

THE STORY

MacBeth had not realized how scornful the lady was of his most precious possession, until he heard her say that it was a great mistake that he had not waited until she had finished school, before purchasing this island.

Roberta had not been looking at her father, or she would have stopped before she said that. She had been sitting on the edge of the terrace, smoking cigarettes furiously. MacBeth had not known that she smoked.



He Had Opened His Mouth to Tell Her to Stop When She Made Him Forget Everything Else Except His Island.

He had opened his mouth to tell her to stop when she had made him forget everything else except his island. The board then, although it was one of the most beautiful spots in a justly famous county, that it was in Roberta's opinion a "dead end."

He looked about him. His island was a mile long and from a quarter to half a mile wide. It held all a man might want, a long stretch of garden, a farm and woodland, a beach and fishing rights. It rose to a considerable height above the water level, lovely green and fair, with the renowned old Pennsylvania farmhouse standing on the southwestern end.

With a tremendous effort, Robert MacBeth had controlled his temper. He had kept back the profane words that rose to his lips, and said decidedly: "I didn't know you smoked at that rate and I don't like it. Clear out now and let me think. I'll tell you this much, I have wanted this island for a long time and now that I've got it, I'm going to keep it."

"Does it suit her father said, without looking at her. "Then maybe you'll get from between me and my view of the Delaware. I'm an ill man and I need the air and a little peace."

"Well, I'm off where the company's more congenial," Roberta announced and abruptly she had left him, although that meant leaving undiscussed and unsettled all those domestic problems about which she had come to consult with him.

Life, Roberta felt at that moment, was an extremely turbulent and difficult thing at sixteen plus, despite the fact that one's elders and the poets constantly proclaim it the only perfect thing, the spiritual of youth. There was so much to be met for the first time, however substituted overnight.

As soon as Roberta had taken her departure, the immediate domestic problems, two robust black women, without consulting the owner of the island, left also and in the station car with the coffee-colored chauffeur.

"At high-dilly! Miss Roberta's gone, she's quite some, quite some," the cook told the waitress. "When she comes back, and see no one round keeping the of man, setting reproachful in his chair, what she saying 'hen'?"

"Alma beavin' this beach station cub at 'e station," the chauffeur assured them. "At red-headed baby used tends to me this mornin'. Terms?"

They laughed all the way to the next roadside refreshment stand, where they all alighted to fortify themselves with sausages and rolls and ice cream in cones.

While they ate, Roberta slackened the speed of her car, and knowing nothing of their departure, looked back from the highway at her father's island. What a place! Lovely enough, she had to admit, lying long and green, high above the river, its tree tops showing a little below the road that, well above both canal and river, ran along the foot of a rocky slope that walled it in on the land side.

It was a charming road, and everywhere Roberta stopped to look it seemed to grow more beautiful. At one side of the road rhododendron, laurel and tall trees climbed high above on the rocky slope, on the other side, the white painted posts marking the highway projected one from a sheer drop of thirty or forty feet to the canal. Between the canal and river was a broad flat space, green and sunny, and then the Delaware, rushing swiftly along, broad and shallow.

Where the island stood in its way, the river separated into two smaller, deeper and more turbulent streams. On the island, gleaming white and gray against the green and blue, was the lovely old house her father had remodelled, and without doubt, thought Roberta angrily, paid a great deal too much for.

If she had only been able to stop him and divert the golden stream, it might have paid for an apartment in New York, on Park avenue, with a summer place at Bar Harbor or even Watch Hill, where she knew some of the younger crowd. That represented Roberta's idea of a fit and worthy establishment and background for herself, if her father persisted in staying in these United States.

All her school dreams of Monte Carlo, the Riviera, the Lido, floated through her careless little red head. Why had father been so stupid as to select this place? Ye gods! Nothing but a lot of artists and writers, who did not apparently know or care what life looked like outside their lodges. What was the use of having money if that was the way her father meant to spend it, and to tie her down?

Her car swerved and she heard a sharp cry in an agitated foreign voice. She pulled at her emergency brake, for the road was narrow here. It looked for a moment as though she could not avoid a collision between her car and the heavy limousine that Joe Lizori, the station hackman, was driving. Before she shut off her engine, Roberta, quick, calm and cool, as her father's daughter would be in a crisis, swerved her car a little toward the land side of the road. The impact when it came was slight. She saw one of Joe's fenders crumple, and she heard a gasp of relief from the excitable Joe as he called:

"Hey, Mees Macbeeth! Why you not looka where you going, eh? You wanta keel me with thesea people I breenga to your house, eh? You breaka my car in two at the same-a time!"

