—Around Capital Square—

BY LYNN NISBET,
Daily Dispatch Bureau

Raleigh, May 4.—Capitol square devoted most of its time Friday to reviewing (and recovering from) the Democratic state convention. Consensus was there might have been a little too much harmony, not enough open discussion of issues. Back of this is the thought that Democracy thrives upon free speech and the threshing out of ideas so that the opinion of the majority can be ascertained and effectuated.

ILLUSTRATIONS — The record of three individuals was cited in support of this position. Fewer men in North Carolina political history have engaged in more vigorous fights for the ideas they held than Robert L. Doughton, Josephus Daniels and Jaye. Y. Joyner. And now well above 80 years old, the trio was as active in the 1940 convention as they were fifty years ago. Contrasted with them are a number of mobile men, some already getting old because they have practiced "harmony" too much.

DECRIPITS — The fellows who are half a step ahead of running are strong for harmony themselves, but they realize that before many years they will be in their coffins, will be inactive and somebody else will be leading the parade. They hold that only the Democratic party can extract young men and women, the youngsters will drift away to such outfits as the Southern Conference or Henry Wallace or some other right-and effort for social betterment they can find a vehicle for expression.

HISTORY — Further support is the thought that controversy and argument make for vigorous party life is the history in the 1920 and long campaigns. The Al Smith campaign stirred up more fights than anything in recent years. It seemed at one time as if the party would be torn to pieces. So while the contest was on, the party especially when it came to personal politics, there was no harmony. But it was a healthy argument that followed, stimulating and educational. The party emerged in good shape.

MORANDUM — Something might be said for the business of holding dates for initial hearings on the proposed state convention at least two years in advance. It would give a prominent lawyer who stayed over Friday to argue for his clients before Judge Luvis. They partially received by having the hearings set for 9 o'clock.

PAPER-BOY — Gwyn Price, director of the state rural electrification program, is an avid newspaper reader. He also has the money-saving attribute of most newspaper readers. He came out of a Raleigh eating place the other night with a broad smile on his face. He had bought an afternoon paper as he entered the place, read it while eating an early supper and then negotiated a deal with the newsboy on his way out and resold the paper for two cents. He recommends the idea to other newspaper customers who want to read the news and save money at the same time.

LOBBY — E. H. Malone, Louisburg 400-pay hope for the state convention, suggested an idea for a lobbyists' day at Washington in behalf of the great unorganized mass. He says the big corporate interests have representatives on the job all the time, so do the labor organizations and the farm groups. About the only people not represented among the pressure groups are the ordinary run-of-mine, taxpaying citizens — the small business man, the clerks and average man on the street. His idea is that if he had a large fortune he would endow a set-up to hire highly competent men on life time jobs so they would not be concerned about their future to watch the others and to jam more measures for the good of the common people. Since he doesn't have a personal fortune, according and connection he asked a number of men and women in all walks of life in the movement. The proposing attorney admit it is sort of wild eyed idea, but he isn't sure but what it would keep road in home bins, make available more shirts and underwear and otherwise serve a great number of people who now get it in the neck.

SOP — A great deal has been said and written about Tennessee shading "The Great Smoky Mountains National Park from North Carolina and about completion of the Blue Ridge Parkway, which is distinctly a Tar Heel asset. So, a paragraph buried deep in a longer news story the other day noting that a "link" in the Parkway had been given high priority for completion. North Carolina that perhaps it. It now not a link in the original survey of the scenic road, but is a link providing scenic entrance into the park. At that it may prove highly valuable as it by-passes North Carolina and comes from the east. The new road branches off from its parkway near Soco Gap and connects with the Cherokee-Gatlinburg road at Newfoundland Gap in the Smokies. Would there be favorable consideration if North Carolina should undertake to build such a highway to motorists who want to visit the Great Smokies? Perhaps not. Tennessee has been generous in the matter of park roads and trails in Great Smokies. Tennessee has spent more than $2,000,000 on roads and trails in the park. Tennessee has given the park 16,000 acres of land, North Carolina has given 6,000 acres. Tennessee has spent $1,000,000 for park roads and trails. North Carolina has spent $1,000,000 for park roads and trails. Tennessee has given the park 16,000 acres of land, North Carolina has given 6,000 acres. Tennessee has spent $1,000,000 for park roads and trails. North Carolina has spent $1,000,000 for park roads and trails.

