

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Far in the hills Joyce had found a little group of pines on the edge of a towering redwood grove. When she lay down on her back in the warm sunshine and looked up through the pines at the blue sky, she felt as if she were floating in space.

She lay thinking of Neil, and with a little thrill of satisfaction she decided that he showed no evidence of missing the old Frills.

She had now met practically every one who moved in their circle in Manzanita and had found out enough of their history and circumstances so that she could get by safely in most cases.

The month was not yet up but Joyce, summarizing her impressions and the knowledge she had gathered felt that she had given her environment a fair study and was entitled to draw her conclusions and plan her future course without further research.

First, as to Neil. She had made a number of enlightening and cheering discoveries concerning him. He was devoted to golf but did not care for dancing; he liked liquor but never drank to excess, and he disliked risqué stories more than most of his acquaintances guessed. He believed in taking one's part in the life of the community but he would have been happy to stay at home four evenings out of a week to enjoy the quiet pleasures of private life.

On her return from San Francisco she had once been forced to face the problem of her relations with Maitland. He had telephoned and called several times the first day while she was out, and on the second morning, just as she was ready for a ride on Rosita, he had appeared and caught her. . . . Joyce let her thoughts dwell dreamily for a moment on Maitland and instinctively she found herself comparing him with scorn to two men—Robert Ainsworth and Neil Packard. Measured by Ainsworth's standards, Maitland had no chance at all—it was almost unfair even to compare them.

Maitland had once or twice attempted to reopen the subject of their love, but Joyce had continued to treat him with such unmistakable coldness that he was baffled and finally let her alone.

In her thoughts she now came back, with a quickening of her pulse, to the problem of her relations with Neil. They had gone out together the evening before and cooked a camp supper high up on a hillside overlooking the valley. They lingered until it was dark, watching the stars creep out into their places. Joyce hugging her knees sat and breathed in the peace and quiet, while Neil stretched out close to her, smoking a pipe and playing gently with Dickie's ears.

Suddenly Neil had rolled over to ward Joyce and, putting his arms around her waist, laid his head on her lap. Joyce leaned back resting her weight on her hands behind her and did not touch him. She had lately avoided every slightest demonstra-

tion of affection toward him, for she had come to the disconcerting conclusion more than once that Neil was finding it harder and harder to keep his feelings in check.

She could not help realizing that it was both unwise and unkind for her to slip her hand in his, to smooth back his hair, to lean against him when they sat together, to do any one of the dozens of little caressing things which she found herself, in her liking and pity for him involuntarily and quite innocently inclined to do.

The slightest motion of this sort sent a flame of hope leaping into Neil's eyes.

How long could this go on? It was becoming more and more difficult for them both. Joyce trembled a little to recall the tenseness with which Neil had finally released his hold on her the previous evening.

Joyce had been curious to see Joyce Abbott, the one woman Neil seemed to like, and the meeting with her had come two days after her conversation with Ethel about the dinner for Rhoda Maitland. It was nearly five o'clock and Joyce dressed in riding clothes, was waiting for Neil to come home and take a ride with her before dinner.

She had just left the mirror in the living-room when she heard a motor and looking out saw a small shiny black roadster drive up to the door.

The girl who got out was dressed in white linen with a white felt sport hat and white buckskin oxfords. She was certainly rather pretty, with her big blue eyes and small neat features. . . . Joyce wondered who she was and nervously herself to the ordeal of meeting another stranger who was not a stranger.

"Sorry to bother you, Frills, but I'm out on business this afternoon," began the girl, smiling in a half-apologetic, half-defiant fashion, "and your name is on the list I had given me to call on. We want to raise a lot more money this year for the Orphans' Vacation Camp up in the Sierras and so the committee is planning a big fair and entertainment. We want to find out what you'll do for it. Will you enter the horse show and take on one of the acts in the evening?"

Joyce listened to this appeal with mixed emotions.

"Of course, I'm . . . I'm interested in it," began Joyce slowly, feeling her way and smiling pleasantly as she spoke, "but I'm not riding any more in shows and I'd rather not take part in any entertainment, but I'm . . . I'd like to help in any other way."

