

Occasional Wife

By EDNA ROSS WEBSTER
Author of
JORETTA
LIPSTICK GIRL etc.

CHAPTER 50

AVIS WAS ONE of the first visitors at the museum when the exhibit opened the following week. Her eager, anxious inspection of the vast gallery filled with sculptured pieces, might have indicated that she was one of the most ambitious of the entrants. Her eyes scanned one side of the room hurriedly, started to the other end. Even in that brief interval of suspense, her heart sank heavily with the dread of disappointment, before her eyes found that object for which they were searching impatiently.

Yes, there it was. Peter's "Land of Hope" had made the exhibit. It had been accepted for display with the best by the selecting committee. She crossed the room quickly to examine the card which hung from the modeled group. The data was accurate. There would be another week of suspense before the final award of the scholarship prize. She must help Peter to endure it, somehow. Of course, she hadn't must, hope now for Peter's check in the bank. She was only happy for him that his piece had been accepted. That should encourage him.

Besides, she now had an alternative to her first plan involving his removal to Paris. How fortunate that she had thought of suggesting that Peter could do some work for her to meet his living here. Had she made the suggestion now, he might have suspected that her pity prompted the plan. As it was, she already had arranged for his services if he did not go to Paris.

The idea presented two advantages: instead of relieving him of his indebtedness to her, it would practically double his obligation to her, in the light of gratitude. Not only would Peter feel obligated to her for the timely loan of money, but for the opportunity to repay it with his own work. She also would see that enough advancing friends placed orders to add considerably to that obligation. So, she still held the advantage—even without Paris. That would be a simple step when she had won Peter completely.

Paris, Rome, London, everything would be theirs to command, then. Her thoughts merged into the present tense, so confident was she of the future.

So engrossed was she in her plans that she almost collided with Peter in the corridor as she was leaving the exhibit room.

"Peter!" she exclaimed, "it's in!" not even granting him the thrill of discovering it for himself.

"Is it?" the gleam which lighted his eyes betrayed his calm. "I'm surprised."

"Oh, I'm not. It is a marvelous thing, but—"

"I know. You might as well say it has no chance with the others."

"Why, no," she denied. "Would you believe it, I have been in there

for 10 minutes looking at that piece that I have seen dozens of times before, and I didn't even notice the other entries?"

He grinned boyishly. "You are prejudiced madam. You would make a fine judge, now, wouldn't you? Come back with me, and we'll see what else there is to see."

As if she would refuse! She cared nothing about comparing the talents of his contemporaries, but just to walk beside Peter anywhere, to share anything with him, was sheer delight and an adventure.

She led him to his own work and he read with a strange rush of exultation the prosaic words of information on the classification card. Ostensibly, it was not important; but to Peter it represented a goal toward which he had been striving for four long, arduous years. He had not intended that it would be just like this, but at least, his work had met with the approval of the judges well enough to be in the display. It was a small personal triumph which not even the surface of his work had worked in vain.

For a moment he forgot that he was not alone, so far did he withdraw into his own secret thoughts. He drew into his own secret thoughts, the scores of plaster figures all about him, receded in space; and he was alone with his little moment of personal triumph.

"Camilla was the first to intrude into that sanctuary of his thoughts, and it was almost as if he would speak with her. He turned toward Avis. Thus abruptly returned to the time, place and reality, his face clouded for an instant, like the sun is dimmed by the sudden passing of a small white cloud.

His comment was changed to, "Well, it's there!" with a long sigh of near-satisfaction. "Now let's see what argues with it." His critical eyes roved over the room. "Shall we try to pick the winner?"

They roamed about the room, commenting, admiring, criticizing. Avis favored only the symbolic figures such as Peter had prepared to enter. But Peter admired an excellent bust of the city's leading citizen, Andrew Havelock.

"It's absolutely marvelous," he declared. "I've not only seen pictures of him, but I've seen Havelock himself, talked with him. It is the truest likeness of a human being that I've ever seen in plaster." He turned around. "That sea gull with spread wings is a beauty, too; every line is rhythm and motion, but I doubt if it has a chance against this bust. I don't think there is a nude figure here that can compare with either of them."

"Then what about 'Land of Hope'?" she reminded him.

"Oh—that! It's completely out of the running. I am going back to work in earnest. At least, this much

has inspired me. By the way, are you in any hurry for your stuff?"

"Not if you have something more important to do. I can wait."

"Not at all. I just want to know where to begin. I'm at your service, if you say so."

"I do say so!" she declared. "How about coming to tea at the house tomorrow and consulting with mother about the garden piece first. You can get them modeled and while doing the stone work you can fill in on my things at the studio."

"Fine!" he agreed. "You're a great planner, aren't you?"

"Plans are only great if they work out to the proper advantage."

"And what is that advantage?"

"Your success. It all depends on you," she replied, with more significance than he knew.

"That suits me."

They were standing outside now, beside her smart coupe, parked at the curb. "I'll drop you at the studio," she suggested.

"Thanks a lot. But I'd rather walk, to help work off some of this newly acquired enthusiasm. Too much of one time is bad for the mental balance. Did you ever feel giddy with inspiration? Well, that is my present condition." He grinned. "Besides, I want to drop in somewhere right away and phone Camilla the good news. She will be anxious to hear. I promised to let her know as soon as possible."

