

VERSUS YOUTH

BY

MARY HAMPTON MILLS

(Continued from last week)

"Several. I wish you would be kind and come with me for a ride this afternoon. I've wanted to ask you before but you always manage to freeze a fellow with your unapproachableness. Rather clever, having at tongue's end a word so fittingly lengthy, what?"

Cynthia's ready laugh was a perfect graduation of a musical scale. "If you really wish it, I shall be glad to go with you. I haven't seen old granny Pearson for quite awhile. Is she by chance on your list today?"

"She is, fortunately. There is only one other call to be made today. What do you say to a long drive and supper in Hendersonville at Todd's? There's a moon tonight. The ride back will be wonderful to me." The last two words were added with perturbing directness.

A quick glance toward the absorbed couple darting here and there on the court. Sears was laughing at a badly managed play of Dorothy's and her piercing voice was antagonistic as she stood at attention for his next strike. A taunting laugh as his ball went wild.

"Told you I was the better player! Now, own that my judgment was sound doctrine! Hurts to be beaten, doesn't it, Boy?"

"Don't call me that," was the savage command spoken in a low tone. Then as if fearing her quick mind—"You are a capital little player, at that. Too infernally hot for another game. Let's rest a bit."

Her smile was like sun in his eyes. "How 'bout going to the drug store for an ice cream soda? How are you Dr. Bailey? Didn't I clean Sears to a finish? Men are such darned conceited things."

Cynthia laughed and ignored Sears' frowning glance directed toward the doctor by saying lightly; "If you will wait until I change my dress Dr. Bailey, we will go. It will only be a few minutes."

"Don't hurry. We have plenty of time," the beaming doctor assured her as she moved away.

Dorothy blew a couple of kisses from the tips of her fingers and ran after the departing Sears.

"Your granddaughter is quite a finished player." The doctor offered the Col. a cigar, which was accepted with easy, old-time grace.

"She is, isn't she? Necessary, if she would gain victory over Sears." Few more pleasantries and Cynthia came back to them, drawing on her gloves as she walked.

"Very long, was it? Don't sit out here any longer, father. It isn't good for your rheumatism. Tell Dorothy that I shall not be back until late."

"Don't hurry, you are in good hands and you need a change. She stays at home with a grouchy old father too close, Bailey. I wish you would take her to task. Don't spare her."

It was quite late when the doctor said goodnight to Cynthia, giving her the most ardent of glances from beneath bushy brows. They deepened the flush on her cheeks.

"You are going with me again and again, and again," he announced with a smile a little more warmly personal than his usual professional one. "You need something in your life to stir you a bit. You've been in a lethargic state too long already. You must get out and mix with others. Do you good—do you good. A woman of your type should not selfishly deprive men of your companionship—er—er—good-night, Mrs. Earle."

Cynthia wandered in the moonlight toward the summer house, reluctant to go inside. There was an amused smile parting her lips. It was rather flattering to be appreciated by a man like Dr. Bailey.

A low, provocative laugh floated from the shadows and stood arresting Cynthia's steps. Two figures emerged from the shadows and stood clearly silhouetted against a background of rambler roses and wisteria.

"You are a dear nut, Sears!" Then with seriousness—"I know that I can trust you not to mention anything until I give you leave."

"But Cynthia—shouldn't we tell her? Would it be right to keep her in the dark under the circumstances? I'd hate to have her think—"

"Yes, she will understand. Cynthia is old enough to know that when a girl truly loves, she sweeps every obstacle from her path when it means a future spent with the beloved. She has known the fullness, the wonder of perfect love. She won't blame me and she won't blame you after it is all over with. Why should she?"

Cynthia drew herself back of a spreading pine as the two figures came forward slowly, fully absorbed in their low spoken conversation. They stood on the steps for a few moments and then Sears said goodnight and came swinging down the path into the street.

Cynthia shivered with sudden chill. The lure of the night was gone although the sky was powdered with

stars and the moon was still high in the heavens. She hurried inside and to her room.