Her acquiescence was received with gratefully effusive thanks. The girl then rose, hesitated for a moment and said with a little wistful air which Joyce felt instinctively was not wholly genuine, "I wish we might be friends. I do so like to be friends with every one. If there's anything I can do . . . I'm so sorry."

Who was this girl anyhow? wondered Joyce, slightly exasperated by her meek manner. There had evi-

dently been some unpleasantness between Frills and her. But before she had time to speak she was saved by the arrival of Neil.

"Well, look who's here! Hello, Joyce, how are you?" he exclaimed, shaking hands cordially with her. Joyce Abbott, of course!

"Well, why not sit down? What's your hurry?" went on Neil in his heartiest manner, "what do you know? How's the new car working?"

"Oh, it's just fine! but I must run along now. I just came to ask Frills if she'd help on the affair for the Orphans' Vacation Camp. Good-bye and thanks ever so much."

"Good-bye," said Joyce. She spoke shortly, more because she could not think of anything to say than because she wished to be disagreeable. Neil accompanied the caller out to her roadster. Joyce, watching surreptitiously, was again amused to see the interest with which Neil listened and the appealing little glances Joyce Abbott threw at him from her expressive blue eyes.

"I've got her number," thought Joyce, "she's the ultrafeminine sort who clings and makes the men feel big and strong and masculine."

Thinking over the past month, Joyce was conscious of a baffled feeling of dissatisfaction when it came to her knowledge of Frills' own past.

In another direction also Joyce felt herself checked. She was no nearer accomplishing her purpose of getting back her baby than she had been when she received the first letter from Sophie. A second letter had arrived that morning—exasperatingly vague, very short and again minus an address. Joyce tormented herself trying to solve the problem, but her determination did not weaken.

Her thoughts swung round again to Neil. What was she going to do? To continue indefinitely living in the same house with him as they had been doing was impossible. She had not known what she was undertaking when she made that decision.

"I suppose I should have gone

away in the first place," she thought discouragingly. "I can't realize inside of me that I'm married to Neil Packard and I keep having the feeling that there's something all wrong about living with a man so intimately and yet not really intimately, I'll never lose that feeling of uncomfortable shyness and strangeness, I know, until . . . unless—oh dear!"

There might be among them a few congenial spirits but she did not feel any too hopeful. Yet after all, what did it matter? She reproved herself sharply for allowing the standards of Robert Ainsworth to influence her. He was nothing to her, she told herself.

As she sat there motionless, she was startled to see a man appear. With a little gasp of amazement Joyce recognized Robert Ainsworth. "Do you remember me?" asked Joyce.

"Oh Lord, how like a woman! Of course I remember you, worse luck!" he added with such profound gloom that Joyce giggled. "You're my public, you know!" He looked at her quickly and broke into a smile. "Here—please let me take your horse and turn her out into the corral."

"But . . . I was just thinking what a nice place this was to eat my lunch," said Joyce doubtfully.

"Oh, but wait until you have tasted my coffee," he protested, starting to lead Rosita away. "I'm just going to eat lunch myself and I really can make good coffee."

He was back in a surprisingly short time and said, "I never eat anything except bread and butter and fruit and coffee for lunch but I have plenty of truck in the shack and I can make anything you like. Orders taken until two-thirty."

"Oh, please don't think of getting anything for me except coffee," protested Joyce quickly, "I have my sandwiches which I really must eat or Roxie's feelings would be hurt."

"Well the coffee will be done in a few minutes. Sit down or stand up or do whatever you feel like doing. Just let me present you with the keys to the city."

He put the coffee pot on as he spoke and Joyce asked, "Do the keys of the city include permission to ask questions?"

"On all free admission days, yes. Except, of course, when Claud Alfred is around. He's just a little bit queer that way. Ever since he threw the mother of five children into the brook because she asked him whether he thought a man's necktie should match his socks, I've had to warn casual visitors not to ask him questions."

"Well, I'm glad he isn't around because I want to ask—"

"Oh, I know. You want to ask how I happen to be here. You want to say how extraordinary it is that we should meet here, after meeting in an equally extraordinary manner in San Francisco. You want to get personal. You're perfectly charming, Joyce Ashton, and I'm terrified of you. If I seem to be talking a lot and at random you've only yourself to blame. My well-known poise is shattered—"

He broke off abruptly and Joyce dropped limply into a chair. Nothing could have surprised her more than to hear Robert Ainsworth talking to her in this manner.

