

FIRST LOVES

By Felix Diesenberg

Twentieth Installment

"Josephine. We might as well face the facts."

"Why, Marvin! Are you about to propose?" She sat on the arm of the great chair and stroked his head.

"Why have you lit up that portrait of Gilbert?"

"Because it reminds me of, well, of him, and John."

"You know all about the relationship?"

"Right, old guardian. Now what? Must I split?"

"My dear young lady. You don't know John."

"Well, more than half of the estate is my own. You know I've made money. Hanging onto this house has paid. You know the offer. If John Breen expects me to drag him in here and give him either, well, I may have to do it. Of course he knows."

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, Marvin, I'm getting back into society again, what there is left of it, and Mrs. Van Horn won't sound so bad. He'll have to change his name, that's all."

"I was hoping he would. Josephine. Oh, girl, you are good, and wise."

"I'm going to settle things pretty soon Marvin."

"Good night, my dear. Will you kiss an old man?"

"There! now be good."

It was getting on into November. Josephine Lambert had many things to think about. What a difficult boy John was. Of course he was different, essentially a gentleman, and she, in a measure, knew why he was so reluctant to pay active court to her. But she knew he was impressionable, romantic, fervent, and she knew he was lost, in the interminable maze surrounding them. The whole bulking, swelling body of the town was choking her, it was literally choking her with money and disgust. Two weeks before Osman Snow, alio Sknowvitzky, had paid, in cash, a sum so staggering she hardly believed her eyes. Quite cleverly (she had acted unintentionally) her reluctance to part with the old Van Horn house had resulted in many, many thousands of additional dollars. In another month, however, she would have to move out. Another month.

Two weeks of the last month had gone by. She had not seen John Breen. Judge Kelly arranged to inform her of his whereabouts. The old Judge was as excited as a harpooner. Another week went by. Already Josephine was feeling the necessity of packing. Of course it could be done quickly, and many things could simply be left to auctioneers.

"Mr. Breen has the Engineers' Club. He is going to the Public Library." It was an important call, arranged for her by Judge Kelly, Josephine Lambert motored down Park Avenue, it was surer. She left her car at the Grand Central and walked over to Fifth Avenue. For the longest kind of a time she waited. Would he leave by the side door on Forty-Second Street? She swore under her breath, rather competently, and she would have liked to light a cigarette, as many men did but the stupid city had yet to advance a few more stages before women could be entirely at home on the streets.

It was mid-afternoon. John had lunched leisurely, and had consulted the files of the papers back in 1909. He used the Times Index, and was rewarded by several references to Almon Strauss. He was piecing together information for his own use. Strauss was immensely wealthy, almost a complete mystery, as to fact, a nebulous theory, as to report. Since the talk with Almon Strauss, John came to realize more and more the utter futility of merely planning. No one can tell the city what to do. It does things, and offers no excuses.

As John walked down from the library, across the broad steps, Josephine saw him at once. He went southward along the Avenue strolling casually, swinging a cane, hardly looking at any one. Josephine crossed over and walked a short distance behind him. She

smiled grimly at the business. Several acquaintances saw her, she bowed stiffly and dropped back. It was a deadly business. But John did look rather trim. He walked easily, he had an air about him. For the first time the humor of the situation dawned upon Josephine. She almost laughed, she was so certain of her ability; but he would have to pay her for this, pay her well, and, of course, he would never know what he was making up for.

John crossed Thirty-fourth Street, hesitated a moment, as if about to enter the Waldorf. Josephine, on the north side of the street shuddered. Thank heaven he had not entered that place. Of course she would have followed him, but the necessity was thankfully past.

At Twenty-fifth Street he again stopped and read the iron valve top covers. CATSKILL WALTER. Then he bought a paper, and, for a moment, seemed interested. He walked across into the park. Josephine also bought a paper. She was getting intensely wrought up in the chase. A picture caught her eye.

"Almon Strauss Definitely Abandons Bureau of City Plan." There was not much else. She wondered what John was so upset about. His jaunty step was gone. He had tossed the paper into a can and it was immediately retrieved by a bum. Josephine dropped her paper behind a low rail, on the half-dead grass. "The city is always being abandoned," she remarked thoughtfully. Soon she would abandon it herself. She smiled at the thought.

Josephine was a good stout walker, the air was cool, it was getting a bit dusky. John was on Third Avenue, and strolled along. He hardly knew where he was going. So Almon Strauss was quitting. Well, he was quitting too. The London crowd had cabled him only a few days before. All he had to do was say "yes." Five years' work at least, in Manchuria. He felt better, even in his lonesomeness.

