

Checkerboard Love

By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER XII

Audrey laughed softly as she said: "I don't wonder, Mr. Quinn. She's been a pretty constant bother to you, I'd say. But since you've been so uncomplaining about it all, Miss Swan is going to ask you to come in for a few minutes."

A few moments later they were standing at the sideboard. A little feeling of constraint came over them as they hesitated with their glasses poised. The atmosphere seemed changed with a sudden change in their relationship. Victor felt it keenly. He knew that in some way they were closer than ever before. There was a gentleness in Audrey's eyes when she lifted them to his that gave him a new thrill of happiness. "Many happy returns, Vic."

"Thank you, Audrey. It's all been very beautiful, but I'm afraid it's late." Audrey followed him into the hall without speaking.

Before saying goodnight, Victor paused for a last look at the slim white figure in the dim glow of the hall lamp. Never had Audrey appeared so beautiful in his eyes, so altogether desirable. "Tell me something," he demanded in a low impetuous tone, "have I—I'm not slipping, am I?"

Audrey slowly shook her head. "No, Vic. You've been very sweet." With a swift movement he caught her nearest hand and pressed it softly to his lips. As if unable to trust himself, he turned without a word and left her standing there.

He was whistling happily when he let himself in his own front door and was about to extinguish the lamp on the table when he caught sight of a bit of paper. A note, in his landlady's precise handwriting. "Mr. Quinn,

"Dear sir, the long distance wants you. Even if it is late when you get in she says.

"Respectfully,
"Mrs. Caroline Asher."

In a few moments a familiar voice came to his ear. "That you, Vic? Hope I didn't get you out of bed."

"No. You caught me getting in. What's up? Anything amiss?"

"Plenty, Vic. I've got to see you, and under the circumstances I can't very well come down. Can you get up here by tomorrow evening? Or I'll meet you part way, if you'd rather."

"I was planning to come up in the next day or so. I can make it tomorrow. Where shall I find you?"

"Make it the bar of the Adams. About six. I'll be hanging around."

"Jeff, you're all right?"

"Sure. A trifle sloppy. Just another case of the well-known jam. Thanks a lot, old man. Be seen' you."

When Victor Quinn hurried into the Adams House bar he glanced apprehensively along the line of men at the mahogany. When Jeffrey called him he had sounded as if he might have been drinking, and by this time he might not be in shape for a satisfactory conference.

To Victor's relief, Jeffrey was impeccably dressed and apparently sober. He grinned cheerfully as his friend approached, but he looked haggard in spite of the attempt. "Saw you sizing up the bar flies," he laughed. "All ready to drag me out, weren't you? Sit down. Mighty glad to see you."

"Glad to see you," Victor returned, scanning his face closely. "You look as if you'd been working hard. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Me? Oh, I'm in the way of becoming a captain of industry. Been working for my daddy-in-law for quite some time. He turned out to be a very decent chap after he was convinced that I was done with the fleshpots and wanted to settle down. I'm in the sales. Strange to say, I've been getting quite a kick out of it."

"That's great."

"Maybe. That old gentleman has a notion at the moment that it might be a fair idea to send me abroad for a change. There's an opening in the Brussels office and I can speak French well enough to argue for our product."

"That sounds fine. What does Mrs. Castle think? All set to go with you, I suppose."

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact, Vic, she isn't here for a time."

Victor felt his heart sink. Something wrong between Olive and Jeff. That accounted for his summons. "Do you care to tell me where she is?" he asked quietly.

"Reno. In residence."

There was a moment's silence, broken by Vic's sympathetic, "I'm sorry."

"But not surprised," Jeffrey finished bitterly. "I guess I asked for it. I won't contest, of course. And there you are."

"But I can't get it yet," Victor pondered. "I knew that Olive was very much averse to coming back to Parville. But I supposed she would be delighted to have her father take you in."

"That's the whole point, Vic. The

vice presidents' jobs were all taken and I elected to start in and learn the business. I couldn't see my way clear to take every other afternoon off and play around all night. Anyway, matters kept getting worse and worse until the big bust came. I could have bought salvation any time by turning gigolo or something. And I couldn't."

"Naturally not. May I ask what Mr. Harrison thinks?"

"Oh, he took my side right from the start. He wants me to stay on as if nothing had happened. That Brussels idea was sort of an easy out for me. But I can't see it, of course."

"Why?"

"Oh, maybe there is no good excuse. But I can't quite down it for some reason or other."

The waiter arrived at that point and the subject had to be dropped for the time being. The two men ate in silence until Victor remarked in a casual fashion: "Had a very pleasant time last evening at your house."

"How are the folks?"

