

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Joyce put the photograph back and left the room without further investigation. These people would find out who wasn't really Frills—and then what? But how absurd! It wasn't as if she were a real impostor pretending to be some one else! They would see the same face, the same bobbed hair, the same clothes she had been wearing. They might notice a difference in her manner, but they needn't guess that she was now an entirely different personality! "I've got to get over the feeling that I'm breaking into this house and that the first person who sees me can throw me out," she decided.

In the bedroom, Joyce found a chiffonier with drawers full of the finest silk and batiste underwear. Getting dressed was a slow process, for she kept making new discoveries which she had to stop and admire. The clothes closet was as great a thrill as the bathroom. She stood, almost in awe, gazing into it, her thoughts again involuntarily returning to her room in West Philadelphia. "I think I've died and gone to a special heaven for working girls!" she gloated.

"I could play around here all day looking at clothes. They can't all be mine! But I really must get dressed and hurry up and find out what I can about myself. That's more important than clothes."

Looking at the dresses over hastily, she found that the majority were not only very extreme in style, but also of vivid colors and patterns such as Joyce had never worn. She finally picked out a sport dress of white crepe de chine, and put on white stockings and shoes. Pleasantly impressed by the reflection in the long mirror, she was about to venture out of the room, when she caught sight again of the blue leather case on the dressing table.

"Wonder what's in it. I might just take a look," she decided, unable to resist the temptation to open the box. With wide eyes she gazed curiously on a jumbled mass of jewelry.

Joyce made a face at this miscellaneous collection. "What a mixture! Frills must simply have dripped with jewelry. All this is worth a nice little sum, though. It would make me nervous to have it around. How queer to think that I . . . that part of me . . . could choose things that are so absolutely different from what I really like. Oh, what a wonderful diamond! I never saw anything sparkle like that. It's fascinating!" She picked out a ring, a large square cut diamond in a delicate platinum setting, and slipped it on the finger which wore the wedding ring.

"That must be the engagement ring. I . . . I think I'll wear it, for fun." She held out her hand at arm's length and surveyed it with mingled feelings of admiration and uneasiness. The two rings gave her hand an unfamiliar look and she felt as if she were borrowing some one else's jewelry and masquerading as a married woman just for a joke.

"Now for downstairs. I think at last I'll really find out something . . . but I feel like Alice in Wonderland!"

Joyce hesitated at the top of the steps, her heart beginning to beat violently again and her courage rapidly oozing.

But in a few moments she gathered up her courage again, urged on by a combination of curiosity and, to her surprise, a distinct sensation of hunger. She wanted some breakfast right away! A cup of coffee would help to steady her nerves.

At the foot of the stairs she found a long living-room with French windows. It was furnished with new and curious furniture of a type that Joyce had never before seen and that, unexpectedly confronting her, caused her to gasp. The tables, chairs, and lamps were fantastically colored and shaped, and there were here and there, ornaments so comic that she burst out laughing.

She picked her way gingerly amid furniture that was vaguely reminiscent of the New York skyscrapers, and crossed the living-room, thinking as she glanced through the glass doors, that she must get out into that heavenly garden immediately after breakfast and pick at least one leaf before some one told her to keep off the grass.

The wonderful sunlight of all these rooms! The dining-room, though smaller than the living-room, was light and cheerful, with its long open windows, framed in rose vines. What a pleasant place to eat breakfast!

She heard sounds from beyond the opposite door—low voices, the clink of china, a sudden rush of water, and the rustle of paper. Just as she was wondering whether to go into the kitchen and announce her presence or look around for a bell to ring, the door opened and a woman in a maid's uniform of blue chambray appeared. She was probably about forty years old, a plump comfortable-looking sort of person with a round, red face, smooth black hair and blue eyes.

Seeing Joyce, she started in surprise, getting hold of herself. By the end of it she had made several discoveries. One was that the maid was plainly nervous. Her manner indicated, it seemed to Joyce, that she was uncertain how her words would be received. Strongly like . . . like his manner before he left! Frills had evidently been of a temperamental disposition toward both master and maid!

Joyce could not help liking the maid's looks. She had an intuition that this woman would be a friend worth having even if she were a servant.

The maid inquired of her how she felt.