At Ninth Street, he walked East to St. Mark's-in-the-Bowwerie, and then he was near the site of the old Cafe Boulevard. "Oh, John!" Josephine called to him. She was running toward him. "I saw you a block away. I was going home. Where in the name of common sense have you been?" There she was, before him. There they stood. The whole neighborhood had changed, since—since—well, it was no use talking. He was glad to see her, doubly glad. It was all so sudden and unexpected. Only the day before Judge Kelly had met him at luncheon, and had suggested that he owed her a call, at least. "A fine woman, John, a good woman."

Night was stealing over the city, chill night. The rackety old East Side rattled away. Strangers were passing. Mean streets are doubly mean in cold weather. It was six o'clock. They turned west, toward the subway. "I usually leave my car, when I'm down here." She told the plain truth, but not much of it. They were near the Astor Place station. "You must come home with me, John, you look tired. Do."

"Thanks, Josephine, if you will have me. I was about to suggest dinner somewhere."

"We'll dine at home, just you and me. Oh, I am so glad to see you, John."

He changed a coin, they were clapped through the turnstile. A crowd covered the platform. They were wedged together.

"I have been wondering, just now, what is to become of us—you and me?" She looked up at him, her long lashes dropped. She was young, so very young it seemed.

They were crushed into a train, he tried to shield her, his arm over her shoulder against a column. Her presence was grateful, comforting, as if he had always been with her, as if she was, well, was what a wife should be, safe, reassuring, lovable. At Fourteenth Street the greater part of the crush squeezed out, attempting to enter an express and save two minutes.

Conversation on the train was

impossible, a few seats were available. Josephine, who never used the subway, sat very close to John. He shoved against him by a man in flou overalls, a man with an evil-smelling paper hanger's kit between his knees. The East Side tube, carrying the returning denizens of upper Harlem and the Bronx, the black and the white, the drab and gray, rocked and shunted, stopped and started with jerks, and pounded on flat wheels and with screaming brakes. A song was reverberating through Josephine, "I've got him at last! I've got him at last!"

They walked across narrow Fifty-ninth Street. John thought how significant numbers are in the great city. Fifty-nine. Men at fifty-nine are old, at least so it seemed to John. They walked up Madison Avenue and turned into the familiar cross-town street. High buildings hedged in the Van Horn home. The Japanese butler opened the door.

"I am not at home, Tashi."

"Yes, madam."

Dinner was served in the dark dining room: John and Josephine hardly talked. She had changed her street gown, in an incredibly short time. "You know I have no special maid now, John. Just the cook, Tashi and a boy. Oh, I have changed." She blushed becomingly. "I dress myself, do my hair. See." She unbuttoned a thick coat, stretched it out at arm's length and wound it back in place. They were in the drawing room, she stood before a mirror. "I hope it's straight." She was in negligee of net with a coat of gold lace and cream. It was a dangerously feminine thing, filmy with ruffles and roses, easily crushed. A breath of vague perfume filled the room; *parfume Josephine*;

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

CENTRAL ITEMS

Central Grange had a call meeting Saturday night, October 29th for the purpose of boosting the grange. The lecturer put on a very, interesting programme with the members of our local order. It consisted of songs, poems, jokes, riddles, recitations and stunts.

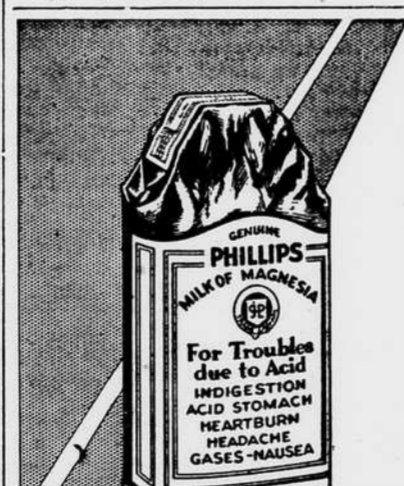
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Yeager, of Salisbury, were invited guests. Mr. Yeager made a splendid talk on, "what the grange has done, and what the grange will do in the future." We also had with us the lecturer of Pomova Grange, Mr. R. C. Adams, of Barber. He discussed, "organization," and his talk was enjoyed by all present.

After the programme, the ladies served peanuts and candy. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Isenhour and family spent Sunday evening with Mrs. Isenhour's mother, Mrs. B. M. Cauble.

