

# FIRST LOVIES

by FELIX RIESENBERG

## TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

Rantoul, on learning of Josephine's sudden engagement, found urgent business calling him abroad. He had vast foreign interests so she gathered from his letters, but he bore no ill-will; he was still her friend and never failed to ask after John. Post cards came to her from distant places, Cairo, Bombay, Singapore. Apparently he was going around the world. A pathetic word or two, a mere allusion, sometimes a picture of some lone pilgrim, gave her the feeling of a deeper message. Then, after some months, there was the long silence that might mean his return via the Pacific. Josephine found herself wondering when he would return. She did not show these cards to John. He was blissfully unaware of these romantic memories on the part of Josephine.

Meanwhile John's ability to earn the respect of his men by the use of his fists had earned him promotion. He had been placed in charge of Section One, the toughest job on the aqueduct.

Gerrit Rantoul returned from his world tour. He arrived at the beginning of the season; all of fashionable New York, that is, the New York capable of paying attention to fashion was back in the city. He was finer, more considerate, more quietly correct, more distingue than ever. If Josephine had imagined him the least bit difficult, the least bit aggrieved, her fears were entirely removed on his return. Even Gilbert Van Horn was glad to see him. Rantoul was returning at an opportune time for Josephine.

When John Breen had appeared with his fists bandaged, Josephine shrudered a bit at the explanation. "I lifted a bum under the jaw." Perhaps it was anything but accurate or heroic. Then too it was that Josephine found it more difficult to pit her charms against the insistence of the tunnel. John kept talking about an impossible Mr. Wild, evidently an uncouth and unreasonable person. Night after night he never came up, never came near his own rooms, and when Josephine did see his eyes were heavy with weariness, his lids brilliant with the gloss of tunnel smoke.

For some months past a change had come over Josephine. She resented the growing place the tunnel was taking in the mind of her betrothed. Even gentle Marie Bashkirtseff would not have tolerated such lapse of devotion, and Josephine was a sensitive high-strung girl.

Even with the money she some day would have, on the death of Van Horn, life with John Breen might be more or less of a struggle. He would insist on working would probably want her to go to dreadful places, the Andes, or the Sahara Desert; just what to do there she did not know, but young engineers took their wives to outlandish countries. Rantoul told her of such things, quite casually, of course. She would have to give as well as take.

Josephine found more occasion to find fault with John after his promotion. His heavy responsibilities as section engineer held him firmer and firmer in the grip of the tunnel. He was on the job hour after hour, day and night, and slept with a telephone at his bedside. He was compelled, time and again, to break engagements to hurry from her suddenly. He felt restless and ill at ease when away from the tunnel.

"How long will this tunnel job keep going?" Van Horn asked one evening. He and John were in the library smoking for an hour that John forced himself to spare from the work, having had to phone Josephine that he could not accompany her to the Winterrow lecture on "Art, Life's Real Reward." She had already gone with Gerrit Rantoul.

"A year will see the main work done, the tunnel holed through and the lining poured. We are in the

man-killing stage now!" John said.

"I've been watching you—and Josephine." Van Horn continued slowly. "She's difficult John, you know what I mean. Women demand a lot, I know, John, I know." The older man looked kindly at the young engineer. "This work is making you but women don't see such things. Not all of them, at least; Pug made your body what it is, the schools have helped your mind, but this work, with its damnable demands, is forging character. God, boy, I envy you the fight." Van Horn was tense. "But you have still another thing to do, and that is to get and keep your woman—your wife. It means a lot to me, John, more than you know. I wish a day could be set for your marriage; say next June?"

"I'm ready, Gil." John laughed and looked away.

"Josephine can get her trousseau in Paris, I've promised her that. I'll speak to her, a run across will do no harm, winter in the south of France, and back here early in the spring. How about that John."

"Things may be easier for me by that time, Gil." John visioned a winter of uninterrupted work. He would "get" the shaft and tunnel by that time; he would master the work, and take his place with the men who counted, the hard true men who worked with him on the job. Never in his life had he expected to have such slavish veneration for human beings as he had for the men of great rock pressure tunnel crawling beneath the unknowing people of the city.

