

# AWAKENED WOMAN

by Elinore Barry

## TEWLFTH INSTALLMENT

It was evident that Nell was blowing off steam which had accumulated for some time, and secretly Joyce's spirit rose a little. She was glad that he was asserting himself. She had an odd little feeling—odd when you considered that he was, in terms of actual experience, nothing to her—of pride in his outburst. Frills seemed to her more than ever an alien, a separate individual, almost like a first wife. She was filled with an overwhelming desire to erase that hurt look from his face.

"I'm not trying to put anything over on you. I . . . I don't blame you for not believing me now, but I swear I'm telling the truth about this. I know I've been pretty . . . rotten, but now . . ." she paused. It was so difficult to say what she wanted to. A mixture of shyness and fear, and the unaccustomedness of putting her feelings into words, held her back for a moment. Again her desire to make Nell see that she wanted to be friends with him, that in the future he would not have to worry about her actions, drove her on. "Well . . . perhaps that blow on the head knocked a little . . . sense into me."

On impulse alone Joyce suddenly came close to him and smiled up into his face, a little tremulously, and said, "Please, let's start over again . . . and after this . . . well don't expect me to be any white-robed angel, but I'll try not to worry you too much."

She was unable to say more, for Packard abruptly drew her close to him and kissed her again and again, murmuring words of grateful surprise and happiness. "Frills, darling . . . I love you so, sweetheart! You . . . you really mean it, dear? I thought all my chances of happiness were gone, but now . . . I'll do everything I can to make it worth while—to help you if you really mean it."

Joyce, submitting to his caresses, reflected ruefully that she had never been so much kissed in her life as she had been since she woke up in Mrs. Neil Packard's bed. Gently she tried to free herself. Poor Nell! He did find it hard to believe that any such miracle as this had happened. She smiled again, all her joy in the day restored, knowing that he would go off to work filled with hope for the future security of his home and happiness.

"Of course, I mean it. But you needn't take my word for it. Just give it a thirty days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded," she replied lightly, slipping out of his arms, "better run along to work now or you might lose your job. And don't forget our date at five this afternoon."

"You bet I won't! Gee, but . . . whoopee! I . . . I wish I didn't have to go down to the office. I feel like celebrating!"

"You go along!" exclaimed Joyce, alarmed at the threatened loss of her day of freedom and feeling the need of a rest after the strain of this stormy scene, "I can't have you around all day. I'm going to be busy."

"All right! And say, if anything comes up you'd rather do this afternoon, it's all right, you know. We can go to mothers' some other time."

"The date is made. If it's broken, it'll be your doing."

When she got out to the stable Joyce found Sam about to mount the black horse. "Oh, Sam, where are you going?"

"Why, Mr. Packard asked me to take some papers to Jake Anson. It's up beyond Elk Flat in the hills, a good long way from the road, so he told me I'd better ride Barney," explained Sam.

"Well, couldn't I go with you?" demanded Joyce. She was still a little nervous about going out alone, when all the trails were so unfamiliar to her.

"Why, sure! I'll saddle Rosita."

When Joyce got back at noon after a two-hour ride, during which she learned much about the country and its possibilities for horse-back riding, she was informed by Roxie that she had missed two sets of callers.

Joyce played with Dickie in the garden for half an hour after lunch and then she retired to her room to rest and read until time for Nell's return. "I'm out to every one, Roxie," she gave definite instructions. "I don't care if it's the Prince of Wales."

At four-thirty she dressed carefully and then waited for Nell to appear. She was pleased when she heard him arriving at ten minutes before five, an evidence that he intended to take no chances of missing their appointment.

When he came in and saw Joyce in the living room, obviously ready to go, his anxious look turned into a positive beam of pleasure and relief.

"Hallo, Frills, all ready to go?"

"Fine!" and as Joyce got up he approached her with the intention of kissing her. But she stepped aside and made it plain that she preferred to avoid his greeting. To her relief he did not press the matter.

"How's the Duesenberg working?" he inquired as they went out together.

"Oh, it's all right," replied Joyce indifferently. She went up to Nell's big blue car and waited for him to open the front door.

"Don't you want to go in your roadster?" asked Neil in surprise, stopping beside the car.

"No, I don't, I don't like the color of it," retorted Joyce, and suppressing a smile, she continued hastily, "anyhow, I prefer to have you drive today."

Packard got in and started the engine without further delay. They drove down the main street of Manzanita where they were greeted right and left by a bewildering number of people and Joyce was on pins and needles for fear Nell would stop to talk to any of them. After half an hour during which she grew more nervous every minute—what in the world would she say to Nell's mother?—they stopped finally at a charming little bungalow covered with rose vines and surrounded by a garden of beautiful flowers. They entered a friendly, low-ceilinged



She laid her arm gently around Joyce's shoulder.

room paneled in white with wide windows framing a view of distant mountains across the valley.

