

# ORCHIDS for Mother

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by PEGGY DERN

### SYNOPSIS

Gail Prentice, whose parents had divorced when she was a child, knew nothing of her father, Charles, except what her gay, extravagant mother, Lissa, had told her—that he was the wealthy owner of Twin Oaks, a fine old southern estate . . . and that the inadequate income he had settled on them forced them to become what Lissa termed "professional house guests" among her many wealthy friends. Gail is surprised when, one day, Lissa asks if she would like to spend the coming summer with her father. Charles had remarried years before, and heretofore Lissa had steadfastly refused to permit Gail to visit Twin Oaks, though he and his wife had often invited her. But now, having recently met wealthy Martin Kincaid, and certain he would propose if given the right opportunity—in this instance a house

party in Bermuda—Lissa convinces Gail she should accept. She hoped, too, the visit might be instrumental in obtaining an increased allowance for them.

### CHAPTER THREE

The tired old train seemed to be wandering out into the depressing countryside for no other purpose than to drop down and rest. It stopped for long periods at every little wayside station; now and then with startling speed—contrasted to its usual rate of progress—it scampered onto a siding and waited humbly for the more important trains to flash by. And it seemed, by the frequency with which it took to sidings, that any train other than itself was important.

It seemed to Gail that she had been traveling for days and days in the stuffy day coach, surrounded by the kind of people she had seldom encountered in her sheltered life, when at last the friendly old conductor came to her and said, smiling, "Prentice station next stop, ma'am."

"Thank you," said Gail tremulously. "Oh, thank you!"

Puzzled by the depth of her gratitude, the old man said, "Why you're right welcome, ma'am—right welcome."

The tired baby fretted in the

seat behind her as it had fretted since its worn, harassed young mother had climbed aboard earlier in the day. Across the aisle a fat, red-faced man snored heavily; a very unattractive looking younger man stopped ogling Gail hopefully and retired, in disgust, behind his magazine.

The train shrieked madly as though this stop were almost the last; straw that had worn its patience to the vanishing point. It shuddered to a loud, protesting halt with much display of escaping steam from the engine, and Gail rose to leave it. She was thankful to see the last of the stale green plush, gritty with cinders and dust, and the long aisle along which two or three children played an obscure but absorbing game of their own.

There was no such thing as a porter, but the conductor and a tobacco chewing young brakeman helped with her luggage. She found herself on the platform in a sea of smart, expensive bags and cases, and as the conductor flung himself back on the train he looked beyond her, waved and called loudly, "Hiya, Greg. Brought you some company."

As the train screamed its anger at being forced to go on again, Gail turned in the direction the conductor had waved and saw an ancient, battered station wagon with a man behind the wheel. He was watching her, and his eyes did not shift even as he answered the friendly conductor's hail.

"So I see, Will—so I see," he called, as the train jerked itself together and proceeded.

For a moment Gail stood quite still, surrounded by the luggage that would have been perfectly at home on any resort platform, but that looked lonely and out of place here. Gail herself, in her smartly cut soft gray suit, a matching topcoat swinging from her shoulders, her silly little hat in her hand, the sunlight glinting on the pale gold of her hair that hung straight and gleaming to her shoulders where it broke into soft curls, was as out of place there as an orchid in field of daisies.

The station was simply a small, ugly pillbox. A yellow sand road wound around it and disappeared into the distance. There was no sign of human habitation, nor of any living thing save herself and the man behind the wheel of the station wagon.

Anger rose in her. If he had been sent to meet her, why didn't he make some movement? And then her wide blue eyes swept once more over the ancient, mud-stained car, and she knew that he couldn't possibly have been sent to meet her. But even as the thought came into her mind the man climbed out of the station wagon, swung himself to the platform and came toward her.

He was taller than he had looked behind the wheel; his head was bare and the wind ruffled hair that was a rusty, deep dark red; his eyes, she saw, were the color of strong coffee, so dark a brown as to seem black. He was sun-matched tan with any of the Florida-browned until he could have playmates, and he was clad in a pair of khaki pants and matching shirt, his sleeves rolled well above his elbows, the collar open at the throat.

