

Stocks Stage Slight Rally

New York, July 29.—(AP)—A handful of stocks with steels and motors in front put on a brief rallying flurry in today's market after pronounced early hesitancy.

Transfers for the five hours were around 200,000 shares, still one of the low volumes of the past 22 years.

American Radiator	3 3-8
American Telephone	159 3-4
American Tobacco B	75
Anacosta	19 1-4
Atlantic Coast Line	12
Atlantic Refining	21
Bendix Aviation	28 5-8
Bethlehem Steel	79
Chrysler	70 1-2
Columbia Gas & Elec	5 7-8
Commercial Solvents	9 1-4
Consolidated Oil	6 1-4
Curtiss Wright	6 3-4
DuPont	157 3-4
Electric Pow & Light	5 1-4
General Electric	33
General Motors	44 5-8
Liggett & Myers B	96 1-2
Montgomery Ward & Co	40
Reynolds Tob B	34 3-4
Southern Railway	11 5-8
Standard Oil N J	33 1-8
U S Steel	52 3-4

Cotton Closes 1 To 3 Lower

New York, July 29.—(AP)—Cotton futures opened 2 to 4 lower. Noon prices were unchanged to 2 lower. October 9.39, March 9.03, July 8.65.

Futures closed 1 to 3 lower.

October	9.35	9.36
December	9.23	9.23
January	9.13	9.13
March	8.99	9.02
May	8.84	8.83
July	8.65	8.64

CAROLINA TIGERS DEFEAT FRANKLIN

The Carolina Tigers turned on the Franklin, Va. Greys here Sunday afternoon 13 to 7.

Alston pitched the victory for the Tigers, with Kelly behind the plate.

The next peace conference should be held on the spot where the most unarmored dead lie or else in a big hospital full of crippled, shot and shelled.

On Good Will Tour



Conductor Leopold Stokowski is pictured as he and his all-American youth orchestra sailed from New York for a good will tour of Latin American countries. The orchestra has been hailed as one of the world's great, following its debut at New York's Lewisohn Stadium.

Love Without Music

Helen Welshimer

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

WHEN LINDA opened the door into the outer room of the Bagley Models' agency, where she had her desk, she expected to see Clarabell Ackerman working at her desk, a desk she had been occupying while Linda was getting something to eat.

Clarabell was at the desk. But she was not working. She never would work again.

Her body slumped over the desk and her arms hung limp at her sides. The green eyes were half-shattered and her face was half-covered with red blood. Fresh blood, Linda realized in that first moment of panic.

She wanted to run. To scream even louder. But some instinct drew her nearer. Maybe Clarabell wasn't dead. Maybe if she called her, there would be a sign of life.

"Clarabell! Clarabell!" She was so near that body now that she could see the blood on her clothes. And she could see the bullet hole in the girl's head.

Spot! Clarabell had been shot while she stooped over her work. The bullet had hit her blouse.

"Oh, I was hoping you were around!" she panted. "I was so afraid. It's Clarabell—I went in, and she's dead . . ." Her voice died away as she remembered the white face, blood splattered, under the broken green lamp shade which had protected the girl's eyes.

"We know," Joe said. "I was bringing Mr. Parrish here up when we heard a scream. We went down the hall and saw it, then we saw someone running and followed. We thought we had the crook."

Linda explained her actions and went downstairs with the elevator operator while the watchman summoned the police. She waited with the elevator man until police officers, detectives and the coroner came. In the midst of the hurrying arrivals, Mr. Bagley appeared and she told her story again.

At last she was taken to the room where the dead girl lay across the desk. Nothing had been changed. Some of the detectives were examining the blood through pieces of glass. The men wore gloves and Linda noticed that they touched nothing.

"She hasn't been dead long or the blood wouldn't be red," the commissioner said.

Someone else was sprinkling powder on the desk in a quest for fingerprints.

"Dragon's blood powder," Mr. Bagley explained to Linda. "It will show up any marks."

"Humph!" the man snorted. "Whoever was here was mighty smart. No prints around except what must belong to Miss Ackerman and maybe Miss Avery. You sat here first, you say?"

"Yes," she said it briefly. "Then she wanted to use my desk."

"Sorry, miss, but we better get you fingerprinted, too. Will help us to distinguish if there should be a third party around."

Some of the men were fingerprinting Clarabell and Linda looked away. It was dreadful to see those limp hands raised and the fingers pressed against the blotter.