"Well, go ahead and tighten the clamps," he continued. "You've heaped coals of fire on my head by your sunny acceptance of everything

—haul me over them!" He smiled, but Joyce knew he was in deadly earnest.

"Sentence suspended!" she gravely retorted. Their eyes met with mutual approval for a moment, and then Joyce lightly turned the conversation to the world of books.

(Continued Next Week)

10 DIE IN CRASH

Carl Vickery, 36, pilot of an amphibian airplane; Harry Jacobs, 33, his co-pilot, and eight passengers, visitors at the world's fair, were killed Sunday when the huge plane crashed in a high wind and burned. Witnesses said a wing suddenly crumpled and the plane nose dived 600 feet into a freshly plowed field. The flaming wreckage was half buried in the ground.

Notice of Meeting of Board of Equalization

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners of Surry County will meet at its office on the third Monday in June, 1933, the same being June 19, as a Board of Equalization and Review, for the purpose of equalizing the valuations on real estate as between particular pieces of property, as provided by Section 523 of the Machinery Act of 1933.

The Board of Equalization will pass upon all questions of adjustment in valuation of real estate and unless such requests are presented at that time, no change can or will thereafter be made.

B. Frank Folger
Tax Supervisor

Henry Ford
Dearborn, Mich.

June 5, 1933

LOW PRICE CARS VS. CHEAP CARS

We do not build a low-price car: the cost to us of building our car is pretty high.

But we do sell a high quality car at a low price. Almost every new Ford V-8 car we have built so far this year, has cost more to manufacture than its selling price was. As you buy them at only \$490 to \$610, we have to depend on increasing volume to make up the difference.

The reason for this is simple:— a manufacturer who gives good value must expect to lose money on the first cars he sells because he cannot charge all his costs to the people who are first to buy.

But with the purchaser it is different — he cannot afford to lose anything on a car. It must give him full value from the first, and keep on giving him full value for years.

Two things make possible our combination of low prices and high cost quality:

1. Volume Production
2. Taking only one profit

First, we set our price at what would be fair to the public on the basis of economies we enjoy in volume production. Then, in order to justify and maintain our low price we must get volume sales.

Thus it comes that a car which is really high-cost to make, is also low-cost to buy.

There is a difference between a cheap car and a low-priced high quality car.

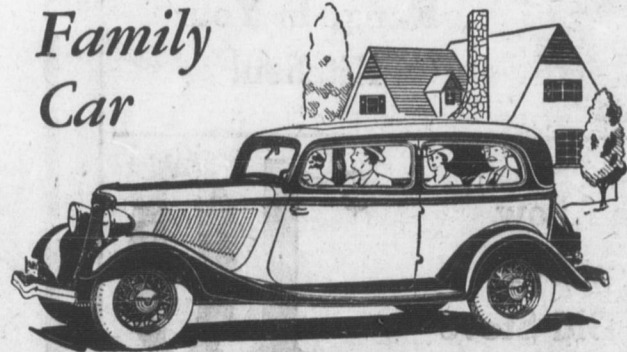
Ford prices are always fixed at a point which makes it profitable for a customer to buy.

Good and lasting business must produce profit to the buyer as well as to the seller. And of the two, the buyer's profit must be, comparatively, the larger one.

It pays us to sell the Ford V-8 because it pays you to buy it.

Henry Ford

THE FORD V-8 TUDOR
is a Splendid Low-Priced
Family
Car



\$500 (F. O. B. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra.)

• THE new Tudor Sedan is the car for the family. It costs little to buy, is economical to operate and has every desirable feature of style and beauty. Available either with standard or de luxe equipment. The wide door and sliding front seat make entrance easy. The car has 112-inch wheelbase and the new Ford V-type, eight-cylinder, 75-horsepower engine with a velvety smooth performance which makes driving a joy.

• THE DE LUXE TUDOR SEDAN, with safety glass throughout, cowl lamps, two matched tone horns and other special appointments, is \$550, f. o. b. Detroit.

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