Mrs. Packard rose to meet them and Neil, kissing her, said gently, "Well, mother, here we are, come to make you a little call, Frills and I."

"My dears, I'm delighted to see you both!" exclaimed his mother, holding out her hand to Joyce while she kept Neil in her clasp at the same time. Joyce shook hands with her and smiled silently.

"Do sit down, children, it's so good to see you," went on Mrs. Packard, beaming happily as she returned to her comfortable armchair in front of one of the windows, "when did you get back, Nell?"

"Last night, mother, and you bet I'm glad to be back," replied Packard.

Nell's mother was a woman in her late sixties, with soft gray hair, and a face pleasantly fresh and clear-skinned. Only in her dark eyes could one read the shadow of past sorrows, mingled with present loneliness and pain. Joyce thought, and when she did not smile her mouth was set in curves of quiet resignation.

"Are you feeling quite well again, my dear?" asked Mrs. Packard after Neil had told about his trip. "Neil says you had had a bad fall."

"Oh, yes, I didn't really get hurt," replied Joyce, "though I suppose I might easily have been killed."

"Yes, it frightens me to think of it," said Mrs. Packard, a shadow crossing her face.

"Frills is looking well, though, don't you think, mother?" asked Neil. "Dog spoke of it to me today. She's been keeping sort of quiet since the accident and getting in a lot of sleep."

When they were outside the house, Joyce, seized by a sudden impulse, said to Neil, "Wait a minute, I'll be right out again," and turning, she went back into the house. Mrs. Packard who had been sitting quietly gazing out of the window, looked up in surprise when she saw her daughter-in-law reappear.

Joyce ran across the room and kneeling beside the chair, she said hastily, before her courage should go back on her, "Do you . . . do you suppose we could be friends, after all? Or has Frills . . . have I been too awful?"

To her dismay she saw Mrs. Packard's eyes fill with quick tears and a flush mount to her forehead. "My

dear, my dear, nothing would make me happier than to . . . to be able to be a friend of my son's wife," she replied, her lips quivering, "to have you want it!" She laid her arm gently around Joyce's shoulders.

"I'm coming again soon, alone, and then, we'll . . . we'll get acquainted," stammered Joyce. She rose and lifting her head nearer, kissed Mrs. Packard lightly. Then she ran out of the room to Neil.

When they got back to the house Joyce was relieved to find that they had no company.

"Let's see what's on the radio tonight?" suggested Neil. Joyce assented, rather curious to hear. She soon discovered that Nell's idea of enjoying the radio was to spend all his time and effort trying to get distant stations.

Joyce, bored finally at the superlatives of the unseen speaker who was boosting enthusiastically for the glories of California, got up and said goodnight, hoping that Neil would remain downstairs.

Packard immediately shut off the radio and announced his intention of accompanying her. By the air of happy expectation on his face, Joyce realized that she was about to reap the inevitable results of her friendliness toward him that day.

She decided this time to take no chance of repeating the soap inci-

dent and when they reached the bedroom she turned to him said, "Good-night, Neil, I'm going to read for a while."

"But, Frills, sweetheart," he began, detaining her, "you've been so wonderful today and—I love you so! I want you so, dear." He drew her closer into his arms whispering the last words close to her ear. "Such adorable little ears!" he said, kissing them again and again. "I'd be so happy if I were sure of you!"

"Listen, Neil," she said quietly, "won't you, if I ask you as a favor to me and as a return for being what you call reasonable and sensible, won't you please let me slip in the other room without asking questions and going through this sort of thing every night?"

Her manner evidently made an impression on him for he released her immediately, saying, "I'm sorry, dear. It's just that I love you."

He paused and added hesitatingly, "But—will you come of your own accord when you're ready?"

"Of course," promised Joyce hastily, suddenly extremely embarrassed by the conversation after her momentary self-confidence. She said good-night again and went off to her room and shut the door.

### Wins Air Race



Henrietta Sumner, of Los Angeles, Calif., flew 45 miles in 17 minutes, 7 seconds in the second annual air race for women flyers at New York, June 4 thus winning the Annette Gibson cash award over 23 competitors.

The next night when they were going upstairs Neil said, "Look here, sweet, I hate like the devil to have you sleeping indoors. You ought to be getting all this wonderful fresh air. Let me move your bed out to the other end of the porch. I won't bother you."

"Oh, there's plenty of fresh air in my room with all those windows open," returned Joyce hastily, "really it's just like being out of doors."

"Let me sleep indoors then," he suggested, generously, "and you sleep out here."

"I'm lots more comfortable inside—you're lot more dependent on air than I am," she told him.

Nearly a fortnight later Joyce set off one morning on Rosita for an all-day ramble through the hills. She carried her lunch and a book with her and told Roxie not to expect her back until late in the afternoon.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## Sunday School Lesson

JESUS RISES FROM THE DEAD  
Lesson for June 8, Mark 16:1-20  
Golden Text Mark 16:6

The words of our Golden Text, "He is risen," are spoken by the white-robed messenger at the tomb of Jesus, to a group of women who had come early on the Resurrection morn-

ing to anoint their dead Master, when they arrive they found that something unusual had happened. There had been a mighty earthquake, a huge stone had rolled away from the sepulchre, and in the tomb was an empty space.