"Your mother didn't look too well, Jeff. I knew that she had rather a difficult winter of it, but she insists she's much better."

"Listen, fella," Jeffrey laid down his knife and fork and looked steadily into his friend's eyes. "I know what you're leading up to and you may as well understand now that there's nothing doing. Don't get the idea that I don't know what I've done to my people. You'll never know what I've paid for that, or how I dreamed of making it up to them by becoming a success at something. And now that's all washed up along with everything else."

"Listen, Jeff. You belong there. I don't. Oh, I know you're getting ready to spring that one about not knowing any law. All that job takes is a little horse sense, no professional wizardry. What's more, Miss Annie seems to be getting well. It wouldn't surprise me much to see her back looking for her old job. It would be a cinch for you. I don't want to seem to be going soft, Jeff, but I can't help thinking of your father and mother. You've no idea what it would do to them—for them, I mean. Think it over."

"Not necessary, old man. It's decent of you. Just what I would expect. But that's out. No matter what you do. For the present, I'm staying away from Parville. After it all blows over, that will be something else. I have no plans. But, believe it or not, this experience with Harrison's has given me a lot of confidence in myself."

"Look here, Jeff, we seem to have the cards mostly face up. Why did you call me last night? Did you merely want to spill? Or are you willing to have me help you if I can?"

"Guess it was partly habit, Vic. I was beginning to feel pretty ragged and I thought maybe you could brace up the old morale a bit. You have."

"What about your father getting in on this?"

"I don't know. I've never told anybody about our last session. He practically threw me out, even if it was done with a fine gesture."

"Let me tell your father. He's going to find out sooner or later. I believe it will give him a big lift."

Jeffrey drained the last of his ale and sat staring in deep preoccupation at the empty glass.

"On one condition," was the final judgment. "Exactly one, Vic."

"Say on."

"That you don't pull any fine gesture on your own account—about easing out of the practice and that rot."

"Maybe he'll ease me out."

"Hardly. You can make it plain that I'm not coming home to stay, now or in the future. I should like to feel free to visit, on my mother's account, you know. And in your diplomatic fashion, you might drop a gentle hint that the first move is up to him."

"O. K."

"I have your word for it?"

"My word of honor."

Victor had attended to the one errand he had in the city and daylight found him on the road to Parville. He stopped en route for a hasty breakfast and was in the office five minutes after Judge Castle arrived.

He walked into the latter's room, closed the door after him and plunged into a situation that he had been attempting to rehearse as he drove. "Good morning, Judge. I have some information that I believe I should share with you. I have just driven down from the city after spending an evening with Jeffrey."

The Judge tugged off his spectacles and frowned. "Well?" he demanded harshly.

"Jeffrey looks fine—been working hard. He is with the Harrison office and by all accounts is doing

After the Bombers Leave



London, England.—A fine study in facial expression is furnished by this view of British soldiers aiding in rescue work that followed a terrific demolition-bomb raid on the British metropolis. Walls that were judged unsafe, were hauled down in this manner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. ROBT. H. HARPER

THE CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD POSSESSIONS

Lesson for February 9: Luke 16:10-15; 19:23; Golden Text: Luke 16:13

It might surprise some to realize that their attitude towards possessions indicates whether they may or may not be trusted with true riches. Faithful in little, a man will be faithful in much; faithful in using the gifts of God, he will be trusted with greater gifts.

Earthly things are not the mere pawns of trade nor the absolute possessions of their temporary owners. Their tenure is a stewardship unto God. If we abuse them in our selfishness, we shall not be trusted with true riches, either in this life or the world to come. Jesus says we cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon. It was not strange that the Pharisees, "lovers of money," scoffed at Jesus when He talked of the right use of wealth.

The lesson closes with the story of Dives and Lazarus. The rich man, dressed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, despised the beggar laid at his door. At last these two, whose earthly stations were as far apart as the east from the west, went to different places separated by a great gulf—Hades and Heaven. Dives came to the end of a man who has all his good things in life; Lazarus to the reward of one who, though a beggar, chose eternal riches.

Jesus did not forbid our seeking the things of earth but He said we should seek first the kingdom of God. We cannot enter the kingdom if we love the things of earth more than God and wrongly use what God has given us. Then may we so use the things of earth that when they fail we may be received, as Jesus promises, "into the everlasting habitations."

One vice-president of the United States resigned from his office. John Calhoun resigned to become a senator in 1832.

well.
"Humph?" And did he ask you to submit that report?"

"He did not ask me to tell you anything. Not even that Mrs. Castle is residing in Reno at the present time."

The Judge sat back weakly in his chair. "Good God!" he ejaculated. "She's divorcing him! When will he be here?"

