze tablet was presented by Mrs. Edwin C. Gregory and the acceptance was by Mrs. Cooper.

Presentation of "The Grove" tablet was by Mrs. Jamie Turner, and accepted by Mrs. C. H. Stephenson, D. A. R. State treasurer, of Raleigh.

The unveiling was done by four children, Miss Butts of Halifax, gave a reading immediately afterwards. The poem read was written on the walls of "The Grove" house by a passing stranger. The poem written on the occasion of John Paul Jones' body being brought back here from France for burial was read by Rev. W. C. Wilson, of Halifax, who pronounced the benediction.

The sounding of "taps" ended the afternoon's celebration in memory of John Paul Jones, father of the American Navy, and of the old Willie Jones home.

The inscription on the tablets was written by Josephus Daniels. Mrs. Daniels is chairman of the North Carolina John Paul Jones Memorial Association.

The first tablet was unveiled by two small boys and two small girls dressed in Colonial costumes. They were Katherine Coppedge of Halifax, Ernestine Turner of Weldon; Billie Stephenson, of Jackson, and John Moore, of Weldon. This marker bears the D. A. R. insignia and reads: "400 yards west of this tablet stood the former home of Willie Jones, the forefetter of democracy in North Carolina during his era, patron and friend of John Paul Jones, father of the American Navy, who gave to our Navy its earliest traditions of heroism and victory, 1747-1792. U. S. Navy 1775-1783. In this home John Paul Jones found hospitality, friendship, refuge and happiness. Erected April 6, 1934, by the National Society of the American Revolution of North Carolina."

The second tablet bore the following inscription under the D. A. R. insignia: "At the fireside of Willie Jones, whose home, 'The Grove,' this tablet marks. He was the friend of Jefferson and most influential leader of his day and North Carolina democracy, and John Paul Jones found here hospitality, friendship, refuge and happiness. Erected April 6, 1934, by the National Society of the American Revolution of North Carolina."

Master Willie Jones Long, of Northampton, was a guest of honor on the platform. He is the youngest bearer of the historic name.

It was learned today that Mrs. E. G. Landis and J. W. Jones, of this city, are lineal descendants of Willie Jones, one of the two Revolutionary patriots whose memory was honored in the unveiling of tablets at Halifax yesterday by the Daughters of the American Revolution. John Paul Jones was the other.

Small Farms Declared Good Investment

Babson Sees Strengthening In Farm Land Values

BY ROGER W. BABSON, Copyright 1934, Publishers Financial Bureau, Inc.

Babson Park, Fla., April 6.—The largest part of the grief and readjustment in farm real estate is now over. Deflation was slower here than in other lines. For instance, securities hit their lows in July, 1932; commodities and banks in March, 1933 but it was not until the summer and fall of 1933 that farm land actually made the turn. Today the outlook for farm land is favorable.

Land Values Depend on Prices. The sharp rise in agricultural prices is the fundamental factor in the strengthening of farm real estate. In the last analysis the value of farm land depends on the profits of the farm. The big boom in land values came during the post-war period. Inflated prices for wheat, cotton, corn, and other crops pushed land prices sky-high. The ensuing years saw a gradual decline both in prices in land values. With wheat selling in December, 1932, at around 47 cents a bushel, cotton at 6 cents a pound, and corn at 23 cents a bushel, farming was decidedly unpopular and the farm land market became frozen. In some cases good, fertile land, which sold for over \$600 an acre in 1920, could recently have been bought for \$100 per acre.

Today the tables are turned. Farm prices on the average are 33 per cent above the record lows of 1932. This year's total crop income is approximately \$3,029,000,000 against \$2,113,000,000 a year ago, or 43 per cent greater. As agricultural prices continue to advance, farming will again become profitable. The present price situation has already strengthened the position of thousands of mortgaged farms throughout the country, thus reducing the necessity for forced sales. Accordingly, the supply of distress farm real estate is rapidly drying up. Furthermore, unless farm lands advance spectacularly in price, there will be few owners willing to sell their property.

Trek From City To Farm. On the demand side there are several factors working toward higher farm land values. First is the Administration's acreage curtailment program. As things stand, bonuses are paid farmers for the number of acres which they withhold from planting, but there is no restriction on the actual number of bushels of wheat, or number of pounds of cotton, which they raise. So naturally the farmer is putting emphasis on his yield per acre. He is letting his marginal land lie fallow and cultivating more intensively than ever before his most fer-



HARRY CLARK'S REVUE

Some of the members of Harry Clark's Revue appearing at the Stevenson Theatre, Thursday, matinee and night also midnight. Upper left is Raby Crider America's greatest Hotcha singer and dancer. Upper right is Ann Morre, Queen of contortion. Lower left the six coeds and Art Gleason and his Manhattan Serenaders. Lower right is Julie Ailyn co-partner of Mr. Gleason in a Musical cocktail. Many other outstanding acts are used to round out an elaborate show.

tile acres. This automatically boosts the value of high-yielding land. There is today a restricted trek of young people from the farm to the city. There is always a constant movement of population from farm to city, or from city to farm, according to which section offers the more attractive opportunities. With the New Deal cracking down on industrial profits and at the same time helping the farmer through processing taxes, the trend is today back toward the farm. At all times there is a potential demand for attractive, well-located, medium-sized farms for investment purposes. Little buying of this type, however, has been noticeable in the last two or three years. Investors have been waiting until they could be reasonably sure that crop prices had hit bottom. Now the investor is becoming more interested in the farm land market.