"Sorry, Joe," Roberta called, in the honeyed voice that made men forgive her anything. She lit a cigarette with trembling fingers. "Send the bill to father if I've hurt your old machine any, and for Heaven's sake look where you're going next time."

"Me looka! That a gooda joke!" Joe said, laughing.

On the rear seat of Joe's car Roberta saw a dumpy little woman and a tall man. She could not see the man's face plainly because the woman was leaning forward and looking at her intently. There was something oddly familiar about this woman's face, and yet Roberta did not believe she knew her. The woman's clothes, and the quaint British look of the traveling bag she clutched, made Roberta instantly revert to the beginning of her quarrel with her father this morning—the servant question.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "The new cook-housekeeper and the butler! I expected you tomorrow. Well, I can't go back just now. Take them to the Island, Joe. My father's at home."

She smiled indignantly, as she thought of her father's annoyance when normally confronted with the domestic problems he had so lightly disregarded this morning.

The woman, Roberta had seen, put a hand out quickly and touched the sleeve of the man beside her to prevent his speaking.

"Aggy," she said, "that will be best, on your way, the man."

There was something so authoritative in that voice that Joe stopped smiling at Miss MacBeth, whom he addressed respectfully, and started his car.

Roberta did another quick glance at them. The next moment, back amusement on her face, she had turned about and was gazing after the rapidly disappearing car.

Well! Handsome is as handsome does, she told herself, but think of having that for a butler! "I wonder if the heavy dame is his mother or his wife."

She looked back again and hesitated, but Joe's car was well on its way toward the island.

Scowling both, Roberta thought bitterly. Just my luck! Now I'd had to fraternize with them, and I'll be lucky if she can cook anything but oatmeal.

Disgusted, she increased speed. She must hurry if she was to meet the young man from Philadelphia, whose coming was the immediate cause of Roberta's discontent and, though she did not know it, her father's towering rage.

Lady Sandison turned and regarded her stepson. Damns, as Lady Sandison had been pleased to note, had fallen down and worshipped his beauty to an extent that most gratify the most exacting of stepmothers, yet he remained unmoved. And now this—this rude red-headed lass—was the wonderful niece whose praises she had sung discreetly. She glanced again at her stepson. Aware of it he slowly turned to her.

"Well?" asked Aggy.

"Well?" Sir George returned smiling. "This is a lovely spot, but I had hoped we'd find your brother in New York, or Chicago, by preference. I must say all I've read or heard of Chicago decidedly intrigues me. One of those western towns, Aggy, where they shoot at the drop of the hat. This is delightful country, Aggy, but I'm shot if it looks any more exciting than Sandisbrae."

"You never can tell," Aggy hastened to assure him. "It's maybe no list like Chicago where you were wanting to go, but wait and see. Judging from that lassie of Rob's—it's none too beautiful."

"Oh, girls!" Sir George's voice was weary. "I'm sick of girls!"

CHAPTER III

Robert MacBeth had finally made up his mind. He would put matters plainly to Roberta on her return and then, if she would not do as he wished—he corrected himself—if she would not take the sensible course he pointed out to her, and remain contentedly on the island for a year, then she should feel the heavy hand of authority. Yet somehow that did not quite satisfy him—either his conscience or his arthritis gave him a twinge.

Not being by any means the "back-number," Roberta thought him, he knew that the heavy hand of authority was considerably out of date. He must be very careful not to make himself ridiculous, once put himself in the "heavy father" position with Roberta, and he lost all chance of influencing her, or gaining his point. He thought regretfully of the good days of his own youth, when a parent's word was law.

Then he smiled, for he remembered how little heed he had paid to that law. The moment he was eighteen and knew his trade, he had fled from the over-protective MacBeth household and struck out for himself.

While he had been at home he had bowled down perforce to his father, and a fine, tyrannical, old blackguard and humbug that parent had been. Robert never wanted his daughter to think of him in just that way. Yet how was he to make her see the error of her ways? MacBeth knew that girls of eighteen, however intelligent and sophisticated, were scarcely to be trusted to navigate their own little boats on life's crowded river. He had seen a few shipwrecked in his time and he meant to pilot his girl.

