HUNDER FROM Vincent Richards

CHAPTER V

SYNOPSIS—Len Rollins, tennis ace, is torn between two desires. He dreams of going to Europe with the Davis team to help win the cup for America; and he is in love with the rich Grace Worthington, who is willing to defy her family and marry him if he will ington, who is willing to defy her family and marry him if he will give up tennis. Fate seems to decide the matter for him, when in a match game he injures an ankle so seriously that the doctors sav he can never play again. He gets a job at Talbot's sporting goods shop—selling tennis equipment, and he and Grace are married and live blissfully on the married and live blissfully on the salary he earns as salesman in a sporting goods shop. As his ankle heals he is terapted to return to the courts. He has agreed to play in a tournament on the Sunday Grace's family invites them both to the country for a week-end. Grace goes alone.

He could not sleep Saturday night. Sunday morning he tried to read but Grace's condemning eyes were on every page. He threw the were on every page. He threw the book from him and turned on the radio. But the music failed to soothe him. He kept wishing that Grace were present so he could have it out with her and have the subject finally decided. He thought of telephoning her, but decided against

was something in his tone, perhaps.
"I've had one or two good breaks,
I guess," he replied with a smile.
Grace said: "But he's still a tennis player at heart and not a business man, Dick. Aren't you, darling?"

Len bit his lip. What the devil Len bit his lip. What the devil was Grace doing—making sport of him before this other man. He was in the wrong; he knew that. But hed been wrong before about things and she'd never acted this way. Was this her idea of punishing him?

Conversation during the simple dinner was for the most part friendly but cool and restrained. At last

no reply.

"All right," he went on, "all right.
So you don't believe me?"

She leaned forward in her chair.

She leaned forward in her chair.

"No. Absolutely not."

He felt anger surging through him and groped for something to say that would hurt her. "You're leaning backward just because of your silly prejudice toward something I once loved as much as—". He didn't finish the sentence, in his own surprise and discomfort at the words he had spoken.

Tears came into her eyes. He jumped up and switched off the radio. "Now we'll settle this thing once and for all," he shouted. But she rose and walked from the room. He followed her. She went into the bathroom, slammed and locked the door.

He went back into the living the angle one. There is a small bone room. He couldn't remember when he'd ever been so angry about anything. Darn women anyway with their narrow, single-track minds! their narrow, single-track minds! "... and therefore," Dr. Wein-Why he had ever married was more than he could understand. Throw-breathlessly on every terse word as ing freedom away in exchange for— it came from the specialist's thick what? Why, for practically every-lips, "there is no reason, none at all, thing he wanted to do he had to why you shouldn't play tennis if you question himself first: "Will it be want to. That ankle you need never

ject finally decided. He thought of telephoning her, but decided against it; doing that would make him appear guilty. Appear guilty? Good God, he was guilty! Guilty as hell! It was an easy victory. So much easier, he reflected as he took his shower, than would be his conquest.

shower, than would be his conquest over Grace. With her, he wasn't even sure—

He stayed at home all of Sunday evening, but she did not return. Finally he went to bed and feil into a restless, troubled sleep.

When he arrived home from work the next day she was there. And Richard Whyte was with her.

"Hello." Her voice and the lips she raised to his were cool. "Dick drove me in from Easthampton. I made him stay to dinner."

Len shook hands with Whyte. "Of course, Glad to see you."

Studying Richard Whyte seated in the big chair near the window, Len was more acutely aware than ever before of the other's good looks, his poise, his social grace.

"I hear you're doing awfully well," Wythe said. "Cracking the business world the way you need to was!"

I harmened even before he had time to prepare himself, to regain his equilibrium. The sharp intake of Weir's breath and his own short cry were simultaneous with the scraping of the ladder as it went out from under him. One thought flashed penetratingly clear in his hands flayed for something to hold to; his feet, legs and body prepared themselves for the shock they knew must come on collision with the standing through space—the ahkle! His hands flayed for something to hold to; his feet, legs and body prepared themselves for the shock they knew must come on collision with the standing there, shaken, white-faced, breathlessly amazed that he was standing there, shaken, white-faced, breathlessly amazed that he was state and Weir was inquiring solicitously if he was hurt.

