

DEAD RECKONING

By BRUCE HAMILTON

READ THIS FIRST:

Tim Kennedy has been writing a suicide note to himself in his wife's handwriting. He had graduated into a would-be homicide from the school of armchair murder.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 3

AT THE time of his wife's accident Kennedy was 49, but he looked at least 10 years older. It was not a case of being worn out before his time by troubles and anxiety, for his lot had mostly fallen among pleasant places, and his pink, clear-skinned countenance was smooth and unlined. Those who knew him in his early days in the town hardly recalled him as ever being different: only his soft glossy hair had receded further from his forehead and become definitely gray, his gait and bearing had taken on a more sedate tempo, but his expression remained as ever, placid, serene, and a little timid.

It seemed rather as if Nature, working on a caprice of her own, had decided to accelerate the external appearance of aging, without impairing his physical effectiveness. Strangers, supposing him to be over 60, would remark how well preserved and active he was, and add that his alertness and vigor would do credit to a man a dozen years his junior.

At the first glance he did not appear particularly virile. There was a womanish look about his round cheeks and the rounded curve of his jaw, and his red mouth was small and delicate as a baby's. His soft voice, too, was pleasing as a really nice woman's voice is pleasing. Nevertheless, women were generally attracted to him. His approach to them was modest, but not bashful. They sensed a kinship and an understanding of their sex.

He was more than a bit of a dandy. He wore his clothes with a casual elegance that seemed inborn: whatever the weather or the occasion they were just right. Vanity peeped out here and there. His ties, socks and silk handkerchiefs were always perfectly matched. His shoes were always polished to a dazzling luster, and he would go a considerable distance out of his way to avoid a risk of marring their beauty. Every week he drove 11 miles to his barber in Bradstock Wells. Neither of the local men came up to the standard he expected, and in any case could not provide a manicure.

He was very fond of his hands, which were small and plump but with strong, delicate fingers; they never became moist, even in the hottest weather. His silky gray mustache was another point of pride with him. He wore it in two downward sweeps, noticeably longer than was the common fashion of the time. It was one of the things that made him look older than his years, but he did not realize this.

Though he had never been in Ireland, Tim's ancestry was Irish, and his manner had all the diffident charm and desire to please characteristic of that people. In conversation he rarely obtruded an opinion, but he was quick to apprehend the opinions of others, and to draw them out. There was no insincerity about this: politics, religion, and all the more familiar material of controversy meant so little to him that he found it more natural, and a great deal more pleasant, to follow a lead rather than take a line of his own.

Purchasing popularity on these terms was as easy to him as breathing. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that it cost him nothing. The truth was that he had no convictions about politics or religion because he had no interest in anything except himself. His desires, his comforts, his amusements, his health, his financial and social security, were everything to him. Within him glimmered a white flame of pure egotism that nothing could extinguish.

Materially his egotism showed partly in his vanity, but more notably in a quiet obstinate skill in getting his way in all things, great and small alike. It was his happy talent never to have to make himself unpleasant in enforcing his



His mustache was another point of pride with him.

own will. His domestic character was as urbane as his social one. He was never importunate, never angry, never upset.

On matters affecting his immediate desires he was indifferent to arguments, impervious to snubs, and impossible to withstand. "Please do this little thing for me," he would say, by voice or expression, and in the end you would come to think that you were in the wrong, that you had been ungentle and unaccommodating. He would accept your surrender with graciousness and tact. You could not help liking him.

At the time under consideration Tim had been established for 23 years (with an interval for war service) as a dentist at the small town of West Shilston, situated in the high country toward the north-eastern part of Sussex.

West Shilston has acquired some importance as being the only settlement of any size on the main road from London to Westbourne, between which it is almost exactly halfway. The development of motor traffic has brought it a rapid growth along lines impossible to justify esthetically. Bastard Tudor villas and asbestos bungalows have proliferated liberally on and off the main road, and in the course of 20 years the population has risen from 5,000 odd to 8,000. Nevertheless, the town retains a modest comeliness and decent dignity at its heart; and its two main streets, which are part of the Westbourne road and form a right angle, afford in their broad and quietly casual style a faint reminiscence of coaching days.

The people are mainly of the middle class; pensioners of all grades find it a convenient place for retirement, and there is a strong enough element of gentry to compose some sort of local society. But the increasingly easy accessibility of London is weakening the hold of the latter class; it is becoming ever more urbanized, and, dividing its interests between West Shilston and the metropolis, no longer retains sufficient concentration to impose effectively its will and its standards upon the community.

In 1911, after two years in a London dental clinic, Tim Kennedy came to this place—a slight, pleasant-looking but inconspicuous young man whose arrival made no sort of a stir in the town. He put up his plate in the High street, where he occupied three rooms on the top floor over a forist's shop.

