

# Wanted—Love!

## The Story of an Unemployed Girl

By ETHELDA-BEDFORD  
Author of "BROADWAY BRIDE"

### READ THIS FIRST

Lillian Abbott, lovely daughter of Cyrus Abbott, millionaire, runs away to New York to seek the life of a working girl. Her infatuation with Thomas Hane leads her to believe he is to help her toward a more secure future. But it doesn't take long for Lillian to realize Hane is a girl racketeer. By that time, however, Hane had stolen all of her money. In a little hotel near Broadway, Lillian takes the name of Lillian Hane and decides having New York will be fun. When the hotel manager, Howard Marsh, speaks to her about her bill she trades him her diamond wrist watch. She is attracted to the dapper Howard. And when he asks her out to dine she accepts. She is shocked when she realizes he has hired her at the dinner-dance place as a professional hostess. But she strikes up an acquaintance with Gloria Lovell, another hostess, who imparts a strange philosophy—and in spite of her shock Lillian is without money and is forced to make the best of the situation. She determines to hear it, but she's having a time managing to grin.

[NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY]

### CHAPTER 25

"I THINK we should get acquainted," said Lillian's dancing partner, his voice a little less bored. He did a few side steps, turning Lillian in the tango fashion as she followed his lead.

She forced what she hoped seemed a smile.

"Well, we are—getting acquainted," she replied in the little less bored.

"Have it your way, then—," said he, his voice becoming as bored as possible.

"Aren't you dancing?"

"We're dancing. That doesn't need explaining. Even a child would know that we weren't out flying in our airplanes."

His eyes, through half closed lids, caught hers. He smiled as if he had said something quite clever and expected her to be completely staggered. Lillian didn't convey amusement or admiration.

As her arm tightened about her waist it was difficult for her not to show the extreme revulsion she felt for him.

"But you're no child. And you know we can't get properly acquainted dancing a little less bored."

"Well," she said, "let's sit at your table."

"Oh, you mean—and talk?" he asked.

"Yes—talk."

"My! My! What a hilarious time we'd have. I'd tell you the story of my adventurous life. And—perhaps you'd tell me of your vast experience."

Lillian missed a step. But she did not miss his meaning.

"She didn't know just what to say. And your experiences as a hostess must be equal to those one reads in

one of those sensation magazines. eh, what?" he said, mockery in his half closed eyes.

She wanted to tell him—tell him who she was. That she was Lillian Abbott, daughter of Cyrus Abbott... that she was an heiress, that she never had worked... worked for any man's interest before in her life as she was right then. She longed to see how his manner would change. She could imagine meeting this same fellow at one of those tea dances in Salem... one which the girls in her set frequently gave.

He would be far different. His manner would be respectful, with obvious intent to make a good impression, and that he was interested in what-ever you said... and agreeable to your every suggestion.

But no—she was Lillian Hane, a professional hostess. Her trade was being interesting, interested. She was to smile... to stay in a good humor... to cater!

Because she was penniless. Penniless!

The music stopped for a few seconds. The room echoed with applause. Then the orchestra started into another chorus.

They wound their way through other dancers. Lillian saw that Gloria still danced with the same man.

Gloria's partner seemed intrigued. He looked down into her pretty face. He was talking, interestedly.

But Lillian's partner was silent. Perhaps he, too, wished the music would stop.

As Gloria danced past Sherron he gave her a little nod, his face twisted into a smile of admiration. Gloria was a boost for business. Her partner was pleased, having a good time. He would come back again to dine and dance, to spend... pay for entertainment.

Lillian thought when she danced past Sherron he looked a little dubious. He watched Lillian's partner, to detect whether he was enjoying himself. Evidently he decided Lillian's partner was not having an exceedingly good time.

Lillian felt desperate.

It seemed hours since Lillian first came into that softly lighted music filled room. With Howard Marsh, it seemed ages since the night before when she was happy—thrilled over being in New York, out in the strange city's night life, being in the midst of revelers... thrilled over sitting across the table from Howard Marsh.

But the responsibility of a lifetime had piled itself on her tender young shoulders during the hours between.

She gave a trembling sort of smile to her fast-stepping, bored-looking partner.

She tried not to hate dancing with him... tried to forget the aching shooting little pains in her ankles and insteps and the balls of fire against the soles of her feet.

She was supposed to be happy, she reminded herself... she was hired to be happy.

She had a chance to make some

money—merely by being charming. Now, what else could she do to earn money? Tonight? No—now it was morning... Nothing. Nothing she could imagine.

