



EIGHTH INSTALMENT

"I'd advise you to shut up, old man," said Dick, sternly. "I don't blame you, in a way, but there's something here that neither you nor I understand. Only this—you said—laughing's all that Ellen can do, just now. If you haven't enough sense to see it, if Claire isn't woman enough to get it, I do. The kid's at the end of her rope."

Still formidable, still gaunt, he had left Sandy standing wordlessly beside the sofa on which Claire sat. He had left Sandy, and had gone swiftly to Ellen's side, and his long arms, reaching out, had drawn her little figure—in its beaded play suit—close to his chest.

"Easy now, youngster," said Dick. "Lay off that stuff! Cry if you want to, if you must. But lay off that business of laughing. You'll be ill—"

Ellen found that she was clutching Dick's arms, way up close to the shoulders. They were tense, like iron. They were bony they weren't cuddly, they were just something to hold on to—but, oh, how dreadfully she needed them!

As her slim fingers bit into their tenderness, she began to regain a certain amount of self-control. She could realize, as she fought to keep back her spasmodic giggles, that it was because she had been relieved to know that it was Sandy who had come up the stairs—Sandy, and not Tony.

But at any moment it might be Tony! For hadn't Claire said that his car was waiting, at the curb? Ellen was wrenching herself free

from Dick's grasp. Was beginning to shake again, to shake as if she were chilled, as if she were feverish.

"I'm all right n-now, old thing," she tried to say breezily, although she found it almost impossible to articulate. I'll go n-now and g-get my things on. . . . I really have a date, you know."

Sandy threw himself down on the sofa, beside Claire. "With the baby you met, last night, I suppose?" he sneered. "With the boy who rode around the park with you—oh, I know all about it."

"Then," Ellen's eyes were blazing, "then you can just be still about it! For even if you did buy my ticket to the Six Arts, you don't own me. I'm sorry that I left you—at least, I was sorry! But I'm not, any more."

Dick had been very quiet for a few minutes, but although Ellen struggled to be free his hands weren't relaxing their hold, not a particle.

"You're not leaving this studio, not in this condition," he told her. "What's it all about, youngster, anyway? Did you have anything to drink last night? Answer me that!"

Ellen tried to master this business of nerves. If she didn't, Dick wouldn't let her go. She knew Dick.

"Of course, I didn't have anything to drink," she said, almost gently. "I never drink. Don't you trust me?"

"I used to, myself," said Sandy, "trust you. But not any more. Even Gay wouldn't treat a guy—"

"Be still!" roared Dick. Like most men, his helplessness had the effect of angering him.

Ellen, there in Dick's arms, wanted to scream at them. She wanted to call Claire ugly names, and she'd never wanted to call anyone an ugly name, before. This bantering, when her whole future was at stake! For if Tony came up searching for her—how could she explain things? These arms—Dick's arms—that held her? How could she say anything in the face of this scene?

"Oh, Dick," she begged, "let me go. I've got to get dressed. This date—it's very vital; you don't understand. I've got to keep it. Let me go, now—and I'll call you on the phone, tomorrow, and explain. I'll stop by in the morning and tell you all about it. You'd not try to keep me, if you knew. When you know, you'll say it's all right—"

Dick was nuzzling his chin into the hair at the top of her head, with a movement unexpectedly tender.

"What I'm afraid of, honey," he said, "is that you've gone and got yourself into some had sort of a scrape. Maybe it would be better if you told me now. I'll kick them out, Claire and Sandy, if you like. I'll have some dinner sent in for you, and you can get all calmed down."

But Ellen was crying, now. "I've got to go!" she sobbed, "I've got a date!"

"Is—it was Sandy speaking; before her tears some of his wrath had vanished, but he still desired information—"Is the date with the same boy that you ditched me for, last night?"

The time for evasion—some of it, at least—had passed.

"Yes," sobbed Ellen. "Who," it was Dick now, "who is this insistent young man, child?" Claire was gazing up at the ceiling.