"By the way," John remarked as he was about to go, "Josephine is coming down to the job some night next week. You've seen the thing. I thought Rantoul might like to see it, too. He got me the first appointment, I'll never forget that."

"Good boy. It's something that will open her eyes. Show her the whole works, John; good luck to you."

And the night Josephine came John was in the thick of a big tunnel accident.

Rantoul's gray cushioned limousine drew up silently at the entrance to the shaft enclosure. Josephine Lambert, on the arm of Rantoul, walked gingerly toward the shaft-head. Women were crowding about the head-house; weeping, wailing women. Children were crying. She knew the tunnel was a terrible place. But this? It was horror! Something had gone wrong. Rantoul held her arm, and led her toward the office of the section engineer, Josephine trembled. "You stay here," he said, seating her before the desk in the deserted office, brilliant with its clusters of lights above the drafting tables. "Something wrong below. I'll see. He was superbly calm."

"John! I hope he's not hurt." She clung to Rantoul's hand. "Yes! yes! go! Tell me soon. Go—" she cried. Don't go! She was shuddering—white. But he had slipped through the door.

Her frightened eyes took in the fittings of the little office. The place reeked of labor, and the untidiness of working men. A garlic smell from the locker room conveyed a sense of common uncouth feeding, as she sniffed the gas of damp carbide spilled while hastily filling tunnel lamps. And without, just beyond her sight, she heard the echo of an Homeric struggle rising from the shaft. The screams of women came to her, for the mangled bodies of men were being hoisted out. Why did Rantoul stay so long? Was John killed? Why had she come? Questions crowded upon her. She was dizzy, nauseated. The vile garlic odor was overpowering. She shuddered, sinking breathless in John's chair.

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Presently Rantoul returned. "John is all right," he announced curtly. His eyes reflected a hint of things below. "I saw him at the shaft head; he went down again. Some poor fellows were killed—an explosion—God! what a hole!" Rantoul lit a cork-tipped cigarette, snapped the gold case with a click. Suddenly he realized that Josephine was ill. He helped her to her feet; supported her to the open air. "We had better go," he said quietly, and they walked down the little plankway outside of the enclosure to the waiting car.

John Breen, coming up from the tunnel with the last of the rescue party, ran to the office. A vague scent lingered over his desk, mingled with the aroma of an Egyptian cigarette. He stepped to the outside door and peered into the dark. Down by the curb was the limousine, and he saw Josephine entering the car with Rantoul. She was distant, exquisite, her hair glowing beneath the light in the car. She held Rantoul's hand a wan smile, as on her lips. They rolled silently away.

John was utterly tired as he washed the dirt and grease from his hands, using a gray paste smelling of ammonia and filled with an abrasive grit, a sort of mechanic's scouring pomade warranted to remove the most stubborn dirt. He was loosely scolar, his nerves were under scant control. He suddenly associated his cleansing with Josephine and burst out laughing. John again saw the picture of Rantoul, not the engineer, but the financier (he would always think of him so), handing Josephine into the car. John felt a bitter pang.

The engineers had come up, his assistants were cleaned and gone home, he had noted the events of the night in his official records and had again inspected the shaft. The watch was below in the tunnel, the din with out had subsided for a while, the shaft was shut down—until midnight. John did not go home, he was too tired, too many matters of moment centered about the shaft, he felt a vague dread of the streets, he wanted to stay where he was sure of his foundations, his surroundings, his thoughts. In a dozen homes women and children were sobbing, sobbing.

A chastened Josephine was leaving for Paris and the south of France. A winter on the Riviera would do her good. John had had a long talk with Van Horn. "I'm beating the tunnel, Gil," John said simply. He looked so capable, so well. John was confident, happy. He was entirely too happy to be safe, especially with a woman like Josephine, who demanded suffering from others.

