

LOVE LIGHTLY

By MARGARET SANGSTER

FIREST INSTALMENT

Ellen Church was posing for her mother. Posing—a slim, wistful figure—against the dying glory of the autumn garden. Her slender, seventeen-year-old arms were out-flung to the gold and crimson of the falling leaves. Her mother said suddenly—

"Get a little more limber, Ellen. You're tightening up. Remember that you're the spirit of youth, just now, and loveliness, and new dreams. Remember that you're a magazine cover! Remember that you're our bread and butter for next month. And perhaps," her mother sighed, "for the month after, and the month after that!"

Ellen flexed her stiffening fingers and dragged her eyes away from the land into which they had been peering. Ellen obediently let herself go limp, inside as well as outside. She wasn't self-conscious about it, not Ellen. All of her life, you see, she had been posing for her mother. As a new baby, round and rosy and naked, in the spring sunshine. As a wee tot, in rompers, making mud pies that would be transplanted to canvass. As a child of seven, reading from a green and silver story book. As an older child, sewing a long, tiresome seam. Oh, Ellen was used to posing—it was her life! She answered, now, in kind. Answered with a question.

"And jam?" asked Ellen, idly. Ellen's mother squinted at

her, over the smudged top of the canvas. And, squinting, brushed the fluff of white hair away from her brow. As far back as Ellen could remember, her mother's hair had been white.

"But certainly jam!" answered the mother. And smiles with a sudden brightness that made Ellen's breath catch in her throat; that made her speak swiftly, despite the catching breath. It was almost as if the smile needed an answer.

"Oh, Mother," she said, and the words came from the depths of a worshipping young heart, "I love you! I love you very much. Very much, indeed!"

"You mustn't, Ellen," said the mother, "love me so much. I mean, love—don't ever be intense about it, child! Love, if you must love at all, lightly! Giving nothing. Taking all that's offered but—expecting nothing."

Ellen's young eyes were searching, keen. No longer were they lost in a far place of dreams.

"It's what you always say about love," she told her mother. "It's what you always say! When I was a child." (Ah, the quaint sophistication of seventeen!) "It didn't seem to mean anything. But now that I'm grown up—well, it's strange you should talk so. Because you don't love that way yourself. Lightly, I mean."

With a small gesture of finality, the woman at the easel was wiping a brush on a dingy cotton cloth—a cloth that held vivid reminders of many another brush. Her gesture meant that posing for this day was over. Ellen knew that her own persistence had made the work stop so abruptly, and she was sorry. For winter was near. Beside the bread and butter, there was a department store bill! Ellen was sorry—and yet she was so weary of evasions, of being put off!

"Not me, Mother!" she insisted.

"But, of course, I love you lightly," she said, with an aching sort of forced gaiety. "You ought to know that! If I loved you any other way, I'd spoil you. And even you, Ellen, must admit that I don't spoil you. Do I ever give you new hats for Easter? Or seed pearls, for Christmas? Have I ever, even once, taken you to the city? Have you ever seen a skyscraper, or a hotel—or even a tea shop? Have you—"

"How about the time, a year ago, when I had typhoid—and the doctor said I mightn't live?"

Ellen's mother was looking up swiftly, through tears. Her voice quivered very much. All of the laughter had been drained from it.

"But, my darling," she said, "of course, I don't love you lightly! I love you so much, whether you're desperately ill or annoyingly well, that it hurts! I didn't want to love you so—why, there were times when I didn't even want you! For I knew that you'd get me, that I'd never be free, or myself, as long as I cared for someone. Your father taught me that. I loved him, too, so much that it hurt—so much that it still hurts!"

Rapidly she was gathering up the twisted tubes of paint, the canvas—all of the paraphernalia of her trade.

"I wish," said Ellen, "that you'd tell me about father. After all, he belonged to me, sort of, too; although I never saw him. I can't help wondering why you always say such queer things about him."

Great tears had begun to well in her mother's eyes, to roll down her cheeks.

"I always knew," said her mother, "that it would have to come, some time. You can't keep

everything shut away, no matter how hard you try! But I couldn't hope to shield you from everything forever—some day something would come up! Perhaps it's better, after all, that you should hear my story from me."

Ellen had crept close. She didn't speak, but her mind, following her mother's voice, made pictures. . . .

Pictures drawn from her lonely childhood, from the years which she had lived with her mother in the brown house that lay back of the garden—years that had been broken only by business letters and the rare visits of the art agent, who sold her mother's work in the city. Their very clothes had been chosen, wholly, from department store catalogues.

