

Occasional Wife

By EDNA ROBB WEBSTER
Author of "JORETTA", "LIPSTICK GIRL", etc.

CHAPTER 28

TERRY REBUKED Camilla gently, when he deigned with her. "Aren't you a little sorry for the way you deceived and then deserted me?" I'll never be the same again, since I lost you," he sighed.

He was probably as sincere as he could be about anything, but Camilla knew that he could not have been deeply affected. "Perhaps it is just as well you are changed," she taunted him, laughing. "Besides, I didn't desert the crowd just because I married Peter. It was all arranged that I should soon drop out of your life long before that."

"Not if you had listened to me. I've tried to persuade you to marry me for two years. What's this absurd thing I hear about your working?"

"I am, and it's not the least bit absurd. It's wonderful. I never was so happy in my life."

"But that's not fair, you taking care of yourself when you are married. What's a husband for?"

"Oh, I'm saving him for the future," she laughed. "Isn't that Peter can't take care of me?" she defended him. "I just won't interfere with his work, now, when every day is so important to his career. Besides, I have my own ambition to work out and I don't want him to interfere with that either."

"What is an ambition? Do tell me, because I should like to recognize one if I saw it. Is it a disease, and can it be cured?" Terry ridiculed.

"Oh, I could tell you all about it, but you never would be able to recognize the symptoms. You should be ashamed of yourself, Terry. Why are you being such a waster. Where do you suppose the money comes from that you spend?"

"Why, from the old man," he exclaimed, as guileless as a child discussing money.

"Exactly. But did you ever try to estimate what it represents of thought and effort, to provide you with so much?"

"Why should I bother about that? One person's thought and effort are enough to waste on it. What I think about these days is the fact that the government has cut me about twenty per cent and I can't convince him that my expenses are more instead of less."

"Everyone is trying to reconcile those two contradictory facts these days. Too bad for you that you don't have to earn your living for awhile."

"Say, what have you got against me, anyway? I know. Just because you have to toil, and want everyone else to break rocks. Must you be like that, because you have an ambition?"

"I just like you enough that I'd like to see you be a man, Terry. He drew her closer in his embrace as they ended the dance. "And I like you well enough that I still want you."

"Don't be silly," she protested, and turned her attention to someone else. All her old friends were delighted to see her again, Camilla discovered. They chided her for her neglect of them, were curious about her work, doubted or admired her seriousness. She gave them no details concerning her position, only that she did as copy for Weeks and Bowman. She did not wish Alexander Hoyt to discover at this crucial time that she

held his fate at the point of her pencil.

The test would begin to prove itself soon. The first copy had gone out and was already on the presses, would appear in magazines all over the nation within the following week. Any upward trend of the Wheatheart Cereal business would manifest itself very soon if the juvenile public accepted her Tiny Tots with enthusiasm.

Both Weeks and Bowman were optimistic. "Of course," Mr. Bowman had conceded, "we can't expect enormous returns under present conditions. But if the idea catches on, there is bound to be a decided improvement."

He was more generous with his praise than Mr. Weeks, chuckled over the exploits of father and mother Tiny Tot and their large family, their friends and relatives.

There were, among many others, Uncle Joe, the one-legged sailor, who told the children such fascinating tales; Aunt Min, to whom all the children took their troubles, to be effaced with delectable Wheatheart Cereal cookies and muffins; old Grumpy, the miser who hoarded gold and frightened the children from his wretched hut that lured them with its strange and fearful reports. They were so tiny that they slept in peanut shells and made a meal of one cereal flake, were delighted over a treat of a grain of sugar, made a pulchre of a cereal carton.

While Camilla worked at her sketches, she lived in a different world, alone. Even Peter never entered there, except to poke his head into her thoughts and snuff her away for a few moments at times. She lived her hours there with the children of her fancy and often left them with genuine regret.

During those first weeks, she was so engrossed that she worked late at the office many times. She discovered that when the pleasant, spacious rooms became silent for the night, she accomplished more work with better results. It was even more satisfactory than working at the apartment, which she did sometimes, also. No conflicting thoughts or duties interrupted her, and she grew to appreciate more her wisdom in living apart from Peter so that he might work alone, also.

She was more concerned over the fact that Avis had come to live across the hall from Peter, than she admitted. Not so much because she was jealous of Avis' interest in Peter, but because she feared that her presence there would take from Peter just what she had sacrificed so much to provide for him, his privacy.

Fortunately, for her peace of mind, Peter never told her how many times Avis interrupted his work and insisted upon his relaxing for an hour in her company. These omissions in his confidences were not so intentional as they were natural. He had precious little time to discuss anything with Camilla in those days and, like all men, he did not realize himself how many hours he did pass in Avis' company. They were so casual and pleasant, conveniently interspersed with working hours, as she purposely arranged, that he was scarcely aware that he saw more of Avis than he did his wife.

So, on the night of her reception,

Avis took possession of Peter and ignored Camilla so casually that no one noticed or resented it. Everyone departed with pushing thanks for a marvelous evening, and vaguely impressed with the memory that Avis and Peter were their hostess and host. With Peter's studio across the hall, and he a new tenant in the colony, also, it did not seem at all improbable.

