

PROMENADE DECK

by Ishbel Ross

NINTH INSTALMENT

"I've been wondering about you this morning, Jenny. I came back to your door last night, but your stateroom was quiet and the lights were on. I thought everything must be all right," said Angela.

"Perhaps it is," said Jenny, blankly. "I don't know. Peter's gone."

"Jenny darling, do sit down and drink some tea with me. Have you had your breakfast yet?" Angela rang the bell for her stewardess.

"Breakfast?" repeated Jenny, aimlessly.

"Yes, breakfast. You look exhausted. Did you sleep at all?"

All night, like a log. I think I must have fainted when I found Peter wasn't there. I scarcely remember the night at all. Wouldn't it be funny, Angela, if I never saw him again?"

"Don't talk rot. You're shivering. Throw that dressing-gown over your shoulders."

"Jenny darling," said Angela, plunging swiftly to the point, "I have some bad news for you."

Jenny retracted her head, wary for the coming of a blow.

"Your husband's left the boat with Mrs. Langford."

"Peter—oh no!" Jenny's voice was a cry of pain. "Angela, there isn't any doubt in your mind."

"Mr. Charlton thinks they caught a boat to Singapore yesterday."

"While we were watching the foolish dancers! But his things—how did he get them off?"

"He came back and packed, and he and Mrs. Langford got a steward to take off their bags."

Jenny was staring at the floor. "You know I'm his wife."

Angela accepted her announcement with no change of expression.

"In fact, I left my husband and four-months-old baby to run away with Peter."

"Your baby—Oh, Jenny darling!" Angela's voice halted in mid-stream. So this was the story. She looked pityingly at the girl on the bed. "You must have loved him very much."

"I did. I do. But, you see, one

must pay for a thing like that."

"How long have you been with him, altogether?"

"About ten weeks. Such a little time. I thought it would last for years. I thought it would last forever. But ten weeks! Funny, isn't it? I'm repeating history. My mother did exactly the same thing when I was a little girl."

"But didn't you feel that anything was wrong, Jenny?"

"I saw him go into her stateroom the other day, but I closed my eyes to reality. I couldn't believe it. There was no change in his manner."

She lapsed into silence again. Angela could see her fingers twisting and untwisting, and the flow of thoughts over her face.

"Angela, I want to be left to myself," said Jenny, suddenly.

"Of course, my dear child, but I shall come back, and if there is anything I can do—" she bent down and kissed her forehead.

"You're very kind. There's nothing that anyone can do."

Angela went upstairs, to find that the boat was seething with gossip. She decided to go down to Jenny's suite again and see if she were asleep. No, she was lying exactly as she had left her. When the door opened she threw an eager glance toward it, but her face clouded as soon as she saw that it was only Angela.

"Jenny, are you all right?"

"Yes." She spoke in the faded voice of the very ill.

"Have you slept?"

Smiling feebly, she shook her head.

"A storm is coming up, a real China Sea storm. I hope you don't get seasick."

"Never."

"It should lull us all to sleep tonight."

"Yes?" Jenny's glance was faintly questioning.

"Won't you have some tea with me? Let's have it here. You haven't had luncheon."

"If you don't mind, Angela. I want just to be let alone. I'm rather tired. I think I shall sleep."

"You'll send for me if there is anything I can do, won't you?"

"Rather!" She smiled piteously at Angela—a lost face, drowning in its own bewilderment.

The last traces of Peter's occupancy—a few odds and ends of paper—had disappeared. A white and blue envelope lay on the table. It was a message from him. The letters danced before her eyes—foolish, jumbled letters, all capitals and no punctuation. It had come in dots and dashes direct from her lover on his way to Singapore.

Writing at once to explain everything and arrange financial matters. Peter.

Jenny looked in the flowered bag that had gone with her to the wats of Bangkok. Opening her purse,

Harry stood at the door, wondering what he should do. "It's captain's orders, madam," he repeated. "It's a bad night and the water will come in."

Jenny's voice was imperative: "Leave it to me. I shall ring in a little while."

The old man went grunting off. He had plenty of others to attend to, and he supposed the lady knew what she was about. Senseless of her, though. He shuffled down the next alley; no doubt she would ring. Soon he had forgotten her existence.

The storm was now at its peak. Jenny could see the green-black mountains racing past with squirming foam-crests. In her ears were thundering cries of anguish—the requiem of the sea. She dashed across the cabin and slapped her hands in aimless frenzy against the panels. "He couldn't, he couldn't, he couldn't!" she screamed, but her voice was a whisper in the mad crescendo of the gale. She covered her eyes with her arm. She must be going mad. But the water would wash the fever from her brain, would lap her in peace and security.

