

"CUPID RIDES A BUS" by POLAN BANKS

CHAPTER XV

...broke apart, staring at each other with new eyes.

"Oh—my gosh!" he gasped. "And made me to seize her with osculatory again."

Ginger came to earth with a bump. She blinked, then smacked her forehead.

"You dared you!" she spat out. "My arms froze in mid-air; and then instinctively sought to smother my face. Before he could do anything more, she turned and ran the path to the house on Broadway. He followed her, but slowly, charged yet oddly.

...entered the dining room, and sat down to dinner. The room was empty, except for the proprietor who was also acting as waiter. When the latter disappeared into the kitchen, Tony kept her eyes on her.

"I'm sorry, Tony. It was my fault. I guess."

"You rubbed his cheek, and grinned?"

"Being sorry doesn't straighten my jawbone!" he chuckled. "I'm having a sparring-partner for a while!"

"You won't have anybody for a date after tomorrow," said Ginger. "I don't know I had one now," Tony.

"I said nothing else, and they ate their dinner in silence. At its close they lingered over coffee, and she offered her a cigarette, and accepted it. Just then the proprietor turned on a radio, behind the counter. As he fiddled with it, they heard snatches of a radio voice.

"It's Sunday night," Ginger suddenly remembered. "That must be Walter Winchell—tune him in, Tony!"

"Sure," and Tony agreeably, turned to make peace.

"Winchell's gossip of Hollywood Broadway suddenly filled the room, and they listened as millions of others were listening elsewhere. Tony stole a glance at Ginger. Her eyes were rosy on the radio. Suddenly the name of his name froze Tony in place.

"FLASH!—Anthony Taylor, son of the traction king—is grooming in a Fifth Avenue rooming house on the road to Miami!"

Ginger and Tony looked at each other, stunned.

"Winchell went on: 'Young Taylor, who was expelled from Yale last week for the first time, married Ginger last night, a night club lassie, in a Carolina town yesterday,

rather than face arrest and conviction on a charge of breaking the Mann Act with Miss Drake—which was offered him as an alternative." The radio commentator paused, for an infinitesimal second while Mrs. Anthony Taylor, frozen, stared at the man whose name she bore, then he concluded: "Betting on Broadway and in New Haven is ten to one the scandal will cost Tony his father's street railway millions!"

Ginger gasped. Tony swore. She rose to her feet, white as a sheet, as Tony hurriedly reached over and cut off the radio. They stared at each other.

Ginger spoke first. "How on earth did he—who could—"

"Your crooner friend!" he told her bitterly. "The dirty so-and-so kept his word!"

"What word?"

"His threat on the telephone—"

Tony caught himself, then shrugged his shoulders, and told her the whole story. Ginger listened, white-faced.

"And it's the truth—then? About your father?" She gulped. "I thought you said he worked for the trolley company?"

"He does," said Tony. "Only he isn't a motorman any more. He's president."

"Then you're really—rich—a millionaire's son?"

"So what?" he wanted to know, irritably. He was busy thinking of things he'd like to do to Ronny Rockaby.

Ginger reddened, remembering various remarks she had made to Tony—her admission that she liked luxuries, meant to marry a millionaire some day. And here she had been married to one, all the time! But suddenly another thought struck her so distressing as to over-shadow her shame.

"Your father will blame you, won't he? He'll disinherit you—like Winchell said!"

"He's most likely done it already," said Tony, cynically. "He's been threatening to ever since I got thrown out of college the first time."

"This'll finish you!" she exclaimed. "And it's all my fault. You did it to help me get to Miami!"

"Forget it," said Tony. "I guess I've had it coming, after making an ass of myself in school. I'm only sorry about the rotten publicity."

"But neither of us—nothing wrong happened!"

"Try and make anybody believe that, now!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, the publicity ought to do you some good, at least—it'll cinch you a job."

"Tears stung her eyes.

"Do you think I want a job—that way?"