Avis insisted that Camilla and Peter remain until the last guests had gone, then she turned her attention wholly upon Camilla. "I can't thank you enough for helping me so beautifully this evening, dear. It was too sweet of you, the way you got people together and helped to entertain them. Do stay with me for awhile, and while Tillie clears up the worst of the wreckage, we can have a bite together. I'm sure you didn't have time to eat—I know I didn't. But I think everyone did have a good time, don't you?" anxiously.

"No doubt about that," Camilla assured her with sincerity. "But I didn't do so much. I had a good time, myself."

"I'm so happy if you did. I'm afraid I rather neglected you, depending on you to help me as I did. It kept me pretty busy, telling everyone about Peter. Did you notice how popular he was?" she asked, pleased and impersonal.

"Oh, I say!" Peter objected. "It was you who were popular, and they listened to what you said about me because you were talking."

"Isn't that just like him?" she asked Camilla with exasperation, as if they shared his idiosyncrasies with a common indulgence of them.

She passed glasses of punch and a plate of sandwiches.

"You will be sending me a board bill some day," Peter remarked carelessly. "If I don't quit eating over here."

Camilla looked up quickly.

Avis laughed. "He has the most exaggerated sense of obligation I ever met. Just because he eats a meal here and I make him stop work long enough to drink a cup of coffee occasionally, he owes me a ticket for a meal ticket for him. Actually, Camilla, with working so hard to finish that figure, I believe he would starve if someone didn't tell him it was time to eat. And since you are not here to do it, I've taken it upon myself to wait over him a little. We don't want our prize winner to collapse at the last minute, do we?"

"Oh, you women!" Peter made a deprecating gesture. "You do like to baby us. That's because you don't know what it means to apply yourself to something that means more to you than your physical comfort."

"Oh, didn't she thought, Camilla. But Peter was talking to Avis—not to her. Unconsciously, he had developed the habit of ending the evening there in Avis' rooms, eating a bite and discussing most everything with her.

"I am glad you take such good care of him," Camilla offered brightly, but she grudging Avis even one precious privilege of serving Peter.

"By the way," he changed the subject, "we haven't named the figure yet." Actually, he had only discussed the matter with Avis, but his comment included both girls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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By STANLEY



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

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CAROLINA SUMMER SCHOOL HAD 2029

First Term Drew 1189 And 740 Were Enrolled In Second Term; Plans For Opening

Chapel Hill, Aug. 29—Two thousand and twenty-nine students attended Summer School at the University of North Carolina this year, according to figures released today by Dean T. J. Wilson, Jr., University registrar. There were 1189 enrolled in the first session and 740 the second.

Approximately 100 students completed work for degrees this summer and diplomas will be mailed them.

The intricacies between the closing of

the University last week and its opening again Freshman Week, September 20, will be devoted by self-help students to cleaning University buildings in preparation for the fall opening.

To date approximately 650 freshmen have applied for entrance in the University next fall. Those are being mailed from the office of Dean Bradshaw letters, folders, and booklets that are designed to help the new student get acquainted with the history and traditions of the University.

Commerce and finance are departments of life in which mankind approaches nearer to unity than in any other.

MUCH CONSTRUCTION AT CHAPEL HILL

Chapel Hill, Aug. 29—Chapel Hill is pretending that it isn't "depressed." Fifteen new buildings, recently completed or under construction, will cost approximately \$70,000.

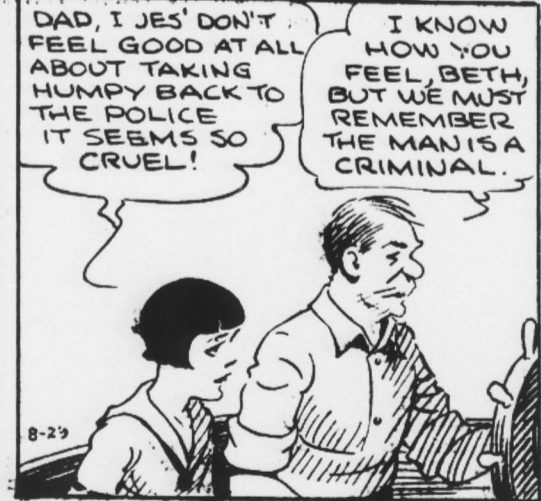
According to H. D. Carter, architect of the firm of Atwood and Weeks of Chapel Hill, there is more building going on here at present than in any other town of the state in proportion to its size.

Building operations here this summer have afforded support, directly to 320, and indirectly to 100 people. At the same time owners have, on account of the reduced prices of material, proved their foresight.