Gail stiffened as he approached, and her eyes turned colder. But the man seemed quite unimpressed by her elegance or her beauty. In fact, the look in his eyes was so far from admiration, from the look she had been accustomed to find in the eyes of young men who looked upon her, that it startled her. It was almost as though he hated her—yet that was absurd. She'd never set eyes on him before in her life, and you can't hate—or be hated by—someone you've never seen.

"Hello, Gail," he greeted her, and his voice matched the look in his eyes. "I'm Greg Thompson. Your father asked me to meet you."

He looked at the small sea of luggage that seemed to billow about her, and his eyebrows rolled. "You're quite sure this is all? You haven't overlooked anything? You couldn't possibly be traveling this light," he said mildly.

Gail flushed and her eyes brightened beneath the sting of that.

"I could hardly come to stay for the summer with only an overnight case," she reminded him frostily.

"Of course not—certainly not. I had forgotten that you were staying," Greg picked up the two largest cases and stowed them in the station wagon while Gail waited.

It did not occur to her to help him by carrying even the smallest things. One doesn't, in the sort

of households to which she had been accustomed, help the servants carry in one's luggage. When the man had made several trips and all the bags were disposed of, he looked at her curiously and said, "Well, shall we get going?"

He swung open the door of the station wagon with an almost mocking bow, and Gail hid her dismay at sight of the broken upholstery, the springs that thrust through here and there. But she did not quite manage to hide it all, and Greg grinned to himself as he swung the door shut behind her, then walked around and crawled beneath the wheel.

The car leaped away from the platform, and Gail, unprepared for the sudden lurch, was jerked forward and flung backward with a little gasp of shock and anger. "Sorry," said Greg in a tone that said he had enjoyed it. "Mehitabel is an unpredictable lady. But then, at her age one must expect to put up with whimsies, don't you think?"

She didn't answer that, for he was sending the car over the narrow, winding clay road with a speed that seemed dizzying, though in reality, Mehitabel, the station wagon, was incapable of a speed of more than 35 miles an hour, and only then over a good road. Though the clay road had looked smooth, there were holes and hidden rocks, and Gail had to cling to the door and brace herself to keep from rattling around like a dried pea in a shell. She sensed that Greg was enjoying her discomfort and so steadied her voice and spoke curtly.

"I suppose you work for my father?"

Greg considered that thoughtfully for a moment, and then he nodded. "I suppose you could call it that," he agreed politely.

Gail looked at him, puzzled. Why should he hate her so? Why should he seem to enjoy making her uncomfortable? She would report him to her father, she told herself furiously. After all, she knew the servant problem was difficult even in the great homes where she was an accustomed guest, but down here in this forsaken looking country—

(To Be Continued)

### Brunswick Cold Storage Plant To Open Sept. 1

Southport, Aug. 21—The Brunswick Cold Storage has announced that it will open for business in its new and modern plant at Shalotte on September 1st.

Construction of the plant started over a year ago and the final installation and testing of lockers, freezer system and all appliances has just been completed. It is planned to do a general cold storage business with much attention given to handling meats and other farm products. The corporation owns several acres of land adjoining the plant and slaughtering and feeding pens will be built later, according to a statement of one of the officers.

The officials of the company are G. C. McKeithan, president; Fred Mintz, vice-president; D. C. Andrews, secretary; Jesse A. Purvis, treasurer and Houston Hewett, manager.

### Whiteville VFW Post To Map Plans For Hut

WHITEVILLE, Aug. 21.—Post 8073, Veterans of Foreign Wars, will meet Wednesday evening, August 27, for a discussion of plans for building a hut.

Commander Rod Jordan emphasized that no solicitation or pledges would be asked, and that the attendance of all members was asked in order that the matter might be gone into thoroughly. Mr. Jordan said a number of other matters had been scheduled for discussion.

The meeting will be held at the Armory at 8 p.m.

The strawberry bed should be put into shape now by transplanting runners to fill any vacant spots and by thinning out other sections which are over-crowded, leaving only strong individual plants.

## Correction!

An Advertisement Appearing In Yesterday Mornings Star For

### BLANCHARD-FARRIOS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

WALLACE, N. C.

