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**NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.**

**LEONA MCKELLAR, Plaintiff,**  
vs.  
**M. O. MCKELLAR, Defendant.**

The Defendant above named, take notice, that an action entitled as above has been commenced in Mecklenburg County for an absolute divorce on the grounds laid down in the statutes; and the said Defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County, on the 24th day of the month of March, 1924, in Charlotte, county and state aforesaid, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.  
**JAMES M. YANDLE,**  
Clerk Superior Court.  
This the 22nd day of February, 1924. F29-M7-14-21

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**MATINEE** 3:30 **NIGHT** 7:30-9

**A CHEST OF SILVER**  
By DORA NUTE

(C. 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
**WHEN** the elevator stopped Sarah stepped briskly off and walked with firm steps to the office door marked, "John Walwright, Sales Expert." Opening the door with her pass key, she stepped in and, crossing to the hat rack, removed her hat and coat. A faint tinge of dust from the porter's recent efforts brought a gust of quick sneezes, and Sarah opened one of the windows. While she shoved back the roll top of the desk, the phonograph in the music shop below ground out the song of the day—"Lingering in Lonesome Lane."

Now that Aunt Elvira's warnings of the fickleness of men were fading from her mind, Sarah found a strong curiosity growing regarding the subject of matrimony. If you wanted your room at the boarding house specklessly neat, you went home Saturday afternoon and swept and dusted it yourself. On Sunday after church, there was no Aunt Elvira to talk over financial matters with, and gauge how soon you could afford a new suit. This led up to the subject of a home—a speckless one—of your own, and some one to plan the future with.

Sarah's brain was of the analytical variety, so by the short, sharp process of elimination, she reached the conclusion that matrimony offered the only hope of a permanently established home. At this point her brain reacted to Aunt Elvira's warnings, but natural inclination argued: "Nothing ventured, nothing won." As her acquaintanceship with the male sex was very limited, the process of elimination at this point was shorter still, and revealed the fact that John Walwright, sales expert, was elected without opposition.

With never a fluttering of the heart, Sarah decided upon her course. Ten years had given her a good insight into her employer's character and natural inclinations. When she had first applied for her position she was welcomed as an efficient worker who, in a systematic way, covered a tremendous amount of work. After a bit, Mr. Walwright had turned to her for opinions. How did her woman's instinct react to this or that color scheme? Did she think it was time for the pendulum of fashion to swing to the opposite extreme on the length of skirts? When she offered a blank expression to his questions, she missed the genial tone in his voice thereafter.

As Sarah bloomed out into the latest flapper, with all the "dope" on fashions and feminine preferences, the delight of Mr. Walwright was patent to all. All his interviews were now fixed for his own office; suggestions from his secretary he received with due respect.

Six months found Sarah no nearer her "chest of silver," although she was mentally and physically tired, and when the tune of "Lingering in Lonesome Lane" floated in this morning, her courage failed. With her highly polished fingernails pressed against her plucked eyebrows, her sobs grew in time with the swinging beads which clinked against her desk. "Oh, dear, I do so want a home," she wept.

A scratching at the glass door drew her attention. With a hasty rearrangement of her attire she went to the door to investigate.

A solemn-eyed little girl of six stood there with a boy of four clutching her hand.  
"Please, do you want a home, too?" the girl inquired.  
The boy looked up into their faces and wailed, "I want a home, too."  
Startled, Sarah said, "Won't you come in and we can talk it over."  
Maudie and Bob accepted with alacrity, and Bobbie was soon sorting over bright-colored cards, while Maudie explained how lonesome they were now since mother was gone and how the housekeeper had left without notice, necessitating father's bringing them downtown to his office each day until a new housekeeper could be found.

The children were most content with Sarah's invitation to spend the morning with her. When the porter brought the message that he was to take them to a restaurant, as their father was detained, Sarah vetoed this and they held a delightful party right there. When it grew near to five o'clock Bobbie's head nodded over the cards. At six o'clock, Sarah acted, and, with the children's help, a large sign was printed and tacked on father's door, while Sarah took the excited children by the hand and departed.