Naturally the women were frightened, but the angel reassured them. Do not be terrified," he said. "It is Jesus you are looking for. He is risen! He is not here!" What the women needed was faith, faith in a living Lord. It was to that that the angel called them.



Rev. Chas. E. Dues

Of course the Easter story has in its elements of fact as well as the element of faith. The Golden Text may be considered a statement of fact as well as the pronouncement of a faith. But the faith is more significant than the fact. It is the Easter faith in a Christ triumphant over death that constitutes the foundation stone of the Christian Church.

What actually happened on the day of Resurrection we do not precisely know. But we can, with perfect confidence, look at Jesus with eyes of faith, and say "He is risen!" And we can remember our loved ones, hidden from sight, and say, also with faith, "They, too, are alive!" Then we can look at ourselves again in faith, and cry, "We, too shall live!"

But the Easter faith is much more than the assurance of immortality. It is a faith we desperately need for the proper conduct of the affairs of every day. Marshal Foch once said that morale is more important than material. Now morale is the fruit of faith, the faith St. John calls "the victory that overcometh the world."

Too many of us try to live within the narrow walls of proof. We seek to explain everything. What we need to learn is to release our energies in the spirit of a great adventure of faith.

### Bruce Barton

TO SUCCESS WITHOUT SINCERITY

Sincerity glistened like sunshine through every sentence Jesus uttered; sincerity is the third essential. Many wealthy men have purchased newspapers with the idea of advancing their personal fortunes, or bringing about some political action in which they have a private interest. Such newspapers almost invariably fail. No matter how much money is spent on them, no matter how zealously the secret of their ownership is guarded, the readers are conscious that something is wrong. They feel that the voice of the editor is not his own. The public has a sixth sense for detecting insincerity; they know instinctively when words ring true.



Bruce Barton

It was the way Jesus looked, men, and the life he led among them gave his words transforming power. What he was and what he said were one and the same. Nobody could stand at his side even a minute without being persuaded that here was a man loved people and considered the humblest of them world-

## THESE ARE FLYING TIMES

An American aviator, James Matern, breaks the world's record for air travel between New York and Moscow. The President's wife flies across the continent. Frank Hawks flies from Los Angeles to New York without touching the controls.

Flying seems to be looking up. Of course, some of the revival of interest in aviation is purely seasonal; we're having better flying weather than in mid-winter. But looking over the figures of passenger mileage on the great airplane routes whose planes make their schedules day in, day out, at all seasons of the year, we are forced to the conclusion that traveling by air has at last become as popular in America as it has been for years in Europe.

It is only six years since Lindy flew the Atlantic. That really gave commercial aviation its first great start in America. We had lagged behind Europe in the development of both military planes and of commercial flying, although aviation is the one great advance in human progress which all the world concedes to be of American origin. The war forced military aviation on us, but there is a vast difference between military planes and commercial flying. Military planes have to be swift and maneuverable; safety is a minor consideration. Commer-

cial planes have to be safe, first. Most of the difficulties and accidents of early commercial aviation in this country were due to the effort to make military planes do work they were not designed for.

Now we have developed commercial, passenger-carrying planes which are far safer than motor-cars, if the proportion of accidents to mileage is considered. They are equipped with instruments which enable them to fly as safely by night or in fog as in broad daylight. By radio they are in touch with the ground at all times, receiving weather reports and flying instructions, and, lately, even being able to carry on conversation with distant points and other planes while flying. And the latest achievement, the "robot" pilot which guides the plane according to the compass, removes the danger of the pilot going to sleep.

Planes are getting faster, safer and cheaper. Perhaps the airplane may prove the great new industry which will give the impetus to our next wave of prosperity, as the automobile did for the last one. At any rate, we note that the biggest of all motor-car companies has bought control of the biggest of the air-lines.—Autocaster.

West Africa is the home of the world's smallest antelope; it stands only a little over 12 inches high at the shoulders.

## Want A Nice Building Lot

We have several good building lots which can be bought reasonably and on easy terms. If you are interested—either in a lot or a home see

**ROXBORO BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION**  
J. S. Walker, Sec.

# BUSINESS IS BETTER

That cherished phrase, "Business is Better" is again being heard throughout the land. It emanates from many branches of business and industry and marks an actual turn into better days. . . . Public confidence is being restored and the people as a whole are in the mood to go ahead. . . . As an individual, are you making plans to create a place for yourself in the new order of business? . . . If so we feel that we can serve you in a highly efficient manner. We solicit your patronage.

## The Courier

Quality Job Printing and Advertising  
Phone 39

1881 1933