

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FINAL INSTALMENT

CHAPTER VII

Opposite the ruins of the Palm Beach hotel, the Minerva was moored. At the concrete dock of the Royal Danelli waited a motor-boat.

"We was to take the lady aboard, ma'am," said Monane. "But I don't think we need to wait around to explain to her."

"No, do I," said Lucy, dryly.

She stepped into the motor-boat and five minutes later she was aboard the Minerva.

She heard a step upon the deck behind her. It was a feeble, somewhat uncertain step, but there was dominance in it just the same. As though some old Roman emperor, enfeebled, stalked his palace, stronger in his age than his subjects in their youth.

An exclamation sounded in the scented air:

"What the devil are you doing here? You got my message . . ."

She turned and looked at him. Lanterns on the deck illumined her face.

"Lucy!" he said.

He sank heavily into a chair; she felt a swift pity as she saw his weakness. He would not be strong, really strong, for months.

"Tim," she said quietly.

He put a hand upon his heart.

"You were always stimulating, Lucy," he said, "but now you've become exciting. May I ask what you are doing here?"

"Must a wife explain her presence upon ex-husband's property?" she retorted.

"A wife needn't," he said.

"Well?" she hinted.

"Lucy? There was something almost divine in the way he uttered her name."

He rose and moved awkwardly until he stood towering over her.

"I don't intend to ever let you play with me again," he threatened.

"Suppose I weren't playing," she replied.

He turned away from her, and sank into another chair, but closer to her.

"Lucy, I can't believe—"

"Why did you tell me that Madame saved my life, when it was you who did so?" she asked.

"Why should I say anything that might win your gratitude?" he evaded her.

"Isn't my gratitude worth taking?" she demanded.

Who would take gratitude when he wanted love? he snapped.

"Do you expect me to woo you, to make love to you, Tim?"

"Is it love that brought you here, Lucy?"

"What else could have done it?" she cried. "Tim, you're making me wonder . . . Tim, you don't want me?"

There was pathetic bewilderment in her voice, the hurt of a child who cannot comprehend why pain is dealt out to it.

"Want you? Is that the question?" "If it isn't, what is?"

"Do you want me? That's it," he stated.

"Must I say so?" she asked. "Is this a punishment, a humiliation for what I may have done for you?"

"Your mind seemed to change before, Lucy. I want you to be sure. And before you answer—could you love a thief, Lucy?"

"I do," she made reply.

And with the words she felt a surging pride in her surrender. A thief, and she loved him. Ah, but her love should redeem him, should cleanse him, should ennoble him. And then, as he leaned above her, as his great arms, momentarily restored to the strength that was normally his, swept her from her chair until she lay crushed against his breast, she felt ashamed.

Who was she melodramatically to think of cleansing, of ennobling Tim? She put such thoughts away from her forever. They were not merely prideful, they were unworthy. For where she loved, she must love without reservation. It didn't matter what Tim had been. She knew what he was now. And she loved him for the now.

Ah, incredible! she had loved him in the past. Unknowing, she had thought that hate had led her on, when bruised love had been the impelling force behind her actions.

And then, as her eyes met his, she knew something. Tim wasn't a thief, any more than he was a brute. She knew now why she had thought him a brute: because she, who wanted to be all-sufficient to herself, had sub-consciously realized that this man was her mate and master, without whom she must remain uncomplimented all her days. Maiden resentment, the defiance of the soul that is unwilling to blend its identity with another, had made her shrink from him, even as ever fiber in her body had called to him.

He wasn't a brute. Equally he was no thief, for a thief didn't have eyes like his, couldn't have eyes like his. Candor, decency, was in them for all the world to see. He might be overbearing, he might be slightly vain—God bless him, why shouldn't he have

his little vanity if he wanted?—but dishonest . . . never!

She placed her hands swiftly against his face and held his mouth from hers.

"Tim," she breathed, "you didn't steal!"

His eyes twinkled with mirth.