She reached the porthole, was standing below it. She stretched up her arms and the tips of her fingers touched the rim, finding it cold and wet. Her ears were filled with the roar of the sea. Nothing must stop her now. At last she worked her slender shoulders through the rim of the porthole. Turning her head, she saw that the deadlights must all be down, for the ship was as dark as a whale. She was working with frenzy now, pushing her slim body farther and farther out. The waves dashed into her face, stinging her to a sharp knowledge that she was close to death, beyond aid and love. Her only fear was that they might push her back. She dreaded the moments of quiet, the lull between the waves, when her thoughts washed back to the life she was leaving. One arm reached into the night and the water raced through her fingers. It was black and icy-cold. The water was a void from which one plunged into light. Slowly she wormed her way through the black circle—her breasts, and now her waist. If only her hips would slip through the porthole! Jenny's head swooped down toward the water. A thousand echoes thundered in her ears and her thoughts were splintered to fragments. Her baby would never know her—better that she would die. Peter would never love her—better that she should . . .

With one last tug she pulled herself clear. There was a tiny splash. A huge wave roared along the side of the ship and, finding an open porthole, rushed in. Two peach slippers rode like boats for a split second and then, as the water eddied with the lurching of the Marenia, were stranded limply in a joining cabin, heard a metallic click

I shall furnish evidence when you return, if you feel you want to divorce me, Angela and, of course, I shall make it all as easy as possible. I want you to believe that our love, while it lasted, was something separate, apart and wonderful; that I have never known a woman I admired as much as you. But I'm afraid I should continue to hurt you, and things would only get worse, as you must realize. I could not bear your reproachful eyes at Cairo, although you said so little. Wouldn't it be better if we went our separate ways? I have already left your home and am living at my club. Jock is with me, but I shall return him as soon as you get back. Forgive me, Angela, and I hope we shall always be the best of friends. Yours,

Patronize Watchman Advertisers.

Loveat.

P. S.—Would you please get me a very fine jade bracelet in China? The Kitten wants one.

The letter dropped from Angela's hand and she stared after it as it fell. She had feared it all along. Of course, she would let him have his divorce, though it would be beastly—all of it! The tears went sliding down Angela's cheeks. She had not thought that he would slip completely out of her life as soon as she turned her back. There would be no use opposing him now, and why try to hold him when he had already passed from her life?

She took out her writing things and sat down to reply to his letter. Darling Loveat:

I waited and waited for a letter, and then when I got to Peking I learned that there wasn't anything more to look forward to. Of course, you shall have your divorce. I shouldn't dream of standing in your way. Make any arrangements you like and as soon as I get back I shall talk things over with you. I hope you're sure you love the girl Lovat. I'm going out to look for the bracelet tonight. It will be my wedding gift to your new bride, and I hope you will both be happy. I blame myself for marrying you, ever; but I love you still, and always shall, I'm afraid.

Angela.

Macduff might go with her on her quest. He would have no idea that she was buying a gift for her successor, and he was certainly obtuse enough not to know that she was hurt. Angela changed into her gayest gown, like Jenny with her flowered frock at Bangkok. At last she went down to the lounge and found Macduff with a whiskey before him.

"I'm going on an expedition tonight, Macduff, and I'd like you to come with me."

"Where?"

"I've been commissioned to buy a jade bracelet," she explained, lightly. "I want to find the loveliest one in China. We'll scour the city until we get it."

"It sounds like a foolish idea to me, but I shall come."

"Good! I can always depend on you."

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

"Ad Girl" Choice

CHICAGO . . . Miss Charlotte Gooding (above) is a slim brunette standing 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weighs 128 lbs., and is 20 years old. She is the choice of Chicago Advertising Clubs of the nation's ad girl models.

Laxative combination folks know is trustworthy

The confidence thousands of parents have in good, old reliable, powdered Theoford's Black-Draught has prompted them to get the new Syrup of Black-Draught for their children. The grown folks stick to the powdered Black-Draught; the youngsters probably will prefer it when they outgrow their childish love of sweets. Mrs. C. W. Adams, of Murray, Ky., writes: "I have used Theoford's Black-Draught (powder) about thirty years, taking it for biliousness. Black-Draught acts well and I am always pleased with the results. I wanted a good, reliable laxative for my children. I have found Syrup of Black-Draught to be just that."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Zammiello Will Captain Cagers Next Year

(From The Catawba Pioneer)

At the annual boys' smoker last week, Rocco Zammiello was elected captain of the basketball team for next year. Gramp has been on the squad ever since a freshman, and is certainly aware of the honor bestowed upon him. For three years the old boy has been plugging, but was handicapped somewhat this past season with a trick knee received in the early football season. This injury kept him on the bench during most of the game, but when he broke into the lineup, he performed in the Ole Zamy style. Good luck to then ew captain, with best wishes for a successful season next year.

