

ORPHANAGE TRIO AT KIWANIS GATHERING

Group From Oxford Here Friday Evening; School Night Next Week

Three children from the Oxford Orphanage at Oxford furnished the major part of the program of the Kiwanis club at its weekly luncheon Friday evening, the program being in charge of G. O. McPhail. The children were James Carter, who gave a declamation, "The Unknown Speaker," and Misses Nina Ellis, reciting "Cherokee Roses," and Martha Garner, reciting "The Lost Word."

Mr. McPhail said these young people are the honor students of the Masonic orphanage school and were recently awarded a sight-seeing trip to Washington, D. C., for their work.

J. C. Gardner, president of the club, reminded the members that on next Friday evening the club will entertain the honor students of the senior classes of the high schools of the city and the county and Epsom. Each year at this time the club has one boy and one girl from each of these schools as its guests, chosen as the all-around students. Each principal is also in attendance. The schools participating will be Henderson, Middleburg, Townsville, Aycock, Zeb Vance, Dabney and Epsom.

Another guest of the club for the evening was A. B. Timms, of Lochhaven, Pa., formerly of this city and a former Kiwanis member here. He was the guest of W. C. Cates.

Attendance at the meeting was 86 percent of the membership.

RECORDER CLEMENTS HAS 2 DEFENDANTS

Recorder R. E. Clements tried two defendants at today's session of recorder's court.

Thomas Richard Martin was convicted of being drunk and disorderly and of assault. He was sentenced to the roads for four months, commitment not to issue if he pays a fine of five and costs, remains away from his wife for two years and is of good behavior.

Add W. Harris, who was charged with assault and non-support, was freed when the State took a nol pros with leave.

GOERCH BROADCAST BOOSTS HENDERSON

Carl Goerch, publisher of "The State," weekly magazine issued at Raleigh, paid high tribute to Henderson and its people and institutions in a radio broadcast from Station WPTF in Raleigh at 6 o'clock Friday evening. Many people here heard the talk, which lauded the hospitality of the community, told of its business enterprises, its government and the county government, and called by name many citizens who are active in the affairs of the city and county.

50 GALLON STILL TAKEN YESTERDAY

A fifty gallon steam whisky still was captured yesterday by Enforcement officers E. A. Cottrell and L. A. Jackson in cooperation with Sheriff Pinnell of Warren county, the illegal outfit being in Warren county about 200 yards from the Middleburg township line. Local officers found the outfit, and called upon Warren county officers for their aid.

Five hundred gallons beer were poured out, and a quantity of jars, cans and jugs were confiscated.

The outfit was being prepared for a run, but no one was captured at the scene.

Bailey Is Certain Of A Victory

(Continued from page One.)

like campaign speeches for Dr. McDonald than in his own behalf, many who have heard them maintain, while Strain has recently gotten more notice for attacking Clyde R. Hoey than for assailing Senator Bailey. As a result, many are confident that Bailey the Fox will easily win the nomination, largely because his opponents insisted in chasing rabbits instead of staying on the trail of the fox.

Good Progress on Roads Is Reported

(Continued from page One.)