"Thank you," smiled Joyce,

wishing she knew the maid's name. "I feel all right, except for a headache and a little stiffness. But I'm hungry. I would like some breakfast, please."

The look of relief in the woman's face was so strong as to amount almost to gratitude. There was something dog-like about it that touched Joyce and made her uncomfortable at the same time.

"I'll have Marcia fix it right away, ma'am. What would you like?"

"Oh, well, let me see. Some coffee and toast and bacon and eggs. And . . . and orange juice. I think." As the maid turned away, she added, "By the way, was there any mail this morning?"

"Why no, ma'am, there wouldn't be any today. It's Sunday, you know."

"Of course, how stupid of me to forget," murmured Joyce blushing. Disappointed, she strolled back to the living-room to wait for breakfast. She had hoped there would be a letter; it was so peculiar not to know your own last name.

On a three-tier green table set close to the back of a strongly upholstered davenport lay a few magazines.

At the bottom of the pile she found a Saturday Evening Post, and on the tiny yellow address label were printed the words, "Neil Packard, Manzanita, Cal."

"Neil Packard, Manzanita, Cal.," exclaimed Joyce under her breath. "California! Well, that's some jump from Philadelphia. About as far away as I could get. And so his name is Neil Packard. And me . . . I'm Mrs. Neil Packard. Frills Packard."

She looked out of the windows at the wealth of flowers blooming in the garden. "No wonder there are oranges and roses! No wonder the hills and mountains are so different from any I ever saw!"

The maid appeared to tell her that breakfast was ready.

The commonplaceness of the dining room furniture proved a welcome relief to Joyce after the "modernistic" living-room.

Joyce took up the thin glass of orange juice which nestled in a bed of cracked ice. It was deliciously sweet and refreshing.

"When I consider how, in my old life, I could get a thrill out of finding one of Aldous Huxley's or Robert Ainsworth books on the bargain counter at Leary's, I wonder I'm not dizzy with excitement at all these thrills piled on me all at once! There's too much of it . . . I can't make myself believe I won't wake up in a few minutes and find myself in some little, stuffy hall bedroom in a noisy city . . ."

She drew in her breath sharply, wilted in spirit at the thought. Just then the maid brought in the rest of her breakfast.

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mrs. Packard?" the woman lingered to ask.

"Oh, no, thank you!" replied Joyce, restraining an impulse to show her enthusiasm. She resolved that she must be as noncommittal as possible for a while.

When she was alone again, Joyce ate with relish, finishing every scrap of the jam, every crumb of toast, and every drop of the coffee.

When the maid appeared again, she had made up her mind. "If anyone telephones or calls, will you please say that I have a headache and don't feel like talking or seeing anyone?"

She strolled out toward the garden to examine the flowers, planning to walk around to the other side of the house to see what sort of landscape would greet her there.

It was so intensely thrilling to

try to realize herself in California! But just as she stepped out into the warm sunshine, marveling at the amazing clearness of the atmosphere, she heard the telephone bell ring. The telephone was on a stand at the foot of the stairs, and the maid who had waited on her approached it with deliberate steps and lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Yes, this is Roxie . . . Good morning, Mrs. Packard. Why yes, Mrs. Packard's had breakfast but she has a headache and said she couldn't see anyone. . . . N-no, she just said 'anyone.' Well, I'll ask her. Just a minute. . . ."

The next moment the maid seeing Joyce, said apologetically, "Mrs. Paul Packard, ma'am, on the phone and wants to know how you are. She said Mr. Neil has asked her to come over to see you and she's just ready to start now."

"Oh? But . . . but—please tell her my head—I just don't feel I can talk or—see anyone today," stammered Joyce. "I think I'd better keep pretty quiet for a little while. I . . . I'm sorry."

She looked helplessly at the maid, who returned without comment to the telephone and delivered the message. Joyce listened, wondering worriedly whether she should have taken the plunge. Perhaps her refusal to see Mrs. Paul Packard would cause trouble.

She decided regretfully that she had best not go out into the garden where unexpected callers might find her. She would be safer up in her room for this day at least. What she must find now were letters and other evidence to enlighten her further.

In her bedroom again, she discovered that one of the mirrors beside the dressing table formed the panel of a door. "This," murmured Joyce, turning the glass handle and looking into the next room, "must be my boudoir! Ah, there's a desk at last. I was just beginning to wonder whether there was any place in this whole house where one could write a letter. Now I certainly ought to discover something more."