She made an effort to console herself with the thought that she might receive a five dollar bill for being pleasant to this young man.

More music. Would the orchestra never get tired? Why were the dances so terribly, horribly long?

"Where have you been, beautiful?" said a familiar masculine voice at her side. A pat on the arm accompanied this greeting.

She looked up in surprise. It was the tawny-haired youth who had offered her fifteen dollars for all of her evening... that seemed ever so long ago.

She smiled at him as if he had been a long-time friend. And for a second she actually felt elated over his remembering her.

"Next dance?" he asked.

Lillian nodded. She felt a little triumphant. Well, if the fellow she now danced with found her boring, even if he did, at least, there was one who didn't! It gave her a little of her old confidence. She breathed a little easier.

She wondered how much she might be tipped by him tonight that he still found her charming and sought her company—even though her "evening" was practically gone.

But her present partner was displeased. That was obvious. He slackened his hold about her. He almost dropped her hand which he held out, clapped in his own.

"No—," he sneered, his vanity evidently jolted.

Lillian looked at him with affected wide eyes.

"Oh, of course, you wouldn't, you simply couldn't understand—," he said.

"No—," she said.

"I thought we were going to sit out the next dance—and talk," he said... "about how interesting you are."

"I beg your pardon—"

"Not at all," yawning her eyes. "I just meant that the first to—er—get you, as it were, had you—er—yawn."

"I'm sure I don't know!" She could not prevent the snap from clamping her words.

"Would you like to stop—now?" he asked, pulling over to the side of the floor and taking his arm from about her. He was angry. His eyes were narrow and mean, bright points.

Lillian showed she didn't want to stop, and that she was perturbed because he was displeased—when she thought of what Sherron would do, say, should he see that she had displeased a patron.

"I'm sorry—," she said.

"No doubt," he said, "you'll have a big cry any minute!"

And as he turned on his heel to leave she laughed nervously.

"Don't you want to finish this with me?" she ventured uncertainly.

"No!" he answered, and as he left Lillian tears came into her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

doubtless will stimulate trade. More prosperous farmers, livelier trade and reopening factories will react to the advantage of industrial labor, of course. Jobs will be multiplied.

But the wage earners pay will be lower. It will be more than any comparative trifle of 10 per cent lower. It will be lower by 10 per cent plus whatever advance there may have been in the cost of living—a total of 25 or 30 per cent lower, at a moderate calculation.

It will not be that much lower in dollars and cents, but it will be in buying power.

The wage earner who fancies that will be lower by 10 per cent plus what business revives, as he was before his pay straggled is mistaken. He will be a great deal worse off, and for the most part, he will stay worse off forever, quite likely.

He may as well face the actual situation—unless he effects some drastic readjustments in the system he is living under.

tion—unless he effects some drastic readjustments in the system he is living under.

## QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHE

Stanback Headache Powders relieve headache in a jiffy, also the pains of woman's "monthly cure." If of a purely functional nature. They also relieve neuralgia, pain, grippe, sore throat, colds, fever, colds, colds from colds, muscle aches, bone aches and nervousness.

Ask for Stanback Headache Powders by name for the name Stanback Headache Powders on the blue and yellow package. Here the unfair offer of "something just as good" for Stanback Headache Powders which have been giving prompt, pleasant relief from the above aches and pains for 20 years. They are not made out of opium, morphine, cocaine or other harmful drugs. Ask for Stanback Headache Powders by name and get the best for your headache.

## DID YOU KNOW? --- By R. J. Scott

OPEN-AIR GERMAN COAL MINERS WEAR IRON BOOTS

MORE THAN 90% OF THE WORLD'S AIR RIFLES ARE MADE IN MICHIGAN

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE (GABRIAN) WAS THE ONLY ENGLISHMAN WHO BECAME A POPE— ELECTED DEC. 3, 1154

## Dispatch WANT ADS Get Results

FOR RENT TWO ROOM UNFURNISHED apartment one half block from post office. Apply 214 Winder street, phone 562-J. 24-41

THEY CAME, THEY SAW, THEY BOUGHT grocery bargains at the M System Grocery Saturday. It's a good place to trade. Fresh produce for Tuesday. 28-11

BABY CHICKS—PUREBRED blood tested rocks and reds. High quality profitable chicks. Two week guarantee to live. Rocky Mount Hatchery, Rocky Mount, N. C. 25-61

