

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

. Ellen Church, 17 der to revel with!" SYNOPSIS years old, finds herself alone in the world with her artist mother's last careless hands. warning ringing in her ears, to "love lightly." Of the world she knew lit-Of the world she knew lit-All her life she had lived alone with her mother in an old brown out of your head that I'll spend the house in a small rural community. All her life, first as a new baby then a bubbling child, then a charming yonug girl . . . she had posed for her talented mother who sold her magazine cover paintings through an agent in the city . Church's broken life . . . the unfaithful husband, his disappearance . . and after seventeen years of silence

announcement of his death was at last disclosed to Ellen. The news of the husband's death killed Mrs. Church . . . Ellen, alone, turned to the only contact she knew, the art agent in New York. Posing, years of posing, was her only talent so she was introduced to two leading artists, Dick Alven and Sandy Macintosh. Both used her as a model and both fell in love with her . . . But Ellen, trying to follow the warped philosophy of her mother to "love lightly", resists the thought of love and two or three girl models. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"How," he asked, a trifle gruffy, "about love? Doesn't that enter into your scheme of things? Doesn't

Ellen met his eyes with a chill little expression of withdrawal. "No, Dick," she said, "it doesn't Not at all!"

The man's hands dropped quite suddenly to his sides. He turned sharply away.

"It's the party of the year, The Six Art Ball" Sandy had told Ellen, a few days later. "The one mad revel of twelve whole months. I don't know exactly, why I'm asking

Look! An Old Time **FIDDLERS'** CONVENTION

At Pleasant Hill High School

Saturday Night, December 1st Beginning at 8 o'Clock

Cash Prizes Will Be Given ...15 and 25 cents

Very Much Improved After Taking Cardui

"I have suffered a great deal from cramping," writes Mrs. W. A. Sewell, Sr., of Waco, Texas. "I would chill and have to go to bed for about three days at a time. I would have a dull, tired, sleepy feeling. A friend told me to try Cardui, thinking it would help me—and it did. I am very much imin bed. I certainly can recommend Cardui to other sufferers."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

you, either, Ellen Gay is much mad-

Ellen had spread out two slender

"Take me or leave me, Sandy," she told the young man, indifferently. "And if you don't take me, get it evening home alone, bending over the washtubs.

Sandy groaned. It was a stage groan.

"That's the deseprate point of the whole thing," he told her. "If I one of her much-in-demand hands don't take you, some hated rival will. spread out, on Sandy's broad back, And I'll have to watch you as you have a good time, instead of being the guy who's giving it to you—the good time, I mean! Really, I don't polish account to do. know why I want to give you good times, Ellen, or why anybody else startling about that. But cool, with does, for that matter. Except Dick, a tattered shirt, and picturesque with who is, of course, an idealist. You gilt ear hoops and a scarlet silk never give anything in return. Not handkerchief, and the eternal Vaneven friendship. How do you get that way, child?"

place, was a real one—Sandy's stuace, was a real one—Sandy's stu-o was deluxe. But the baby was round-headed, flat-faced doll. sured her. "Sandy S. Samson, that's dio was deluxe. But the baby was Her circle of friends is small, artists Holding it, Ellen looked like a small I'm. Without either strength or will, girl playing house. But she didn't or of-character!" sound that way, when she spoke.

system that I'm beginning to well. think is fool-proof. I take every-thing that comes my way, and give the shoulder. the least possible of anything back. If I find that anyone is too interesting to me, I cut that person off relinquished her ruefully when the the list. The fact that I'm willing financier, following him, demanded to go to the Six Arts with you, an introduction. Sandy, shows how you stand in myshall we say, affections?"

Sandy sketched deftly for a moment.

"Sometimes, baby," he said at last, check for a million dollars. 'I'd like to smack you. Other times I have a wild desire to take you up in my arms and kiss a little warmth that he had lost his own girl. into you. It might as well be me, you know. It will be somebody, some day."

Ellen thought back to her talk Ellen thought back to her talk with Dick. Thought back to other than a paragraph!" Sandy h a d

"It won't be somebody, some day!" she answered, and her mouth was her head was warm and tired, and

Ball with me. Won't you, darlin'?" suddenly older than all the rest of Ellen sat down again in front of the room, put together. the fireplace, and lifted the doll in more weary, more tired. Certain her arms, and laid her soft cheek remarks that she had made to Gay against the round top of its hard came back to her. Also certain porcelain head. Over that head her things that her mother, three years eyes surveyed Sandy almost somber- ago had said.

