

HEARTS WALKING

Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

CHAPTER XII

Jim caught Mr. Sanders' eyes. "Might as well give in, young feller," he remarked dryly.

"But—," began Jim. "You don't really want to leave me, do you, darling?" cooed Helen, nibbling at his ear.

"No—er—of course not," stammered Jim, wishing she would restrain her affectionate gesture to a private audition.

In the end Jim telephoned the office and in a not very happy voice informed Judge Hetchcoote that he would not be back that afternoon.

Helen had been tickling the back of Jim's neck with tiny moist kisses while he was telephoning. When he hung up the receiver she pulled him down upon a love seat by the window and cuddled into his arms. Jim cast an anguished glance at the open door into the other sitting room where her father was striding up and down chewing savagely on an unlighted cigar while he dictated to his secretary.

Bell boys ran in and out with more telegrams. The telephone rang constantly. Mr. Sanders called his New York office, an oil field in Texas, and once he talked to his London agency as casually as Jim would have telephoned to the nearest town.

Mr. Sanders sent downstairs to the bar for Manhattans. Helen insisted on being fed her cocktail by spoonful. The waiter acted as if he were blind, deaf and dumb, but Jim felt as if his face were a three-alarm fire.

"Darling," murmured Helen, "you must get used to having no privacy. The rich don't."

"I'm not rich," said Jim. She snuggled against him. "You're marrying me. Father's going to make you vice president of something," she cried in a beatific voice.

"But—" he began again, only Helen interrupted.

She was gently nuzzling his Adam's apple which made it difficult for him to speak. "I've got a j-job," protested Jim.

"Darling, I could never live in this dull little town," said Miss Helen Sanders. "I can't wait to take you to Father's tailor," she went on dreamily. "You'll need gangs of clothes, evening and sport togs, and a valet to keep

them straight."

It was a relief when his fiancée jumped up at five and gave him an affectionate little shove toward the door. "I must dress, and it takes me hours," she said.

Mr. Sanders appeared in the doorway. "Bring your mother and sister to dinner tonight, Phillips," he said genially. "And anyone else you like. Dinner at eight, you know."

Jim's mother and Janet were at home when he came in, sitting rather forlornly, it seemed to Jim, in the kitchen. "Aren't you early, darling?" faltered Anne.

Her eyes looked red. Jim felt conscience-stricken. "We're all invited to dinner with Mr. Sanders. At eight," he added, "and I'm starved, darn it!"

"We're going to be married right away," he explained stiffly. "I'm to be vice president of something. You know, with a handsome salary and no work to do. It's going to be ge-orgeous." He made a grimace.

Anne was very white. "But, Jim, your job with Judge Hetchcoote!"

"She can't live in this poky town."

There was a painful silence. "I can't go to the dinner party," said Janet shortly. "I've a date with Tony Ryan."

"S all right about Tony," said Jim gruffly. "I was told to bring along anyone I liked."

"He's all in the family anyway," remarked Janet with a flippancy smile. "I mean we're engaged."

Anne uttered a startled exclamation. "Engaged!"

"He needs a hostess, I need the money, we've each been turned down by the other fellow, selah!" said Janet shrugging her shoulders.

Anne's cheeks were fiery red. "You aren't in love with each other?"

"Love!" cried Janet in a jeering voice. "It hasn't been mentioned. I don't believe it's ever going to be."

Anne was on her feet, the skin over her knuckles white where she was holding onto the back of a straight kitchen chair.

"So I've failed," she said in a voice neither of them had heard from her before.

Jim wriggled to his feet. "Gee, Mums, I'm sorry."

Anne looked him up and down

disdainfully. "My son is going to be a rich woman's kept husband! He loathes society. He owes it to Judge Hetchcoote to make good. But now he's turning his back on everything he ever stood for to be a lap dog."

"Mother!" cried Janet, shocked at the look on Jim's face.

Anne turned and this time it was Janet who was slowly and disdainfully looked up and down.

"My daughter hasn't the courage to live life as a gay and gallant adventurer as it's meant to be lived," said Anne. "She prefers to take the easy way out and become a wisecracking little gold-digger."

"Oh, Mother!" whispered Janet.

"Heavens knows where, except for Bill, my other daughter would have landed," said Anne.

Janet felt stricken, but she was glad she had not told about Bill.

Mr. Clive Sanders elected to entertain his party for dinner that night in the main dining room of the hotel. There were elaborate hothouse flowers for centerpieces and every variety of costly delicacy. Jim could not bear to look at the check, but everyone saw the ten-dollar tip which the multimillionaire left beside his plate.

There was only one awkward moment, precipitated by Helen. "It's so funny to think of my mother-in-law clerking in a store," she observed.

Anne saw Jim stiffen as if he had been shot in the back. "I mean," Helen explained, "one knows saleswomen must have private lives like everyone else, only one never realizes it, does one?"

It was Tony Ryan who leaned a little forward and lazily put a period to Helen's remark. "One wonders," he drawled, imitating perfectly the cool and condescending tones of her honeyed voice, "how one ever manages to breathe the common air when one's so la-di-da."

Helen knitted her brows and stared at him. "Are you by any chance taking a crack at me, Mr. Ex-Frizefighter?"

"What do you think?" murmured Tony.

Mr. Sanders, aware of the signs of a tempest beginning to form about his daughter's exquisite brow, interposed with haste.

"What shall we do with the rest of the evening?" he asked awkwardly.