WE HAVE BEEN APPOINTED to handle service and repairs on Air-line Radios by Montgomery Ward and Co. Full line parts on hand. Mixon Jewelry Co. 28-21

TWO MEN OR WOMEN GUARANTEED \$3.00 day local, \$9.00 and expenses month traveling. Welfare efforts. Give phone and address. Care Dispatch. 28-21

BENJAMIN MOORE'S PAINTS and varnishes of the highest quality in every painting need. They have been sold for over 40 years at Watkins Hardware Co. 12-41

STONEWALL APARTMENTS FOR rent. Steam heated. We pay for fuel and fire the furnace. Also for rent to gentleman one steam heated room, bath adjoining. Eric G. Flanagan. Mon. Wed. Fri. 11

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE Notice is hereby given that I have qualified as Executor of the estate of Thomas M. Pittman, deceased, and all persons having claims against said decedent, will exhibit same to me from day hereof, or within one year from date hereof, of this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. This the 23rd day of February, A. D., 1932. ELIZABETH BRIGGS PITTMAN Pitman, Bridgers & Hicks, Attys

SERVICE BY PUBLICATION NOTICE In Superior Court Before The Clerk, STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF VANCE D. P. McDuffee, Administrator of C. D. Riggan, deceased, Plaintiff vs. C. D. Riggan, Jr., Al. Riggan, Mary Riggan Green and husband, and Mary H. Riggan, J. B. Hicks, Guardian ad litem for Mary Riggan Green. And any and all other parties interested in the subject matter Respondents. The respondents above named and all other parties in anywise interested in the subject matter, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, N. C., before the Clerk, for the purpose of selling real property of the said C. D. Riggan, deceased, to create assets to pay debts of his estate; that said C. D. Riggan, Jr., Al. Riggan and Mary Riggan Green and her husband, and also Mary H. Riggan and J. B. Hicks, Guardian ad litem for the said Mary Riggan Green, and all other parties interested in the subject matter, will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Vance County in Henderson, N. C., on the 23rd day of April 1932, and answer or demur to the petition in said action which is now on file in said office, or the petitioner will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said petition. This the 22nd day of March 1932. HENRY PERRY, Vance Clerk of Superior Court.

SALE OF LAND UNDER DEED OF TRUST Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of trust, dated January 26th, 1929, and recorded in Vance County in Book 151, page 283, executed by Mrs. Geneva Burroughs, and her husband, Robert Burroughs, to the undersigned trustee: I will on Saturday, April the 23rd, 1932 at 12 o'clock noon, offer for sale, for cash, at the Court House door in Henderson, the following described real estate, to wit: Begin at the western end of the State highway bridge over Run Creek on the Oxford-Henderson highway and run thence north 57 degrees west 49 feet to a point, and thence north 57 1/2 degrees west 251 feet along the State highway, thence north 84 1/2 degrees west 140 feet thence south 83 degrees west 110 feet to the old Oxford-Henderson Road south 64 degrees 30 minutes west 350 feet thence south 82 degrees west 248 feet and thence north 66 degrees West 210 feet to a point in the old road, and thence north 66 degrees west 785 feet to a stake between two pines in the highway to the line of tract No. 1 thence north 5 degrees 30 minutes east 1910 feet along the line of tract No. 1 to a point in a hedge row and thence south 86 degrees 45 minutes east 1331 feet to a point in the hedge row on the bank of Run Creek thence in the same direction 646 feet thence South 5 degrees 30 minutes west 2240 feet along the line of tract No. 3 to a stake in the Oxford-Henderson Highway, which stake is 49 feet from the western end of the highway bridge being parcel No. 2 of the Edman Bobbitt land about four miles from Henderson in Dabney township, as appears from the survey of John E. Buick of September 11th, 1926, filed in plat book B page 34, containing 100 acres more or less. The property in the home place of the late Edman Bobbitt, and fronts on the Oxford-Henderson highway. This the 22nd day of March, 1932. J. H. BRIDGERS, Trustee.

## Commodity Price Rise May Bring New Problem Because of Wage Cuts

(Continued from Page One.)

tion in his own industry.

Now, there is no question that congress is doing its utmost to push commodity prices upward.

The creation of the Reconstruction Finance corporation, for example, was an inflationary proceeding. It was intended to be, and was so described by its supporters. The Glass-Steagall measure, to ease bank credits, is yet more so. Other legislation, similar in character, is contemplated.

The idea is to put more money into circulation—to cheapen it—in short to make prices higher.