He shook his head, still puzzled at the marvel that he had land-left the high provided that was a feet to his were cool. "Bick drove me in from Easthampton. I made him stay to dinner."

Len shook hands with Whyte seated in the big chair near the window, Len was more acutely aware than ever was mere acutely aware than ever the form of the first.

It harmened even before him to five twent of Weir's breath and his own short cry were simultaneous with the scraping of the ladder as it went out from under him. O

"I hear you're doing awfully well," Wythe said, "Cracking the business world the way you used to crack a tennis ball."

Len could not explain to himself just why he resented Whyte. There was something in his tone, perhaps, "Tve had one or two good breaks," I have a large of the same and one fundred and eighty pounds, almost upon the weak left foot. And the ankle had not given way!

Unbelievingly, his breathing not yet regular, he trotted around, experimenting. Why, the ankle felt line! Showed not the least bit of strain under the terrific jolt it had just withstood.

strain under the terrific jolt it had just withstood.

"That the foot that was injured?"
Weir queried, his voice a little strained, his face flushed from the fright of having seen young Rollins come hurtling through space.

Len nodded, "Yes, Funny, isn't it? They tuld me if anything like this ever happened it would—but it's funny, Very dann' funny! I wonder"—he shrugged, "Shall—shall we finish up?"

Conversation during the simple dinner was for the most part friend liv but cool and restrained. At last they had cigarettes and coffee in the living room. Then Whyte took his leave. He thanked them for their hospitality, complimented them on the charm of the apartment and hoped they'd be out at Easthampton very soon.

Grace walked from the foyer back into the living room and switched on the radio. She sat in the big chair which Whyte had recently vacated. For some reason this bothered Len. But he kept his voice level, unexcited, when he spoke.

"I want you to know," he said, "why I didn't tell you about my being scheduled to play yesterday afternoon. I meant to tell you that same evening you told me about the invitation to Easthampton. I let you know frankly and honestly how I felt about going out there. Then later I realized that if I mentioned anything about tennis it would appear—"

She nodded without interest, made

"So far—what, Doctor?"

She nodded without interest, made o reply.

"All right," he went on, "all right or you don't believe me?"

She leaned forward in her chair.

No. Absolutely not."

We felt anger surging through him.

all right with Grace?" or "Will Grace be willing?" or say, 'I'd better make sure Grace hasn't made other plans.' That's the way it went constantly. Grace this, Grace that, Grace the other thing. Grace—What the devil was she doing in there? She wouldn't be a little fool. Of course not. An argument—sure. But she wouldn't—Bathroom. The word bothered him. He didn't like it. It made him think of razor blades and iodine. Only yesterday in the baper he had read—he was at the bathroom door knocking on it loudly.

"Are you all right?" He rattled the knob. 'I'll smash the door down if you don't answer.

"The all right," came in a small muffled voice.

"Then open the door or I'll—he threw himself against if.

The lock turned over. He twisted the knob. Opened the door.

A great and overwhelming relief flooded him. There was neither tazor blade nor iodine bottle in sight. She was merely sitting on the black and white hamper, soobing quietly.

It was stock checking time at the

During the next month Len played at different clubs against men who were ranked in the first ten.

To not competition brought back his game. He was, in fact, better than he had ever been before. Since this enrorced retirement his stroking and service appeared to have improved both in power and skill. The newspapers gave him columns of particular members of the connection with the Davis Curvitan.

There was a change in his relation of Grace—subtle, but defined alone now when he defined to Grace—subtle, but defined to Grace—subtle to Grace—subtle to Grace—subtle to Grace—subtle to Grace—subt

came in. No longer did she storm or plead with him obout running off week-ends leaving her alone. It seemed, after that first stormy scene when he had fold her about Dr. Weingrat's diagnosis, that she had resigned herself to the inevitable. But it was Frank Wheatley who first opened Len's eyes and then Len blamed Grace and not himself. He went directly home following a Light weight—1. Berl Greene: 2. Light weight—1. Berl Greene: 2.

He went directly home following a match to have it out with her, but she was not there. By the time she did arrive, he had exaggerated the truth a hundredfold.

