

# "My Best Girl"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

## SIXTH INSTALMENT

"But now, Miss, Joe," she resumed seriously, "here's what I want to ask you. Could anyone who wasn't born to be a lady—now, for instance, like me—my mother talks a lot about my grandmother, Petheridge, but—my mother—she hesitated—

"You wouldn't say she was always putting others first, and thinking of her own—others before she does herself? You couldn't—would you say that, Joe?" She paused. "Again she hesitated. "An Elizabeth positively is not a lady," she admitted reluctantly. "Well, anyway, I do not think I'm a lady—not yet, anyway. But Joe—do you think—"

Again she floundered. "I guess I couldn't," she said hastily, shrinking back, cautions, and he saw she was trying to save his feelings. "You don't have to tell me, Joe," she said. "Maggie, I not only believe you could, but I believe you will!"

"Well, if you say so," she almost sang, and she rattled jocosely away. On the next Sunday he went to see her.

He reached the Johnson cottage in the neighborhood of three o'clock. He had to wait a few, cold, wet, silent minutes before footsteps, audibly approaching through the house, notified him that it had been heard. "Miss Elizabeth Johnson admitted him. For want of any guidance, for Liz, after a shout of 'Maggie! Man here!' had almost immediately disappeared into what later proved to be her bedroom door—Joe had followed the little girl into an empty dining room, smelling of rotting apples and dust, and had put his head in at the kitchen doorway.

Ma Johnson, in a heavy, woollen kimono that about her ample form with fringed tassels, was in the rocker. At the sink stood a nondescript, forlorn little figure that Joe could not for some minutes at all identify with the gallant picture he had formed of Maggie's father.

Behind the table and between the sink and the stove was Maggie. She looked at him and said delightedly: "Well, what do you know? I never heard you sing. If it isn't Joe Grant, Joe, have you had dinner?"

"Just up from the table. Hello, Maggie," Joe said, grinning.

"This is my mother, make you acquainted with my father; Pop, this is Joe Grant," said Maggie.

Ma was evidently not favorably impressed by Maggie's friend.

"I didn't know you expected a killer, Maggie."

"I didn't, Ma. Sit down, Joe. You don't have to finish those if you don't want to. Pa, I hate to have you take of your apron."

"Sometimes my father kinder helps me, Joe," she stammered, with her radiant little smile.

"I don't mind wiping 'em one bit, Maggie," her father's mild voice said surprisedly.

"I'll help you," said Joe, putting his hat and coat on a chair in the corner of the kitchen and helping himself to a dish bowl.

"When we haven't a man we eat out here. I'm one that's always had," said Mr. Johnson. "So it don't come very easy for me to put up with this sort of thing."

"I see," Joe said, nodding. He sat down on the edge of a chair, and cleared his throat, and said politely: "Mrs. Johnson, if you've no objection, could Maggie go out with me for a while?"

"Why, I haven't no objections," Mrs. Johnson said cheerfully, after a moment. "Maggie, get nothing but a little, Ma. Grant can't see her face in a mirror, an' he's got to get no sally nothing into her head."

"Temporarily, temporarily, she has accepted a notion in—well, in a five-and-ten," said Ma.

"I want, there myself, you know Mrs. Johnson."

"I've no doubt you do. An' I've no doubt it's a real nice place an' all that," conceded Ma lightly. "But it isn't Maggie's sort of place. To put the whole thing into a nutshell—Mrs. Johnson was vesting briskly when Joe's opportunity to discover whether she was really capable of this elision was destroyed by Maggie's abrupt re-entrance into the kitchen, and in another minute they were out in the dull, cold, wintry Sunday street, and she was dancing along at his side.

"Want to go to a movie, Maggie?" "Oh, I'd love it!"

"How about The Highwayman?" "Oh, Joe, no! That's a sixty-cent show. There are lots of nice little ones over on Chelsea Avenue here for twenty-five."

They were at the window, he put down his money. But there were nothing left on this Sunday afternoon but lodges at a dollar a chair. Maggie's face fell, and immediately by her eyes widened and she caught at his arm.

"Joe, don't be a fool! Two dollars! It isn't worth it!"

But he saw her give a little bounce

of sheer excitement and febrility as they went in past the mirrors and marble columns and red boundary carrels, and he thought it was. Their seats were in the very front of the balcony—deep, comfortable seats, with wide arms.

It was pleasant, somehow, to have that earnest little fragrant boy face come close to his in the dark, and that fuzzy aureole of gold brush his cheek, and that eager little white teeth reach his ears.

Joe kept his handsome head close to her, and leaned his shoulder even closer.

Her face was beaming with satisfaction and wet with tears when they came out into the chilly dusk.

In parting he presented her with an enormous box of sweets.

"Oh, Joe Grant! Oh, Joe—two pounds! Oh, thank you—thank you." "Oh, hush," he said. "Now you run in and I'll watch you until you're inside the door."