"He's tall," she said, "and God,

how glum! And he has blue eyes and a swell sunburn, and the snappiest red Rolls-Royce in the city." But Dick was insisting, himself. "What's his name, Ellen?" he questioned. "I'd like to know, myself."

Ellen had relaxed hopelessly against Dick. At the moment nothing was any use, any more. Suddenly she was more tired than she had ever been in all of her life—and older, too.

"His name is Tony Brander," she said. "Anthony Brander, the sugar man, was his father."

Claire yawned. The yawn was far too elaborate to be plausible. "Nothing of the piker about you," she said, "is there?"

Sandy whistled. "One of those!" he said. "saw his picture snapped at the races, in Vogue last month. He's an orphan, they said."

Claire laughed. "What a break!" she murmured. But Dick didn't say anything for a moment. In fact, his silence made the whole studio seem silent. So silent that the clock, chiming five-forty-five, seemed only an echo to the knock upon the studio door.

Claire was the one who called a summons. It wasn't her studio, but she was like that.

And then Tony walked into the room. There was a narrow white line around his mouth as he looked across Ellen's head, into the eyes of the man who was holding her. Ellen, with her face twisted back awkwardly so she could watch across her shoulder, noticed that line and wondered about it, mutely. But it was Dick who spoke.

"This is my place," he said. "I'm Alven. You—you haven't been here before, ever. Who are you?"

Tony's voice was so steady when he answered that it was almost absurd.

"It may be your place," he said, "but it's my wife you're holding in your arms. My wife! Funny, isn't it?"

You could have cut through the atmosphere of Dick's studio with a knife the air was so thick with con-

flicting emotions. They were such mixed emotions that, though the hysteria rose again in Ellen's mind, she couldn't even laugh. It wasn't possible any more to do anything so simple as to laugh!

Again, by some miraculous change, she wasn't a part of the thing. She was starting on the side lines, she was reading from a printed page. These people—she didn't know them. Not Dick, with his face gone suddenly old and greenish in its pallor. Not Tony, her Tony, with pain looking out of his eyes at her. Not Sandy, with his mouth hanging, ever so slightly, open.

Only Claire retained her nonchalance.

"So!" said Claire. And then languidly she rose from the sofa and strolled across the room toward

Tony. And extended to him a pink-tipped white hand.

"Congratulations," she said. "I suppose they're in order."

Tony wasn't seeing Claire—he was staring at Ellen, though Ellen wasn't in Dick's arms any more.

"I suppose," said Tony, "that they are!"

It was then that Dick spoke. Dick, with a vague color coming back into his cheeks—Dick, with a great effort, justifying a girl's three-year faith in him.

He advanced toward Tony and extended his hand.

"I can't pretend that I'm not shocked by this news," he told Tony. "Ellen is very dear to me. She's been rather like a little sister. I feel that I'd have liked knowing, slightly better, the man she married. But you look awfully regular, Brander," his voice never wavered, "and I know, sudden as it seems, that Ellen must care for you very deeply. And I'm sure, very sure, that you'll be good to her."

Tony was flushing. He was very young at the moment. He took the proffered hand.

"You can't blame me," he said grimly, "for wondering. It seemed rather strange. Ellen asked me to wait for her a five, by the door, and she didn't come. And then—"

Dick's hand was on the boy's shoulder. It said as plainly as a voice could have said:

"Steady, old chap. . . . Steady!" "I don't blame you one bit," he said aloud. "I'd have felt just as you do, myself, if the situation had been reversed."

Sandy's mouth had come shut. He, too, was standing.

"My name's Mackintosh," he said. I should be telling you where you get off instead of welcoming you to our city. I took Ellen to the party last night, so I suppose I'm directly responsible—"

Claire interrupted. She allowed herself to display direct and unvarnished curiosity, in a big way.

"But you knew each other, didn't you, before last night?" she questioned, "I ought to be told."