But she nodded her assent. For, you!" she had told Gay. after all, it was a good party-the Six Arts Ball, A good party!

snapping balloons, and hurrying by the crowd . . waiters—their black suits standing out, like blots of ink, against vivid- and sharp elbows and sliding ankles ness of the crowded room. The all about her, was realizing that if steady, savage thud of the jazz bands one is different, one can be a part of the crowd—and, at the same long dancing space. And slender time, be sitting on the window-sill! girl bodies in costumes of flame and

5°

5c

noisy, rhythmic, barbaric composition.

without giving it more than a passing thought. Being bohemian, and jumbled things. having his own rough bit of going for a few hours out of a crowded mind was saying. life.

Streamers of colored silk and popping balloons and perfume and jazz. And the throb of feet, the buzz of voices.

And in the middle of it all. Ellen Church. Dancing with Sandy and smiling her chill, provocative little smile across his shoulder, at any mail who passed. Ellen advertising her slim, lovely legs in the brief costume of a page boy. Ellen with so that other artists might see how pretty her fingers were, and remember them if ever they had a nail

Sandy-he was a pirate. Nothing

that way, child?"

Ellen was posing for an illustration a line was, in the illustration a line was, in the illustration a line was, in the illustration a line was a young mother. Sitting before a fire- a Samson you'll turn out to be!"

Ellen laughed and danced with

"I play a system, Sandy," she said. Sandy, and was glad that he danced The cartoonist tapped Ellen on

"Yessir, you're my baby!" he told her, and Ellen danced with him. He

Ellen danced with the financier and tried not to hate his hot, fat fingers on her bare arm. After all those same fingers could write a

The author who built laughter spied her in the crowd, and forgot

The evening went on. Ellen had removed the cap that was a part of her brief page costume.

talks, with other men. Thought back thrown at her once, from over the to a lost hour, in a garden. And then heads of the dancers who passed to and fro between them.

She had removed the cap because clamped into a firm straight line.

"Anyway," he said, after quite a long while, "you'll go to the Six Arts

she answered, and her head was warm and thed, and ached a little. As she danced — passing from hand to hand, like some pretty, mindless toy, she felt

"I'm different from the rest of And her mother had said-

"I'd rather have you sit on the window-sill, separated from Streamers of colored silk and world by bars . . . than be jostled

Ellen, with hot steaming bodies

rose and green and yellow. Houri the year claimed Ellen for a dance, The most popular illustrator and Apache, Columbine and Civil tried to keep her for more. A radio star, prancing by, crooned something about "I kiss your hand, mam'selle—" only she didn't give him a chance to do it.

An actor-world weary, with four wives in his background, started toward her, across the floor. Started as one who seeks, who thirsts, after youth. Ellen, seeing him come, felt a swift nausea.

got to take me home. I'm tired of being pawed, and patted, and treated like something that's che a p What-"

thought, or the sentence. For suddenly he had loomed up, out of the crowd in front of her. A tall young man, with wide shoulders and the brown of the sun on his face. And looking out of that brown, the bluest eyes that Ellen had ever seen. He smiled down at her-very far down for a moment, before he took her, unresisting, and without even so much as a by-your-leave, from the arms of her partner. Ellen, with something odd and disturbing in her heart, with something hot pounding against temple and wrist, smiled back at him.

Ellen's partner, scarcely able to stand, but extremely voluble withal, protested.

"Say, how'd you get that way?"

questioned the partner. "I had this waltz with the lady—"
But the young man, still smiling down at the tousled, curly top of Ellen's head, danced away. Ellen, feeling his arm grow tight about her body, knew that she should have resisted that embrace. Even during the free and easy atmosphere of the Six Arts Ball, there were certain conventions — especially when the conventions concerned the tawdry

War belle, Spanish dancer and Rus- business of picking up! She should said the voice. sian peasant. All jumbled together have made some sort of a protest, got to get acquainted, you and I. whether it rang true or not. osition.