Some of the detectives went away. Some more came and with them some reporters.

"Miss Avery, you were alone here all evening with Miss Ackerman?" the commissioner of police asked.

"Oh yes, ever since Mr. Bagley left."

The man turned to Joe, the elevator boy. "Joe, you said you heard a scream and saw Miss Avery running. Any chance it wasn't Miss Avery's scream you heard?" He paused and asked in a softer, beguiling voice. "Could it have belonged to the dead girl?"

Joe shifted from one foot to another. "I don't know, sir. I never heard any of them scream before. But Miss Avery wouldn't do it. She just wouldn't."

Linda sprang to her feet, her eyes black with anger. "You mean you think I did this? That you want to pin it on ME?"

"There, there, Miss Avery. No one wants to pin anything on anyone. We just want to find the guilty party. This girl was murdered and someone did it."

"But I didn't. I just came in. Joe brought me back and the sandwich shop people saw me a few minutes ago. I won't be treated like a criminal!"

Wasn't Ronnie's show ever closing? Wouldn't he ever come? Or hadn't anyone called him, she wondered wildly. Her hair was loose and the curls were tumbling around her face and she knew the pink linen frock, so crisp that morning, was crushed and tired looking now.

"Did Miss Ackerman have any enemies?" somebody important in detective circles asked.

The commissioner went on, disregarding the interruption. "Miss Avery, could it have been that that shot, two shots, were intended for you? The green eyeshade would hide your face, this girl is about your build, and the room is in shadow. It's a quite possible mistake. Could anyone have wanted your life?"

At that moment Linda had stooped to pick up a fallen handkerchief. She thought it was her own until she caught that whiff of scent, exotic, beguiling, and, yes, treacherous. She turned the linen square around, searching for an initial. Yes, there was one.

(To Be Continued)

back, that was all.

She ran, then, down the hall. She heard steps and paused, aghast. "The murderer! But where could she hide? Where could she go?"

There was another corridor, not so wide, and darker, leading away. She ran down that hall, faster and faster, though it seemed to her that her legs were weak and filled with water. Oh, this was a nightmare, one of the kind of dreams where you tried to run but your legs wouldn't work.

Then she was aware of heavy steps coming after her, running. But she had reached the end of the narrow hall and there was no place to go. She tried a door which said "Exit," but it was locked. She tried another which led to someone's dark office, but it did not open.

At last, she covered against the wall, waiting.

"There were two people coming. Two men."

One of them called and she recognized the voice. It was Joe, the elevator boy. Quietly she slipped to the ground, her legs refusing to support her further.

She did not faint, though, and when the men had helped her up she looked at the other one. It was the night watchman.

"Oh, I was hoping you were around!" she panted. "I was so afraid. It's Clarabell—I went in, and she's dead . . ." Her voice died away as she remembered the white face, blood splattered, under the broken green lamp shade which had protected the girl's eyes.

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POWELL HAS FUNNY UMPIRE EXPERIENCE

Ed Powell, who is calling them in the Bi-State league this year, had an unusual experience the other day, an experience that usually leaves a baseball umpire reeling. Let's let the Reidsville Review tell about Umpire Powell's experience.

E. W. Powell, Bi-State league umpire, thinks he has one for the book, and maybe it is about the first such instance in organized baseball.

He said several days ago he was calling 'em over at Mayodan when Deacon Fogleman was on the mound. At the conclusion of the game the deacon told the umpire: "You gave me two inside pitches and didn't take one from me," he said thankfully. "What did you say?" asked the umpire. The thanks were repeated. Powell thinking the compliment from such a source, called the base umpire and asked Fogleman to repeat his words.

"The incident was so unusual," said Umpire Powell, "I thought the world ought to be told about it."

"David Harum" is still being printed and sold 46 years after its first publication.

Results

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Durham 2-2; Richmond 1-5.
Charlotte 11-1; Portsmouth 2-2.
Rocky Mount 7; Asheville 6.
Only games played.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Boston 3-13; St. Louis 1-10.
Cleveland 6-1; Washington 3-9.
New York 10-4; Chicago 9-8.
Philadelphia 9; Detroit 5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Pittsburgh 5-7; Boston 2-3.
Cincinnati 7-1; Philadelphia 2-4.
New York 8; Chicago 4.
Brooklyn 3-7; St. Louis 0-4.