FIRES — Officials of the state park division have not fully appraised damage done to Hanging Rock park in Stokes county by an August Monday fire but it was said Friday that outside was extremely, not only in the park area itself but in a large territory beyond the state-owned lights.

TWO LOCAL YOUTHS SERVING ON FARGO

At least two Henderson men have been assigned to the U. S. S. Fargo, light cruiser, it was disclosed officially today by the Navy's Fleet Home Town Distribution Center.

The two men are:

Harold Bennett Fisher, seaman second class, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fisher of 412 Main street. Fisher, who reported to the vessel from the naval training center, Norfolk, Va., received his recruit training at Norfolk and entered service on February 1, 1946.

David Medford Jarrell, seaman second class, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Jarrell, 432 Birch street, who entered the navy on February 2, 1946. He received his recruit training at Norfolk.

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Telegenic Girl

BECAUSE the coloring of her hair, eyes and skin texture were declared perfect for television transmission, Evelyn Keyes of the films was named "Telegenic Girl of 1946". The title was awarded by electronic engineers and 400 television "onlookers". (*International*)

UP TO THE HILT . . . . . By ANNE ROWE

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

"THE KNIFE slash? What cushion are you talking about?" Neal puzzled. "Do you mean the one in your room, Jane—the deep rose one I gave you?"

"Of course she doesn't! Margot Ingalls didn't play tag with her murderer all through the apartment!" Deane suddenly joined the conversation. "They mean the cushion she used to shield herself. The other rose one that's still in your room."

"But—how in the world? That was stuck way back out of sight," Neal blurted out. And Hunt asked quietly: "How do YOU know about that cushion, Kennard?"

He didn't raise his voice, and there was no sharpness in his tone, but just the same the room fell silen after his question and all eyes turned to Deane, probing, shocked, avid with sensation hunger.

"Why—someone told me. I'm not sure who. Someone of the police, I think. Wasn't it—you?" Deane stuttered, made uneasy by the unmistakable doubt all around him.

"It was not," Hunt slowly got to his feet, and this time his voice cut like a knife and he stared at Deane coldly.

Deane wilted under that stare. His face turned a sickly green and his eyes roved about helplessly. Until they found me, and he said with a shaky laugh: "Of course! You're right, Berwick. I remember now it wasn't you—it was Jane. Tell them you told me about the slash in that cushion, Jane, will you?"

His confident assumption that I'd help him. He was such a shock I stared at him for a while mutely before my amazement turning into blazing anger and I found my voice.

"I won't tell them anything of the kind," I heard myself say sharply. "I never mentioned the cushion to you. Kindly stop using me, or my name, as a cover-up."

And then, realizing my words openly accused Deane of Polly's murder, I turned coward and ran out of the room and back into mine, locking the door behind me and flinging myself on the chaise longue face down, overcome with horror about what I'd done.

After a while Hunt knocked at my door, saying: "Please, Jane, let me in. I want to speak to you."

But I was afraid he might tell me he'd arrested Deane because of what I'd said, and so I didn't answer. And when he kept on talking I buried my head in Neal's discarded cushion, not to hear what he said. Until, in the end, he shouted in a very annoyed tone: "All right, if you won't, you won't! Good night, Jane!"

After that all became quiet and I lay in a half stupor until another knock aroused me. This time it was Rosa, who announced primly through the door: "I'm bringing your supper, Miss Jane."

I hadn't known I was hungry, but the broth and sandwiches on Rosa's tray looked so inviting I soon found myself eating ravenously under her watchful eyes, to the accompaniment of her picturesque account of the last hour's happenings.

"I come sooner, only I had a big fight with 'the Englisher' first, over the way her lady carried on," she informed me disapprovingly. "Going out to supper, the whole bunch of them, without even asking you to come along! Her hanging on to your Dr. Berwick and making eyes at him! That Mr. Valente what's sweet on her, too. Not smiled about it, but Mr. Kennard was madder'n anything."

So Hunt had not only not arrested Deane, but they'd gone out to supper together!

I'm afraid I didn't even thank Rosa for her lovely food. I just pushed my plate away and told her: "I've had enough, Rosa. Please run along. I'm dreadfully tired and want to go to bed."

And to bed I went the minute she had gone. But sleeping was another matter. Once I'd turned out the lights my mind started working with a vengeance, trying to draw conclusions from the events of the day and to decide what made sense, and what didn't. Was Deane guilty—or had someone told him about the cushion? Did Brenda, and her erstwhile furniture, fit into the murder pattern—or was her contrived visit to Elmpoint merely a coincidence? And Hunt—

I'd flattered myself that my company was, to say the least, not disagreeable to him. But—today he'd been so bored with me he'd fallen asleep. Only to become instantly wide-awake when Neal smiled at him. Neal, who had listed him among her matrimonial possibilities.

