

Orphan in Diamonds

LORENA CARLETON

SYNOPSIS
ANETTE WINSLOW, 17, beautiful, and aspiring to fame on the stage meets **LAURENCE PEYTON**, top-ranking actor, and **AUGUST DRAKE**, Peyton's leading lady. Larry in turn introduces **LOUIS LYNDON**, and her brother, **TIMMY**.

CHAPTER FIVE
 Three minutes later, when Anette was waiting there, a grin came over her face. "You lit- tle girl! Get out there. Can't you see that applause?"

"Just her back onto the stage and stodd savagely wiping her eyes and nose as tide after tide of applause greeted his pupil. Usually the spectators did not have a heartbreak. They were laughing a talented beginner whose portrayal was so genuine she took her bows in character and all the while, jilted girl of the night."

A joyous exclamation came from Larry. "Wow! All that for a little girl from the country?"

The dramatic coach looked up at his shoulder. "I'm surprised," he answered with a malignant grin. "You don't think they are applauding you?"

Not at all squelched, Larry said, "They are, in a way."

Verrazano's arms sailed into the air, then he led his fists down to beat on his creased forehead. "Never, never," he denounced, "have I known such monstrous conceit. Really, your love of yourself makes Narcissus a meek, modest prude in comparison. August Drake," he beamed with lightning rapidity, "should have left you in that high-rate stock company right where she found you. She should leave you now and let you do without her for a while."

The young actor stiffened. "What sense of humor do you have! August Drake should try to do without me for a while. That's what you mean. She'll soon learn—" He left off to stare with frustrated surprise after Anette who, contrary to custom, had bowed her way clear across the stage and was exiting on the opposite side.

As he whirled, Verrazano grasped his arm. "Calm down, Ham. You're not going anywhere. Leave the girl alone." On his face was a cold, rather insulting smile. "You think you are good. Ha! I laugh at you. At 18 you couldn't have touched Anette's performance. That was real acting." He hoisted his be-whiskered chin. "Yes, and I did Verrazano, the old-fashioned do. That's what you did."

Larry answered the professor's mocking smile with an identical one. "Oh did you now?" With a twinkle he prodded the three locks of hair he still was holding in his palm. "These did it. These little curls snatched from the hair at Daley's Theatrical Supply house. Of course," he added with a laugh, "I helped by making love to her, then ignoring her, but these were the climax. You see, I made her cry."

For a long moment Verrazano was silent, so silent that Larry began to fidget. "Yes," Verrazano agreed, "I'm soft words that lashed through the younger man's chortling egotism and brought forth an uncomfortable ruddiness, "you made her cry. Now the problem is to stop her."

Instantly Larry was his usual confident. "I can do that, too," he volunteered confidently. "I'll bet I'm the person who can stop her."

The dumpy little man shook his head with disgust. "Oh, come now, we'll manage her some way without your princely help. That reminds me. We had a check hurriedly he wrote a check and held it before a powerful arm spotlight to dry. "One hundred dollars and I gladly would pay it a hundred times again if it could have kept you from hurting Anette this way." As Larry hesitated, the dramatic coach snapped, "Take it! Take it. You've earned it."

The young actor folded the check carelessly and slipped it into a pocket. "Why all the fuss? She

was to cry and I made her do it. That's the important thing. "It's the way you did it. You have a mighty mean streak in you, Larry."

"I believe you're jealous because I have accomplished more with her than you."

"You haven't accomplished more. Time will prove that. Besides, I'd never stoop to be jealous of such a contemptible trick." Verrazano gave a sniff of repugnance.

"But I told you they were wigs."

"I fail to see why that makes a difference."

"It will when I tell Anette."

Verrazano said, "But you're not going to tell her. You're not even going to see her."

"Oh, yes I am!" Larry's determination came out in loud chest tones. "You can't stop me."

"The older man yelled right back. "I can stop you for the time being."

Their argument had grown so intense they had committed the unpardonable sin of the theater. They had forgotten the play. A young mountaineer character, just exiting, edged toward his raging instructor. "Professor Verrazano," he ventured, "you and Mr. Peyton are doing a better scene back here than we are out front. And it is a whale of lot louder."

A horrified look spread over the teacher's florid countenance and the veins in this temples stood out. Then he subsided completely and it was that that conquered the unruly young actor. Verrazano simply gave him a gentle shove and said in a whisper, "You'd better go, Larry." And Larry went.