He looked up and saw Joe Lizori's car coming down the road toward the island. He rang with impatience, and also rapped loudly with his stick on the floor of the terrace. Then he remembered seeing the chauffeur and the maids leave the island. It dawned on him that he was quite alone.

at the Island until tomorrow. The unpleasantness of this morning had begun with a statement from Roberta that in this place it was impossible to get or keep a decent staff of servants. It was too far from everywhere. The servants brought from the city would not put up with its remoteness, and as for temporary help, which was all one could get in this place, it was beyond speech.

Robert, the millionaire, groaned, and tried to watch the car cross the bridge and make its way toward the house. It came to a standstill just beneath him, and he saw Joe lift out two or three traveling bags and then turn to speak to the first of his passengers who alighted. This was a tall young man with golden brown hair, which gleamed in the sunlight as he took off his hat and looked about with interest. He turned to help out a middle-aged woman with a round and dimpled face. Rob MacBeth looked at her fully.

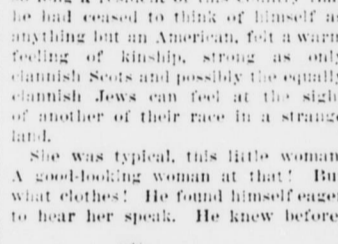
Mostly by the cook-housekeeper and the butler Roberta expected, but she had not told him they were Scots. Rob MacBeth pulled himself on his belly, raised from years of handling important labor, of merrily recommending nationally, even city or district, at a glance. The woman was talking to Joe Lizori, who evidently did not quite understand her. He saw the young man gently touch her arm as though to bid her be quiet, and himself address Joe. Robert saw that Joe nodded and returned with pleasure climbed back into the front seat and composed himself to wait. The man and the woman came toward the door. They rang several times, but there was no response.

He raised himself painfully in his chair, rapped loudly with his cane and called out:

"This way!"

They turned and came toward him. There was no doubt the dumpy little woman was a Scot, Robert MacBeth, so long a resident of this country that he had ceased to think of himself as anything but an American, felt a warm feeling of kinship, strong as only clanish Scots and possibly the equally clanish Jews can feel at the sight of another of their race in a strange land.

She was typical, this little woman. A good-looking woman at that! But what clothes! He found himself eager to hear her speak. He knew before-



But She Had Not Told Him They Were Scots.

hand she would have a glorious burr, and maybe something of a dialect. It was music to his ears. After all these years of Americanization, Robert MacBeth still thrilled to bagpipes, or the burr in a Scot's voice.

He glanced at the man to whom she was talking, and whistled, low. Seldom had he seen such a handsome man. The fellow was striking, both as to his height, the clear-cut beauty of his features and his fine head with its brown hair, gleaming gold in the sunlight. Under his broad brows his brown eyes, large and finely formed, looked out with a curious directness.

"Oh, this man will never do!" Robert said to himself decidedly. Have all the maids negotiating their work to look at him.

The woman came forward with a quick, decided step. She planted herself solidly on her feet as she walked, as though each small plump foot was a flatiron. Robert had an odd feeling of liking for her. There was nothing servile in the way this woman walked toward and looked at him. She was directly opposite him now.

"Pardon me, but I am unable to rise, owing to a bad attack of rheumatism. Won't you sit?"

She did not move, but kept looking at him oddly and finally said:

"Rob, do ye no know me? I'm Aggy!"

He stared at her, speechless. His eyes searched her face for traces of the young and blooming sister he had left, so many years ago, in Scotland. It couldn't be Aggy! Yet, when he looked again, this might be Aggy—an Aggy that the years had stunted and thickened and rounded out a little too much, and put gray in the great mass of red hair which Sister Aggy used to have.

"Aggy!" He said it aloud. "Is it you? I cannot rise."

Aggy, if this was Aggy—this strange woman—came nearer him and took his hand in hers.

"It will be a surprise to you, no doubt, Rob, after so many years, and after my refusing your kind offer so decided-like; but I'm Aggy."

Robert, his eyes still on her said

sofly: "Aggy?" Then he smiled. "It's like you, coming this way without warning." He laughed. "Why, I thought you were the new cook or the housekeeper."