"That you, Cynthia?" Dorothy called.

"Yes, it is I. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Have a good time, old dear?"

"The drive home was lovely! Did you ever see a more perfect night?"

"Perfectly ripping! Sears and I had a good time, too. He stayed to supper and afterward we went to the movies. May I come in your room and smoke, Cynthia?"

"I don't approve of your smoking, Dorothy, as you know; but if you must do it, come on, I'm surprised that Thelma would allow it."

"Why not? She indulges occasionally herself. Bridge parties, you know. But I'm going to stop, honor bright. I only have a few in the pack and they shouldn't be wasted. Sears doesn't approve either. I promised him to stop after these are gone and when I promise anything, I don't mean maybe."

"I hope that you mean it, dear. You are far too fine, Dorothy, for lang and cigarettes."

"Maybe so. Isn't Dr. Bailey a striking looking man? Sears called him a jackass, which was rather low-down of him, what?" A gurgling laugh.

"He is nice, very nice," Cynthia insisted, braiding her hair and carefully securing the ends with the "bobbings."

"You look awfully young with your hair like that, Cynthia," was the next admiring remark, punctuated by soft little puffs blown into rings.

At last Dorothy's chatter ceased. With a sleepy yawn she said a brief goodnight and went to her room, leaving Cynthia mortally tired. And hers was a sensitive ravens about her heart. Was life really worth the ace to anyone? One shipwreck she had already—right in the midst of unsuspecting happiness, too—and now—

A primitive feeling, handed down through the ages, as old as life itself, flared hot within her heart, subsided with weakening suddenness. Her hands trembled a little as she turned down the covers of her bed and crept between cooling sheets.

A tear forced its way from between closed eyes and splashed on her cheek. What was the good of playing against Youth? Dorothy had everything—everything, while for her there was nothing save the slow process of withering age.

The next day Sears failed to put in an appearance. Dorothy's time was spent mainly in watching for him with an impatient frown on her pretty face.

"I wonder what Sears can be doing?" she exclaimed fretfully on the second day of his non-appearance.

"My soul, but it's lonely here! How do you stand it, Cynthia, when there's no one around but granddaddy?" She turned from the window and eyed her aunt with sudden interest.

"Have you never thought of getting married again, Cynthia? Mother says your heart is buried in uncle Robert's grave, but that's perfect bosh. The present age knows no such constancy and it's a good thing. You need someone to care for you and be with you when you are old. Take Dr. Bailey, for instance. You would fish him in with mighty little effort on your part. I saw that. I just know he has a most benevolent disposition in spite of his fierce looking brows."

Sears came later in the day and Dorothy went for a walk in the country. "I would ask you to come along, Cynthia, but there is a matter of vital importance I want to discuss with Sears this afternoon."

That night Dorothy asked Cynthia to her room for a talk and Cynthia followed, wondering a little at the girl's rapid fire of disconnected remarks and the brightness of her eyes. Dorothy pushed forward a chair, continuing her light chatter as she disrobed. After a short silence she asked in her direct manner, "Cynthia how is one to know when one truly loves? When you gave up your freedom for Uncle Robert, did you mind in the very least way?"

For just the merest fraction of an instant Cynthia was silent. A little pain—

"When one is quite willing to be all and in all to one person, to shut out the whole world, if one needs just—"

"That is just what Sears said. He is very dependable for one of his years, don't you think?"

Cynthia had whitened a trifle. Beat, Beat, Beat. What troublesome heart was hers. Her head went up a little proudly. Her spirit had never trailed in the dust, nor should it now. She answered calmly.

"Twenty five is not so very young, Dorothy. Yes, Sears Chalmers is, as I think, dependable."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

DOTS & DASHES

—By DOT—
"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"
"Oh, yes, often."
"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctor doctor wants to be doctor, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—Pathfinder.

City Urchin (in the country for the first time): "This is just like grass, ain't it?"

Little Friend: "Why, it is grass, Chimmie."
Urchin: "No, it ain't, cos yer don't have to keep off it."—Boston Transcript.