Once a week, always, Ellen and her mother had walked the two miles to the village and ordered their supplies. And Ellen stared at the village girls—and was stared at by the village boys—while her mother exchanged conversation with the storekeeper about her garden and the weather. A certain aged laborer came up to the brown house when there was hard work to be done. He reported, back in the village, that he thought the artist lady was queer.

Perhaps, in a way, he had reason to think so. Certainly Ellen and her mother were hermits, defying custom and convention—learning their own lessons of life from trees and flowers. But Ellen, even with a lack of preaching, knew about an unpassing God. Didn't God make, said her mother, the only dependable thing in the world, Beauty? And Ellen knew of the Christ who had played—perhaps, also a solitary child—on the shores of a blue sea, and who had prayed in a garden (was it like their garden, she wondered?) and who had died on a cross.

"Think of Him," her mother had once said, "whenever you feel that you want to see, to love, people. He, Ellen, was love. He loved all of the people of the world. And people, Ellen, nailed His hands, and His feet to a wooden cross!"

These were the pictures that Ellen saw as she crouched beside her mother, in the fading garden.

"I've had my fill of cities," her mother was saying. "That's why I never left this place, not since your father brought me here more than twenty years ago. . . . That's why I've kept you here, too. Don't think I was unconscious of what you were missing—I knew! But when I told myself that you needed boarding schools and beaux and fun and gaiety, I told myself also that you didn't know you were needing them. . . . I told myself that I'd rather have you sitting on a window-sill, separated from the world by bars, than a part of the crowd outside of the window! As long as you sat on the sill, I told myself, you couldn't be jostled too much. Jostling hurts. . . ."

"I was once entirely a product of the city," Ellen's hand, creeping up, found her mother's hand. "I was going to art school, studying to be a portrait painter, when I met your father. After that my plans were all different! I met him at one of the student dances (I don't know yet how he happened to be there), and we were both in costume. He was a cavalier, and I wore a hoop-skirted dress, and I had a tiny wreath of moss rosebuds in my hair. . . . We weren't even introduced. He just came up," the mother's eyes had a listening look, "and took me in his arms, and we danced away. It was a waltz, the Blue Danube. At the end of the waltz he—kissed me. At the end of a week we were married."

A leaf fluttered down from one of the autumn trees. Her mother went on.

"At first," she said, "we were ever so happy, your father and I. Although I had to give up my painting (your father didn't approve of women having careers). I was far too much in love to argue the matter. We lived in a little apartment, and your father went every day to his office.

I didn't know what he did in that office—he resented my questioning, somehow. But I did know that his income seemed to grow more and more inadequate—and that, at the same time, he seemed to grow more and more restless. I tried so hard," the steady voice broke, at last, "to hold his interest! But I suppose I was different than I had been in a pink gown, waltzing! Men, Ellen, like glamor. . . ."

"It's a long story. I won't tell it to you, all. Only, after ten years of scrimping and economizing, your father suddenly bought this place and brought me here to live. . . . He didn't ever stay here, very much, himself. . . . It seemed almost logical to me that he shouldn't, for I could understand that his business would make staying in the city necessary! I loved him so greatly," Ellen's mother was fighting for self-control, "that I naturally trusted him. But I was very lonely—so lonely that I actually had to do something. The place is isolated now, it was far more isolated when I first came here to live. I had no neighbors—and you can't imagine how I needed some sort of companionship! And so I turned to gardening, and out of the gardening grew my desire to be an artist, once more. . . ."

"I made my pictures, at first, Ellen, with a rake and a hoe and a packet of seeds. I built the glory of blossoming things all around this house in which we live. And at last, when my garden was flourishing, I got out an old color box, and dusted it, and began to make sketches. I hadn't a thought of doing anything commercial—that all came after your father's going. . . . when I found that I must earn our livelihood. At the beginning I just made pictures for companionship. They were pretty, too—but they had an emptiness about them. I guess that's why God sent you to me, child. He knew I needed something alive and cuddly to make my garden perfect!"

"Oh, Ellen," the fingers that the girl held were returning her pressure fiercely, "I'd given up all idea of having a baby, ages before you came to me! I'd had ten lonely years in the city, and five lonelier years out here, before I knew that you were coming. I couldn't believe it, at first. It was just too utterly lovely. And the knowledge of something else beside loveliness—it brought a new hope to me. I couldn't help feeling that it would make a difference in the relationship between your father and myself; a baby couldn't sibility into his life. He always help but bring a sense of responsibility new things. . . . and there is nothing so new as a little baby. . . ."