"Of course not, silly. But do you think I would have told you so? Damn it, Lucy! you have pride enough to be able to understand pride! But Leeson's client was certain that he'd been swindled. And I . . . I was so damned angry with him for doubting me that . . . Well, it was my first business venture. Not really a business venture, at that. He and I had bought a patent, and I'd told him that I'd guarantee it. I meant I'd guarantee the validity of the patent and he maintained I'd guaranteed the practicability of the invention—a new motor valve. He had letters that supported his contention, although I had letters which proved my side. But I'd gambled and lost. And so, to pay him, I mortgaged everything I owned and then you believed Leeson—who damn well ought to be careful what he says—and I . . . well, I loved you, Lucy. I'd almost killed myself because of what your thoughts of me had led to, and . . . I took your check and let you think the worst. And then, I swore I'd pay you back not with my own money that I'd raised by selling the stocks and mortgages, but with money that I'd earned."

"Silly boy! But I like your pride. And you had the money all the time, you child?"

"Of course I did! I was writing a check for Leeson when you came, with your bundle of money and your bundle of nerves and your bundle of emotions, and . . . I swear, I didn't care whether you thought me a thief or not. I'd make you love the thief, and then, if you loved the thief, what might you not think of the honest man?"

She shook her head.

"No more than I thought of the thief, Tim. I couldn't love you any more than I did ten minutes ago, when I didn't know that you were as silly."

"As Devil-May-Care sometimes is?" he suggested, smiling.

"As she was," she corrected. "For she isn't—not any more."

"Never again?" he checked.

"I'm a married woman," she reminded him, "and no married woman has a right to be silly."

"No? And why not?" he inquired.

"Because men are always silly, and someone has to be the balance-wheel to keep the machine on its course, to keep it from tipping over."

"Devil-May-Care in a new role—the sober matron," he jeered.

"I can be that, Tim. The night that you . . . the night of Mrs. Clary's party I was talking to some one—was it Mr. Leeson?—and I said that I was really an old-fashioned girl. Well, old man, I am exactly that."

"You can hardly make me believe that, Lucy," he mocked.

"Oh, yes, I am," she insisted. "And I can prove it. I'm so old-fashioned that, having my husband's arms around me, I want to kiss him. I don't want to say another word; I want to be kissed. New-fashioned girls want to talk, but I . . . want to be kissed."

"Well, that's one little thing I can do for you, Lucy," he smiled.

His lips crushed against hers. Ah, who wanted freedom, when she could have this? Blessed old Fate! Dear old Fate, who'd guided Lucy Harkness Stevens straight to where she belonged—to her husband's arms!

THE END

"VERY LATESTS"

By MARY MARSHALL

One no longer need make apologies for not having a fur coat. Fur has been brought within the reach of almost every one and cloth coats



trimmed with fur are so luxurious as to be the peer of any fur coat.

Moreover, there are fur-like fabrics, of a comparatively inexpensive sort, that fashion looks upon with favor. They have gained a place under the sun of fashion for themselves because they do not pretend to be real fur. They stand on their own merits, which are numerous, and for the young girl of twelve or thereabouts many mothers would consider a coat of one of these fur fabrics in better taste than a real fur coat.

One advantage for general wear that such coats have is that while they are warm and wind resisting they are not quite so heating as a coat of racoon or other substantial fur and are therefore more suitable for everyday requirements of the active young person.

There are lovely pile fabrics that closely imitate the soft pelts of baby lamb or broadtail, and these—made of materials of this sort—without making any pretensions of actually being baby lamb or broadtail, have been accepted as correct by fashion critics this season.

There is no longer the prejudice that there once was against imitations—either in furs or in jewelry; and many women who might well afford to wear diamonds prefer, at times, to wear rhinestones or white-crystals, and women who have coats of the finest furs are willing to wear these lovely fur fabrics which the imported French dressmakers have marked with their approval.

The illustration shows a child's coat of fur fabric in heaver pile, with leather belt and buttons, and beret to match.

Nobody shows more optimism than a homely girl who sits in front of a mirror with a box of rouge and a lipstick.