Greenhorn: "And how can we tell when we're near an elephant?"

Bored Companion: "You'll detect a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."—Life.

Mother: "Archibald Giltrucks, what do you mean, talking to your sister that way?"

Above-Named: "We're playing I'm a traffic cop, ma."—Alliston Recorder.

I gaze across the street so wide, I start, I dart, I scam, I glide, I take my chances, O, so slim— I trust to eve and nerve and limb: I scoot to right, I gallop through, I'm here and there, I'm lost to view. My life, I know, hangs in the toss— Another plunge—I am across! O, give me pity, if you can I'm just a poor pe-des-tri-an.

—T. R., in the Boston Transcript

Captain: "What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?"

Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."—Orange Owl.

A young minister, attracted by Sister Grace, was dining with the family. Little Sister was talking rapidly when the minister was about to ask the blessing, so, turning to the child, he said in a tone of mild reproach—"Laura, I am about to ask grace."

"Well, it's about time," answered Little Sister in an equally reproving tone. "We've been expecting you to ask her for a year and she has, too."—Exchange.

"How could they have the wedding if the groom wasn't there?"

"Well, no one noticed his absence until the ceremony was over."—Life.

A little country girl went shopping in the city with her mother, and her first experience in an elevator. "How did you like it?" asked the father on her return.

"Why, it was so funny, daddy," answered the child. "We went into a little house, and the upstairs came down."—Clipped.

"Why did you tell that stalled auto party that you hadn't any gasoline?"

"Well, you see," replied the old farmer, "I wouldn't have made over fifty cents on the gas they wanted, while I got a five-spot off them for towing them to the station."

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."—East Grimstead Observer.

"I don't know what's got into that young clerk of mine these days. I can't get any work out of him."

"That's not surprising. Spring may quicken the sap in the trees, but it slows up the sap in the office."—Boston Transcript.

A schoolboy's essay: "A goat is about as big as a sheep if the sheep is big enough. A female goat is called a buttress, a little goat is called a gotee. Goats are very useful for eating up things. A goat will eat up more things than any animal that ain't a goat. My father had a goat once. My father is an awful good man. Everything he says is so, even if it ain't so. That is all I know about the goats."—Epworth Herald.

"They're still very much in love with each other."

"Are they?"

"Yes. When she's away she writes letters to him, whether she needs money or not."—Clipped.

"I see the tailor has a lawsuit against him."

"Breach of promise?"

"No; promise of breeches."—Epworth Herald.

Grocers are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Mr. Jones was no exception to the rule. A lady came into his shop to buy some eggs. "Are they really fresh?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" he answered. "Are you quite sure, because I'm so afraid of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh."

"Boy!" called out the grocer to his helper. "Just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough to sell."—Clipped.

A Scotchman who was about to get married informed the minister that he wanted the ceremony performed in the poultry corral.

"Well, the rice will feed the hens," said the prospective bridegroom.

Edna asked her grandma whom she was visiting if she couldn't have an egg for supper.

"But," said grandma, "your mother—"

"Oh," said grandma, she lets me have lots of things darker than eggs."—Clipped.

OIL COMPANY

PLANS TOUR

A new service which is expected to bring many visitors into this locality will shortly be announced by the Standard Oil Company (N. J.). Realizing that vacationists now depend on their automobiles for most of their outings, this Company has arranged to extend very unusual help to any one planning a trip, whether this journey originates within the area served by the Company's marketing organization or not.

As a preliminary to this new departure, an experienced cartographer was engaged to make a personal survey of road conditions up and down the Atlantic seaboard, as a result of which two specially drawn maps, one covering the states of Maryland, North and South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia and District of Columbia, the other New Jersey, have been printed. Information collected in connection with this work has been put on file in an office opened at 26 Broadway, New York for handling inquiries.

If it were possible to resurrect the nomadic tribes of Egypt and offer them a new beginning in one of the aggressive states along the Atlantic seaboard, these famous travelers of ancient civilization would have to learn their trade all over again in the classroom of the American motorist.