She fled up the path, tried the knob of the porch door, called a joyous "Goodnight and thank you!" into the dark, was silhouetted against a gush of red light, and then was gone.

Joe walked two blocks to his car, gazing at himself.

"Gosh, what a fool I am! What on earth did I do that for?"

Millicent Russell, sitting next to him at dinner, was a pretty girl. From a point an inch or two below her armpits, to a point an inch or two above her knees, she was packed into a tube of tangled satin. Her arms were heavy with links of gold and platinum, her legs looked bare, if they were not actually bare, her feet were elevated dizzily upon pinacles of gold leather. Her cheeks were smoothly and brilliantly rouged, her lips stiff with grease, her eyebrows shaved into two startling, inky arcs. Millicent's breath was thick of alcohol and nicotine, her eyelids, colored with blue oil, were lowered with fatigue and boredom, and she had no more hair than her brother had.

"I thought you had to go to prison to get a chin like that!" said Joe. "Isn't it adorable?" They call it the coquette," Millicent told him enthusiastically.

"It's a crown of glory. If I were a girl," Joe said, with sudden fire. "I'd have hair. Beautiful braids and curls and masses—of hair. It's pretty."

"Say the word, Joe, and I'll be your little covered wagon," suggested Millicent in an odd tone, and with a strange little laugh.

"Nothing doing, I'm in coil!" Joe answered.

"You're not in coil! You're working!" he said with a awful lot. "Joe, you think I'm crazy, saying this. Petheridge I'm not! But—her voice was husky—but I like you an awful lot, Joe."

Girls always said that to him, and reasonably to all the other fellows, when an evening had reached about this point, Joe reflected. That was the way persons got engaged, nowadays.

Millicent was trying it now. Right here, at the Carter's hot, crowded, stupid party, Millicent Russell was trying to land him.

"Nothing stirring," he said briefly. "Come on, let's dance."

Millicent raised the heavy eyelids, looked at him with superb insolence.

"Who's the other woman, Joe?" she dawdled theatrically. "God, you are a brute!"

"There isn't no other woman!" he believed it. Yet, even now, when his face was close to Millicent's gleeful, perfumed, bobbed head, he had a sudden memory of Maggie, callidise and eager, in a sleazy little faded white dress, with a map of living cold tumbling upon her small shoulders.

Sunday night. It was an actual relief to think that tomorrow would be Monday, and he would be back in the clean busy stir of the Mack again.

He told himself, when Monday arrived, and he reached the store, to find a demurely radiant Maggie, prettier and more endearingly proprietary in her manner toward him than ever, that this nonsense must stop. Therefore, it was with a real surprise that he heard himself saying to her late on Tuesday afternoon:

"What you doing tonight, Maggie?"

"Night school," she answered, color and breath beginning their usual acceleration instantly.

"Night school? I didn't know you went to night school!"

"Why—why, but you told me to!" she accused him, reproachfully.

"I—when did I? How do you mean?"

"Before Christmas, just after we first began to talk. You said, 'Maggie, you ought to go to night school!'"

"Did I?" He was stricken. "What do you study?"

"Political economy and French," she answered bravely.

"That's a darn good choice!" Joe

## Weather Report for Month of January

J. T. C. Wright, observer at the local weather bureau, has prepared a report of temperatures, etc., covering the month of January. Twenty-three days of the thirty-one witnessed freezing weather at and below the freezing point, which is looked on as a fairly chilly record for the "Sunny South." The report in full follows:

Average maximum temperature, 42 degrees.

Average minimum temperature, 24 degrees.

Average temperature, 32 degrees.

Average daily range in temperature, 18 degrees.

Greatest daily range in temperature, 46 degrees; date, 2nd.

Average temperature at 6 p. m. (time of observation), 36 degrees.

Highest temperature reached, 58 degrees; date, 30th.

Lowest temperature reached, 2 degrees; date, 18th.

Number inches of rainfall (including melted snow), 2.75 inches.

Number inches of snowfall, 8.

Greatest rainfall in 24 hours, 1.3 inches; date, 5th.

Number of days with 0.01 inch or more rainfall, 9.

Number of clear days, 16.

Number of cloudy days, 3.

Number of partly cloudy days, 12.

Number of days with freezing temperature, 23.

Direction of prevailing wind, west.

Date of heavy frost, 11th.

Dates of light frost, 4th, 22nd, 24th, 30th.

Dates of fogs, 5th, 18th.

Other phenomena described as follows: Solar halos, 4th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 20th, 23rd, 26th; lunar halos, 19th, 19th; rainbow, 27th; high winds, 6th, 21st, 31st.

Alamance County farmers will again plant rye this spring. Last year, one out of every three landowners in the county planted a new pasture or renovated an old one.