Oddly, it wasn't possible for Ellen Ellen danced in silence half way to draw away from this young man's round the crowded floor. She needed gift of laughter—sat in a box. There clasp. Not that he was holding her a great painter. Making the world, in a rudely tight manner—but be- tion, in which to think. and himself forget that he had once won the Prix de Rome. Here strength, both physical and mental, a woman whose voice raised in song to draw away! Why, she had scarce-brought tears to the eyes of thou- ly the strength to speak, to answer Many people were opposed to their sands. There a financier who could coherently his opening sentence. As use at first. toss of a check for a million dollars she made an effort, a real effort to find words, her mind was saying

'Miracles don't happen," her "They can't happen! One didn't allow them to happen.

The young man was speaking again. couldn't think of anything else to

"Where," he questioned again, "have you been? All of this time!" Ellen had caught hold of her speeding emotions. She found possible, at last, to answer in kind. "Why," she answered, "I've just

been sort of waiting around. Knowing that if I waited long enough, you'd find me. Knowing that—" The thrill that shot down all through her spine, to the very soles of her feet. It was because the young man had kissed her. Kissed

her ever so gently upon the top of her head. Ellen pulled back in his arms to survey him. She'd put him in his place! She'd be cool and scornful and-

But her eyes didn't reflect scorn! They dwelt instead upon that Upon the crumpled brown face. Pierrot ruff, under the brown square chin. They rested a moment upon the broad shoulders. And then they traveled up, to be lost in the blue, blue gaze that was bent down upon them. To be lost for so long that the young man's voice, sounding huskily, brought with it the crash that comes at the of dream

"Let's cut away from this place,"



FINE REPAIRING

Two Expert Repairmen In Charge

STEELE

E. Main St. Elkin, N. C.



TURNER DRUG CO. ELKIN, N. C.

COLDS

Liquid - Tablets HEADACHES Salve-Nose Drops in 30 minutes

An actor—world weary, with four vives in his background, started to-vard her, across the floor. Started is one who seeks, who thirsts, after outh. Ellen, seeing him come, felt is swift nausea.

"I'll find Sandy," she said. "He's of to take me home. I'm tired of leing pawed, and patted, and treated like something that's che e a p. What—"

But she never finished the bought or the sentence. For Sud
After something hap-provide to late to in-swift nausea.

Sales Cash Store, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

Sales Cash Store, Pers. Prop. \$9.00

Mrs. Ruth B. Crater, 1 lot, Bridge St. \$12.00

Sales Cash Store, Pers. Prop. \$9.00

Mrs. F. J. Settle, 2 lots, Shoe Factory. \$9.00

Mrs. F. J. Settle, 2 lots, Shoe Factory. \$9.00

Tory. \$9.00

Mrs. Ruth B. Crater, 1 lot, Bridge St. \$12.00

In Sure I lot, No Elkin \$40.12

Arvil Darnell, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.40

Mrs. W. H. Settle, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.40

Mrs. W. H. Settle, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.40

Mrs. W. H. Settle, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

O. F. Davis, Pers. Prop. \$1.40

Walter Sloop, Pers. Prop. \$2.40

Mrs. W. J. Snow, 1 lot, Gwyn Ave. \$36.00

Wrs. R. H. Spainhour, 1 lot, Chatham Park. \$12.10



Paul Gwyn **INSURANCE ALL LINES**

Security — Service Phone 258 Elkin, N. C.

But And we can't in this mad house

that breathing space of silent mo-

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



Sale of Land for Taxes

DIXIE GRAHAM, 11-30 Town Tax Collector.

Chas. R. Alexander, Pers. Prop. \$1.30 L. E. Aldridge, Pers. Prop......\$3.25 Raymond Allen, 1 lot, Highway No. 26......\$15.63 the American Play Yard Co., Pers. Prop.

H. L. Arnold, 2 lots, Gwyn Ave. Bridge Street.. ..\$23.61 Lewis Barber, 3 lots W. Main, Elk Spur St., Gwyn Ave.. ...\$54.00

H. H. Barker, 4 lots, W. Main, Elk ...\$164.50 Spur, Surry Ave. Robey M. Bates, 3 lots, North Elkin \$11.58 .\$1.68 T. G. Baugus, Pers. Prop.