Farm Good Inflation Hedge. The threat of further inflation is stiffening demand for good farm land. Our unbalanced budget is setting the stage for serious inflation. I feel very strongly that farm land is one of the best hedges against a depreciating dollar. Small farms, although harder to buy than last fall, can still be purchased at bargain prices. The price of farms always goes up as the price of dollars goes down. The milk, poultry, and vegetables which you raise for your family to consume always have the same intrinsic value, irrespective of the value of the dollar. That outsiders are buying farms for protection is clearly illustrated by the figure. Of the voluntary purchases of farms in 1933, 41 per cent were non-farmers, against only 18 per cent in 1928.

Small Farms Most Stable. I have spoken above of the desirability of the small, medium-priced farm. Records show that the average small farm (under 20 acres) showed

a 14 per cent increase in price during the decade from 1920 to 1930. This compares with a 30 per cent drop in the value of the average farm of 100 acres and over. There is a good reason for this. The man who runs a small farm does it primarily as a mode of living. Big farms, because they are business ventures and carry huge overheads, are hit much harder by declining prices.

The longer term outlook for farm land values is much harder to interpret. Recent developments, both at home and abroad, are not encouraging. While there is much to be said for the New Deal's plan for economic nationalism, we cannot make light of the fact that 55 per cent of our cotton, 50 per cent of our tobacco, 30 per cent of our lard, and 25 per cent of our wheat have annually been exported. We cannot exclude foreign goods from our markets and at the same time expect that other nations will hold their markets open for our surplus from products. Hence, a favorable long term outlook for farm land values in this country depends upon a normal revival in the exchange of surplus goods among nations. Otherwise, we must regard our farms primarily as a means of living. Business, as estimated by the Borchardt, though 24 per cent below normal, is now 32 per cent above a year ago.

Wife Preservers

A few drops of lemon juice will make frosting white and give it a nice flavor.

Moon Theatre

MONDAY and TUESDAY
Admission 21 and 11c
JOHN BOLES
ROSEMARY AMES—
VICTOR JORY—in
"I BELIEVED IN YOU"
WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY
Bing Crosby—Jack Oakie—Judy Allen—in the musical—
"TOO MUCH HARMONY"
Admission 11c To Everybody
Selected Novelties Everyday

For old style or Champion Brand Chilean Nitrate of Soda see THE COOPER CO.

Fascinating Facts of NATURE

NATURE created the land you farm, the seed you plant. To make land and seed produce better, she created three natural fertilizer materials—potash, phosphate, and Chilean Natural Nitrate. She stored Chilean in the ground to mature a million years until you should want it to put it back into the ground where you make your crops.

CHILEAN NITRATE (PERHAPS YOU CALL IT "SODA" OR "SODDY") IS THE ONE AND ONLY NITRATE FERTILIZER CREATED BY NATURE. NATURE GAVE IT THOSE VITAL "IMPURITIES" IODINE, CALCIUM, POTASSIUM, SODIUM, MAGNESIUM, BORON, ETC., TO INCREASE ITS VALUE TO YOUR CROPS.

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MONDAY and TUESDAY
"MAN'S CASTLE" SPENCER TRACY LORETTA YOUNG
Added: Walter Donaldson Novelty
NOTRE DAME GLEE CLUB—PATHE NEWS
Admission 10-36c

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
RUTH CHATTERTON—IN
"JOURNAL OF A CRIME"
ON THE STAGE
THURSDAY—ONE DAY ONLY
HARRY CLARK'S REVUE
FEATURING
ART GLEASON AND HIS MANHATTAN SERENADERS
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS GORGEOUSLY GOWNED AS
"MANIKINS ON PARADE"
MIDNIGHT SHOW THURSDAY
NIGHT AT 11:30
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAM
Admission 36c To All

Coming: Friday—"HAVANA WIDOWS"—
with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell

HONOR MEMORY OF NAVAL HERO

Tablets Unveiled to John Paul Jones, 'Father of American Navy'

Halifax, April 7.—Hundreds of people from all over North Carolina and Virginia gathered yesterday at historic old Halifax to join with the Daughters of the American Revolution in paying tribute to John Paul Jones, the father of the American navy and his benefactor, Willie Jones, with the unveiling of two bronze markers.

A splendid gathering of patriots and loyal citizens filled to overflowing the school building where a part of the exercise were held.

As the band began to play those on the platform, which was decorated with the national colors. Two flag-bearers came up the aisle from the rear one young girl bearing the stars and stripes, another bearing April 12, 1775 flag representing "Halifax Day."

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Sydney Perry Cooper, retiring State regent. The bugle call was then sounded by a member of the band. Rev. D. P. Moore, of Weldon, delivered the invocation. The D. A. R. ritual was repeated, led by Mrs. W. A. Cox, vice-regent, Halifax. The National Anthem was sung by the assemblage. Greetings from the local chapter were extended by Mrs. Henry Marshall, chairman.

Introduction of distinguished guests was made by Mrs. Jamie Turner, of Weldon.

Mrs. Marshall read letters from President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt expressing regret at not being able to be present.

Hon. John J. Kerr, of Warrenton

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