(Continued Next Week)

QUOTA UNDER 13,000

Raleigh.—North Carolina's initial quota under the military draft will be approximately 13,000 men, less whatever credits are granted this state for men already in the nation's armed forces, including the national guard, an unofficial computation shows.

Tentative plans now call for a first draft of about 400,000 men from the nation as a whole. State draft officials have not been notified as to what credit this state will receive for volunteers in the armed forces, but North Carolina is near the top in the number of volunteers furnished. he number of volunteers furnished.

Before pullets are moved to the laying house, the structure should be cleaned and disinfected thor-oughly, says C. F. Parrish, poultry-man of the State College extension services.



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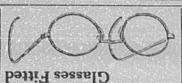


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(VO (O)D) (8: S)O

Berl Greene; 5. Baker Edmister, 6 Lawrence Wilson; 7. Masten Hodges

Loy Isaacs.
 Get-of-sire—1. John Dugger; 2.
 Wiley Perry; 3. Dr. H. B. Perry; 4.

Whey Perry, 3. Dr. H. B. Perry, 4.
John Dugger.
Champion—I. Jimmic Dugger: 2.
Earl Edmisten: 3. John Edmisten: 4.
Mack Greene: 5. Berl Greene: 6. Cyrus Greene.
Feeder steers—I. Clint Ward: 2.
Carl Kahnle: 3. R. T. Paimer.

NOTICE OF SERVICE BY PUBLICATION North Carolina, Watauga County; in

NOTICE OF SERVICE BY
PUBLICATION
North Carolina, Watauga County: in
the Superior Court. Before
the Clerk.
Albert Watson vs. J. A. Sproles.
The defendant above named will
take notice that a summons in the
above entitled action was issued
against said defendant on the 7th
day of September, 1940, by the clerk
of the superior court of Watauga
County. N. C., for the sum of
\$2,000.30 due said plaintiff by reason
of the said Albert Watson, plaintiff,
having to pay off a number of notes
as surety for the said J. A. Sproles,
which the said Albert Watson has
regunst the said J. A. Sproles, which
the seems to have "Jerry." Frank
Buck's King of Beasts, willing to
do anything she wants. But if
"Honback" riding becomes fash
ionable—excuse usl

PREMIUM LIST

AT RECENT FAIR

(Continued from page six)
Dairy calf—Don Horton.
Ram, Hampshire over 1 year—1,
Wilson Norris. 2. Slidley Farm.
Ewe, over 1 year—1, Shipley
Farm; 2. Shipley Farm.
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Ewe, over 1 year—1, Shipley
Farm; 2. Shipley Farm.



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MISUSES OF THE TELEPHONE

Here are some of the common mis-uses of the telephone which account for a large portion of service interruptions.

It is surprising, for example, how many people furget to hang up the receiver when they finish a telephone conversation. Whenever you do this you put your telephone out of order until you remember to replace the receiver or a telephone "trouble man" is sent out to tell you.

Then there are many who, when they wish to recall the operator on the line, jiggle the receiver hook. When this is done the operator gets no signal at all. To get the operator back on the line move the receiver hook up and down several times slowly, but if you are using a dial telephone never touch the receiver hook. If you move it at all either intentionally or not it will disconnect you. Also when dialing a number let the dial return of its own accord. Don't try to hurry it.

Many people have difficulty in making others understand

Many people have difficulty in making others understand them over the telephone, simply because they talk at their tele-phones instead of into them. When speaking over the telephone keep the lips about an inch from the mouthpiece and speak directly into it in a natural tone of voice and people will under-

one of the most common causes of telephone trouble is twisted receiver and transmitter cords. Keeping these cords free of kinks will avoid trouble on your line.

Telephone attachments are another source of trouble. Many of the devices sold hinder or interfere with the operation of the telephone. Nothing should be attached to telephone instruments unless approved by the Telephone Company.

Parather was featurable cause annovance to themselves

Party-line users frequently cause annoyance to themselves and others on the same line with them by lifting the receiver from the hook before the bell stops ringing. When you do this it causes the bell of the party on the line with you to ring.

Care in avoiding these mis-uses of the telephone will result in improved, more satisfactory and dependable telephone service.

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