She sat down at the desk. "Now I feel like a real crook," she thought uncomfortably.

LOSS IS ESTIMATED

Long Beach, Calif., March 17.—The Red Cross said today a preliminary survey indicates 2,100 homes were ruined and 21,000 damaged in the entire area stricken by Friday's earthquake which resulted in at least 116 deaths and property loss upward of \$60,000,000.

This is the first official estimate of the extent of damage exclusively to homes.

The Red Cross renewed its appeals for contributions to funds for immediate relief of the homeless.

Drafting of a stringent ordinance providing that all future construction in Los Angeles county shall be "earthquake proof," particularly in the case of school buildings, was ordered today in a resolution unanimously voted by the county board of supervisors.

Thousands of persons still were camped in parks. Rain added to their troubles tonight.

Roosevelt Promises To Back Cut in Arms

President, in Bold Moves, Discusses World Situation With Three Ambassadors

Washington, March 17.—All the influence of President Roosevelt and the United States government were thrown into a direct appeal last night to the key nations of Europe to join in a definite cut in military strength to prevent a mad race of armament building.

The chief executive threw overboard the usual ways of diplomacy and dealt directly with the ambassadors without recourse to the state department.

After another hour of the grooves of Great Britain, France and Germany strode into the presence of the president at the White House and left with the positive assurance that America stands staunchly behind a policy of less international fear and suspicion and for specific reductions in military power.

Shortly before the state department announced that Norman H. Davis, of Tennessee, had been named as chairman of the American delegation to the disarmament conference with the rank of ambassador. He will sail for Geneva probably the middle of the week.

A horse that feels his oats usually jumps at the wrong time.—Harry R. Detweiler.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Barin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just stagnates in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your mouth is foul, after often breaks out in blisters. Your head aches and you feel drowsy and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Beware a substitute. See at all stores. ©1931, C. M. Co.

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Daily Buzz
MAIN STREET'S LEADING NEWSPAPER.

INVENTOR SEEKS ASSISTANT
IN ORDER TO SECURE AN ASSISTANT T. EDSON SMITH, THE BOY INVENTOR, HAS TABULATED A MOST INTERESTING QUESTIONNAIRE. THE PERSON ANSWERING THE LARGEST NUMBER OF QUESTIONS IS TO SECURE THE JOB.

FROM LATEST REPORTS IT IS A CLOSE RACE BETWEEN THE YOUNG DUMB-BELL & THE SCHOOL TEACHER—MEMBER HAS ANSWERED ANY

THE QUESTIONS

1. WHY IS RADIO? IF SO HOW MANY?
2. CAN A TOMATO?
3. WHO CARRIES THE BUCKETSHOP?
4. NAME THE GREATEST MEN BESIDE ME.
5. ARE YOU HAPPY OR MARRIED?
6. WHERE DID HOP SCOTCH?
7. WHAT OTHER USE HAS ROPE OUTSIDE THE CIGAR INDUSTRY?
8. LOCATE ROOM 808-B-NEXT 40-ST-NOW
9. WHAT ARE PUBLIC BEACHES COVERED WITH BESIDE OLD LUNCH BOXES & YOUNG LINGERS?
10. IS THE IONIZATION OF OSCILLATING MICROMETERS JUSTIFIABLE?

APPLICANTS WILL KINDLY MAIL ANSWERS TO—T. EDSON SMITH, MAIN STREET

GENTLEMEN, I CRAVE AN ASSISTANT TO AID ME IN MY INVENTIONS—THE PERSON WHO CAN SUCCESSFULLY ANSWER MY QUESTIONS WILL SECURE THE POSITION MENTIONED

I BEEN STATION AGENT FER 40 YES AN' ANSWERED A LOTTA FOOL QUESTIONS, BUT THEM'S GAT ME STUMPED

THEY'S EASY COMPARED TO INCOME TAX RIDDLES

HE DON'T NEED NO ASSISTANT—HE NEEDS AN PER-SIKE-LEER-PEE-DIA

OH F'HEAVENS, TH'AKES!

Palace Lunch
WE HAVE A HARD FAST RULE FOR MAKING BISCUITS

MAIN ST.

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By L. F. Van Zelm