Verrazano found Anette on the fire escape. She was shivering in the cold and her hands were gripped around the sooty iron railing. Beyond the bonelike structure of the elevated track, the sunset was a dismal streaked pattern of red and cold grey. Urgently Verrazano led her down the spiral staircase to a dressing room, where he showed her before the makeup mirror. "Take a good look at your-self," he snapped, and relaxed as he heard her sobbing in midair. He smiled wisely. "Thank God, there is always a looking glass around somewhere to silence a weeping woman."

The girl turned. "But he really was right. Professor Verrazano. I simply couldn't stop crying long enough to tell him so." Fresh tears filled her eyes.

Verrazano took hold of her shoulders with force. "For heaven's sake don't start sniveling again! I've had enough. Besides, you must not exhaust this emotion, Anette. You must hold it in your heart and mind. Draw on it when you need it, like electricity back of a switch."

When Anette left the Little theater shortly after eleven she saw Laurence Peyton immediately. Not caring to brave Verrazano's wrath for the second time, he was waiting in a taxi. His being there seemed so right that she just walked toward the vehicle without once hesitating. Larry himself opened the door and she got in. He said, "Four Arts club" to the driver, then settled back and took her hand. They rode along in total silence.

In the vestibule of the residence club, he began to talk in a rather nervous voice, not that he made reference to the incident at the matinee. He simply said, "You gave a fine performance, dear."

Anette, completely dry-eyed now and poised, said with honesty, "You deserve a lot of the credit."

"It doesn't matter who gets the credit. You, Verrazano, I or anyone else. The important thing is to continue giving fine performances. And I think you will."

"She fitted her latch-key into the lock. "I'm going to try." She looked mildly startled when his hand came down over hers and pulled both it and the key away from the lock. Her eyes widened still more when he pulled her into his arms. Not that she was afraid. And certainly not unwilling, she was even a bit ashamed of herself because she was so completely willing.

When he kissed her the first time, she thought, "I'm glad I've never kissed anyone else, except in a play, of course." "When he kiss-

ed her again, she stopped thinking and began to float.

Just then Larry took his lips away from hers and chuckled. She drew back sharply, but the hurt look in her deep topaz eyes disappeared instantly as he pulled her close again. "I was wondering," he told her, "how many years it has been since I've kissed anyone like that. I was wondering if I've ever kissed anyone like that. When I kissed August, I think of my profile. When I started to kiss you it was largely sympathy—but, great day!" he exploded, "now I feel as if a sandbag had hit me—and I don't exactly like it." He gave her a slight shove toward the doors. "Go to bed. I'll pick you up at ten in the morning. There is important business to be attended to."

U. S. MAY LIMIT BOND PURCHASES

Clause Written Into Bill Would Hold Federal Reserve To \$5,000,000

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—(AP)—The House tentatively wrote into the Senate-approved second war powers bill today a clause limiting to \$5,000,000,000 the amount of government obligations that Federal Reserve banks may purchase directly from the treasury.

Under existing law, the banks can buy Federal bonds only on the open market. The treasury and the Federal Reserve Board asked authority for direct purchases, saying it was necessary to expedite the financing of the war without endangering the stability of the bond market. Accordingly legislation was offered permitting unlimited purchases of that kind and it was recently approved by the Senate.

However, Rep. Smith (D.-Va.) offered an amendment containing the \$5,000,000,000 limit and it was approved today on a teller vote of 128 to 93. This decision is subject to a later rollcall vote.

Smith said the limitation was a desirable safeguard against the possibility that unlimited direct bond transactions might lead to inflation.

"The next worst thing to losing this war," the Virginian said, "would be wild, uncontrolled, printing press inflation."

The opposition to Smith's amendment was led by Chairman Sumners (D.-Tex.) of the Judiciary committee and Rep. McLaughlin (D.-Neb.), head of the subcommittee that studied the bill.

McLaughlin asserted the power to deal directly with the treasury would be exercised by the Reserve banks only in cases of emergency and was not intended to be used for ordinary government financing. He pointed out that there was no compulsion on the part of the banks to buy the bonds.

"There is nothing inflationary about it," he added.

Sumners contended the power was necessary to preserve orderly markets.