"So help me, he may be my new Brother-in-law instead of Tonio," I told myself. And the thought struck me as so funny I started laughing and laughing—until I cried. And then the word "funny" reminded me of something else.

Inspector Barry had used it in connection with Hunt. He'd said it was "funny" Hunt had been in Elmpoint the night Brenda wandered in with malice aforethought.

And it WAS funny. Funny the same way Deane's knowledge of the slashed pillow was funny. As poor Polly's veiled hints about Hunt's similarity to the man in the elevator had been funny—

The very thought of a connection between Hunt and our murders was funny, too. I told myself resolutely. I'd have to stop having such crazy thoughts! They only led to trouble.

I jumped out of bed and turned on the light. And then, determined to steer my mind into another channel, I grabbed a manuscript from the pile on my desk and started to read the latest brain child of my most highbrow author-ess.

It was beautifully written, but so long-winded and consistently dull, it made me honestly drowsy.

I say to this day: Bless that manuscript!

* * *

I wasn't of much use in the office on Monday. My mind was only half on what I was doing and each time the telephone rang I jumped, thinking it might be Hunt or Inspector Barry, wanting to call me down for my stupid behavior of last night.

But it always was business, and by noon their unusual silence had me so worried Claire, who'd been watching me all morning, took pity on me and asked casually: "Have a lunch date? No? Fine! Then let's lunch together. Nothing like spilling the beans while you're eating."

So we went to a small Hungarian place we both knew well, managed to get an isolated booth, and I told Claire all that had happened, on the week-end and after my return. That is, all but my idiotic suspicions of Hunt in the wee, small hours.

She gave a low whistle when I told her who Brenda really was and acknowledged: "You were right. That does look like a connection. Dig, Jane, dig! You may strike pay dirt!" And she grinned broadly about Hunt's falling asleep on me. But my implied accusation of Deane didn't bother her a bit.

She shrugged it off with a derisive: "So what? The way he acts, he had it coming to him." But she added that I'd put Hunt in a tough spot: "To grab or not to grab, if you know what I mean? I don't think he has the authority to make an arrest. So, stringing along with his suspect was really the only thing he could do."

It didn't sound convincing to me. "You're wrong," I told her. "Hunt didn't go to supper with Neal's bunch to keep an eye on Deane. She had him dizzy, that was all."

Claire said conversationally: "She would go after your man," and went on, before I could protest against her use of the possessive pronoun: "But I don't quite believe it was as simple as that. No, you're wrong. The lad has brains, with a capital B."

"And what have brains to do with falling for Neal?" I inquired.

"Not much, as a rule," she admitted. "But in his case—mind, I'm not making him out a saint. He's been around all right—I can't see him drag after a woman along with a dozen others. No, if he does there's a purpose behind it. And the purpose—ain't love."

Far from reassuring me, Claire's talk of Hunt having a purpose for all he was doing gave me an uneasy feeling and I could hardly keep myself from calling him up, to dispel it by a friendly talk, however short.

But my pride wouldn't let me. And when, late in the afternoon, I simply couldn't stand his continued silence any longer, I compromised by ringing up Inspector Barry at headquarters.

Hunt apparently had talked to him at length about the previous evening, for I'd only started: "Please, Inspector, I'd like to tell you"—when he cut me off with a chuckle: "Yes, yes! I know the whole story. Berwick reported it to me first thing this morning. Well, no harm done, so don't feel conscience stricken. But—er—don't throw around any more accusations. They're like monkey wrenches. Can do a lot of damage."

"Then you're not arresting Deane on the strength of what I said?" I asked with a great sense of relief.

"I never make an arrest unless I know I can make it stick," Inspector Barry assured me jovially. "And, well, there HAS been a lot of talk about that cushion, and Kennard might have got an earful of it by chance. So—nothing's changed."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

"BY THE WAY," the inspector continued, "have you seen Mrs. Knight since your return?"

I hadn't, and told him so.

"Then do. The sooner the better," he advised. "We've discovered some interesting facts about the lady, but nothing on which we could get her down here and make her talk. So I'm relying on you. See what you can get out of her and give me a ring the moment you know something. It may be important, even if it doesn't seem so to you."