Beseechingly Ellen's eyes sought Tony's eyes. Claire mustn't know the irregularity, the suddenness, of the whole thing. It would be a beautiful morsel of gossip for Claire and her intimates. An agony of embarrassment lay in Ellen's gaze, and Tony, seeing, responded to that agony. Swiftly his two hands had enfolded Ellen's outflung hands.

"Oh," he said, quite airily, "Oh, we've known each other for centuries. When," Ellen was stunned to hear him quote the line, "when she was a tadpole and I was a fish—"

Claire laughed.

"When the world," she said, "was even wetter than it is now!" Sandy was laughing, too.

"Speaking," he said of wet worlds, I think this calls for a party. Party? Ellen wanted to scream out at the thought of a party.

"Oh—no party!" she murmured. But Dick, with his white face oddly aloof, was the one who failed her.

"Certainly a party!" he said. Claire was already at the phone.

Black-Draught For Dizziness, Headache Due To Constipation

"I have used Theford's Black-Draught several years and find it splendid," writes Mr. G. W. Holley, of St. Paul, Va. "I take it for dizziness or headache (due to constipation). I have never found anything better. A short while ago, we began giving our children Syrup of Black-Draught as a laxative for colds and little stomach ailments, and have found it very satisfactory. . . . Millions of packages of Theford's Black-Draught are required to satisfy the demand for this popular, old reliable, purely vegetable laxative. 25¢ a package. "Children like the Syrup."

SUMMER TIME IS BUS TIME FARES are the LOWEST in HISTORY COOL! COMFORTABLE! SAFE! FARES FROM SALISBURY:

Table with 4 columns: City, One Round Way, One Round Trip, One Round Trip. Includes Norfolk, Va., Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., New York, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., Birmingham, Ala., Memphis, Tenn., Miami, Fla., Charlotte, Concord, Lexington, High Point, Greensboro, Burlington, Durham, Raleigh.

You can't afford to use your car while fares are so low. SAVE Wear and tear on your nerves Wear and tear on your car. CAROLINA COACH CO. SALISBURY Union Bus Station—Phone 1751 CHINA GROVE Cline Hotel

Her high chuckle was floating through the room.

"Ellen," she was saying, "yes, married! Come around and make it legal."

In the excitement Tony's arm was around her shoulder. It wasn't a chill arm any more, but Ellen—wanting his embrace with keen desperation wished that Dick weren't watching.

"Tired, dear?" questioned Tony. And then, "You're cute as a button in that get-up!"

Ellen had forgotten the white buckskin, the beads.

"Let me go, Tony," she said. "I must change into my own clothes. . . . Just behind this screen—"

She was acutely conscious of his unspoken, "Do you dress, and undress, behind that screen? Alone—with a man—in this studio?"

"No," she added, "I'm not tired, really."

Walking sedately she went behind the screen, and began to pull the white buckskin frock over her head, and to untie the endless strings of gay beads.

From the other side of the screen sounded a babel of voices. Voices that talked incessantly.

Dick's voice, dispassionately, "You are a nasty little cat, Claire. Why don't you try being decent for a while."

And then Tony's voice—Tony's voice. Saying, "If there's going to be a party, seems as if I ought to be my party. Seems as if I ought to throw it. Seems as if some of my friends ought to be in on the big time—"

Ellen, buttoning her straight little blue crepe dress, paused. Tony's friends—why, she'd never even stopped to consider Tony's friends! She hadn't thought of Tony as being—She hadn't thought of him exactly, in terms of having his own group of friends! Somehow she didn't want to meet those friends! They'd known Tony for so long—so much longer than she had known him, so infinitely much longer. All at once, she hated them. So this was jealousy!

Tony had already taken Claire's place at the phone. He was ringing up numbers, one after the other. Saying—

"Yes, I've news for you! Yes, I'm married. No—not Jane. No, it's someone you don't know. Oh, today! Come to my post bachelor dinner. . . ."

So to one friend, so to another, so to another.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

The boys and girls of North Carolina who need education the most, usually drop out of school the first.

Some people who are suffering from the alcoholic blues, need a treatment of lock-up blues.