(Continued next week)

Why the Sudden Change to Liquid Laxatives?

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be thus regulated to suit individual need.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a more natural movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

The wrong cathartic may often do more harm than good.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is obtainable at all druggists.

BULLETIN ON PASTURES ISSUED AT COLLEGE

The value of pastures and methods for starting and maintaining a good sod have been set forth in a bulletin recently published by the State college extension service.

The authors, E. C. Blair, extension agronomist, and A. C. Kinney, extension dairyman, have gone into detail in outlining the growing of various types of pastures in different parts of the state.

Pastures can be used to control erosion and at the same time provide nutritious feed for livestock. The authors point out the need of erosion control in this state, where the damage is said to approximate \$70,000,000 a year.

Pasture grasses contain protein, minerals, vitamins, roughage, water and other things needed in livestock feed. When animals are not working, they can be turned into a good pasture and kept in good condition without other feeds. (When animals are working, the amount of concentrated feed they need is much less if they have access to a pasture.)

Pastures do best on heavy, rich soils, but the grasses will also grow on less fertile soils and farmers who wish to save their most fertile soil for other crops may make use of their less fertile soil by putting in pasturage.

Three types of pastures are common to this state: mixed

NOTICE

By virtue of a power of attorney and for the purpose of distributing the proceeds among the signers of said power of attorney executed to the undersigned by Mrs. Ella Ogilvie and others, the undersigned will, on October 20, 1934, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at the garage of J. T. Finley, deceased, on the north side of C street, in North Wilkesboro, N. C., in close proximity to the new post office building, sell to the highest bidder upon the following terms: One-fourth cash, one-fourth in three months, one-fourth in six months, and the remainder in nine months, subject to the confirmation of the undersigned, the said garage and lot upon which it stands, being lots 17 and 19, in Block 44, map of North Wilkesboro, having a frontage on C street of 50 feet and running back 140 feet to an alley containing 7,000 square feet, subject to a party wall agreement with Isaac H. McNeill contained in deed to him recorded in office of register of deeds of Wilkes county, in Book 147, page 501. For full and complete description of the lands herein to be sold, see deed from Winston Land & Improvement to J. T. Finley, recorded in office of register of deeds of Wilkes county in Book 18, page 266.

This 20th day of Sept. 1934.

J. R. FINLEY,

1-15-4t By Power of Attorney.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed by W. A. Durham and wife, Juliana Durham, on the 8th day of December, 1932, to me as Trustee for R. R. Crater, to secure the payment of a note therein mentioned, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and demand having been made on me;

I will, therefore, on Monday, November 5, 1934, at ten o'clock a. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder, the following described real estate, to-wit:

A certain tract of land lying and being in Edwards township, Wilkes county, near the Town of Ronda, N. C.

Adjoining the lands of J. K. Tharpe, Tucker Road and others;

Beginning at the Northwest corner of Lot No. 46, Map 1, section B, Poplin Heights Development on Traphill Road; running with road north 50 3-4 degrees west 165 feet; north 53 3-4 degrees west 311 feet to forks of road; thence with Tucker Road south 32 1-2 degrees west 200 feet to a stake; thence south 32 1-2 degrees east 446 feet to a stake, (Southwest corner Lot No. 46 sold J. K. Tharpe); thence north 41 degrees east 200 feet to the beginning, containing two and one-tenth (2.1) acres, more or less.

This 5th day of Oct., 1934.

A. H. CASEY,

10-29-4t. Trustee.

grass, carpet grass and Bermuda grass. The first two are good on soils of medium or good fertility. The latter will thrive on fertile soils and do well on less fertile land.

Copies of the bulletin, extension

Texas Lady Tells How Black-Draught Laxative Helps All Her Family

Here's how Black-Draught fills the needs of a family laxative in the home of Mrs. J. S. Stoker, Fort Worth, Texas: "The grown-ups in my family," she writes, "have always taken powdered Theodor's Black-Draught for biliousness, headaches and other ailments (due to constipation) and found it a reliable remedy. I was very pleased when I saw Syrup of Black-Draught advertised. I bought it and gave it to my little daughters, ages 6 and 4. They needed something to cleanse their systems and Syrup of Black-Draught acted well. . . . Your druggist sells this reliable laxative in both forms. "Children like the Syrup."

circle No. 202, may be obtained upon application to the agricultural editor at State college.