But Van Horn looked sad, out of condition, yellow. Pug Malone would have shuddered at the sight of him. The fact that Gerrit Rantoul had taken passage on the same steamer, again on urgent business, may have had something to do with the depression of Van Horn. Still, when John and Rantoul stood together on the deck—John was seeing them off—Van Horn compared them and smiled.

## CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## ROCKWELL NEWS

(Too late for last issue) The Rockwell school opened Monday morning, September the 5th, with one of the largest enrollments in the history of the school. The faculty of the Rockwell school for the year is Prof. G. Ray Brown, principal, Miss Evelyn Rives, French, Miss Ruth Yerton, English, Miss Catherine Fraley, Science, Mr. J. R. Lewis, History, Mr. J. M. Conry, Agriculture, Miss Ruth Lyerly, Home Economics, Miss Ruth Beaver, 7th grade, Wilson Hill 6th, Miss Whitner 5th, Miss Inez Kesler 4th, Miss Linnie Kendrick, 3rd, Miss Vir-

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ginia Barger 2nd, Miss Glema Anthony 1st grade, and Miss Cornelia Cromp beginners.

The Rev. Frank Cauble was present for the opening and gave us a very interesting talk on "Service." This was followed by words of welcome by J. Yorke Peeler, mayor of Rockwell.

Miss Loreta Wade has returned as piano instructor for the Rockwell school. Many will be glad to note her return.

Miss Florence Mesimer, of near Rockwell, who was operated on for appendicitis, is improving.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Ray Lyerly has taken up his work as superintendent of Nazareth Orphan Home.

## ROWAN COUNTY PUBLIC MARKET

Butter, lb.	30c
Butter milk, gal.	20c
Cottage cheese, pt.	10c
Cream, pt.	25c
Eggs, doz.	25c
Fryers, alive, lb.	15c
Hens, alive, lb.	15c
Hens, dressed, lb.	18c
Cured hams, lb.	25c
Side meat, lb.	15c
Shoulder, lb.	15c
Molasses, gal.	50c
Walnuts, lb.	5c
Honey, lb.	15c
Corn meal, lb.	2 1/2c
Figs, qt.	10c
Grapes, qt.	10c
Dry beans, qt.	10c
Butter beans, qt.	15c
Cabbage, lb.	3c
Carrots, bunch.	5c
Collards, bunch.	7 1/2c
Mustard greens, lb.	7 1/2c
Dry onions, lb.	5c
Irish potatoes, lb.	2 1/2c
Sweet potatoes, lb.	2 1/2c
Spinach, lb.	10c
Turnips, bunch.	5c
Turnip greens, lb.	1 1/2c
Snap beans, qt.	5c
Tomatoes, lb.	5c
Apples, pk.	25c
Peaches, pk.	35c
Pears, pk.	25c
Corn, doz.	15c
Okra, lb.	5c
Squash, lb.	5c
Peanuts, qt.	5c
Vinegar, gal.	35c
Green peas, qt.	10c
Butter beans, qt.	15c.

## BOLD CHICAGO ROBBERY

Near \$1,000,000 was taken by eight expert cracksmen in Chicago, Saturday night. They held 10 persons captive in rooms over a safe deposit company while they cut a hole through 15 inches of steel to enter a vault and then knocked open a number of deposit boxes with hammers.

## PRANK ENDS IN DEATH

A boyish prank cost Walter Hight 17, his life early Friday morning at Warrenton. Walter cut a screen in his uncle's home and was trying with a fishing pole to snare a garment of one of his cousins. The uncle, Tom Vaughan, was roused by the noise and he killed the boy with a shotgun thinking he was a burglar.

## This Woman Lost 45 Pounds of Fat

"Dear Sirs: For 3 months I've been using your salts and am very much pleased with results. I've lost 45 lbs., 6 inches in hips and bust measure. I've taken 3 bottles—one lasting 5 weeks. I had often tried to reduce by dieting but never could keep it up, but by cutting down and taking Kruschen I've had splendid results. I highly recommend it to my friends."

—Mrs. Carl Wilson, Manton, Mich.