It is obvious enough that, in many respects, this is needed.

Agriculture needs it desperately. It

doubtless will stimulate trade. More prosperous farmers, livelier trade and reopening factories will react to the advantage of industrial labor, of course. Jobs will be multiplied.

But the wage earners pay will be lower. It will be more than any comparative trifle of 10 per cent lower. It will be lower by 10 per cent plus whatever advance there may have been in the cost of living—a total of 25 or 30 per cent lower, at a moderate calculation.

It will not be that much lower in dollars and cents, but it will be in buying power.

The wage earner who fancies that will be lower by 10 per cent plus what business revives, as he was before his pay straggled is mistaken. He will be a great deal worse off, and for the most part, he will stay worse off forever, quite likely.

He may as well face the actual sit-

uation—unless he effects some drastic readjustments in the system he is living under.

## THE 'OLD HOME TOWN' Stanley

A YEAR AGO HE WAS A BIG SHOT IN THE MINIATURE GOLF LEAGUE OF HOOTSTOWN

COME EASY GO EASY—

YEAH BUT IT ONLY STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO SAY GOOD BYE!

YEP YOU CAN DODGE WORK ABOUT SO LONG THEN IT KETCHES UP WITH YOU!

YESSIR IT CAUGHT YOU AT 48!

AN EX-BIG MONEY BOY FROM HOOTSTOWN PASSED THROUGH TODAY LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY

STANLEY

©1932, NEE W. STANLEY, CENTRAL PRESS 3-28-32

## ING SISTER

FOLKS, YO'ALL HEV BEEN MIGHTY NICE TO A STRANGER. I RECKON I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION. I'M NOT A TRAMP AS YO'ALL HEV BEEN RIGHT TO BELIEVE. FACT IS, I'M A FAIRLY WELL TO DO FARMER FROM THE MOUNTAINS. NOW I CAME TO BE HERE IN THIS WAY.

## The Way of It All

I'D BEEN UP NOUTH WHEAM I SOLD A SHIPMENT O' HOGS. I'D PLANNED TO STOP OFF MEAHON MY WAY HOME TO VISIT AN AUNT OF MINE IN THIS CITY, BUT ON TH' TRAIN I DISCOVERED I'D LOST MY MONEY, TICKET AND ALL. 'COURSE WHAT MEANT I HAD TO LEAVE TH' TRAIN AT TH' FIRST STOP.

## By LES FORGRAVE

I FIGGERED TH' ONLY THING TO DO WAS TO SET OUT TO WALK AND HITCH-HIKE 'TIL I GOT HERE KNOWIN' I'D BE ALL RIGHT ONCE I FOUND MY AUNT, BUT FOLKS, IT TOOK ME LONGER THAN I'D CALCULATED MY PRIDE WOULDN' LET ME BEG, SO BY TH' TIME I GOT HEAM I WAS PLUMB TUCKERED.

I CAN'T EVEN THANK YOU FOR GOODNESS TO ME, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET IT. NOW I RECKON I'D BETTA BE GETTIN' ALONG ON MY WAY.

NOT TONIGHT IN THE MORNING MAYBE, BUT YOU'RE STAYING HERE TONIGHT. YOU NEED THE SLEEP.

## THE GUMPS—JUST SUPPOSIN'

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY BIM IS GROWING FONDER AND FONDER OF MILLIE—

SHE IS SO SMART—SO ATTRACTIVE—AND WHEN SHE PUCKERS UP HER LITTLE LIPS AND SAYS—'OH—MR. GUMP—YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL!' IT'S JUST TOO MUCH FOR BIMBO. HE THINKS SHE'S JUST TOO PRETTY FOR WORDS—

ANY—WOULDN'T IT BE A GREAT JOKE TO GO BACK AND MEET THE GUMPS WITH MILLIE FOR A BRIDE? I WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY—WOULDN'T THEY BE SURPRISED?

AND HENRIETTA—GOLLY—IT WOULD KNOCK HER OVER—'D LIKE TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE WHEN SHE SAW ME WALKING IN THERE ARM IN ARM WITH MILLIE—

WELL—STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED—I WONDER WHAT MIN WOULD THINK AND TILDA AND LITTLE CHESTER AND GOLIAH—KNOW WHAT HE'D SAY WHEN HE SAW US COMING UP THE WALK—

'HE'D JUST OPEN THAT MOUTH OF HIS AND YELL—'OH—MIN!!'