The front one, of fair size, he made into his surgery; the two at the back considerably smaller, became respectively a waiting room and his dining, sleeping, and living room. The wife of the forist downstairs gave him a little service, but he performed most of his simple domestic arrangements himself. He had no clerk or maid. Patients were encouraged to climb his separate stairway without ringing the outside bell, and he himself would open the upstairs front door which he had built in.

He was poor in these early years. He had settled at West Shilston for a variety of reasons—a fancy for the place conceived on a cycling tour during a dental college vacation, a sense that the town was likely to grow, a belief that the high air would benefit a slight pulmonary trouble from which he then believed himself to be suffering.

For the first few years patients came along slowly. Mostly they were of the working or small shop-keeping class; he made little or no progress with the upper bourgeoisie and gentry. On this more lucrative sort of patient—or rather on those who did not get their teeth seen to in London—his rivals had a firm grip. Jameson, the Scotsman, had been in the town for nearly 40 years, and for those with a fancy for more up-to-date clinical methods, there were the partners, Taylor and Evans, lusty, bold-faced young men, great cricketers, golfers and tennis players, very much about with the younger set.

Nevertheless, Kennedy's practice showed a steady, if not spectacular growth, and it was noted that he kept his patients. For he was a good dentist, slow but sure in diagnosis, firm and decisive in action. His strong, delicate fingers were of great service to him. He was infinitely painstaking, his fillings never came out, and he never extracted a tooth he saw any chance of saving. He had a sensitive perception about pain, would go to unlimited trouble to avoid inflicting it, and was not afraid of using drugs.

He was his own dental mechanic, and showed the same technical dexterity and thoroughness over the manufacture and fitting of dentures as he did with his work on living teeth. Also, he started the custom—hitherto unknown in West Shilston—of periodically scraping his patients' teeth and cleaning their dentures on his own initiative, without making any charge.

(To Be Continued)

NAZI TALK ISN'T TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Washington Not Alarmed Over Stories of German Activities Here

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Washington, Sept. 17.—Although Uncle Sam's G-men are investigating stories of the existence of a formidable Nazi organization in the United States I cannot discover, from talks with numerous government officials, that these reports are taken very seriously, at least in Washington.

Asinine speeches by Hitlerite leaders in Germany do give the impression that Nazi-ism in its native land is ambitious to gather under its banner folk of Teutonic descent throughout the world.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that any considerable number of our so-called German-Americans are a bit in sympathy with this campaign. FEW IMMIGRANTS

For one thing, few German immigrants have been arriving in the United States in approximately a generation. Most citizens of German extraction are sons of grandsons of original settlers on this side of the Atlantic and are as American, except for their inherited family names, as our Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons, our Johnsons and Andersons, our O'Connors and Mulligans and O'Neills.

Moreover, when Germans were landing here in droves, they came largely because they were driven from the fatherland by the comparatively mild imperialistic tyranny of olden days. They were among the best liberty-lovers we had. They "fit mit Siegel" in the war of secession. They were the last kind of folks to have anything in common with the oppressions of the Nazi regime. That is the background of our Schmidts and Schwartzes and various "stein" families of today.

INTOLERANCE CYCLES
It is true that this country is susceptible periodically to epidemics of intolerance.

I recall four spells of it.
1. There was the immediately post-Civil war Ku Klux Klan. Perhaps there was an excuse for that. The south, maybe, had to have some sort of extra-governmental authority to deal with peculiar conditions of that era.
2. There were the Know Nothings, a bit before my time. They were 'anti' nearly everything. A one time Ohio senator, Allan G. Thurman, was identified with it. Later he was prominently mentioned as a presidential possibility. But meanwhile, Know Nothingism had "busted." All rational voters turned thumbs down on anyone who ever had had anything to do with Know Nothingism. So that finished Allan G.

3. Then followed the American Protective Association—anti-Catholic. It contended that, every time a Catholic child was born, a rifle was deposited in the basement of his family's parish church, in anticipation of a "Roman uprising."

4. At last there was a revival, with no excuse whatever, of the earlier Ku Klux Klan. That was recent. We all know its history. It, also, fizzled.

I do not believe our so-called German-Americans are appreciably interested in it, either. Nor do I believe that it merits much investigation by our G-men.

It is just a false alarm.

Wife Preservers



Serve a ready-to-eat cereal for breakfast topped with apple sauce for a change.



Tex Ritter and his horse, in "Mystery of the Hooded Horsemen" at the Vance Theatre today and Saturday.