To lose fat SAFELY and HARMLESSLY, take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—don't miss a morning. To hasten results go light on fatty meats, potatoes, cream and pastures—a bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle—but don't take chances—be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—get it at Purcell Drug Store, or any drugstore in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

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## MARKETING COTTON

For Cotton Growers is the Purpose of Our Organization.

This year we will be able to render better service at less cost because—  
Our Storage Rates—  
Our Salaries and office costs—  
Our Freight and Delivery Charges to Mills—

## Are The LOWEST In Ten Years.

In June cotton was the lowest it has been since 1847. Now the tide has turned. We have a short crop. Exports are increasing, our mills are starting up on full time and buying more cotton. Our Seasonal and Optional pool advances are both liberal. We believe it will pay you to store and market orderly. YOUR SEASONAL COTTON WILL BE HANDLED TO BETTER ADVANTAGE THROUGH US. All cotton classed by government graders and stored in federal-licensed warehouses. You can keep your seed and draw 80 cents per hundred (\$4 per bale of 500 pounds) on seed loan cotton. Our optional pool will close March 1st and our seasonal pool May 1st, 1933. Information gladly furnished by our Field Men, Receiving Agents and Warehousemen, or write the Raleigh office.

## North Carolina Cotton Growers Co-operative Association.

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## Nature's Own Secret of Health Revealed

Science Discovers That Good Health Depends on Supplying the System with Necessary Minerals and Vitamins.

Medical Science has discovered that the human body is made up of a very limited number of essential elements. All of these are found in the Mineral Kingdom and in foods in their natural state. To be exact, the healthy human body is composed of eleven Minerals and when these are present, in balanced proportion, we enjoy good health.

PROPER FOODS ESSENTIAL  
Unfortunately, few of us give any thought to balancing our diets, according to their Mineral content, and therefore we must pay the penalty. A deficiency of these elements brings on Indigestion, Gas, Bloating, Constipation, Headaches, Nervousness and a host of other ills. We soon lose strength, go from had to worse and become disgusted with life itself.

NEW WAY TO HEALTH  
For many long years, Physicians and Chemists have been trying to combine, in proper proportion, the eleven essential Minerals with necessary Vitamins. They realized that the preparation must be easily assimilated and supply the system with these elements so necessary to health.

SCIENCE TRIUMPHS AGAIN  
Fortunately, for all mankind, this tremendous undertaking has met with success!

Science has perfected a most remarkable formula, known as LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND. This preparation supplies the system with the eleven essential Minerals, in combination with Vitamins. It is not, in any sense of the word, a "patent" medicine but is more in the nature of a FOOD VITALIZER. It assists Nature, by restoring a proper balance of the Mineral Content of the body and good health follows as a natural result.

BIG SURPRISE AWAITS YOU  
You who are blue, down cast and depressed over your loss of health. You who have tried many medicines and treatments with little or no relief—take new heart and cheer! Prepare yourselves for the most joyous surprise of your lives.

MAKE THIS 10 DAY TEST  
Convince Yourself!

Stop dosing yourself with "patent medicines," harsh purgatives, oils and cathartics for just 10 days. Go to your nearest Drug Store and secure a bottle of LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND. Take it regularly, and watch the results. You'll be amazed at the feeling of renewed strength and vigor that soon appears. No narcotics or alcohol to "boost you up" but a natural method of restoring health and energy.

## For Sale by Purcell's Drug Stores

SALISBURY, N. C., and good druggists everywhere, or send \$1.25 to Lee's Laboratories, 167 Forsyth St. S. W., Atlanta, Ga., for large bottle postpaid.

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## Build Up Health and Pains Go Away

WOMEN who suffer from weakness often have many aches and pains which a stronger state of health would prevent. Women in this condition should take Cardui, a purely vegetable tonic that has been in use for over 50 years. Take Cardui to improve the general tone of the system in cases of rundown health and "tired nerves." Women have found, in such cases, that Cardui helps them to overcome pains and make the monthly periods easier. CARDUI is safe and wholesome for women of all ages. Try it! Sold at the drug store.