I said meekly: "Yes, Inspector." And having no date for the evening, and no prospect of one after Neal's annexation of Hunt, I made good my words when I got home, by stopping off at the rear apartment.

Brenda, dressed in an elaborate negligee, opened the door herself—cautiously, I thought—and seemed pleased to see me. At least, she only looked worried and asked apprehensively: "Is anything wrong? Has something new happened?" after she'd smiled at me and said: "Jane! How sweet of you to call!"

I assured her nothing was wrong or had happened and told her: "I merely came to ask you to have dinner with me, if you have no other engagement. We might take in a movie afterward. How about it?"

Her smile returned and spread all over her lovely face. "I'd be delighted. I'll get dressed right away," she said happily.

"Fine! Come over to my place when you're ready, and go straight to my room, will you? Rosa will show you the way. It's—my sister Neal and her friends are probably scattered all over the apartment."

But Neal wasn't scattered all over and, for a change, was not surrounded by a crowd. She was in the foyer when I came in, dressed for the street and on the point of going out, accompanied only by Jones, who was staggering under a tower of suitcases and boxes that were to be transferred to Neal's dressing room at the theater.

"So the great 'accuser' is home again!" she greeted me mockingly. "Have any more bombshells to throw at my friends, sister dear?"

"Oh—about a dozen," I told her calmly, and walked toward my room.

She came after me.

"Look here, Jane, you may imagine you're bright, but I think you're the darndest fool ever!" she flung at me angrily. "And I'm here to warn you: lay off Deane! I've had my Boston opening spoiled by the Ingalls murder and I have no wish to share my New York first night with an arrest of her murderer. Least of all, a false arrest, as it would be in Deane's case. Hunt Berwick agrees with me and promised to keep you from stirring up any more trouble—you should have heard him laugh about your silliness last night! But I want to make doubly sure, and so I'm telling you: stop your silly meddling or I'll get even. But even!"

The words were so many blows. I dropped on a chair under their impact and remained sitting there long after Neal had slammed out.

What did it all mean? What lay behind Hunt's strange behavior? Why was he agreeing with Neal and promising her he'd keep me from "stirring up more trouble"? And, worst of all, how could he laugh about me with Neal behind my back!

I must have looked pretty wretched to Brenda—and to Rosa, who was ushering her in, goodness knows how much later—sitting on that small chair and staring at nothing, still in my hat and coat and with my pocketbook and gloves clutched in my hands. For Brenda gasped anxiously: "There is something wrong. What is it?" and Rosa asked: "Don't you feel good, Miss Jane?"

I pulled myself together and got up. "Nothing's wrong and I'm feeling fine," I told them as cheerfully as I could manage. "Mrs. Knight is having dinner with me, Rosa. Hope you have enough to eat. Please sit down, Brenda. Mind if I wash up and change in front of you? I won't be long, I promise."

Rosa went out beaming, with the assurance: "I always have enough for two, three extra." Brenda sat down on the chaise longue that held the cushion she'd once owned and I slipped out of my dress, hung it in the closet, and went into the bathroom to freshen up, thinking all the while of the task Inspector Barry had wished on me and wondering how in the world I could make Brenda talk. And then it was quite simple.

The opportunity offered itself ready-made when I came back into my room and saw Brenda pat and stroke the big lump of rose velvet beside her as if it were a live pet, so absorbed in the reunion with her erstwhile property she didn't notice me.

"You are very fond of your cushion, aren't you? Would you like to have it back, Brenda Leighton?" I asked gently.

She gave a start, and her hands dropped from the cushion as she said tonelessly: "Oh! You know!"

I smiled reassuringly and sat down beside her. "Yes, I know," I told her. "One of the maids recognized you at Elmpoint and told my sister. So—why don't you tell me? Why did you come there that night?"

"I—I came to—to look at my things—" Her fingers reached out to the cushion again and plucked at it nervously.

"Not good enough. You could have done that openly," I objected.

Her eyes filled with tears. "I know. I'm not—a good liar," she admitted. "There was something else. Something that would have been another wrong to Dave. And I was glad when the furniture was gone and I couldn't do it. But please don't ask me what it was. I can't—I won't tell you, or anyone, till he gets here."

"Till who gets here? David Leighton, your former husband?" I asked, completely at a loss.

She nodded. "Yes. He's with the Army. In Burma. Or perhaps it's China. I'm not sure. They didn't tell Polly, in Washington. But he'll come. I've cabled him."

