

# AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

**TWELFTH INSTALLMENT**

It was evident that Neil was blowing off steam which had accumulated for some time, and secretly Joyce's spirits 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 moved by Packard's emotion and 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. But again her desire to make Neil realize 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 Neil! 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 does come up you'd rather do this afternoon, it's all right, you know. We can go to mother's 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 horseback 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 she retired to her room to rest and read until time for Neil's return. "I'm out to every one Roxie," she gave definite instructions, "I don't care if it is the Prince of Wales."

At four-thirty she dressed carefully, and then waited for Neil 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 the 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.

"Hullo, 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 greetings. 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 Neil'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 Neil 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 Neil'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 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's 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, Neil?"

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

Neil'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 said 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. "Doc 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 to 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 Neil'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 incident and when they reached the bedroom she turned to him and 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 sleep 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 so." He paused and added hostatantly, "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.

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 lots 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

**Fall Creek News**

Mr. and Mrs. Finley Haynes have moved from their home here to Elkin. We are sorry to have lost them from our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bryant and son, Aiden, attended Sunday school and preaching at Shady Grove Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bryant a fine girl.

J. J. Vestal, John Bray and Dick Bray spent some time in Yadkinville Monday.

Jim Haynes and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haynes Sunday afternoon.

The Variety baseball team was

defeated to the tune of 18-3 Saturday afternoon by the Benham team, on the latter ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo West and children, Aubrey, J. L. and Betty Jean, of Winston-Salem, visited Mrs. J. L. Bray, Sunday.

Miss Edna Bray will leave Tuesday for Boone, where she will attend summer school at A. S. T. C.

Tailoring — Dress Making  
AN Kinds of Sewing  
Mrs. Hester Wall Laffoon  
W. M. Wall Residence  
Phone 146-R W. Main St.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Bessie Renegar, deceased, late of Surry county, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate to present them to the undersigned within twelve months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are notified to make settlement immediately.

This May 22, 1933.  
G. B. WALL,  
Administrator.

**FINE REPAIRING**  
Two Expert Repairmen In Charge  
C. W. STEELE  
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Office: Elkin National Bank Bldg.  
**DRS. GREEN and DEANS**  
OPTOMETRISTS  
Office open daily for optical repairs and adjustments of all kinds. Examinations on Tuesdays and Fridays 1 to 5, 7 to 8:30 P. M.

**NOTICE!**  
Pay your electric light bill before the 10th of each month. 5 percent will be added after the 10th.  
**SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO**  
PHONE 210

**PROGRAM**  
**Lyric Theatre**

TODAY AND TOMORROW—  
"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"  
With ERNEST TRUEX, UNA MERKEL  
Paramount News — Adm. 10c-25c

SATURDAY—  
"THE COWBOY COUNSELLOR"  
With HOOT GIBSON  
Comedy-Serial — Adm. 10c-30c

NEXT WEEK—Monday-Tuesday—  
"HOT PEPPER"  
—with—  
EDMUND LOWE — LUPE VALEZ  
VICTOR McLAGLEN — EL BRENDEL  
News-Cartoon-Comedy Adm. 10c-30c

WEDNESDAY—  
**FAMILY SHOW**  
Admission Only 10c

**GET AWAY FROM SUMMER HEAT!**  
You'll Find the Lyric Theatre  
**COOL AND COMFORTABLE!**

**Nagging Pains are Warning Signals**  
TEMPORARY pain relief remedies may save you much suffering at the moment, but putting a mask over a warning signal does not clear up the condition it was telling you to avoid.

When periodic pains, due to a weak, run-down condition, distress you, treatment for the cause of the trouble should be started without delay. Take Cardui to build up against the nagging symptoms of ordinary womanly ailments. So many women praise CARDUI, it must be good to have the widespread use that it has today. Sold at drug stores. Try it!

**Health**  
NO, THIS AD. WASN'T PREPARED FOR A DAIRY BUT . . .

IT CONTAINS A MESSAGE WITH WHICH EVERY DAIRY-MAN WILL AGREE!

Mothers! In hot weather like this it is of the highest importance that baby's milk be kept absolutely fresh—and that calls for an adequate supply of ICE.

Your dairymen uses ice to protect the milk while enroute to you. Your baby's health demands that it be kept properly cooled once it has reached your home.

To do this best—and as nature intended, use pure ice. Ice substitute machines may keep it cold, but at the same time they keep it stifled in an airtight compartment, the prey of other food odors, while in an ice refrigerator all food odors are carried out via the drain.

Play safe. Keep baby's milk cold—and safely so!

CALL 83 FOR PURE ICE  
**Carolina Ice & Fuel Co.**  
Elkin, N. C.

**RAISES WAGES**  
The E. H. Hanes Knitting company, of Winston-Salem, one of the largest underwear concerns in the world, Monday announced an increase ranging from 10 to 12 1/2 percent, which will be effective next Monday.