Mrs. Tilley Williams and little son, of Eastern Carolina, are spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. R. L. Barringer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Houck visited Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Safrit a few hours Saturday night.

Mrs. C. L. Cauble is boarding the Central teachers, Misses Evelyn Rogers and Blanche Robinson. They report a splendid enrollment.



WHEN FOOD SOURS

ABOUT two hours after eating many people suffer from sour stomachs. They call it indigestion. It means that the stomach nerves have been over-stimulated. There is excess acid. The way to correct it is with an alkali, which neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

The right way is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—just a tasteless dose in water. It is pleasant, efficient and harmless. Results come almost instantly. It is the approved method. You will never use another when you know.

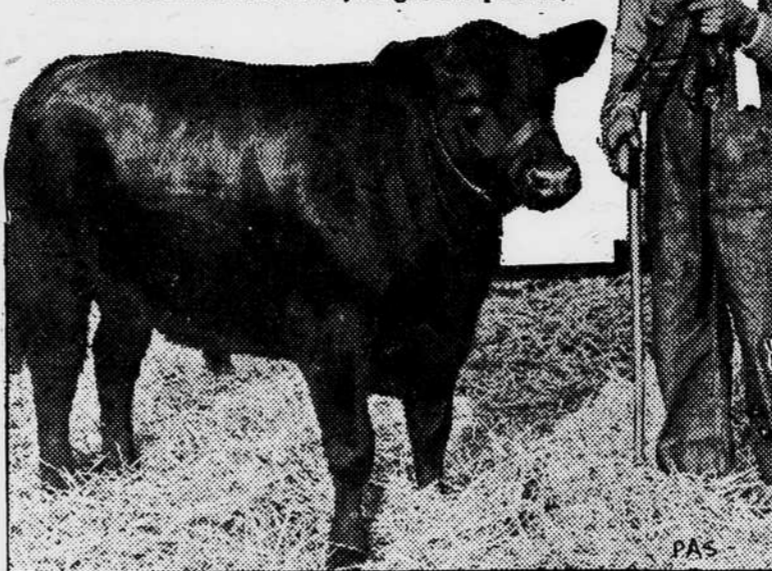
Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for correcting excess acids. 25c and 50c a bottle—any drug store. The ideal dentifrice for clean teeth and healthy gums is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, a superior tooth-paste that safeguards against acid-mouth.

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Grand Champion Calf and 4-H Club Owner

Meadow-View Lindy, Angus calf owned and raised by Marion Syrel, Siloam Springs, Ill., was made Grand Champion of the 9th, Annual Baby Beef Show at the 4-H Club show in East St. Louis. 217 entrants from Missouri, Illinois and Arkansas competed. Meadow-View Lindy, shown here with the owner, weighs 820 pounds.



Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Safrit are spending several days with Mrs. Safrit's mother, Mrs. Bost, of China Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Neel spent a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cauble.

Mrs. C. L. Cauble called on Mrs. Georgia Jordan Saturday night.

Central Grange will hold its next meeting Saturday night, November 12th, at 7:30 o'clock. All members are urged to be present. This is the time for election of officers. Don't fail to be present.

PATTERSON ITEMS

Marks Davis, a student at A. S. T. C., in Boone, spent the week-end with his parents.

A large crowd attended the young peoples' conference held at Thyatira October 29th and 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson visited their daughter, Mrs. Baity, who lives in Charlotte, several days ago.

Mrs. James Patterson is well again, after an attack of sore throat.

A large crowd attended the services at Thyatira Thursday, November 3. A group of school pupils from Mr. Ulla came down to hear Dr. Lingles address and to witness

the tree planting ceremony. A picnic dinner was served at noon.

The children and grandchildren of Mr. J. A. Sloop gave him a birthday dinner at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. E. Shue, Sunday, October 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Shue live at the old home of Mr. Sloop.

Most of farmers have their wheat and other small grain sowed.

Miss Lutelle Jackson, teacher of the Patterson school, is boarding with Mrs. J. P. Davis.

Mr. C. A. Freeze has been threatening lespedeza for the farmers of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Stirwalt, a newly married couple of this community, were serenaded Saturday night at the brides home. Before her marriage Mrs. Stirwalt was Miss Ruby Cooper.

Our community was saddened by the death of Marks Shuping, son of Mr. J. H. Shuping. He had been ill several weeks following an operation for appendicitis.

Patterson Grange No. 616 will have its election of new officers on November 19. All members are urged to be present.

Say, "I Saw It in THE WATCHMAN." Thank You!