Mrs. J. H. Beeson, 1 lot, W. Main J. Blackburn, 1 lot, Park \$10.60 Treely Blevins, Pers. Prop. \$4.82 Prop. ..\$9.00

ash that comes at the falling-through-space Paul Billings, Pers. Prop. \$1.49
C. N. Bodenheimer, 1 lot, Elk Spur

 Street
 \$43.65

 R. G. Boles, 2 lots, Sunset Park \$1.80

 C. K. Boren, 1 lot
 \$5.40

 W. L. Bostic, 1 lot
 \$17.38

 Boyles & Palmer, Pers. Prop. \$9.40 Elmer D. Boyles, Pers. Prop. \$6.62

ket Streets. ...\$422.50 J. Ted Brown, Pers. Prop. J. C. Brown, Pers. Prop. \$4.00

Mrs. Nell H. Brown, 1-9 of A. L.
Hendrix Estate. \$28.44
Sam W. Brown, Pers. Prop. \$9.63
Eula Bryant, 1 lot, W. Main St. \$9.60
Jess Buelin, Pers. Prop. \$13.00 \$9.63 W. E. Burcham, Pers. Prop..... Mack Burcham, Pers. Prop..... .\$12.70 S. M. Burcham, Pers. Prop.... .\$1.88 W. F. Burgiss, Pers. Prop. \$8.87 T. E. Burgiss, 1 lot, Elk Spur St.

Mrs. N. J. Butner, 1 lot, Elk Spur W. N. Minnish Est., 1 lot, Chatham \$20.85 \$4.20 J. Byerly, 1 lot (Greenwood Property) \$11.10 W. Noah M. Casstevens, 1 lot, W. Elkin .\$3.60

Central Investment Co., 1 lot, Surry Ave., 1 lot Elk Spur St.......\$60.00 Mrs. J. W. Chappell, Pers. Prop. J. W. Chappell, 1 lot, Elk. Spur St.

Annie and Minnie Chatham, 1 lot \$9.00 Geo. Chatham, Jr., 1 lot, W. Main

T. H. Cockerham, Pers. Prop...\$1.75 G. H. Cockerham, Pers. Prop...\$2.15 Mary L. Cockerham, Pers. Prop. \$7.50 Mrs. D. J. Cockerham, 1 lot, W. Main \$60.00 W. W. and Bertie Cockerham, 1 lot, W. Main St.....\$49.20

L. E. Cockerham, 1 lot, N.

\$17.78
C. A. Cooper, Pers. Prop. \$1.75
V. G. Cosifas, Pers. Prop. \$5.65
M. M. Couch, 1 lot, Shoe Factory \$7.00

\$7.00
Ray Russell, Pers. Prop. \$23.80

\$23.80
F. C. Reich, 1 lot, West Eikin, \$73.80
F. F. Roberts, 1 lot, Church Street
\$60.75

Ray Russell, Pers. Prop. \$2.15

By order of the Commissioners of the Town of Elkin, I will sell at public auction at the courthouse door at Dobson, N. C., for cash, on Monday, December 3, 1934, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following town taxes and special school district taxes for the year 1933. Cost on each name \$1.30.

By order of the Commissioners of the Town of Elkin, I will sell at public auction at the courthouse door at Dobson, N. C., for cash, on Monday, December 3, 1934, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following town taxes and special school district taxes for the year 1933. Cost on each name \$1.30.

C. H. Haynes, 1 lot, Chatham Park public auction at the courthouse door at Dobson, N. C., for cash, on Monday, December 3, 1934, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following town taxes and special school district taxes for the year 1933. Cost on each name \$1.30. Chas. W. Hendrix, 1-9 Hendrix Es-tate.....\$28.44 W. A. Hendrix Estate, 1-9 Hendrix Estate \$28.44 C. M. Holcomb, 3 lots Sunset Park J. Marshall Holcomb, 1 lot, Elk Spur

Holcomb Bros. Co., Mrs. Ella Holyfield, 1 lot, E. Elkin Johnson Oil Co., 2 lots, Vine and

R. C. Johnson, 2 lots, Main St. \$6.30 J. Z. Johnson, 1 lot, Shoe Factory Road.....\$9.40 F. A. Lineberry, 1 lot Shoe Factory

Z. E. Long, 2 lots, Chatham Park Minnie H. Lovelace, 1 lot, W. Main,

J. H. Madison, 1 lot, N. Elkin..\$15.47 J. A. Marion, Pers. Prop. D. E. Marion, Pers. Prop. Mrs. D. E. Marion, 1 lot, E. Elkin

G. E. Martin, 1 lot, Hospital Road

I. T. Martin, 1 lot, East Elkin \$6.99 Mary E. Martin, 1 lot, Chatham Park \$10.80 Dallas C. Martin, 1 lot, W. Elkin

Martin's Inc., 3 lots, W. Main St. 1 lot Elk Spur St., 1 lot Hendrix Elk Spur Sts......\$100.80 Mrs. J. W. Mathis, 1 lot, Highway No. 26.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Miller, 1 lot, High-

Park... C. R. Money, Pers. Prop. \$1.39 Ed Murphy, 4 lots, Sunset Park \$8.00 R. C. Newman, 1 lot, Shoe Factory Road.