"There should be some limit, somewhere, over the dealings between the Treasury and the Federal Reserve banks," declared Rep. Dewey (R.-Ill.), contending the danger of inflation was inherent in the Treasury proposal.

Rep. Wolcott (R.-Mich.) said the proposal "rocks the very foundation of an otherwise sound economic system," and Rep. Burdick (R.-N. D.), declared that the treasury might just as well issue currency instead of bonds if there was no restriction on direct sales of securities to reserve banks.

John Ogg To Confer With 'Y' Committee

A representative of the national YMCA building bureau, John W. Ogg, will be in Wilmington the latter part of next week to confer with local "Y" officials.

J. B. Huntington, secretary of the Y, explained that original plans for improvements to the Y. M. C. A. here had been changed slightly due to a smaller building fund than originally planned.

Mr. Ogg will go over the problems of the committee and advise it on what action to take. Mr. Huntington said, and work on improving the building will start soon after his report is made to the national council.

FORMER DANCER DIES

LONDON, Feb. 26.—(AP)—Mrs. Ethel Donoghue, 46, former American dancer and wife of Steve Donoghue, famous horse trainer and former jockey, died at St. George's hospital last night.

As one of the Forde Sisters, she was well-known to London and Paris audiences. She and Donoghue separated in 1935, after six years of marriage.

Overhead Wires Are Sought At Beaufort

Application for a permit to construct overhead wire crossings in this section by the Carteret-Craven Electric Membership corporation of Beaufort has been made to the U. S. engineer office in Wilmington.

A point 150 feet southeast of the highway bridge crossing the channel connecting Thoroughfare Bay with Cedar Bay.

A point 250 feet north of highway bridge on highway N. C. 101 crossing Core Creek.

An objection to the proposed work will be received at the Engineer's office here until March 6.

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FREE FUN
 Although New York City is quite a few steps from Camp Davis, it's a soldier's paradise and the visit is well worth the effort. Free theater tickets for stage and movie productions are some reward. Just to cite an example, Cpl. Charles Bailey and Sgt. William King of the Military Police detachment saw these three shows in the big city during a three day leave: Macbeth, Watch on the Rhine, and It Happens on Ice.

AN OLD SAW
 Old timers (more or less) love to send recruits on outlandish missions; for example, to get some bugle oil, a left-handed wrench, or sky hooks. And when the recruit returns empty-handed with what he believes to be a reasonable excuse, the knowing veterans join in hearty laughter.

Just the other day, a rookie was sent to the regimental supply office to obtain some feathers, "to feather a machine gun nest." The sergeant at the supply office immediately recognized the joke and referred the poor soldier to another office. and so, on and on.

RESOURCEFUL MAN
 Staff Sgt. Constance of the Medical Detachment is responsible for the collection and distribution of laundry in his outfit. Anyone in the Army will tell you that's a troublesome job. Each day hundreds of men, it seems, ask whether the laundry is in or whether it's gone out.

Our sergeant has partially solved the problem by printing two large signs which he places on the door

THE GOOD LIFE
 Dave Johnke of the M. P. detachment forwards this description of the detachment day room, a description so glowing that it stamps the writer as the logical choice to do recruiting for the hawkshaws, to wit:

"The day room has been transformed into a neat and enjoyable place for the boys to spend their leisure time. Attractive curtains are placed on the windows; a carpet has been laid at one end of the room, its color blending with the homey atmosphere. The radio has been repaired, so the boys now

can listen to their favorite programs. A few more lamps have been added; also, many comfortable chairs. The magazine rack boasts a wide selection of reading material. And the M. P.'s have their own stationery, with the distinctive heading printed in green."

MINIATURE LIBRARY
 Battery D of the 100th is building up a little library of its own. Books on the shelves include the following authors: Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, Kipling, Longfellow, Irving and Standish.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES
 Each regiment at Camp Davis is keenly aware of the importance of keeping a running account of its activities for posterity. These accounts are documented with photographs which some day will be scrutinized by persons anxious to know just what this or that regiment did in the "last world war."

The average man is worth only one cent an hour as a source of energy, according to a professor.

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- CHOPIN** Nocturnes, recorded by Artur Rubinstein
- DVORAK** Symphony No. 5—"New World"
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Recorded by Horowitz, Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony
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