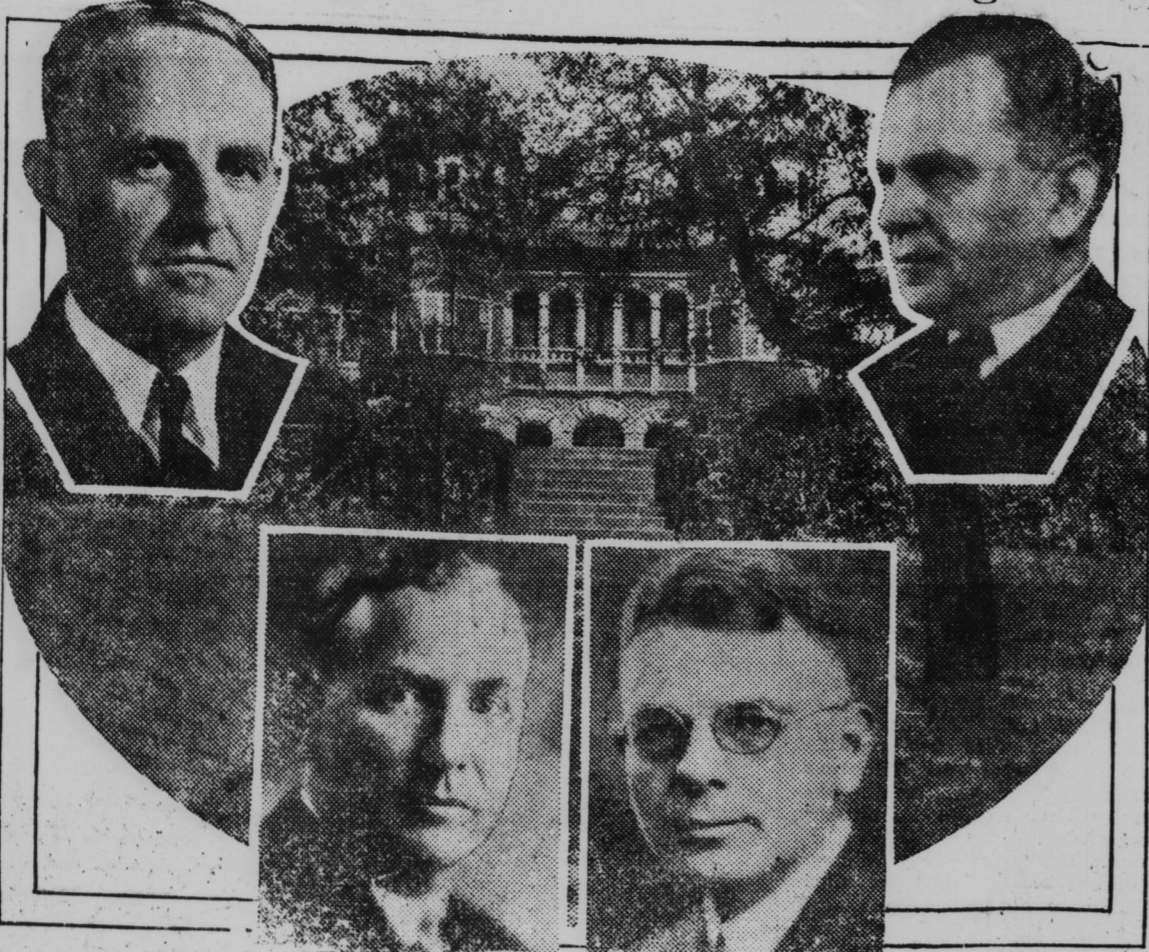
Most of these projects include regrading of roads with tractors and road machines and in most cases resurfacing with sand-clay and gravel or with sand.

Twenty projects are always under way, with others to be started soon, in the five counties in District 3, composed of Carteret, Craven, Jones, Pamlico and Lenoir counties. Three large projects are nearing completion in Carteret county, including the sand surfacing of the Cedar Island road. Seven projects have either been completed or are nearing completion in Craven county while three more are almost completed in Pamlico county. Four extensive resurfacing and drainage projects are under way in Jones county, the surfacing being of either sand or sand and topsoil. Four more big projects are about half completed in Lenoir county, two of them near LaGrange.

Eleven different road repair projects are under way in the four counties in District 4 of Division A, which includes Northampton, Halifax, Nash and Edgecombe counties. Two of these projects are in Northampton, five in Halifax, three in Nash and one in Edgecombe counties.

In District 5 of this same division, composed of Wilson, Greene, Pitt and a portion of Edgecombe counties, 12 road improvement projects are under way. Four of these are in Wilson, one in Greene, four in Pitt and three in Edgecombe. Other projects will be started as soon as these are completed, Baise said.

Commencement Figures At Woman's College



Stevenson, Sunday Monday and Tuesday



Shirley Temple in "Captain January" with Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville.

Stevenson Wednesday Only



Laugh as muddle-headed, butter-fingered CHARLES BUTTERWORTH is baffled by it all in Darryl F. Zanuck's Twentieth Century production, "Half Angel," the thrilling story of a "sorrow girl," FRANCES DEE, who is saved by a "nervy reporter," BRIAN DONLEVY.