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Liquid, Tablets, Salve, Nose Drops, Checks Malaria in 3 days. Colds first day, Headaches or Neuralgia in 30 minutes.

FINE LAXATIVE AND TONIC Most Speedy Remedies Known

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Having qualified as administratrix of the Estate of J. W. Shepherd, late, of Wilkes county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of the said deceased to file said claims with the undersigned Administratrix on or before twelve months from the date of this notice or same will be plead in bar of their right to recover. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment thereof at once.

This 28th day of Sept., 1934. MRS. ELLA SHEPHERD, Administratrix of the Estate of J. W. Shepherd, dec'd. 11-1-6t



TOUGHER and LONGER LIVED CAREY SOLKA ROOFING

Three things make an asphalt roof long lived—strength, saturation and flexibility. Carey Solka Roofing is stronger than you ever thought a roof could be. It contains about 30% more Carey asphalt saturation. And, due to the strength of the special fibres, Carey Solka Roofing is extremely flexible—it doesn't crack even when fitted around sharp angles.

Come and get a free sample—your own test will be more convincing than anything we could say.

Carey Solka Roofing contains special cellulose fibres, produced and purified by the exclusive Solka process. These fibres have tremendous strength, yet they are highly flexible. And finally, the felt containing these fibres holds much more Carey asphalt saturation.



TRY TO TEAR IT

SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR

3-DAY ECONOMY TOUR "A" \$28.10 (Transportation to and from Chicago Included)

This tour rate if \$28.10 is for one person, and includes all features listed below. It provides a most inexpensive and enjoyable visit to the World's Fair, and is especially suited to the tourist whose time is limited:

- 3 days' and 2 nights' hotel accommodation.
- Transportation from terminal to hotel.
- 2 General admissions to the Exposition grounds.
- Admission to one of the following: Fort Dearborn, Lama Temple, Colonial Village.
- Sightseeing bus tour of the fair grounds.
- Choice of one of the following sightseeing trips: (a) Chicago Northside tour by Gray Line (b) Chicago Southside by Gray Line, (c) Chicago Stockyards Tour by Gray Line, (d) Moonlight cruise on Lake Michigan, or any of the other sightseeing cruises operated by the Steamer Roosevelt.

6-DAY ECONOMY TOUR "B" \$35.60 (Transportation to and from Chicago Included)

This tour rate of \$35.60 is for one person, and includes all features listed below:

- 6 days' and nights' hotel accommodation.
- Transportation from terminal to hotel.
- 3 General admission tickets to the exposition grounds.
- Admission to one of the following: Fort Dearborn, Lama Temple, Colonial Village.
- Sightseeing bus tour of the fair grounds.
- Includes same as listed in paragraph six above.

For Further information consult Local Agent ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES Beach Kellar, Agent North Wilkesboro, N. C.

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Radiator Repairing, Body Rebuilding, Motor Blocks Reborn, Extensions Welded in Truck Frames, General Repair Work a Specialty.
T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless 2 pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated and 5% of our food decays in our 23 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath, we don't and we feel like a whipped ham. Don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which causes teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in the young people. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—25¢. ©1934, C.M.Co.

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THE STORY OF CLEOPATRA Events in the Life of the Glamorous Empress, Suggested by Cecil B. DeMille's "Cleopatra"

Cecil B. DeMille's Glamorous Picture—**'Cleopatra'** WILL BE SHOWN AT THE **Liberty Theatre** AT AN EARLY DATE

Caesar receives his first warning of disaster the day of his triumphal entrance into Rome! Mingled with the cheers of the populace, Caesar hears one voice cry out, "Beware the Ides of March!" But Caesar is ambitious and refuses to listen.

Refusing to follow the advice of his friends, Marc Antony and Enobarbus, Caesar decides to go to the Senate to force the offer of a crown and recognition of the hated Cleopatra as his, and Rome's, Queen! Calpurnia, in tears, begs him not to go!

But Caesar is ambitious and goes to the Senate on the fateful Ides of March! There he meets the daggers of Cassius, Coeca and Brutus who will have no king—and certainly no Egyptian Queen, set over them!

A messenger bears the terrible news to Cleopatra! She would go to her lover's side, despite public clamor for her death, but Apollodorus insists that she flee from Rome before it is too late.