**OLD FOLKS SAY
DR. CALDWELL
WAS RIGHT**

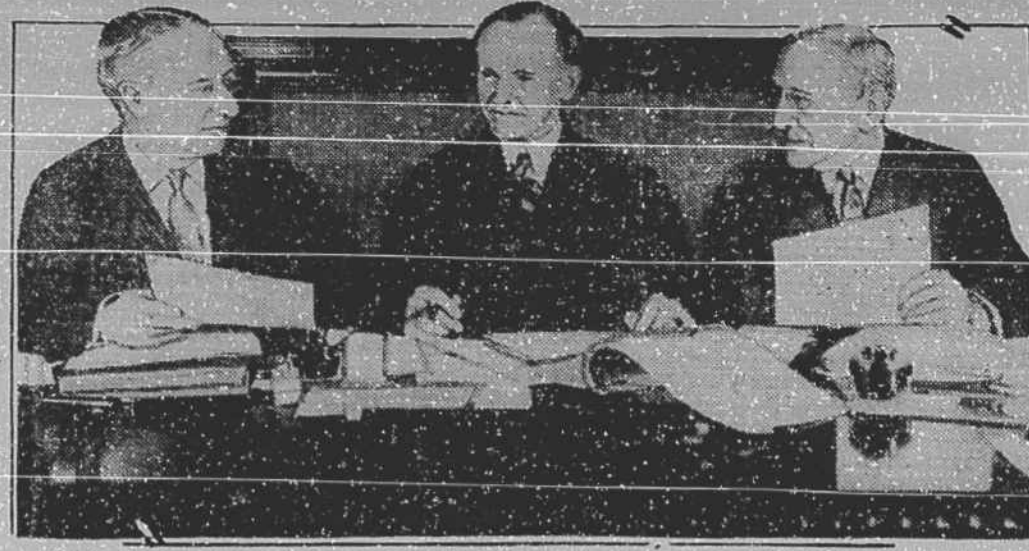
The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of penna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Famous Americans Distribute Immigrant's \$6,000,000



Calvin Coolidge, former President of the United States (center) with Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York (left) and Julius Rosenwald, eminent Chicago merchant and philanthropist. The three have been acting since last June as a committee to pick the institutions which are to receive a fortune of more than six million dollars left by Conrad Hubert of Jersey City, a German immigrant who invented the pocket flashlight. These famous citizens have met every two weeks and were unanimous in their decisions.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
Which is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The pattering of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall'd stair,
Grave Alices, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

I whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
Over the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (continued)

They seem to be everywhere.
They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
I not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart,
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

CHEVROLET ANNOUNCEMENT CREATES A SENSATION

Announcement last week of substantially reduced prices on the new 1930 Chevrolet Six, at the same time that the car embodying many distinct improvements made its public bow, created a sensation in automotive circles here.

Reduction as announced by W. S. Knudsen, president and general manager of the Chevrolet Motor Company, range from \$25 to \$50 on sev-

en of the twelve models in the 1930 line, while three new body types introduced for the first time this year are priced to parallel the new low figure on models retained in the current series. The present base price of \$495 brings the six-cylinder Chevrolet to within five dollars of the lowest price at which even the four-cylinder Chevrolet was ever sold.

This is made possible, Mr. Knudsen explained, because 1929 was Chevrolet's greatest year, with an output of 1,350,000 sixes. Economies of precision manufacturing, plus savings effected by quantity purchase of raw materials, brought about lowered production costs, which, consistent with the Chevrolet's policy, are now being passed on to the consuming public.

To meet the anticipated demand as a result of the lowered prices and the many improvements in the new car, the great chain of Chevrolet plants strung across the continent is now operating at capacity to assure immediate delivery of all models, Mr. Knudsen stated.

PEANUTS—Ten Pounds, postpaid, \$1.19 in Virginia and Carolinas. Famous Bertie County Peanuts—from farm to you. For seed or roasting. Cash with order. M. P. EASON, Windsor, N. C.

Bad Time of Yearfor "Banana Peel" Treads on your tires



Slippery roads . . . smooth-worn treads, slick as banana peels . . . a fine invitation to crash the hospital gate this winter.

Slide in here . . . slip off those "accidents" before they happen. And drive out, gripping the road on all fours, with the safest and best non-skid treads . . . All-Weathers.

Producing nearly a third of all tires built today, Goodyear enjoys lowest costs . . . gives greatest values. You get treads that grip better, wear longer . . . Supertwist CORD carcass underneath to stand more road pounding . . . at ordinary tire prices.

GOODYEAR DOUBLE EAGLES

Here, too!—More People ride on Goodyear Tires.

Central Tire Company

DISTRIBUTORS FOR WATAUGA COUNTY
W. R. Winkler, Manager
Boone, North Carolina.

LOCAL DEALERS:
J. H. Winkler, Blowing Rock
A. A. Greene, Deep Gap
Vilas Service Station, Vilas