It sounded fantastic. "You don't really imagine the Army will send him home from Burma, or China, just because you cabled him to come?" I asked dumbfounded.

"Oh, but they will! Dave will make them let him come. I said it was important and had to do with the wrong I've done him," she told me with simple conviction.

It made a lot of no sense. "Please be a little clearer," I begged. "What was this wrong you're talking about, and when did you send that cable?"

She ignored the first part of my question.

"The day I moved in here. Polly sent it for me, through someone in Washington," she explained. "He was sure Dave would forgive me and take me back once he understood I hadn't actually been—unfaithful to him. But I don't think he was right. After all, I was terribly in love with him—with him, and would have married him after the divorce if—if he'd still wanted me."

Her jumbled talk pointed so clearly to a matrimonial mix-up, for a moment I was afraid I'd been on the wrong track and there was no link between Brenda and our murders. But then I remembered that Polly had sent her cable—and had been poisoned the next night. And so I said patiently: "Look, Brenda, your private affairs don't concern me. But if your story, whatever it is, can shed light on Margot's and your friend Polly's death, please tell it to the police without waiting for your former husband's return."

She remained silent for quite a while; just sat glancing down at her hands that lay, ringless and loosely folded, in her lap. And at last I lost my patience and urged: "Well? Can it or can't it?"

Then she said haltingly: "I—don't know. First I was sure there was no connection at all. But when you said my furniture was here in your apartment I became—worried. Only I couldn't—I can't believe that he—he had no reason. He had all the —"

She broke off with a gasp. Her hands flew to her lips as if to push back the words, and she looked frightened to death.

It didn't make me let her off. "Who is he, and for what didn't he have a reason?" I prompted.

The blood rushed up in her face, all the way to her hair. "He's the man I was in love with and for whom I've done Dave a great wrong," she explained in a choked whisper. "But—I don't even like him now. I'm just—afraid of him. And—he acts as though he'd never known me when we—meet somewhere by chance."

(To Be Continued)

Japanese Shrine Interests Occupation Troops

The Army Regulars pictured above are "taking in" the sights of a shrine at Shiogama, Honshu, in Japan. "Guardians of Victory" who join for three years have their choice of overseas theater.

Penicillin in Ointment Base

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

PENICILLIN has proved to be such a wonderworker against serious general infections that everyone will be glad when it can be added to the family medicine chest as a weapon against infected cuts, burns, and other skin disorders.

Penicillin might be compared to a human genius, marvelous in his own line, but temperamental and unstable, and requiring special handling. The problem has always been to get it to "stay put" in an easily applied substance.

Cream or Ointment

Now, Drs. Philip Greey and Harvey D. Hebb of Canada report that penicillin can be successfully added to a cream or to an ointment and thus, spread directly on infected skin to hasten its cure.

These physicians made up various creams and ointments, some of lanolin, some of wax, some of stearic acid, some of mineral oil, sterilized them and then added penicillin. In a number of the preparations, the penicillin seemed to retain its potency or power to heal, for two or three weeks when stored at cold temperatures.

Used Promptly

None of the preparations appeared sufficiently stable to permit manufacturing large quantities at a time. In other words, it would appear advisable, if a penicillin cream or ointment is to be used, that it be made up fresh and used promptly.

Care must also be taken to keep penicillin creams and ointments sterile, since molds may get into them and destroy the penicillin. This is done by not putting anything which is not sterile into the jar containing the penicillin preparation.

When penicillin cream was spread on infected burns, it was found that it began to lose its potency after about 48 hours. Hence, a daily change of dressings would appear necessary, at the least every two days.

In impetigo, a skin disease, and in infections of the beard, good results were obtained.

Sinus Infections

Penicillin cream was also used for treating sinus infections. In doing this, the doctors injected a small amount of the penicillin cream into the affected sinus every two or three days. Before each injection the cream remaining from the previous treatment was washed out with salt water.

In a few cases, a skin rash occurred on the area where the penicillin was applied. Since it would appear that these patients were sensitive either to the penicillin or something in the cream base, the chances for development of this skin irritation should be borne in mind whenever a penicillin cream is to be used for ten days or longer.

Penicillin in the home medicine cabinet is still in the future but it can be stated that doctors are overlooking no chance to make full use of the great new healing drug. As time goes on, it is possible that new methods of applying it will be learned, and that new uses for the methods we now have will be discovered.

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