Aggy smiled. It was a slow and reluctant smile, but it was pleasant. "So did your lady-daughter, who passed us on the road here. She told you driver that you were at home and would see us."

"You didn't tell her—"

"Glad Sakes! No! I didn't tell her anything about who I was." She looked at him again. "Rob, is it no convenient? You need not stand on ceremony with me."

All the old protective feeling that he, as older brother, used to feel for "two Aggy" came over Rob MacBeth. He forgot the years they had lost—somewhere, somehow. He forgot that this was a middle-aged, strange woman, almost as old now as the mother they had lost so many years ago. He knew that he was a middle-aged man with a grown daughter and a million cares. He saw himself once more a young man leaving Scotland, with a red-headed girl clinging to him and crying: "Oh, Rob, I cannot be you no! What'll I do without ye?"

He reached out his hand and said: "Aggy, I'm glad to see you. I'd I not tell you that? Except for Roberta, men's nobody left but you and me!"

The little woman scooped over, smoothed his hair and kissed him.

"Dear Rob," she murmured.

He indicated a chair beside him and she sat down.

"What brought you, Aggy?" he asked her, reverting unconsciously to the almost appalling directness of the true Scot, "and who's that?" He indicated Sir George, who was standing

(To be Continued next week.)

Half Soles and Heels \$1.00

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Opp. Zinzendorf Hotel 226 N. Main St. Phone 5545 Winston-Salem, N. C.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that application to the Governor of North Carolina for the pardon of Younger Owens will be made. Owens is now serving a term at Wade, N. C.

Rosa A. Owens

Notice

Notice is hereby given that application to the Governor of North Carolina will be made for the pardon of John M. Johnson, who is now serving a term at Caledonia Farm.

Mrs. J. M. Johnson.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks; Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria is never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



Colors Selected For New 1931 Auto Tags

Colors for the 1931 automobile license plates have already been selected for North Carolina and will have yellow numbers and letters on a black background, this being the same combination which New York state is using this year.

License plates will again be sold this year at Winston-Salem, and the sale of the plates will begin about the middle of December. The new plates will not be used on cars before Jan. 1, 1931.

Appointments For Methodist Church

REV. ELLSWORTH HARTSFIELD, Pastor.

1st Sunday—Bethesda 11 a. m.; Forest Chapel 3 p. m.; Pine Hall, 7:30 p. m.

2nd Sunday—Davis Chapel 11 a. m.; Vade Mecum 3 p. m.; Danbury, 7:30 p. m.

3rd Sunday—Pine Hall 11 a. m.; Forest Chapel 3 p. m.; Bethesda 7:30 p. m.

4th Sunday—Danbury 11 a. m.; Vade Mecum 3 p. m.; Davis Chapel 7:30 p. m.

5th Sunday—Danbury 11 a. m.; Bethesda 3 p. m.; Forest Chapel 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at all churches except Vade Mecum 10 a. m. Epworth League, Pine Hall, at 6:30 p. m. Prayermeetings at Pine Hall and Danbury announced, also Missionary Societies. Prayermeeting at Davis Chapel every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., except on fourth Sundays.

RAILROAD RULE "G."

"The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal."

If it is right for the railroads of America to enforce Rule "G" on the part of two million employees, including 110,000 locomotive engineers, then it is the right and the obligation of the people, through their legislative bodies, to provide a Rule "G" for the forty million automobile engine drivers who do not know what may be around the curve on the road. — The Adult Student.

Presbyterian Dates At Presbyterian Churches

Pastor H. W. Hudspeth, of the Presbyterian churches, announces dates for services as follows:

Danbury, 1st Sunday at 11:00; 3rd Sunday night at 7:30.

Pine Hall, 2nd Sunday at 11:00; 4th Sunday night.

Sandy Ridge, 4th Sunday at 2:30.

Vaden's School House, 3rd Sunday 2:30.

Were Wise," Says John Tuthill.

"Tried everything to kill them. Mixed poison with meal, meat, cheese, etc. Wouldn't touch it. Tried RAT-SNAP. Inside of ten days got rid of all rats." You don't have to mix RAT-SNAP with food. Saves fussing, bother. Break a cake of RAT-SNAP, lay it where rats scamper. You will see no more. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by King Drug Co., King, N. C., Walnut Cove Hardware Co., Walnut Cove, N. C.