"A job's a job. Anyway a career's what you want isn't it? Didn't you want to be famous—successful—

and land yourself a millionaire?" He laughed shortly. "You've only landed a pauper so far—but still, you always did intend to throw him back into the sea!"

"I'm not going to marry anybody—ever again!" said she, in an odd voice. "You were right Tony. You don't have to be rich to be happy. A person should make his own way—work for his happiness."

Tony gave her a peculiar look, as if seeing her for the first time. He had been giving her similar looks ever since they had come in to dinner, following that kiss in the garden.

"Maybe I've been wrong," said Tony. "Suppose a guy falls in love and wants to give his girl things? Cars, and clothes, and trips abroad, and—and the moon—if she wants it?" He stared into space as if discovering a great truth. "You can't do that by sharing the wealth!"

"A couple can share romance—and life—"

"They don't need money!"

"You can't buy mink coats and snappy roadsters just with romance," said Tony, eagerly. Love had come to him suddenly—so suddenly that it had completely reversed his outlook on life. He was still rather dazed by the swift change.

"You don't need mink coats and expensive cars to be happy!" Ginger pointed out. With the discovery of Tony's identity as a rich man's son, had come a deep-abiding shame for the things she been saying the past few days. Partly because of this, and partly because she instinctively was against anything Tony was for, she, too, had simultaneously undergone a mental about-face.

Tony stared at her, and his face showed a sudden growing delight. "Do you mean—that maybe you won't want a divorce, after all?"

She stared at him, shocked into silence by his words and their implications.

"That kiss—" he rushed on, "did you mean it—when you kissed me that way? Or didn't you?"

Ginger sat horrified; for in that moment she allowed herself to realize that she had meant that kiss—and there were no denying what that meant. However, there was her pride. Tony had called her a gold digger. If she admitted she loved him, now he would think it was because she had discovered his father was a millionaire; she could never hope to convince him of the truth. Her earlier statements were boomeranging on her, smashing her sudden new hopes to bits.

She steeled herself.

"A kiss is only a handshake, on Broadway," she told him, a bit unsteadily. And abruptly turned the subject. "Where's your father now?"

His face fell.

"In Palm Beach, now. Why?"

"Why don't you go to him and tell him the whole truth? I'll back you up."

"That's out," said Tony, flatly. "I've made my bed—and it's yours truly's exclusively!"

"Then if you won't—I will!" she declared. "You married me to get me out of a hole. I can't do less

The Chief Meets His New Staff



The new streamlined General Staff meets with Chief of Staff George C. Marshall in Washington for the first time. Seated, left to right, are Lieut. Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of Air Forces; Marshall, and Lieut. Gen. Lesley McNair, Chief of Ground Forces. Standing, left to right, are Maj. Gen. J. T. McNarney, in charge of War Department reorganization, and Maj. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of Supplies.

Applications For AAA Lime Shows Increase In N. C.

In line with the nation's wartime needs for large increases of certain essential crops, and continuance of soil conservation practices, North Carolina farmers are increasing use of crushed limestone as a soil building material, according to E. Y. Floyd, executive

James Clark, Mrs. Joe Duckett, Miss Betty Parrott, Richard Alder, Clifford Fisher, Mrs. R. L. Plemons, Baby Billy Lockman. Mrs. Arlee Henson, Mrs. Harley Smith, Shuford Mills, Mrs. Wiley Noland, Mrs. Buford Birchfield and baby, Mrs. W. H. Reed and baby, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. J. A. Mills, Baby Wade Moore, Mrs. Chas. Hyatt and baby, Mrs. Paul Arrington, Mrs. Chas. Parrott, Baby Elaine Curtis, Mrs. A. E. Carver and baby and Mrs. R. D. Pless.