"He's not coming back, sir. Made it very plain. In fact he's talking about going abroad. But you will be able to find him at the office or at Mr. Harrison's house. He's still staying there."

Judge Castle fumbled his massive watch from his waistcoat pocket. "I can make the nine-forty. Quinn, will you phone Mrs. Castle that I've been called away. She will hear from me this evening."
(Continued Next Week)

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MEDIUM-SIZED HOGS MAKE BEST PROFITS

Interest in swine production is mounting, now that prices have definitely advanced. Ellis Vestal, extension swine specialist of N. C. State College, reminds farmers that the size of their profits still will depend upon the way they feed and manage their herds.

"For instance," the animal husbandman said, "tests have been conducted that show the most profits are obtained from feeding out intermediate size hogs."

The federal bureau of animal industry has conducted a study on swine types since 1931, comparing the ability of hogs of different types to produce pork efficiently. The study brought out the following facts:

Large type and intermediate type sows farrowed and weaned a larger number of pigs per litter than small type sows. Large and medium type pigs were heavier at birth and at weaning time. The medium type pigs made the fastest gains, the larger type pigs ranked next. However, the difference in feed requirements per 100 pounds gain was too small to indicate an advantage for any of the three groups.

When the three lots were fed out to a final weight of 225 pounds, the small type hogs were too fat and the large type under-finished. When fed to the same degree of finish, the small type hogs weighed 143 pounds, the medium type 214 pounds, and the large type 225 pounds.

Considering all factors, Vestal says, the intermediate type is believed to be superior in its all-around ability to meet present-day

marketing requirements. It has the weight advantage that is flexible enough to furnish a good market hog at weights of 200 to 235 pounds and heavier if conditions warrant.

INCOME

American cash income from farm marketings and government payments in December amounted to \$837,000,000, as compared with \$801,000,000 in December of 1939.

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LEGAL NOTICES

PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

State of North Carolina: Department of State

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the River Realty, Incorporated, a corporation of this state, whose principal office is situated at care Glenn Coffey in the Town of Blowing Rock, County of Watauga, State of North Carolina (Glenn Coffey being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution.

Now therefore, I, Thad Eure, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 26th day of December, 1940, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 26th day of December, A. D. 1940.

THAD EURE, Secretary of State.

North Carolina, Watauga County.

I, A. E. South, clerk of the superior court for Watauga county, North Carolina, do hereby certify that the foregoing Certificate of Dissolution has been recorded in Record of Corporations, Book B, page 160.

This January 10, 1941.
A. E. SOUTH,
1-23-4p Clerk Superior Court.

LEGAL NOTICE

At its regular semi-annual meeting in Raleigh, January 13-14, 1941, the N. C. Board of Conservation and Development in conformance with authority vested therein by Chapter 35, Public Laws of 1935, and Chapter 486, Public Laws of 1935, adopted the following regulation which is now in full force and effect:

FISHING AND HUNTING REGULATIONS FOR BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY

FISHING

Season
Fishing on Parkway lands will be permitted only during the open season as prescribed for the adjoining counties by the state of North Carolina. Unless closed by the state, all major streams will be open for fishing.

Tributaries and feeder streams may be closed without notice before or during the season by the superintendent of the Parkway, with the approval of the Department of Conservation and Development when in their joint opinion such action is advisable to permit restocking of stream improvement. Streams so closed will be posted at confluence with main stream.

Size and Limits
Size of fish and limit for day's catch shall conform with state regulations.

Hours of Fishing
Fishing in Parkway waters is permitted from daylight until dark during the open season. At no time will fishing be permitted between dark and daylight.

Tackle
Fishing in any other way than with rod, hook and line held in hand is prohibited. Hooks are to be restricted to single type, and no double or triple hooks shall be used. No fish, such as minnows or chubs, either dead or alive, shall be used as bait.

Licenses
No special licenses are required, but fishermen must possess the necessary state or county licenses required for the area.

HUNTING

The Parkway is a sanctuary for wildlife of every sort, and all hunting, or the killing, wounding, frightening, pursuing or capturing at any time of any bird or wild animal, or taking the eggs of any bird, is prohibited within the limits of said Parkway.

Firearms are prohibited within the park or recreational areas except upon written permission of the superintendent. No loaded firearms will be permitted on the Parkway proper. Whenever necessary for hunters hunting on adjoining lands to cross Parkway lands, guns shall be carried unloaded and with breech open. The possession of loaded firearms within the Parkway boundaries will be considered prima facie evidence of hunting.

PAUL KELLY, Secretary,
Board of Conservation and Development. 1-23-4c