

### Oxford Citizens Protest Bill Before Legislature

Oxford, Jan. 16.—An open forum meeting of citizens of Oxford was held Friday night in the Granville county courthouse to discuss a bill which originated in the city administration and now is pending in the state legislature. The measure is designed to permit the clerk of the Oxford board of commissioners and the city tax collector to issue warrants and other processes of the court.

The open forum was held as the result of protests against the bill by several citizens of Oxford. Senator John S. Watkins and Representative J. W. Horner were present to hear the discussions and get the expression from the people. Neither legislator would commit himself as to what action would be taken in regard to the bill. They said, however, that the city commissioners would meet within the next few days and

make a request either to let the bill drop or to continue to fight for its passage.

The measure was introduced by Senator Watkins, and passed in the upper body. It was introduced in the house by Representative Horner and sent to the committee on counties, cities, and towns. This was where the bill was when protests were raised by several Oxford citizens.

The open forum was attended by a large throng. Following discussions for approximately one and one-half hours, a vote was taken to determine the sentiment of those attending. There were five votes in favor of the bill, while the remainder, estimated by some to be approximately 100, and others to be nearly 150 to 200, voted against its passage.

The meeting was presided over by William Medford, mayor of Oxford.

### Address Newsmen



Wm. J. McCambridge

William J. McCambridge, Assistant General Manager of the Associated Press, who will be one of the speakers at the annual North Carolina Newspaper Institute this week at Chapel Hill and Durham, Mr. McCambridge will speak at the Friday morning session at Chapel Hill on "Looking at Facsimile Around the Corner."

### OFFERS ADVICE ON PLANTBED CULTURE

#### Tightly-Fitted, Board-Side-wall Recommended As Precaution

College Station, Raleigh, Jan. 16.—At a time when plant beds are uppermost in the minds of tobacco growers of North Carolina, J. O. Rowell, entomologist of the State College Extension Service, offers this advice:

To eliminate early injury to tobacco plants by the flea beetle, and where blue mold treatments are to be made, a tightly-fitted, board-side-wall plant bed is recommended. While flea beetle attack may be prevented throughout the entire plant bed period, the young plants are always more susceptible to injury during the first ten days following seed germination.

A board-side-wall plant bed should be as tight-fitting as it is possible to make it. The walls should be banked firmly with dirt on the outside. Wide-base banks are preferable since they stand up longer under washing rains.

The plant bed cover should have at least 25 strands to the inch each way,

and should be fitted so that there is no opening between the cover and the top of the sidewalls. It should be considerably wider and longer than the bed.

Do not remove the cover while the plants are young unless it is necessary in the performance of such operations as weeding, fertilizing, treating for the control of other insects, or for the control of blue mold. When it is necessary to remove the cover for any reason, it is advisable to keep one-half of the bed covered while the other half is being treated.

Detailed information on the control of tobacco insects will be found in Extension Circular No. 174, "Control of Tobacco Insects," which may be obtained free upon request to the Agricultural Editor at State College.

### TWO SLIGHTLY HURT AS BUS OVERTURNS

#### Women Treated At Oxford Hospital Following Early Morning Accident

Oxford, Jan. 16.—Two women and a driver escaped serious injury Sunday morning about 6:30 o'clock when a bus of the Carolina Coach company overturned as it was making a scheduled trip from Richmond, Va., to Oxford and Raleigh.

The driver of the bus, Mr. Melvin, refused to state any reason for the accident. According to information

received here the bus went slightly to the right side of the road, hitting a soft wet shoulder then saw-sawing back and forth across the road, finally going into the front yard of Mr. Brinkley's home, knocking down two or three yard trees and a corner of a garden fence, before going back on the highway and turning over on its side.

The two occupants of the bus were a white woman of New York, who refused to give her name, and a Negro woman of Oxford, Charlotte Johnson. Both were treated at a local hospital for shock and slight bruises.

A Cleveland taxicab driver has driven for eight years without so much as denting a fender. Probably he had Sundays off.

The man at the next desk says drinking and driving don't mix, and that he's just as well satisfied that he never learned to drive.

# DEATH AT THE MANOR

BY M. E. CORNE

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX  
"PERSONALLY," Phil said, lighting another cigarette. "I'm betting on your Richard. He looks guilty as hell to me. And I think Daphne knows it and is shielding him." Phil, Mac McIntyre and I were waiting for Mr. Horace to appear.

