

ANITA FINDS A WAY

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE.

"But my father's business has been absolutely ruined by the war," protested Anita Morgan. "I must help in some way or other."

"You—help!" laughed her chum, Helen Bennett. "It's so funny!"

They were nearing the theater for which Helen had tickets, and Helen, beginning to realize that her friend was in earnest, could find no reply.

"I can't even make doughnuts for a woman's exchange. I'm not a good mender; I'm not a stenographer. I have no profession, no work of any kind to turn to, and yet I am determined to do something to help with the family expenses, if it's only adding a few dollars a week. I have brains and common sense and I know I can find something."

"I'm afraid it will be hard, Nita," said Helen, serious for the first time. She was beginning to realize that she, too, would be helpless when it came to earning money.

As they sat in the theater Anita watched the ushers running up and down the aisles busily seating the guests in the theater. They were earning their living—those girls. That was not skilled work—even she, Anita Morgan, could do that. She was accustomed to late hours; she was quick and active and she had a good appearance.

The following day she went to the management of a theater and found employment at once as an usher. She did not speak of her work to anyone, but she saw many of her friends in the theater. At the end of a fortnight not a person had recognized her in her bonnet and with her curls and quaint costume. In fact, it seemed to her as if the ushers might be so many wooden dolls for all the attention paid them by the audience. And for this Anita was very thankful.

She became a mystery among her former acquaintances. And Anita rather enjoyed being a mystery. She gave them no satisfaction—not even Helen, her chum.

At the theater she had many old and amusing conversations, but the most interesting people to her were the newspaper men and women who frequented the theater, both in front and behind the footlights, searching for stories, for news, for plots and situations they could turn into space for which they received dollars.

Anita had begun to have a broad sympathy with anyone who was trying to earn honest dollars. In her former mode of life she had given wage-earners and wage-earning little thought.

Perhaps because of her keen interest and sympathy, she made many friends. She was pleasant, cheerful, earnest and approachable. And about a metropolitan theater everyone employed is not approachable, she had been told more than once, when she had been of service in securing an interview with a star or with folks on and off the stage.

"If I get this interview with Mme. Lurachez," a young newspaper man told her one afternoon, "and land it, won't you break your rule and come to lunch with me, just so that I can tell you how much I appreciate your tips?"

Anita shook her head, smiling. "No—I'd like to, but I mustn't begin," she said.

"You'd not be 'beginning' anything, would you?"

Anita did not answer. It was between the acts at a matinee performance and she was not busy.

"Would you?" the young man persisted. "Think—is it fair, the attitude you've taken toward me? You won't tell me who you are, where you live, anything about you. You won't let me call on you; you won't come out with me. What am I to do?" he asked.

Anita was beginning to blush, for she liked the young newspaper man better than she had ever admitted to herself.

"I'm an usher in the Sphere theater, and you may see me at any performance," she said, laughingly.

"Consolation— isn't it?" Roger Morrow asked. "I don't believe I'll try to get that interview. If you won't accept a favor from me I'm hanged if I'll accept any from you."

Anita looked at him in surprise. "And your career—your pride in your ability to secure difficult interviews for your paper?" she asked.

The man turned away. "I don't care anything about my career. What good is it, if in its pursuit you meet a bully girl, a girl you—well. See here, I'm going to tell you all about it here and now, if you won't promise to come to lunch with me tomorrow. Shall I?" he asked, facing her and searching her face.

Anita looked at him for a moment and saw that he was terribly in earnest. "I will—but you may not tell me anything until you have come to my home to meet my mother and father which you may do any afternoon but Wednesday and Saturday," she said.

"And you are—"

"I'll tell you tomorrow at lunch," she interrupted. "Sh—the curtain's going up."

"It is—for a fact," said Roger, taking her hand for a moment. "I'll tomorrow—then?" he said.

And Anita let him see the gladness in her eyes at the prospect.

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Notice to Tax Payers

The undersigned will, in person or by deputy; visit the various townships of Transylvania County at the times and places indicated below for the purpose of collecting taxes, and all tax payers are earnestly requested to meet me and pay their taxes for the year nineteen and fifteen.

Cathey's Creek Township, J. C. Whitmire's Store
Thursday, October 21st

Eastatoe Township, L. M. Glazener's Livery Stable
Friday, October 22nd

Gloucester Township Macedonia Church
Saturday, October 23rd

Hogback Township W. J. Owens
Monday, October 25th

East Fork Precinct Baptist Church
Tuesday, October 26th

Boyd Township W. L. Talley's Store
Wednesday, October 27th

Little River Township Merrell & Merrell's Store
Thursday, October 28th

Cedar Mountain Precinct H. Garren's Store
Friday, October 29th

Dunn's Rock Township T. D. England's Store
Saturday, October 30th

J. H. PICKELSIMER,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

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The styles are new and up to the minute. You know Plummer has

no carried over from season to season goods to show you.

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Men's extra heavy Work Shoes worth \$3.00, Plummer's price \$2.50

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