Schedule

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Asheville at Rocky Mount.
Norfolk at Winston-Salem.
Charlotte at Portsmouth.
Richmond at Durham.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Philadelphia at Detroit.
Only game scheduled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Pittsburgh at Brooklyn.
Cincinnati at New York.
Chicago at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at Boston.

The Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd., with headquarters in London, and deposits of some 200 million dollars, has 160 town branches, 751 village branches, and 3,000 banks for school children.

Britain's Queen Elizabeth of more than 300 years ago, with all her wealth and power, with all her ambition and pride in display of clothes, and even with the 3,000 garments that she left behind, was, in some respects, more poorly and less healthily dressed than the humblest woman of today.

Standings

PIEDMONT LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Asheville	59	40	.596
Richmond	57	45	.559
Durham	55	44	.556
Charlotte	51	45	.531
Rocky Mount	53	47	.530
Norfolk	40	54	.426
Portsmouth	40	57	.412
Winston-Salem	38	61	.384

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	56	26	.689
Cleveland	55	29	.659
Boston	50	42	.543
New York	47	43	.522
Chicago	45	43	.511
Washington	40	55	.421
Philadelphia	40	56	.417
St. Louis	35	56	.385

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Cincinnati	60	27	.690
Brooklyn	53	36	.596
New York	47	39	.553
Chicago	48	47	.505
Pittsburgh	41	45	.477
St. Louis	40	45	.471
Philadelphia	30	55	.353
Boston	29	55	.345

In Indian "War"



Mrs. Ethia Van Aernam

An Indian "war" has broken out at Olean, N. Y., where Mrs. Ethia Van Aernam, a Seneca Indian, has defied court orders to remove a barbed wire barricade which she strung across a road. She claims the road is her property because neither she nor her ancestors were paid for the property.

Paid Off



Mrs. Grover Cleveland

The government's last check to Grover Cleveland has been paid. War draft dodger now in prison, is close to leaving the Department of Justice, after receiving 10 per cent of his imprisonment costs of more than \$200,000.

NOAH NUMSKULL
IT'S ALL OVER NOW!!

DEAR NOAH—WOULD YOU CALL BALDNESS A CURE FOR DANDRUFF?
BERTHA BECKER

DEAR NOAH—WHEN A HEN STICKS ITS BILL IN A-BUG, DOES THE BUG PAY THE BILL?
CHAS. BROWN SAN JOSE, CALIF.

DEAR NOAH—HOW FAR DOES A PILLOWSLIP?
DICK HIDDING KEOKUK, IOWA.

NOAH NUMSKULL
FEE - FIE - FUM!

DEAR NOAH—IS A MAN WHO COLLECTS FEES A FEE MALE?
OTIS S. BECKER SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

DEAR NOAH—IF YOU MARRY A WOMAN ON A REDUCING DIET, DOES IT MEAN SHE WILL ALWAYS BE WILLING TO GIVE UP HER WEIGH?
MRS. A. K. SECRET MORGUE, N.C.

SEND ALL RETIERS TO THIS PAPER.

Wife Preservers

It is a good idea, when you step-ladder to do work, to use an asphalt shingle under the feet of the ladder to prevent slipping.

Los Gatos, California, for "the cats," so-named because wild cats in the vicinity were a place was founded.

The world's largest Gothic cathedral, that at Seville, Spain, has nearly forty clustering chapels and dependencies about it.

Vivien Leigh, who played the role of Scarlett O'Hara, is from her father and Irish mother.

DOLLARS

that reach to next week

People who make a study of such things say there are three ways to make money STRETCH.

First—Budget. Plan your expenses and keep a record of what's spent.

Second—Watch the pennies. It's the little savings that mount up.

Third—Buy carefully. That's where advertising comes in. Printed news in this paper, from store and manufacturer, keeps you advised of the best buys of the day.

Read the advertisements—carefully. They'll give you the kind of information that makes this week's dollars reach over to next week!

Read the Advertisements

IN THE

Henderson Daily Dispatch

Nazi Bombs Harass British Convoy Fleet



Flashed to New York by cable, this photo passed by the London censors shows an actual German air raid on British merchantmen and a convoying warship in the English Channel. The Nazis are intensifying these raids as they seek to halt Britain's commerce and starve her to her knees as a prelude or alternative to invasion. Greatly reduced activity in adverse weather indicates the big push must come before winter's storms.

C. P. Cablephoto