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, trying to remain cool and collected, "that you seriously believe those two kids, one or both, would have the brains and the cunning to carry out the murders?"

"I seriously think so."

"But the motive?"

"A million dollars is a lot of money."

"A million dollars?" I stared at him, wide-eyed. "What has a million dollars to do with it?"

"Guess that's another item we neglected to mention, Elsie," McIntyre said, apologetically. "Tell her about the will, Benson."

"Gladly." He blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "I dropped in at Middlewaite's office early this morning and had a peek at the old lady's will. Mrs. Witherspoon left to each of her grandchildren one million dollars, gold cash, and numerous securities."

"Oh! That was all I could say. 'Oh!'"

"In Daphne's case," he went on, "there was a string attached. She was to inherit providing at the time of her grandmother's death she was engaged to marry or had already married Count Orsini. Er—what did you say, Elsie?"

"Nothing, nothing at all!" I tried to smile, but my lips were stiff. The motive! I had the motive! Far back in a corner of my mind a voice was shouting! Daphne's voice! "I tell you I won't go through with it! I won't! I'll do something awful! You'll see!"

"And so," said Mac, his eyes boring into mine, "and so we have at least one person in the house who had reason to wish Mrs. Witherspoon dead and out of the way."

I opened my mouth to protest, but nothing came out of it. My tongue was like cotton; it clung to the roof of my mouth.

"Say!" Phil had been wandering from shelf to shelf examining the books. "Here's a volume on toxicology!" He pointed to a thick green book wedged tightly between two smaller ones. And as his hand worked to remove it, the book slipped from his grasp and fell, face up and open, to the floor.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Good Lord!"

"Well?" McIntyre spoke sharply. "Find something, Benson?"

"Did I find something?" He rushed to us and placed the volume into the detective's lap. "Take a look at that!"

"What—what is it?" I stammered.

"So!" Mac sounded grim. I jumped up and ran around behind him. The print of the page was small and dim; the words danced before my eyes.

"What is it?" I cried again, and his finger moved slowly to the center of the page and paused.

"Cyanide!" I whispered. "Cyanide! In bold, black type! And in the margin, lightly pencilled, there was a small check mark! All at



"Take a look at that!"

once my legs gave way at the knees.

"Easy, kid!" Phil caught me in his arms. He carried me to the arm chair I had occupied.

"You see, Elsie," Mac said softly, "someone in this house knows all about cyanide. I think maybe that someone had been studying up on it for a long, long time."

"I see," I said, and suddenly I was incredibly weary. I did not want to hear any more about poison or murders. I wanted to rise and to go away from the Manor, thousands and thousands of miles away. I closed my eyes.

"Brace up, baby!" Phil implored. "We have work to do!" He slapped me on the shoulder and moved backward. There was a crash and a chair tottered on its legs and fell sideways. A firecracker exploded in my brain.

"Phil! Mac!" I cried. "I have it!"

"Huh?" They stared at me.

"Have what?"

"That chair crashing—remember I told you—the chair in the salon—night before Mrs. Witherspoon died—I was so excited I could not wait to finish my sentences."

"The one that changed positions?" Phil questioned.

"Yes. Don't you get it? It was the murderer who upset the chair! He was pasting the poison to the hood!"

"So as to kill off anyone who happened to want a shampoo and a wave, I suppose?" Phil said nastily.

"What! Oh!" My excitement cooed and died. "Oh, I did think—I was too disappointed to continue."

"Don't feel badly," Mac said kindly. "There's something in what you say. I can't, at the moment, name the reason for the murderer's presence in the salon that night—"

"For I'm convinced that it was the murderer—but I do know that he wasn't bathing his trap then. According to your account of Sunday's events, you used all four of the driers without fatal results until Mrs. Witherspoon passed away."

"Yes, that's true," I admitted,

## You Knew Sam . . . and Sam Knew You

If you were raised in the country you'll remember the old general store. It hasn't been so very long ago since a trip to Sam Barnes at Simpkin's Corner was the one and only way to stock the pantry and furnish the home. You knew Sam and Sam knew you. He'd send you word when he had a bargain in coffee and spices, a new bolt of dotted swiss, or feathered hats from the city. A changing world . . . a modern world with countless new desires and a higher standard of living . . . has made it difficult for one man or one store to fill all your requirements. Chain store and independents, department stores and specialty shops . . . there are many "Sams" and you don't know them all personally. But there is a way to become better acquainted with these men.

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(To Be Continued)