

C. H. Finch Rites Held

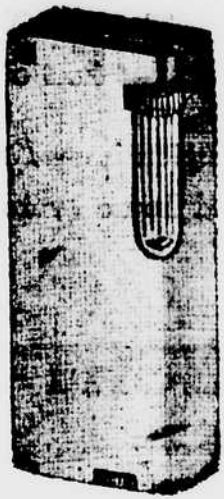
Funeral services for Clifton H. Finch, who died of suffocation early yesterday morning when his bed caught fire and burned, were held at Mt. Carmel Methodist church this afternoon at 4 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Paul Carruth, pastor. Interment was in the family cemetery about one mile from the church.

Active pallbearers were Willis Blackwell, Dorsey Evans, Stewart Finch, Clyde Fox, Garland Greenway and J. P. Hamm.

Honorary, Ben Brown, James Ellington, Raymond Marston, Crawford Daniel, Bill Hight, Blainie Hight, Dr. R. T. Uppchurch, George Holden, Jack Parks, Horace Robinson, W. O. Ellis, Willie Kittrell, Asa Wright, A. M. Wyone, Bert Moore, Fred Royster, C. D. Rose, C. M. Hight, C. B. Finch, Jr., J. M. Baily, Frank Wortham, A. A. Bunn, G. Badger Harris, Emmett Mitchell, W. T. Hearne, S. W. Knott, Harold Stone, E. O. Falkner, C. J. Fleming, Harold Anderson, Andrew Finch, B. M. Rowland, Arnold Harris and C. C. Shaw.

A host of friends attended the services and many floral tributes were offered.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Jewel Mundy Finch; three brothers, three sisters, a number of nieces and nephews, and his mother.



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Up to the Hilt

by ANNE ROWE

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

POLLY REMAINED stubborn and kept twittering about his "honor as a gentleman" and "discretion," and ended, with more "firmness than I'd given him credit for: "I am deeply distressed that one of my best clients has been murdered, almost at my door. But I refuse to be dragged deeper into this crime. I won't say another word, no matter what you do to me. Please let me go back to my apartment. I do not feel very well."

"In a little while," the inspector promised. "After you've had a last look at the deceased. Seeing you knew her so well I should think you'd want to."

The prospect made Polly shake with horror. "No! Please! I'd rather not!" he assured his tormentor. "Is she still in there?"

He cocked his head in the direction of the guest room when he asked the question. And Inspector Barry answered: "No, in there!" jerking his thumb toward Neal's room and grabbing poor little Polly's arm with his other hand at the same time. "Come along, say good-bye to your late customer."

Polly came along. But only because he couldn't help it. Dragging his feet like an unwilling child, he protested: "But I don't want to see her!" And: "You are taking me to Mademoiselle Tarrant's room. Why? Madame Ingalls couldn't have been killed in there, why should she?"

"That's what we all would like to know," Inspector Barry threw the door wide. "Remove the sheet," he told a policeman stationed inside.

Hunt and I had followed him, and the four of us stood silently looking at the dead Margot, who was still clutching the rose-colored pillow.

Polly made a choking sound and crossed himself. "How was she killed?" he gulped out at last. "Strangled with a paper knife from the desk there," the inspector said tersely.

"But—but there isn't any blood." "Happens that way sometimes. Internal bleeding," Hunt vouchsafed, a shade less coldly than before.

"Oh! . . . And why is she holding that pillow?"

Polly was asking all the questions that were puzzling me.

"An accident," the inspector shrugged. "Must have grabbed it in falling. They'll pull it out of her hand when they—er—take her away."

Grabbed at the pillow in falling? My eyes went to the bed-divan with its heaps of cushions. Neal didn't like rose. That's why she had

given me one of the deep rose pillows, and kept the other hidden—well hidden—way back in a corner.

To my intense relief Inspector Barry had no immediate chance of taking up his "comfortable talk" with me again after Polly, and with him, the remaining press, had left.

First, poor Margot's body was being removed. Then Hunt produced Claire, who went into a graphic recital of the murdered woman's past, which led to much jottling down of addresses, facts and approximate dates by Mullins.

And later, just as I thought I was in for it again, Dick arrived, surprisingly, accompanied by his father.

The old gentleman was in a towering rage and quite plainly regarded Margot Ingalls' murder as a direct attack against the existence of his expected grandchild.

Anyway, he demanded no less than complete suppression of all publicity concerning it, and came near having apoplexy when the inspector informed him calmly that the press had already been there and gone, and the violent end of the popular authoress would most likely be headlined in the afternoon papers.

In the end his wrath turned against me.

It was all my fault. The sister of his son's wife had no business to live, all by herself, in this miserable tenement without doorman or elevator attendant, where anyone could walk in from the street and murder people.

