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When a cold fills up your nose, you feel miserable! Can't eat. Can't sleep. Why suffer when you can get fast relief...long lasting relief with new Medi-Mist Nasal Spray. Just two quick squeezes...your nose opens...your head clears!

You can breathe again! No more sleepless nights from a cold-clogged nose. Vicks Medi-Mist spray clears your head fast, relieves stuffiness of head-colds and sinus. It helps dry up sniffles and sneezes of hay fever and other allergies. And you'll get precious sleep while Vicks modern antibiotic helps fight infection.

No sting or burn. Unlike some sprays which are bitter and harsh, Medi-Mist is tasteless and gentle on sensitive nasal tissue. Try Medi-Mist...you'll like it.



Antibiotic
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New
Vicks® Medi-Mist®
NASAL SPRAY
Carry handy squeeze-bottle

by William T. Bragdon

Art by Elmer Smith

LEWIS KINSEY was among the first in Chattooga County, Ga., to own an automobile. He drove a Ford touring car on his rural mail route out of the Summerville Post Office, and it was known to many of the residents along the back country.

He had cut a slit in the side curtain, and this made the car distinctive.

In his off hours, Kinsey used his car to drive traveling salesmen and others to nearby communities. On a wintry night in January, 1921, he told his wife he was going to drive a man to Rome, Ga., 24 miles away. He never returned.

The distraught wife told Sheriff Frank Thomason that her husband generally told her who his passenger was, but he didn't on this night.

While deputies combed Summerville and the road to Rome, the police of that city searched for Kinsey's car; it couldn't be found.

Sheriff Thomason called on his half-brother, Alex "Tiny" Glenn, for help. Glenn himself had been sheriff and had made a fine record; now he was sworn in as a special deputy. While other deputies searched the roads leading from the Rome highway, Glenn went to see Mrs. Kinsey.

She could add nothing to what she had already reported. Her husband had left about 6 p.m. to drive a man to Rome, and had told her he'd be back before bedtime. Two days had elapsed and she had heard nothing.

GLENN prowled around the house and discovered some tire tracks in the mud from a recent rain. Mrs. Kinsey said the tracks had been made by her husband's car; Glenn got out a pad and quickly sketched the marks.

Meanwhile, the deputies had found a man who recalled seeing Kinsey driving out Peach Orchard Road, a rough byway that led off the Rome road four miles from Summerville. Kinsey knew the road, because he drove over parts of it to deliver mail, but why would he be there at night, especially when he supposedly was driving to Rome with a passenger?

Glenn and other deputies drove out Peach Orchard Road. They found a few witnesses who had seen the mail carrier alone. Glenn drove for four miles, watching the rutted road. Then, at a turnoff, he stopped.

Heavy treads indicated a car had stopped, backed into the turnoff, and then headed back toward the Rome highway. Glenn studied the tire tracks and compared them with his sketches; they matched.

Glenn inquired of a man at a cabin half a mile away. Yes, the man said, he had seen the mail carrier. Some time later, he had heard some gunshots, five or six, then he had seen the car going back toward Rome.



Missing

The deputies went back to the turn-off, little more than a trail that led into dense woods to the West. They searched the area until dark, but found no indication of any violence. At daybreak the next morning, Glenn and the deputies were back, following the trail of the tire tracks.

The trail ended at the Rome highway, where the tracks turned South, then were lost in the gravel. The deputies kept on, stopping to study tire tracks at every crossroad. Finally, they picked up the trail again leading off the highway into Back Valley Road, which ran North towards Chattanooga, Tenn. But the car hadn't turned from the North; the tracks plainly showed that the car had turned from the South, from Rome.

Glenn decided that the car, after its brief journey on Peach Orchard Road, had returned to the highway and gone on to Rome, later coming back and turning off into the Back Valley Road. Glenn ordered a canvass of the area.

They found a farmer who recalled seeing the mail carrier's car. It had passed his house about 10 o'clock that night, going north on the Back Valley Road. The farmer had noticed the slit side curtain, but he didn't see whether the driver was alone.

GLENN followed the trail northward. At Lafayette, he talked to the town marshal, who recalled seeing the car about 11 o'clock headed toward Chattanooga. The deputy went on to enlist the help of Chattanooga police.

Within half an hour, they found the car parked in a vacant lot next to the railroad station. Two cab drivers told Glenn they had seen the car driven into the lot. A man had got out and hurried into the station.

The cabbies described the man as tall and slim. He had dark hair and wore a broad-brimmed, light-colored felt hat; his slender features were tanned as if from exposure to the

elements. This was almost a perfect description of the missing mail carrier.

Glenn inquired in the station. A night ticket agent, who often cooperated with police in tracing fugitives, recalled the man. He had inquired about trains to Hot Springs and Knoxville, buying a ticket to Knoxville because that train left earlier. The agent gave the same description of the man.

"Any scars?" Glenn asked.

"Yes, there was one on his neck, a long one that seemed to have been made by a knife."

Glenn had the car driven back to Summerville and he questioned Mrs. Kinsey again. She said a .38 caliber revolver her husband usually carried in the car was missing. She also said that Kinsey had about \$300 in his wallet the night he vanished.

Puzzling over the mystery, Glenn sat in the sheriff's office and went through the files, studying pictures and descriptions of wanted criminals.

Glenn kept digging and finally found what he wanted. It was a warrant for the arrest of Clint Mathis, a local bad man who had been indicted on several counts of larceny, but was still at large. Telling only the sheriff, Glenn quietly took up the trail of the fugitive.

After weeks of searching, he finally found Clint Mathis in Marion, N. C. Mathis still had Kinsey's .38 caliber revolver. He wore Kinsey's broad-brimmed hat, and his general appearance was the same as that of the missing mail carrier. He denied that he had harmed Kinsey or stolen his car, but he was taken back to Georgia.

Two weeks later, Kinsey's body was found in the woods some distance from Peach Orchard Road. He had been shot five times with the revolver found in Mathis' possession. Mathis was convicted of murder and given a life sentence.

Glenn explained why he had gone after Mathis: "I wondered why Kin-