When father arrived, the message sent him hurrying to a boarding house in the suburbs, where the children had already been well fed; but a charmingly kind lady in a very simple dress awaited his arrival and joined him at supper.

**JUST FUN**

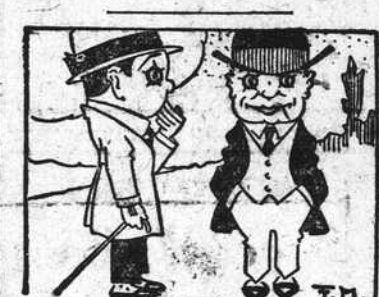
**THINKING OF FATHER**

"Now that is one of the most pathetic things I have ever seen," said the rich and benevolent old man, who, on a scorching hot day, stood with a friend watching a typical London street arab.  
"You see the ice cart has been delivering at that shop, and the poor little chap has taken a piece from the gutter. Now, you and I, who can get a refreshing drink whenever we require it, cannot imagine what a luxury that piece of ice is to that boy."  
"Here, my little fellow, here's a three-penny-bit. Get yourself a glass of lemonade. You must not eat that stuff. It will make you ill."  
"I wasn't going to eat it," said the grimy little chap. "Farver's having a sleep at 'ome, an' I was going to drop it down his back."

**Silencer Needed.**  
Some time ago I took an old colored man to the picture show for the first time. When he came out I said:  
"Well, uncle, did you enjoy the picture?"  
"Oh, yes," he said; "the picture was all right, but the piano made so much noise I couldn't hear a word they said."—Charlotte Observer.

**No Concentration.**  
"Would you call Mrs. Gadder an inquisitive woman?"  
"Not unduly so, for a member of her sex."  
"No?"  
"After she has tried unsuccessfully for six months to find out the income of a neighbor, something else is sure to attract her attention."

**Original Kind of Touch.**  
Young Wife—John, is it true that money talks?  
Hub—That's what they say, my dear.  
Young Wife—Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I'm getting lonesome for some of that conversation.



**HIS NIBS**  
"There goes his nibs, my boss."  
"Is that a respectful way to speak of your employer?"  
"It's all right in his case. He manufactures pens."

**Hate and Love.**  
Thank the Lord who rules,  
And all His saints above,  
Hate may make a million wars,  
But it never conquers Love!

**Taking an Awful Chance.**  
Dolly Dimples (coquettishly)—Did you read Doctor Blueborn this morning, when he stated that kissing is absolutely dangerous to health?  
Dapper Dan (recklessly)—Well, what do you say, Miss Dolly? Let's start an epidemic!

**Boyhood Ambition.**  
"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?" asked the sentimentalist.  
"Yes," replied the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be baldheaded."

**Limited Publicity.**  
Angeline—Why won't you let me announce our engagement? You keep saying you'll tell the world you love me.  
Edwin—Darling, you know you're all the world to me.

**Happens Frequently.**  
"It is dangerous giving an actor an encore," declared Hank Ippank.  
"That's right," assented Herb Blurb. "Nearly always he hands you something that makes you wish you hadn't."

**For Some Reason.**  
Flubb—Dobbs seems to be improving in his after-dinner speeches.  
Dubb—Yes; he's discovered that it takes real humor to amuse an audience now.

**Reduced Hazard.**  
North—What do you think about the yellow peril?  
West—It's dying out. There aren't nearly as many Chinese laundries as there used to be.

**Crust and Unusual Punishment.**  
"I hear that you have given up singing to the prisoners?"  
"Yes. They complained that it wasn't in the penal code."—Kasper.

**Women's Deeds.**  
O'Smith—Do you think the women of today are good housekeepers?  
Bumpers—Yes, indeed—once they get the house in their name.

**WAYS OF YOUTH**  
By ELAINE N. LE CLAIRE

FROM the darkest corner of the porch these, dimly lit through the living room window a subdued murmur of voices, Mr. Travers had been vaguely aware of the soothing murmur when he had entered the room at a quarter past eight "now, at 10:30; it had lost whatever soothing aspect it had once possessed.