"I won't allow it any longer," he stormed at me. "Pack your things and come out to Elmpoint with us. At once! And stay there till this incredible scandal blows over."

"I'll throw a cordon of guards around the estate. I won't let a newspaper or a reporter through it," he promised the inspector, and then threatened me: "And I'll kill you, so help me, if you breathe a word about all this to Dita."

After a good half hour of raving he calmed down and listened to reason. The outcome was the decision that Dick should return to Elmpoint at once, break the news to Dita as gently as possible, and induce her to call me on the phone, so that I could take over his good work by acting cheerful and unconcerned.

My leaving town and hiding out in Elmpoint was, of course, out of the question. The police needed me, Inspector Barry and Hunt assured the worried old gentleman.

However, they shared his objection to my staying in the apartment alone with Rosa, and greeted with enthusiasm Claire's offer to move into the guest room, as soon

as the police were through ransacking Margot's possessions for evidence.

Also, they agreed that the house service, as it was now, didn't afford sufficient protection.

Inspector Barry promised that, from this hour on, no one would be able to enter, or leave, the Lincolnfield without the knowledge of the law. The premises were to be watched, in three shifts, the clock around and, to make the presence of the police less obvious, doormen's uniforms were to be procured for the watchers. At the expense of Richard Pearce, Sr.

After all this had been decided, Dick, his father, Inspector Barry and Hunt all left in a bunch, and Claire and I sat down before the fireplace, too exhausted to utter a word, until, after a while, Rosa came in to inquire if we wanted our lunch in the dining room or to have it brought to us on a tray.

Talking of food, after the tragedy of the morning, actually seemed a little indecent. But the very word "lunch" had a reviving effect and soon we were eating.

Afterwards, when Rosa had removed the trays, we both kicked off our shoes and curled up—Claire on the sofa, I in the deep chair opposite it, trying to relax and rest up for the next instalment of the inquisition, which was sure to come in the afternoon.

"Nice, refined way to torture, our police system," Claire said drowsily. "Did you break down and tell all while I was dining into the boys what they ought to write about Margot?"

"I did not," I boasted. "Hell and high water won't make me hand Deane over to them. And neither will Hunt Berwick."

"Hm, yes, Hunt. Appropriate name the led has," Claire yawned. "Also a swell physique and a face you'd love to touch."

It sounded funny from Claire. "I'm surprised! YOU falling for our psychological sleuth!" I teased her with a weak chuckle, and then, ashamed of being amused by anything under the circumstances, curled deeper into my chair in search of the ideal position.

Something crackled as I moved. I put my hand down between the loose cushion and the back of the chair to see what had made the sound, and suddenly sat up straight, my stockings feet on the floor and every trace of drowsiness gone.

In my hand was a thin sheaf of letters, held together by an ordinary rubber band. Letters in Margot Ingalls' familiar hand, written on her equally familiar thin, stiff, note-paper.

(To Be Continued)

Three File Candidacy In Primary

Clements Enters For Recorder And Two For Constables

Additional filings for the Democratic primary election, announced today by D. P. McDuffee, chairman of the county board of elections, included Recorder R. E. Clements, seeking to succeed J. P. Williams, and two constables, J. S. Underwood and G. S. Underwood.

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AROUND TOWN

DRUNK CASE

Miss Christine, Jr., colored, was tried in police court today for public drunkenness. Pledge for judgment was conditioned upon payment of \$5 and costs.

1947 BIDD.

A deed drawn on November 3, 1927, was filed in the register of deeds office today, showing transfer of four acres of Danbury township to Mrs. W. T. Chalmers by L. F. Henson and wife for \$1 and other considerations.

The average sports fan doesn't mind discussing the international who is running for a third term. G. S. Underwood filed on Wednesday, making this the first three-way

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County To Benefit By Money Spent On Rural Repair Jobs

Expenditures totaling more than \$470,000 will be made in the next few years by home owners on farms and in small communities of Vance county to improve present electric service and home plumbing, according to a study released today by the Title Council of America. Additional wiring, bathroom improvements and new electrical equipment for the county's 1,741 farm and rural homes already served with electricity will be included, it was said.

Running water, tiled bathrooms and replacement of outmoded plumbing fixtures head the list of most-wanted farm home features, D. P. Forst, chairman of the council's residential construction committee, revealed. One in five farm families throughout the nation plan bathroom improvements, he said.

Expenditures in the county will be part of a \$66,397,000 program to be undertaken by North Carolina farm and rural home owners in the next five years, the study revealed. An estimated \$2,294,900,000 on similar improvements to present electric service will be spent in the nation during the period, it was indicated.

Star Pitcher Bobby Feller has received an offer of \$300,000 from the Mexican league. Is that greenbacks or dollars Mex?

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause racing headache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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