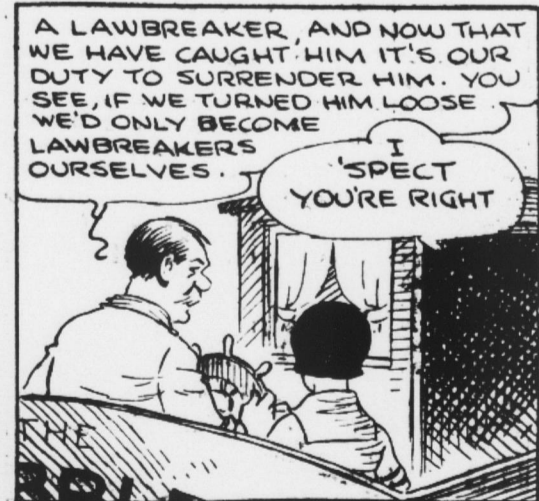
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No Choice



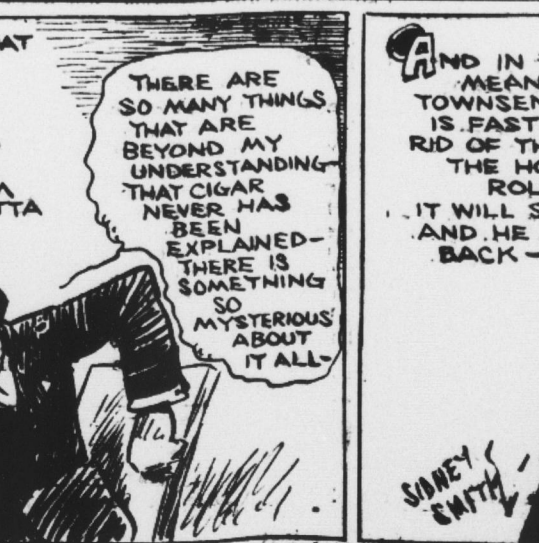
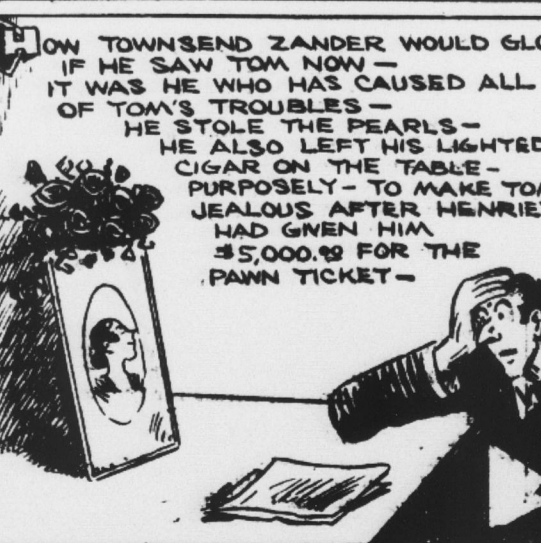
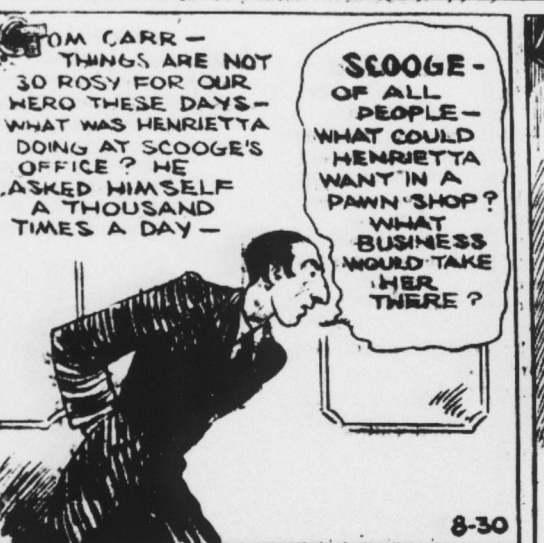
A Lawbreaker



By LES FORGRAVE



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THE DAILY DISPATCH IS NOW ON sale at The Smoke Shop, Jeffers Cafe, Henderson, Candy King, Wortman's Pharmacy, Wiggin's Store, Agency. You may see a copy from any of these places at the regular price of 5c.

NOTICE

Application will be made to the Governor of North Carolina, for a writ for E. L. Collins, who was elected in Superior Court, of Vance County, N. C., in January term 1931 and sentenced to five years in prison for manslaughter. All persons who oppose same are expected to forward the protests to the Governor at once. This the 22nd day of August, 1932. MRS. E. L. COLLINS, 284

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4—2:52 P. M. for Richmond and Portsmouth, Washington, New York.

102—9:45 P. M. for Richmond, Washington and New York.

4—3:28 A. M. for Portsmouth-Norfolk, Washington, New York.

No. SOUTHBOUND

191—5:45 A. M. for Savannah, Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, St. Petersburg.

3—3:45 P. M. for Raleigh, Sanford, Hamlet, Columbia, Savannah, Miami, Tampa, St. Petersburg.

197—7:05 P. M. for Raleigh, Hamlet, Savannah, Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Atlanta, Birmingham.

5—1:25 A. M. for Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis.

For information call on H. E. Pleasants, D.F.A., Raleigh, N. C., or M. C. Capps, T.A., Henderson, N. C.