"That doesn't sound like Bill Stentson's growl," he commented, without looking up from his paper.  
"It isn't," his wife returned, briefly and wearily. "It's a new one."  
"What?" The chair which had been tipped back against the wall descended to the floor.  
"No, it isn't. Do be still, Archie, or they'll hear you."  
"Who'll hear me?"  
"Why, Carrie and Gus."  
"That's what I want to know—Gus who?"  
"Emmons, I think," she said. "Really Archie, I only met him for a minute. He's a real nice looking young man."  
"Emmons, Emmons—I don't remember anyone in town by that name."  
"I thought I told you that he was from out of town."  
"Well, you didn't. Where'd she pick him up?"  
"Now, be sensible. She met him at a dance, and he asked permission to call, and he's doing it."  
"And taking a blamed long time about it, too." He pulled out his watch. "Do you know that it is nearly eleven o'clock? Does that daughter of mine know it? Does that fool fellow know it?"

"Yes, pa, we know it." There came a musical laugh from the porch. "Don't let us keep you up. If you—" but the closing of the window informed the youthful Carrie that further attempt at conversation with her parent would prove futile.  
"It isn't a question of keeping me up one night in the week; it's a question of keeping me awake every night in the week; it's a question of health." Mr. Travers, halfway up the stairs, turned to glare down at his wife. "It's been six weeks now since that girl got home from school, and there hasn't been a single night that I could call this house my own."  
"There, there! You run along to bed. I'll lock all but the side door and be up in a jiffy."  
The clock had struck twelve long before Mrs. Travers heard the key grate in the lock of the side door. She heard her daughter come upstairs and move noisily about her room, singing to herself. Momentarily Mr. Travers became wide awake. "And I'd just got that Bill trained so he knew enough to go home. What's she done with him, anyway?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Well, I don't suppose that she's murdered him; it's more likely that you have driven him away with your everlasting fussing."  
It was not until the next evening at the supper table that Mr. Travers encountered his daughter. "Your mother and I were thinking of going to the movies this evening; want to go?"  
Carrie, in her amazement, forgot to eat, and stared open mouthed at a parent who would suggest such a thing. "Catch me. I'm funny like that!" she at last jeered, derisively.  
"When a girl gets to where she'd rather sit in the dark than accompany her parents! When your mother and I were your age—" There was much more, but Carrie did not hear it, for she was mentally composing a letter to the lately favored Bill.

Mrs. Travers grew uneasy as eight o'clock and Gus arrived simultaneously. She felt that something must be done. "We might go to the movies, after all," she ventured tentatively.  
"We might, but we aren't." There was silence except for the continuous murmur without.  
"Pa," suddenly came the voice of Carrie. "Pa, come here." Pa went, Mrs. Travers, listening anxiously and attentively, could not distinguish a word of the ensuing conversation.

"Pa," Carrie was saying, "I want you to meet Gus Emmons. He's heard a lot about you and he's crazy to meet you."  
"Yes, sir," Gus broke in, before Mr. Travers could find words which he considered suitable to the occasion. "I've often heard granddad speak of Arch Travers."  
Pa fairly beamed. "That's what I was always called. What's your grandfather's name?"  
"Charles Townsend, sir. My mother was Fanny Townsend before her marriage."  
Fanny Townsend, a slender elf in blue and brown, a porch dim in the April twilight, the wistful fragrance of lilac—in a flash all these came back to pa, and again he was twenty-one, but only for a moment. Fannie had been his second serious affair and he considered that he had, upon that occasion, conducted himself in such a manner that the family might yet be regretting his failure to enter into it.

He pictured Fanny with a husband who drank, or who couldn't support her, returning to live at her father's home, and ever after faced with the rebuke, "If you had married Arch everything would be different."  
"And what does your granddad have to say of me?" he asked with ill-concealed curiosity.  
"Well," Gus hesitated a minute. "Well, he says that he used to have to put you out every night more regularly than the cat."

"Well," Gus hesitated a minute. "Well, he says that he used to have to put you out every night more regularly than the cat."

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