LAND POSTERS—For Sale at The Watchman Office.

People who forget the home merchant when they have plenty of time to buy things, can usually remember him when they want something in a tearing hurry.

The people are urged to "talk turkey," but Junior says he is going to do something more than talk about turkey, if Father ever gets around to him after serving the long line of older relatives.

Much is said about the wolf at the door, but if he comes around the door nowadays, he is likely to find the porch filled with salesmen.

Turning from the wrong lane causes automobile accidents, also turning a crowded street into a lover's lane also brings some amorous drivers to grief.

Bucky Visions Flag



WASHINGTON . . . Stanley "Bucky" Harris (above), is back again as manager and is of the opinion that a few player-deals will put the Senators very definitely in the American League pennant race.

HERE'S THE AID TO FEWER COLDS... VICKS VA-TRO-NOL... HERE'S THE AID TO SHORTER COLDS... VICKS VAPORUB... Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS

L. Councill Powles Funeral Director and Embalmer PRESTIGE JUSTIFIED BY SERVICE Phone 282 Rockwell, N. C.

FOUR-FIFTHS OF YOUR COAL DOLLAR GOES TO LABOR— NO OTHER FUEL DOES MORE. We appreciate your coal order. Our employees appreciate it. One hundred and fifty-eight (158) persons were employed in mining, transporting and delivering coal to your bin—we are all grateful for your business. JONES ICE COMPANY

Everybody can eat well! Short Orders Of ALL KINDS LEADING BRANDS OF BEER BLACKWELDER'S 209 S. Main St. Near So. R. R. Depot.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER first day HEADACHES Liquid - Tablets Salve - Nose Drops in 30 minutes

DR. N. C. LITTLE Optometrist Eyes examined and glasses fitted Telephone 1571-W. 107 1/2 S. Main Street Next to Ketchie Barber Shop.

Shoes rebuilt the better way. All kinds of harness, trunk and suitcase repairing. FAYSSOUX'S PLACE Phone 433 120 E. Innes St.

STAR LAUNDRY "The Good One" Launderers and Dry Cleaners Phone 24 114 West Bank St. ONE DAY SERVICE

NOW ON DISPLAY FAIRBANKS-MORSE STOKER The World's Greatest Automatic COAL BURNER C. J. W. FISHER Your Plumber 113 E. Innes St. Phone 570

AGENTS KIRK'S STERLING SILVER NORMAN INGLE

RADIATOR REPAIRING Let us inspect your radiator for spring driving. We flush, clean and recore all makes of radiators. We sell or trade new and second hand. We are the oldest and most reliable. See us. EAST SPENCER MOTOR CO. E. Spencer, N. C. Phone 1198-J

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN Saved by new Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil in tasteless tablets.

McCoys' Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're called "Cod Liver Oil in Tablets", and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 3, seriously sick, got well and gained 10 1/2 lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 8 lbs. the first week and 3 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health back and gained 10 lbs. in less than a month.

PICK 4 OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINES AND THIS NEWSPAPER - 1 FULL YEAR You Save Money on this Amazing Combination Offer 4 Leading Magazines and Your Favorite Newspaper. Pick 1 Magazine \$1.75 Pick 3 Magazines. GROUP 1 SELECT ONE MAGAZINE: Better Homes & Gardens, Delineator, McCall's Magazine, Pathfinder (Weekly), Pictorial Review, Open Road (Boys), Parents' Magazine, Sports Afield, Silver Screen, Woman's World, Household Magazine, Needlecraft, Cloverleaf Review, Home Circle. GROUP 2 SELECT THREE MAGAZINES: Progressive Farmer, Southern Agriculturist, The Country Home, Cloverleaf Review, American Poultry Journal, The Farm Journal, Capper's Farmer, Gentlewoman Magazine, Good Stories, Home Circle, Household Magazine, Illustrated Mechanics, Mother's Home Life, Needlecraft, Successful Farming, Everybody's Poultry Mag., Woman's World, American Fruit Grower.