Court's Decision Worry for G. O. P.

(Continued from page One.)

him, furthermore, on the side of the "underdog."

The chief worry of the Republicans is Pennsylvania. The adverse decision on the Guffey coal act is reputed to have solidified the workers of Pennsylvania for the Democrats. The Republicans cannot hope to win the national election without Pennsylvania.

BUSINESS ALARMED

In reality, these anti-New Deal decisions of the Supreme Court do not affect workers as much as business. That is a new view in Wall Street. Workers organize and win anyway (according to the Wall Street view). But when permissive price fixing organizations—such as the New Deal alphabet agencies—really have been—are declared unconstitutional then there is fear that price-cutting will undermine business.

That, of course, is the fear in the coal industry.

Capitalism would fall quickly if the

old dog-eat-dog method were to be indulged in generally. Collectivism in business—Wall Street shudders at that interpretation—is sought more than outsiders or business itself realizes.

FORCING ISSUE

The Roosevelt administration evidently is not pleased that the Supreme Court or the Constitution becomes an issue. It would rather win workers and votes on some other ground—for it is eager to win the votes of businessmen, too.

But workers and liberals and farmers are forcing the issue on the administration.

NEW PARTY—WHEN?

Talk has been drifting through Washington and New York that a farmer-Labor party will be ready for the field in 1940. It hopes to absorb progressive Democrats and progressive Republicans.

It hopes to make the amending of the Constitution and the curbing of the Supreme Court an issue. It believes that would be popular.

It hopes to displace the Democrats as the party opposite the Republicans by 1944.

THE CAMDEN RUBY MURDER

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CHAPTER 54

"ONCE LAURA RANDALL was out of the house, Van Every set up the cry that the ruby was lost," I explained to Keyes. "True, Laura Randall had it around her neck. But he knew she would have it there. The anxiety he displayed—you remember? He called me at least six times in an hour and a half at my hotel. Always telling the clerk to have me call him at home as soon as I came in. At home, I assumed all the time that he had been at home when Laura Randall was killed. In fact I would have sworn he was home. I finally got him on the phone when I came in—the clerk says our calls came simultaneously. Van Every calling me, I calling him. He stressed his insistence that I was to come to his house at once, letting me believe that he was at home. In truth, he was on Fifth Avenue. A man answering to his description phoned from the drug store at Twenty-ninth and Fifth avenue just after the murder. One of the clerks recalled him, because the store was empty on account of the excitement on the street. He was calling me, then, presumably from his home. Luck played into his hands every time. My presence at first with Margalo, Joyce happening on the avenue when he wanted to kill Laura Randall. If it had not been Joyce, he would have managed it some other way. Perhaps called Laura Randall's attention himself."

"He could not have left the house without one of my men seeing him—Keyes interrupted.

"He did. There is only one entrance to the street, you know. The front. The back door, the one through the basement, leads into the garden. There is no outlet there; that is, you saw none. I found one today. A sliding door in the fence, behind the bushes. This leads into the garden beyond. An exit can be made to Seventy-fifth street through a narrow passageway, barely big enough for a man to squeeze through. This passageway is between two houses directly behind Dow Van Every's. I imagine he had used it before. From there he took a taxi to the library. However, I balked his plans there."

"He had no time to kill Laura Randall because I bundled her into a taxi. Therefore he followed the taxi."

"He was back at his house before he was missed. He had left so inobtrusively that no one thought he was gone. You remember your men said he was almost crazy with the loss of the ruby."

"There's no motive—"

"No? Well, Edith Bryce told me that Van Every suddenly evinced a liking for Margalo. A recent one. He used his head here, too. He praised Margalo to Edith, naturally making Mrs. Bryce jealous. She—"

"But why?"