Myra Newman, 1 lot, Sunset Park Silas Nichols, Pers. Prop. Nu-Way Cafe, Pers. Prop. Claude Oliver, Pers. Prop. Loyd Pardue, Pers. Prop... .\$2.90

Mrs. J. W. Pardue, 1 lot, East Elkin Mrs. Mamie Pardue, 5 lots, N. Elkin W. F. Pardue, Pers. Prop. John Park, 1 lot, Gwyn Ave....\$40.85 W. B. H. Pegram, 1 lot, East Elkin

Mrs. M. A. Pegram, 1 lot, East Elkin Shirley Pegram, 6 acres, Pegram L. G. Phillips, 1 lot, Highway No. 26. \$2.20

Floyd Phillips, Pers. Prop.

Herman Day, Pers. Prop. \$2.42
W. R. Dinkins, 1 lot Sunset Park
\$4.80
Dixie Barber Shop, Pers. Prop. \$4.50
R. G. Dorsett, Pers. Prop. \$4.50
B. W. Douglass, Pers. Prop. \$4.50
H. V. Durham, Pers. Prop. \$4.55
W. M. Dowell, 1 lot, Bridge St. \$12.00
H. V. Durham, Pers. Prop. \$4.38
E. M. Eldridge, 1 lot, Elk Spur St.
Elkin Barber Shop, Pers. Prop. \$4.38
E. M. Eldridge, 1 lot, Elk Spur St.
Elkin Roller Mills, 6 lots, East Main
St. and Pegram St. \$117.00
R. P. Eidson, Pers. Prop. \$2.15
G. E. Evans, Pers. Prop. \$2.15
Council Carter, 1 lot, West Elkin
Mountain Park Inst., 1 lot, West
Elkin Serguson, Pers. Prop. \$1.24
S. P. Fletcher, 2 lots, N. Elkin \$22.75
Finney & Smith, 4 lots, Hendrix
Heights. \$4.80
Noah Foard, 1 lot, N. Elkin, \$12.60
Dr. R. R. Garvey, 1 lot, Hendrix
Heights. \$4.80
D. P. Gilliam, 1 lot, Gwyn Ave, \$30.00
Mrs. Marion Gilliam, 11 acres, North
Elkin. \$9.60
T. C. Green, Pers. Prop. \$2.15
E. C. Grier, 1 lot, Bridge St. \$75.00
Parks G. Hampton, Pers. Prop. \$2.15
E. C. Grier, 1 lot, Bridge St. \$75.00
Parks G. Hampton, Pers. Prop. \$3.25
U. Fletcher Harris, Pers. Prop. \$3.25
Fletcher Harris, Pers. Prop. \$3.25
Fletcher Harris, Pers. Prop. \$3.25
Fletcher Harris, Pers. Prop. \$3.26
S. Mrs. R. H. Spainhour, 1 lot, Chatham
Park
W. J. Show, I lot, Chatham
Park
W. Stele, 9 lots, N. Elkin \$12.10
Mrs. R. H. Spainhour, 1 lot, Chatham
Park
W. Stele, 9 lots, N. Elkin \$12.00
Mrs. Matt Thompson, 1 lot, Elk Spur St. \$9.60
Dr. J. T. Taylor, 1 lot, Elk Spur St. \$9.60
Dr. J. T. Taylor, 1 lot, Elk Spur St. \$9.60
Mrs. Matt Thompson, 1-9 Hendrix
Heights. \$93.75
J. W. Wagoner, Pers. Prop. \$8.90
Mrs. Ada Whitaker Est., 1 lot, Elk
Spur Street. \$93.75
Annie B. Wilson, 1 lot, Chatham
Park
N. J. Showin, 1

STORE LOCATED ON ROUTE 26

FIRE WORKS!

FOR SALE

Cleat Simmons'

Grocery Store

ARLINGTON, N. C.

16 CHINESE CRACKERS

20 CHINESE CRACKERS

52 CHINESE CRACKERS