Coach Kirkland awarded letters to the following basketball men: Goodman, Clark, Kesler, Bauer, Pritchard, Zammiello, Meehan, Jones, and Flash Ely, who was manager.

BEAUTIFUL COLOR PICTURE

A reproduction in FULL COLOR of a favorite portrait of the late Albert C. Ritchie, four-time Governor of Maryland, will be printed in the March 9th issue of the Baltimore Sunday American. Make sure of your copy of this beautiful picture.

Patronize Watchman Advertisers.

Great Tourist Year Expected

New York—Not only has international tourist travel in the United States been unusually active this year, but the flood tide of overseas travel to this country has exceeded for the first time in several generations the ebb tide of Europe-bound Americans.

Completing a survey of reports from 50 offices located throughout the world, Hotels of the World, an international system, reports that more than 1,000,000 visitors to the United States will arrive in 1936 to attend various exhibitions and for general travel.

In 1934 more than 600,000 persons came to the United States from other countries, and the pres-

ent reservations made by leading travel organizations point to this figure being almost doubled. Hotels of the World reports that all previous travel reservations have been exceeded for a similar period in any year since 1914.

A large number of travelers from abroad are booking to attend the Texas Centennial, the San Diego Exposition and the coming San Francisco celebration. Considerable interest in exhibited abroad in the 1939 World's Fair in New York City according to the survey.

The change in currency exchange also is a factor in this turn of foreign bound travel to the United States.

ACROSS THE BORDER

She—Why is it you never mention your ancestors?

He—Because I believe in letting bygones be bygones.

YOUR OLD MATTRESS

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PHONE 6

Say I Saw It In The Watchman—Thank You

BARGAIN HOURS ON OUT-OF-TOWN CALLS

Rates from Charlotte, N. C. to	STATION-TO-STATION			PERSON-TO-PERSON			Rates from Charlotte, N. C. to	STATION-TO-STATION			PERSON-TO-PERSON		
	Day Rate	Night and Sunday	Sav. ing	Day Rate	Night and Sunday	Sav. ing		Day Rate	Night and Sunday	Sav. ing	Day Rate	Night and Sunday	Sav. ing
Asheville, N. C.75	.40	.35	.95	.70	.25	Miami, Fla.	2.55	1.40	1.15	3.25	2.10	1.15
Atlanta, Ga.	1.10	.65	.45	1.50	1.05	.45	Knoxville, Tenn.95	.55	.40	1.30	.90	.40
Charlotte, S. C.90	.55	.35	1.25	.90	.35	New York, N. Y.	2.35	1.30	1.05	3.00	1.95	1.05
Columbia, S. C.85	.55	.30	.80	.60	.20	Raleigh, N. C.90	.45	.45	1.10	.75	.35
Greensboro, N. C.	1.05	.55	.50	1.30	.85	.45	Spartanburg, S. C.80	.35	.15	.75	.60	.15
Greensboro, N. C.65	.35	.30	.85	.60	.25	Washington, D. C.	1.65	.95	.70	2.05	1.35	.70
Greenville, S. C.90	.35	.35	.90	.65	.25	Wilmington, N. C.	1.15	.60	.55	1.45	.95	.50
Jacksonville, Fla.	1.60	.90	.70	2.00	1.30	.70	Winston-Salem, N. C.85	.35	.20	.75	.60	.15

THE NEW special Sunday rates for out-of-town calls provide an unusually low cost long distance service all day Sunday for both Person-to-Person and Station-to-Station service.

Another new feature is the introduction of a reduced night rate period every night after 7 P.M., on Person-to-Person long distance service. Formerly, reduced night rates were in effect only on Station-to-Station service, but now reduced night rates are in effect every night after 7 P.M., and all day Sunday on both Person-to-Person and Station-to-Station service.

Take advantage of these bargain hours to keep in close personal touch with out-of-town relatives and friends by telephone. There is likely some one who would greatly enjoy a telephone visit with you tonight. Ask "long distance" for rates. You will probably be happily surprised to learn how much you can save by calling during the bargain hours.

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Phone 203



She was working with frenzy, pushing her slim body further out—she found that she had 15 10s in the world. Pattering down the adjoining alley, the steward, too old for any duty at sea but that of night watchman, arrived at Jenny's stateroom, which was next to Macduff's. He saw a ribbon of light under her door and assumed that she was still awake. He knocked, and a faint voice answered, "Come in."



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