"It's simple, when you understand. Keyes," I said patiently. "Margalo had the real ruby. I know that now, else Van Every would not have killed her. He loved jewels, loved them more than anything else in the world. And he wanted the jewel she had bought from Pietro Gonzales. He admitted to shady transactions in jewels. Perhaps he was too late to buy the gem in Spain. His agent exchanged the means. He undoubtedly had Pietro followed, and knew that Margalo bought the jewel. He had made another one, one just like it. This was the jewel Margalo wore the night she was murdered. He whispered his purchase of the Camden ruby. He made the papers as he knew it would. He wanted to see, I wonder if the jewel she had bought was real. She would probably approach him in some way to see the jewel. He cold-bloodedly decided to kill her. You will say he might have traced him then. He would kill her instead. After that it would be easy. The police searching her belongings would find the jewel—if he stood in with them there was a chance they would bring it to him for him to see. He was an expert, too, and already was the announced purchaser of the Camden ruby."

"Easy, now, isn't it? That's just what happened, and sometime while we were both looking at him in his laboratory, he exchanged the two rubies, while we were looking on. I said he was clever with his hands. He was for I'm sure he made the copy of the Camden ruby. He must have at one time handled it, measured it, for when he made the copy later, it was almost perfect. The story he told? You remember he said himself that the ruby was a very good forgery, but not good enough to fool an expert?"

"But the nuns? How do you explain them?"

"He sent for them for a purpose. They were to be seen in the house. Seen by Soon, by Laura Randall. Anyone. They had nothing to do with the ruby. Undoubtedly Van Every gave them a donation for their church. Another false clue."

"None of the bills, the numbers of which he gave you, have been passed at any bank in the state of New York," Keyes commented dryly.

"Of course not, because he gave no such bills. Oh, Soon probably got them from the bank, but they were put back later into Van Every's safety deposit box, by Van Every himself. His pretense was kept up even before his servant."

"Yes, Soon told me he got the bills, and took the numbers," Keyes agreed. "And now if you'll explain the telegram which was sent to Margalo? The fake telegram?"

"I admitted my failure there. I couldn't do it. It stumped me."

"Maybe I can do that," Keyes said, a twinkle in his eyes. "I found out this afternoon that the message had been dropped in the street in front of a telegraph office, across the street from the Knickerbocker theater. It was picked up by one of the boys who thought a fellow of his had lost it. This was the jewel Margalo wore the night she was murdered. He finished his own calls, took it upon himself to deliver the message. He took it to Miss Younger's apartment. Went on the subway, way out of his route. Several months before he had been stationed in the telegraph office in Miss Younger's district and had often delivered messages to her apartment house. So he knew it well. Instead of going to the front he went to the service entrance, found this unlocked, and himself took the freight elevator up to Miss Younger's floor. He went down the same way, the operator in the main elevator in the front unaware."

"One thing more, Keyes," I remarked. "The needle on Van Every's mark. It must have been there when I came in. Van Every didn't leave the room while I was with him. Dumb on my part not to have noticed the needle when I came in."

"It couldn't have been. The needle was shot from the inside, while the door was open! That's the only possible explanation. The gun pressed hard against the door. It was done while you were in the house, in the hall, perhaps. Probably while Van Every was taking you to the door. Did he go ahead of you?"

"Yes, I was getting my hat—"

"You heard nothing?"

"Nothing. And Keyes, another thing. Ward was never sure he killed Roscoe. He made himself believe he did, but he's really not sure. I dragged that out of him last night. Dow might have killed Roscoe. He was supposed to be abroad—and his alibi—"

"Perhaps. Anyway, it's over."

"I'm going back tomorrow. May I?"

"I laughed. —"

"You mean by the way, you didn't tell me what Edith Bryce was doing in Van Every's house the night of the murder."

"So I plunged into that part of the story."

(THE END)

He Belonged to Another Now—But Love Persisted



It was a trifle embarrassing, sitting there in the lunchroom with Win. The last time Joan had been alone with him they were making plans to be married. Of course, she had attending his wedding for decency's sake, but there she had avoided him. Now she

must face the issue and Win admitted he "dreaded this moment." Worst of all Joan still cared for him, or felt she did, although she wouldn't even admit that to herself. Such predicaments as this will help to sustain your interest to the final chapter of

LADY, BE GALLANT

By MARIE BLIZARD

Beginning Monday in the
Henderson Daily Dispatch