THE OTHER MAN

... don't expect too much from your husband, as I did. Any woman of experience will tell you that love doesn't last. Romance will wear thin. It's traditional that men get tired of the same woman. When you've been married a few years you'll be lucky if you're still good friends. Don't think I am saying these things to hurt you. I'm saying them because I want you to be happy; and you can only be happy after you're married by not expecting too much. Let him be quite free, too—don't try to chain him to you all the time—that's a sure way to kill love.

"Love doesn't last . . ."

Those were the words that haunted Pauline as she sat up in bed on her wedding day morn, her fair hair rumpled childishly, her blue eyes blinking in the sunshine. The present Barbara had sent was standing on a small table by itself. It was a small carved statuette in ivory and silver, of a small Cupid beating his hand in vain against a barred door, and underneath was the one word "Denied."

It is a new serial by Ruby Ayers . . . It concerns Pauline, Dennis, Barbara and—The Other Man. It is a story that teems with action

... It portrays distinctive personalities struggling for full expression . . . We're confident you'll enjoy . . . "The Other Man."

Starting November 25th in The Carolina Watchman

TWO DIE ON BUSY STREET

Leroy Kitchen, 28, walked up to two acquaintances on a busy Richmond street, fired at the man, shot the woman, Ruth Slauson, 19, through the head, killed himself with two shots through the head. His motive was not disclosed.

Safe Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut down on pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

Now you will know the pleasant way to lose unsightly fat and you'll also know that the 6 salts of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health.

But be sure for your health's sake that you ask for and get Kruschen Salts. Get them at Purcell's Drug Stores or any drugstore in the world and if the results one bottle brings do not delight you—do not joyfully satisfy you—why money back.

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Mineral Compound Proves Sensation

Scores of Local People Report Amazing Results from New Scientific Food Vitalizer; Druggists Astounded at Tremendous Sales.

Probably never before in all the history of this county has any product been given such whole-hearted praise as the new scientific formula known as LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND. Men and women in all walks of life have put this remarkable Food Vitalizer to the test and proven its amazing powers. Literally thousands of people have made the now famous 10 day test and have proven that Nature's way is the right way to health.

So swift and sweeping has been the success of this new compound that in a few short weeks, it has become the talk of the country. Those who have used it tell astounding stories of what it has done for them, and, were the facts not known and verified, it would be hard to believe that any single treatment could prove so effective in so many different cases.

It merely goes to prove the assertion of famous Scientists that the one sure way to maintain health is to supply the body with a balanced proportion of the essential Mineral elements and necessary Vitamins.

The one and only product of its kind, LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND, contains eleven essential Minerals, splendidly combined with Vitamins and valuable tonic aids. It acts as a Food

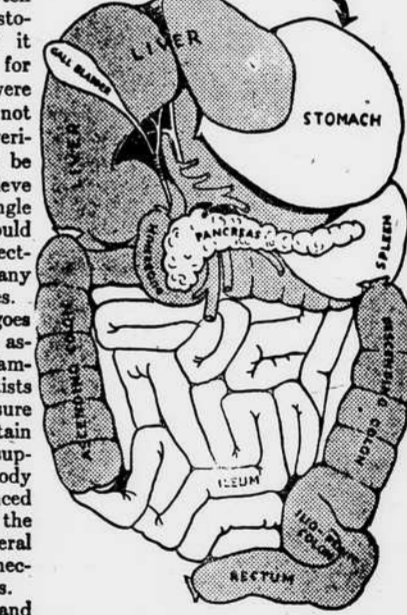
Vitalizer, feeding the system those vital elements that we fail to get in modern refined foods. It stimulates the organs of digestion and assimilation, creates a keen, hearty appetite, clears the system of dangerous impurities and waste material, soothes "ragged" nerves, enables one to sleep soundly, awake refreshed and filled with new vigor for the daily battles of life.

No wonder that those who have tried so many other treatments, with little or no benefit, have been quick to turn to this natural method of restoring health. No wonder the sales of "patent" medicines, harsh laxatives and dangerous "pain-killers" have fallen to the lowest mark in years.

People today are more intelligent than they used to be and are quick to take advantage of the new and proven scientific discoveries. That accounts for the tremendous demand for this amazing compound that builds new health, strength and vigor in Nature's own way.

If you have tried many medicines and treatments that gave you little or no relief, do not be discouraged. The chances are 10 to 1 you'll find LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND is just what your system needs to restore your health.

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Bone and Muscle—Feeds Nerves, Stores Strength.
Makes You Feel Yourself Again

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 Druggist 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.

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