New Gin Inspector for State



FRED P. JOHNSON
Raleigh, Sept. 17.—Appointment of Fred P. Johnson, of Hoke county, as the North Carolina Department of Agriculture's first gin inspector, was announced by Commissioner of Agriculture W. Kerr Scott.

"In view that cotton farmers annually lose thousands of dollars because of improperly ginned cotton, the appointment of a gin inspector to aid farmers by promoting better ginning methods and relationships between the ginners and producers is essential at this time," Commissioner Scott said. Johnson will be attached to the staff of the Department of Agriculture's state warehouse system of which A. B. Fairley is superintendent.

A native of Moore county where he was born October 2, 1890, Johnson was graduated by the Raeford high school and received a B. S. degree from Davidson College in 1910. Since 1914 he has been farming and has operated a cotton gin for 23 years.

He operated the Hoke County Journal in 1911 and was secretary of the Fayetteville (N. C.) Chamber of Commerce in 1913. He is a member of the Rookfish Grange and is also a Grange deputy.

As gin inspector for the department Johnson will give technical advice to ginners, aid them with their mechanical troubles, discourage the processing of wet or green cotton and "generally seek to make the standard of North Carolina cotton better," Fairley said, adding that "the inspector's work will also include a program to inform the farmers of annual loss they sustain by bringing wet and green cotton to be ginned and of the value of patronizing adequately equipped gins where their cotton may be clean properly."

Services of the inspector will be available to farmers and ginners upon request to the Department of Agriculture, State Warehouse Division.

MODERATE TRADING IN STOCK EXCHANGE

Many Leaders Skid for Declines Up To Three Points in Early Part of Session

New York, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Rallying rail stocks of yesterday's market went into reverse today, and many leaders skidded for declines running to three points or so at the worst. Transactions were around 900,000 shares.

Curtis Wright	4 7-8
American Radiator	17 1-8
American Telephone	161 1-4
American Tob P	78
Anaconda	45 3-4
Atlantic Coast Line	38 1-4
Atlantic Refining	25 1-8
Bendix Aviation	16 7-8
Bethlehem Steel	80 1-8
Chrysler	97 1-2
Columbia Gas & Elec	12 1-4
Commercial	13
Continental Oil Co	151
DuPont	151
Electric Pow & Light	17 1-4
General Electric	48 1-4
General Motors	51 1-4
Liggett & Myers B	95
Montgomery Ward & Co	50 3-4
Reynolds Tob B	49 5-8
Southern Railway	21 1-4
Standard Oil Co N J	59 1-4
U S Steel	94 3-4

PHOTOPLAYS

"AIR CONDITIONED" STEVENSON



LAST TIMES TODAY
Plus: News And Musical Comedy

SATURDAY
Pat O'Brien—in "San Quentin"

The STATE

Comfortable TODAY — TOMORROW
Bob Allen—in "The Ranger Steps In"
Also Last Chapter "Painted Stallion"
Comedy
Admission 10 and 25c

Bitter Reaction In China Against Aloofness In U. S.

(Continued from Page One)

it will render invocation of the neutrality act unnecessary."

MORE REINFORCEMENTS TO JAPANESE SENT ASHORE
Shanghai, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Additional Japanese reinforcements for the halted drive against the Chinese defense line were reported today to have been landed on the lower reaches of the Yangtze river.

The Japanese spokesman declared the troops had already started advancing inland. This was taken to mean a considerable body of Japanese had finally achieved a foothold on the Pootung coast, where they are opposed by an estimated two divisions of Chinese.

Foreign military observers believed this foreshadowed an imminent major campaign in the Shanghai area on the south side of the Whangpoo river, which separates Pootung from the Shanghai delta, where the major fighting so far has been.

VANCE

TODAY — SATURDAY
The Hero of the West in his latest picture.

"Mystery of the Hooded Horsemen"

It's re-action and plenty of it. Also 3rd chapter Black Coin Oswald Rabbit Comedy.

In the WOOD for 2 1/2 YEARS

REWCO IS EXTRA MELLOW EXTRA SMOOTH

First made over 30 years ago, Rewco is noted for its superb flavor and rich color. And extra aging makes this straight rye whiskey extra smooth. Every golden drop of Rewco is 2 1/2 years old—and full 93 proof.

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Henderson Steam LAUNDRY

Open Nasal Clinics to Combat Infantile Paralysis



Dr. Austin A. Hayden administers nasal spray to Mary Ellen Trant

White Chicago's schools remained closed, municipal and county agencies organized to combat spread of infantile paralysis, which has reached a mild epidemic form. Authorities have opened nasal

clinics where children may receive sprays of zinc sulphate. Dr. Austin A. Hayden is administering a spray to Mary Ellen Trant, above. Lessons by radio are being given to elementary pupils.