## Church Announcements

**ADVENT CHRISTIAN**  
REV. S. E. GRAGG, Pastor  
Sunday School each Sunday at 9:45. Morning service at 11 o'clock.

**FIRST BAPTIST**  
REV. P. A. HICKS, Pastor  
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., J. T. C. Wright, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. E. V. U. U. 6 p. m. Brotherhood 6:00 p. m. Mid-week prayer service on Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.  
Choir practice on Friday, 7 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH**  
DR. O. J. CHANDLER, Pastor  
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m., J. D. Rankin, Superintendent.  
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Epworth League, 6:15 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7 p. m.  
Choir practice on Friday, 7 p. m.

**LUTHERAN CHURCHES**  
St. Marks, Bailey's Camp  
Preaching service the first Sunday of each month at 11 a. m. Sunday Virgil Bradshaw, acting superintendent.

**Grace—East Boone**  
Service every second and fourth Sunday at 11 a. m., and every first and third Sunday at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. Professor G. L. Sawyer, superintendent. Luther League meets every Sunday every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.; Sunday at 7 p. m. Vesper service at 7 o'clock p. m.

**Holy Communion Congregation**  
Clark's Creek  
Preaching service the third Sunday of each month at 11 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.; Perry Townsend, Superintendent.

**Banner Elk Station**  
Service every fourth Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m.

## To all these services the public is most cordially invited.

J. A. YOUNT, Pastor  
**WATAUGA CHURCH**  
REV. R. M. WELLMAN, Pastor  
Henson's Chapel—Second and Fourth Sundays, 11 a. m. Sunday School at 9:45, J. E. Horton, superintendent, Epworth League, 6 p. m. Valle Crucis—Preaching every First and Third Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School 10 a. m., J. M. Shull, superintendent, Epworth League every Wednesday night.  
Mabel—Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School 13 a. m. Robert Castle, superintendent.  
Salem—Preaching every first Sunday at 3 p. m.

## FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

O Lord our Father, we commend to thy protecting care and compassion the men and women suffering distress and anxiety through lack of work; support and strengthen them, we beseech thee, and so prosper the counsel of those engaged in the ordering of industrial life that thy people may be set free from want and fear, and may be enabled to labor in security for the relief of their necessities and for the well-being of our people, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their untiring attention and help through the sickness and death of our dear wife and mother. May the richest blessings of Heaven abide with each.

Will Coffey and Children.

## TOKEN OF THANKS

I wish to thank the Daughters of Confederacy for the nice box of fruits, cakes and candies I received from them at Christmas. At any time I am ready and willing to help the Daughters in any way I can.

Respectfully yours,  
E. J. NORRIS.

## DEPUTY COLLECTOR WILL ASSIST IN INCOME RETURNS

For the convenience of those who are required by law to file Federal Income Tax returns, W. M. Thomas, deputy collector of Internal Revenue, will be at Clifcher Hotel in Boone on February 12-13 to assist taxpayers in preparing their returns. No charge will be made for this service. The matter of filing your income tax returns should be given immediate attention, in order to avoid penalty and interest.

## CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## HELPLESS IN BED; SARGON TRIUMPHS

Sargon is the only medicine that really helped me since I was first taken sick six years ago," declared Mrs. John T. Brown, Sr., 403 North 27th St., Richmond. "I had neuritis



MRS. JOHN T. BROWN, SR.

so bad in my back and hips I couldn't sit down, get up or turn over in bed without help. I also suffered from colitis and neuralgia pains in my back and hips I couldn't sit down, get up or turn over in bed without help. I also suffered from colitis and neuralgia pains in my head.

"It seems almost unbelievable what two bottles of Sargon did for me! I could feel the pains gradually leaving me the first few days and now I hardly notice them at all. The Sargon Pills straightened out my colon trouble and are by far the best laxative I've ever taken. I feel a hundred per cent. stronger and better in every way."

Sold by Boone Drug Company (Advertisement)

What's the Use? New Goodyear Pathfinders Cost So Little

Isn't This Good Sense? It's a mean, dirty job to change tires—worse than ever in fall and winter. Punctures cost money to fix. Blowouts on the road are extremely annoying and run up expenses. On wet, slippery roads, a smooth-worn tire does not grip the road like a new one. Let us inspect your tires and tell you what condition they are in for winter driving. No charge—no obligation.

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## PINKY DINKY : : : : : By Terry Gilkison

AND FORTY THREE, FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR AND—!!

GOODNESS! NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, PINKY?

IN COUNTING YOU TOLD ME TO COUNT TO A HUNDRED WHEN I GOT MAD!

YES

WELL I'VE COUNTED UP TO FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY FIVE AND AM MADDEN'N EVER!

**Pinky Dinky JINGLES!**

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB IT STRAYED TO BUTCHER HUTTON. AND SOON THE LAMB THAT MARY HAD WAS NAUGHT BUT HIGH PRICED MUTTON.