"I want to go somewhere and dance," said Helen in a fretful manner. "I think mixed parties are a frightful bore." She reached over and pulled Jim closer.

"Darling, take me where we can waltz and waltz in each other's arms and forget other people. They seem so unnecessary."

They went in the end to The Golden Pheasant because it was the only reputable night club in town. There were cheap road-houses, but nothing to compare to the rococo blue and gilt of The Golden Pheasant.

Jim's arms felt peculiarly leaden when he took Helen into them. He could never remember a day which had left him so exhausted, both physically and mentally. He was as tired as if he had been dragged forcibly through one knot hole after another when they danced off.

"Sorry," he said miserably. "I'm afraid I stepped on your toe."

"You did," snapped Miss Helen Sanders.

"I'm getting a headache," she said crossly, "and it's all your fault, you and your poor relations."

Jim was very white. "Let me give you a warning. You can call me names, but don't make the error again of sneering at my mother."

Something in Jim's face brought her up. "Darling," she cried, catching her breath, "we are actually quarreling, and we mustn't." She leaned nearer and put up her enchanting mouth.

"Let's kiss and make up."

"Till the next time," said Jim sharply.

He did not kiss her. Somewhere during the preceding ten hours all the ecstasy had gone out of Miss Helen Sanders' kisses so far as Jim was concerned, leaving only the torment.

"Here comes Cathy!" cried Janet excitedly. "Doesn't she look lovely?"

Jim twisted about in his chair. Cathy was doing her solo specialty. It was a military routine. She had on brief blue satin trunks and a full white silk blouse with long graceful sleeves gathered in at her slender wrists. She was wearing a tiny gilded trench hat jauntily perched on the side of her shingled blond head, and small gilded leather boots that wrinkled down around her ankles.

"Isn't it queer how common stage women always are?" Helen drawled. "So trashy, don't you know?"

"You can't call Cathy trash," said Jim. "Not in my presence."

"Cathy?" echoed his fiancée. "My word, do you know her?"

"I'll say I do," said Jim, "and she's wonderful."

Miss Sanders elevated one exquisite white shoulder, made another caustic inspection of Cathy and then murmured in her most insulting manner, "I'll wager you know nothing good of her."

Jim's eyes narrowed, but his tone was pleasant, almost con-

sational. "You couldn't earn a decent dime if your life depended on it," he observed. "Cathy supports herself and a baby. She and my mother work for their living, but you'll never live to be as much a lady as either of them."

"This is too much," remarked Miss Helen Sanders, rising to her feet.

"Sic 'em, Jim," said Tony Ryan softly.

Jim had also risen. "If you mean you're breaking our engagement," he said, "it's all right with me. In fact it's fine."

"Father," said Miss Helen Sanders, "will you take me away from these odious people? At once! I want to shake the dust of this hateful town off my feet. Tonight!"

"Yes, Helen," murmured Mr. Clive Sanders wearily.

It was after midnight when Cathy came slowly out of the employes' entrance to The Golden Pheasant. The wind was chasing ragged clouds across a large pale moon. Cathy moved as if she were very tired, or deeply dejected.

"Cathy!" whispered Jim.

She started violently. He took her arm and guided her down the street. He had gone home after his flivver. Gently he helped her in.

"I thought—I thought you were with—," they said you were going to marry that Sanders girl," stammered Cathy.

"I'm not going to marry any one except you, Cathy, if you'll have me," said Jim. "I love you."

"Jim!"

"I've been blind, Cathy!" he groaned. "I almost lost you."

He drew her to him. She was shaking like a shy, frightened child. He stopped and kissed her. Her lips were as sweet and fresh as Danny's. There was no torment in Cathy's kisses, only ecstasy.

It was the next night. Berenice was pacing her living room

floor. She had had almost no rest for two weeks.

"If I could only go to sleep and forget for a while," she whispered.

She was going to take only two veronals, she told herself. It was not as if she meant to do anything desperate. She had to have some rest. She moved slowly toward the bathroom. She kept looking over her shoulder and shivering.

(Continued Next Week)

CICADAS

Billions of 17-year locusts, long-extinct of all insects, are emerging from the earth over the greater part of the country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean.

DECLINE

A decline of \$27,000,000 in exports during April, with the heaviest decrease in Scandinavian and Dutch trade, is shown in a late U. S. Commerce Department report.

RAPID

New York City receives about one carload of fruits and vegetables a minute for the daylight time of every working day of the year, or about 202,000 carloads yearly.

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A good way to relieve periodic discomfort from functional dysmenorrhea due to malnutrition, such as headaches, nervousness, cramp-like pain, many women find is by using CARDUI. It usually sharpens appetite, increases flow of gastric juices, and so aids digestion, helps build resistance to periodic distress. Another way CARDUI may help you: Take it a few days before and during "the time." CARDUI has been popular for 50 years.

FAIRVIEW

Rev. J. W. Calloway, of Mountain Park, filled his regular appointment at Fair View Baptist church Saturday night and Sunday.

The electric lights are on in this community now and we sure are proud of them. They are so much help to the church as well as the homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hutchens and baby, of near Siler City, were the week-end guests of Mr. Hutchens' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hutchens.

Mrs. E. J. Layne is expecting the arrival of her son and his family this week from Seattle, Wash. Mr. Felix Layne, Mrs. Layne has not seen her son since 1901, thirty-nine years ago.

The revival will begin at Fair View Baptist church the third Sunday night in July, with Rev. Delma Hodge assisting Rev. J. W. Calloway. Everyone is invited to attend.

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