Rambling Around

(Continued from page 2) May have no need to lye. —Angler's Prayer. The term "big fish" is a relative one—as in the case of the one that got away,—relative to the fisherman's excitement and the listener's credulity. But there are in North America two unquestionable giants of the piscine world, the White or Oregon Sturgeon of the rivers of the Pacific Northwest and the Alligator Gar of the Mississippi and the other rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. Interestingly enough these fishes are both members of the "first families" of fish—the Ganoidei. The ganoids from the Greek word ganoini, meaning shining, have large heavy scales with an outer layer of shining enamel or ganoin. They are at least partly clad in armour as the photographs will show.

assistant of State College. For the period from November 1, 1941, through May 6, 1942, Mr. Floyd said, farmers of the state ordered 236,800 tons of limestone from the Agricultural Adjustment Agency for use on pasture lands, hay crops, and small grain. For the corresponding period of the previous year, he said, 196,351 tons of limestone were ordered. At the same time, he declared, 11,471 tons of 20 per cent superphosphate have been ordered this year.

He urged farmers who plan to use additional limestone on their land this fall with small grain crops to place their orders as quickly as possible to insure delivery. "The current transportation situation is making it more difficult to obtain supplies of limestone within a short time after orders are received," he said. "This situation probably will grow worse as troops and war materials movements place an additional burden on railroad facilities."

The AAA official pointed out that, in placing orders for fall delivery farmers should give proper consideration to the possible shortage of other materials which now are going for war purposes, and that needs should be considered in relation to the war production program.

Crushed limestone is obtained from the AAA through county agricultural conservation associations as grant-of-aid material, and costs of it are deducted from conservation payments due farmers at the close of the program year.

HOSPITAL NEWS

- Mrs. John Pressnell, of Clyde, route 1, operative case, is better.
- Mrs. Ellen Francis, of Clyde, route 1, medical case, is unchanged.
- Miss Ola Frady, of Candler, operative case, is improving.
- Helen Kenley (colored) of Canton, operative case, is better.
- Master Kenneth Clarke, of Hazelwood, operative case, is improving.
- The condition of Mrs. Charles Mercer, of Waynesville, medical case, is poor.
- Mrs. Annie McClure, of Dellwood, medical case, is fairly comfortable.
- Mrs. Fred Fox, of Canton, operative case, is some better.
- Miss Ruby Joeline Fie, of Waynesville, route 2, medical case, is improving.
- Mrs. William Heinz, of Waynesville, route 2, operative case, is resting more comfortably.
- Miss Minnie Early, of Canton,

operative case, is resting better.

Mrs. Harry Plott, of Canton, operative case, is improving.

The condition of J. C. Arnold, of Waynesville, operative case, is fairly good.

Guy Sutton, of Sylva, route 1, operative case, is resting fairly well.

Mrs. Joe Howell, of Waynesville, operative case, is some better.

DISCHARGED

Among those discharged from the Haywood County Hospital during the past week were the following: Mrs. C. Y. Hyman, Mrs. Hampton Webb and baby, Mrs. Harry Lee Liner, Jr., and baby, Master Ray Gillis, Martin Conard, James E. Downs, George Sisk, Jackie Sue Messer, Master Leon Warren, Miss Naomi McConnell, Master Archie Lee Earley, Master Ney Henson, R. V. Brown, Red Lenoir (colored), Mrs. Lewis Stamey and baby, Mrs. Mitchell Caldwell and baby, Mrs. Gene Kuykendall and baby, Willard Clark,

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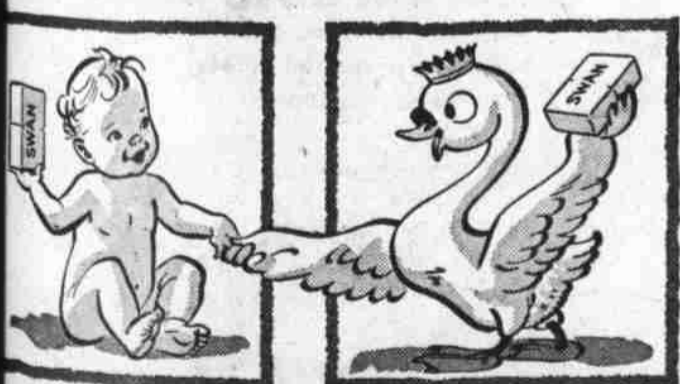
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