Down through the ages have come great change in transportation. In the last decade the garage has taken the place of the railroad depot as the starting point of most family outings and vacations. There would be endless other strange things and situations with which these venerable citizens of the Nile Valley would have to acquaint themselves. How many of them, for instance, would be able to comprehend a touring service, which requests all who travel the roads, north, south, east and west to let it assist them without charge?

"Standard" Touring Service with headquarters in room 268, 26 Broadway, New York, has been established to aid the motoring traveler in planning and completing trips. Except in cases of unusually heavy demand the touring service office will answer within twenty-four hours all inquiries coming by mail, telegram or telephone.

It will furnish routes in detail, based on the latest information regarding road conditions. It will name scenic points to look for along the course of travel and describe the condition of roads which will be encountered by the prospective traveler.

The scope of this service embraces the United States. It is available in general to the motoring public. Maps with routes traced in color to make the driver's task easy will accompany the answers to all inquiries whenever possible.

Distance barriers have long since been broken down. The automobile

with its almost unlimited travel range has contributed largely toward bringing this about. But improved roads, stretching out in every direction and the availability of those petroleum products needed in the operation of a motor car have made this possible.

There is no article of commerce, from pins to postage stamps, so easy to purchase as gasoline and motor oil. One might think that the automobile was a stationary consumer judging by the pains which have been taken to have petroleum products dispensed at most convenient

points. The mountain has been taken to Mohammed.

Now through "Standard" Touring Service the nomads of 1927 America have another convenience, subject only to their beck and call.

Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, New York novelist, ranked highest in a recent mentality test, in which many prominent men and women were examined.

John Barleycorn may not be entirely dead, but a lot of his old cronies are.

Shave Quickly

With a super-keen blade. A dull blade means a slow shave. Learn what stropping does. Buy a Valet Auto-Strop Razor. It gives a comfort, speedy shave every time. \$1 up to \$25.

Valet Auto-Strop Razor
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Higher Quality at Lower Price

because of increasing Volume Production

January, 1925—There was introduced a new Chevrolet which scored a tremendous success. Among its many new features were: a new and rugged rear axle, an improved only power plant, a new single-plate disc-clutch, a much stronger frame, semi-elliptic chrome vanadium steel springs, cowls and dash-lamps, and new Fisher bodies finished in Duco.	August, 1925—Chevrolet announced a new measure of value based on many new quality features—such as motor-driven Klaxon horn, improved sheet metal construction in the bodies, corrugated steering wheel with walnut finish, new headlamp rim construction and a more convenient gear-shift lever. Yet, despite all the additions... the Coach was reduced to \$695.	January, 1926—Increase in Chevrolet value offering many mechanical improvements, such as a smoother motor with three-point silent V-belt generator, pump, more efficient cleaner, larger brakes, standard these improvements... the Coach was reduced to \$735.
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and now—

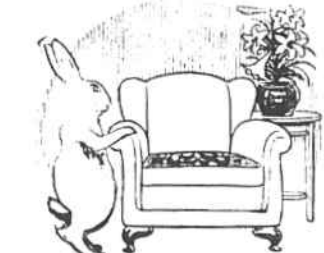
The Most Beautiful Coach In Chevrolet History!

Climaxing all of Chevrolet's previous value triumphs, the Chevrolet Coach of acclaimed as the outstanding closed car value of all time. Beautiful new five-paneled and beaded, rakishly low and finished in new colors of genuine Duco... full-crown, one-piece fenders... bullet-type headlights... AC oil filter and AC air cleaner... finer performance, greater riding comfort and remarkable steering ease! A car so marvelously beautiful that you must see it to appreciate it—Yet the price has been reduced to \$500.

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If you wish to make the heart of friend husband glad this Easter season, present him one of our newly designed and beautifully upholstered easy chairs. It will prove to be his snug harbor of refuge every evening of the year. It may keep him at home when he might stray afield. We want friendly wives to come and see these easy chairs.



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