Should Have Read "Market Opens August 25th" Instead August 2nd.

SEE KAMER AND SEE BETTER  
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted  
DR. W. A. KAMER  
Optometrist  
Bullcock Building

1947 PACK  
**MONARCH**  
Finer PEAS  
Now at your dealers  
...and they are MARVELOUS!

**Calvert**  
DISTILLED LONDON DRY  
**Gin**  
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits—90 Proof  
\$2.75 \$1.70  
4/5 Quart Pint  
CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

**H. Berger & Son**  
Furniture and Home Furnishings  
EXTRA SPECIAL — BEACH CHAIRS \$1.99  
707 NORTH FOURTH ST. DIAL 5128

'FREE' PARKING LOT  
**GUIYTON'S**  
FOOD STORE  
FIFTH AND CASTLE STREETS

OPEN ALL DAY WEDNESDAYS  
FREE PARKING LOT

Native Full Dressed  
**Fryers** lb. **53c**

Rath's Blackhawk Sliced  
**Bacon** lb. **69c**

Rath's Blackhawk Tenderized  
Half Or Whole lb. **59c**

Rath's Blackhawk Tenderized  
**Picnics** lb. **49c**

Armour Star AA And A Grade Leg Of  
**Lamb** lb. **55c**

Pork  
**Roast** lb. **55c**

Fancy Cube  
**Steaks** lb. **69c**

Brookfield  
**Butter** lb. **75c**

Oleomargarine  
**Parkay** lb. **39c**

Pure  
**Lard** 2 lb. **45c**

Carnation  
**Milk** 3 Tall Cans **39c**

Red  
**Salmon** can **62c**

Herring  
**Roe** can **48c**

Crushed  
**Pineapple** can **35c**

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SAVE AN HOUR IN THE KITCHEN

Make a luscious  
**INSTANT LEMON PIE**  
no fuss—no mixing—no cooking  
of this NEW wonder filling

Here's a perfect pie that's almost no work at all! Mrs. Filbert's delicious Lemon Pie Filling contains eggs, sugar, and real lemon juice. No fuss or bother—it's ready to eat right from the jar.

For a wonderful pie—feather-light, luscious, with a fresh-lemon tang—simply spoon this stuff, golden filling into a baked pie shell and serve. (Or top with meringue and brown in oven.) That's all you do. It's delicious—rich, luscious taste, smooth firm texture. Mrs. Filbert's is made the way you'd make it at home. Get this new Mrs. Filbert's Lemon Pie Filling at your grocer's now. It's thrifty—speedy—delicious!

Ready to use!  
**Mrs. Filbert's**  
**PIE FILLING**  
(LEMON FLAVOR)

# IT'S HERE!

The shortening so different it's making food history

Look for ask for **SWIFT'NING\***

**OUT PERFORMS ALL OTHER SHORTENINGS!**

Only in SWIFT'NING this special "quick-mix" ingredient

Flakier pies than with any other type of shortening!

Highly digestible! Extra nutritious!

Swift'ning is a wholly new kind of shortening, perfected after 18 years of research. As a final crowning achievement, Swift scientists found how to use a wonder-working "quick-mix" ingredient for lighter, more delicious cakes. So—with any recipe, any mixing method—delicate snowy-white Swift'ning makes cakes that are truly superb!

If pies and biscuits and shortcakes are favorites with your family, hurry and try Swift'ning! Because tests prove they're flakier and more tender made with Swift'ning than with any other type of shortening. This wonderful new shortening—so delicate, so digestible—is ideal for every use. Try it and you'll agree: it out-performs all other shortenings!

No other shortening is more digestible than Swift'ning. And it contains two important nutritional essentials in greater quantity than shortenings of other types. You'll love Swift'ning for baking and for frying. Foods fried in it keep their natural flavors no matter how delicate, for Swift'ning is completely tasteless and odorless. Try this finer shortening soon!

Pure, tasteless SWIFT'NING comes in 3 lb. and 1 lb. tins and 1 lb. cartons. Keeps without refrigeration, of course. \*The trade-mark for Swift & Company's new, improved Bland Lard.