Avis set her teeth hard over his loyalty to Camilla. It waned not since that first moment on the night of the tragedy. Nor had she dared mention to him the incident, even to learn what his reactions had been, or what they had said to each other. There are some forbidden places into which even the most audacious and unscrupulous may not enter. She would just have to be patient and await the outcome. Her campaign was now prolonged and complicated with added difficulties. But she was a good warrior who never admitted defeat.

"Well, so long," she waved gayly, and darted away with a roar of the powerful motor.

Camilla was jubilant over Peter's announcement. "I knew it would get in," she told him. "Congratulations, darling. I have a little special dinner all prepared to celebrate tonight. Be there at six, will you?"

"Okay, sweetheart. But you took a pretty long chance getting that celebration ready before the victory, didn't you?"

"I disagree. It was a sure thing. But even so, a celebration was in order. It is quite an event to have you for a dinner guest, even."

He laughed. "You won't think it's an event when you have to face me across the dinner table every day for the rest of your life," he warned.

"It won't be. It will be—paradise," she declared.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE OLD HOME TOWN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By STANLEY



THEM CROOKS ARE PRETTY BOLD LEAVING A TRAIL OF FEATHERS RIGHT THROUGH TOWN IN BROAD DAY LIGHT!

FOR TWENTY MINUTES MARSHAL OTEY WALKER THOUGHT HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THAT GANG OF CHICKEN THIEVES WHO HAVE BEEN WORKING AROUND HOOTST Wn FOR WEEKS

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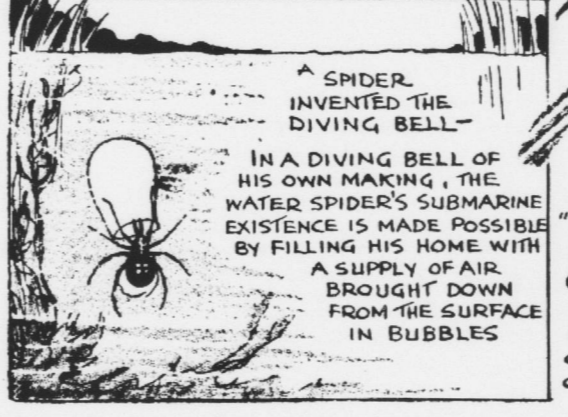
DID YOU KNOW? --- By R. J. Scott

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LOUIS BLERIOT, A FRENCHMAN, WAS THE FIRST OF THE AIR HEROES, AND THE FIRST AVIATOR TO RECEIVE RECEPTIONS SUCH AS LINDBERGH, AND OTHERS WHO MADE EPOCHAL FLIGHTS!

ON THE MORNING OF JULY 25, 1909, HE STARTLED THE WORLD BY FLYING IN HIS BLERIOT VIII ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FROM CALAIS, FRANCE, TO DOVER, ENGLAND.



A SPIDER INVENTED THE DIVING BELL—

IN A DIVING BELL OF HIS OWN MAKING, THE WATER SPIDER'S SUBMARINE EXISTENCE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY FILLING HIS HOME WITH A SUPPLY OF AIR BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE SURFACE IN BUBBLES.



MOVIE "SNOW" IS MADE OF GROUND CORN—

IT TAKES 3 CARLOADS OF CORN TO REPRODUCE A GOOD STORM.

STATE WILL BUILD ROAD TO MITCHELL

Most of Cost Will Come From U. S. Forest Service Appropriations

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Air Writer Hotel, BY J. C. BANKER, JR.

Raleigh, Sept. 6.—At last North Carolina will have a State highway to the top of its tallest mountain, Mount Mitchell, if the State Highway Commission completes plans now under contemplation. At the present time, there is not a single State highway extending to the top of any of the State's more important mountains, the only way to get to the tops of these mountains being private toll roads or United States Forest Service trails. For years the only way tourists and

sightseers could reach the top of Mount Mitchell has been over a toll road at a cost of \$1 per person—and then a stiff climb on foot of almost a mile.

At its meeting here last week, the highway commission authorized a survey for a new highway that will extend to within 100 yards of the tower on the summit. This new survey will start at Buswick, on route 104, that connects with route 69 at Micaville and with route 10 a few miles west of Marion. Much of the cost of building this road will be paid for from funds allotted to the U. S. Forest Service, since most of Mount Mitchell is within the Pisgah National Forest. Because of the dense growth on Mitchell, the new survey will probably not be started until this fall, when the leaves are off the trees. Chairman Jeffress does not believe it would be possible to start construction on the road until next spring or summer. But he is confident that the road will be built.

"Thousands upon thousands of people who have wanted to visit Mount

Mitchell and who otherwise could have visited it have been prevented from doing so for years because of the excessive tolls charged over the private road, now the only road up the mountain," says Col. J. W. Harrelson, director of the Department of Conservation and Development. "A state road should have been built up this mountain years ago especially since the state owns 1,200 acres on the summit as a state park. The receipts from the gasoline tax from those who would have visited the top of the mountain would have paid for the road and will pay for the one now contemplated."

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this means of expressing our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the many friends and neighbors for their many expressions of kindness and sympathy shown us during our recent bereavement, the loss of our son and brother, C. D. Poindexter. We thank those for the many and beautiful floral designs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Poindexter, Mrs. W. L. Guthrie.

BIG SISTER



WHATCHA PUTTING THESE EYE-SCREWS IN THE BACK OF TH BOAT FOR, DAD?

YOU HAVEN'T OLD US WHAT WAS IN THAT PACKAGE YOU BOUGHT!

I'M JUST GETTING READY TO SHOW YOU WHAT I HAVE IN MIND.

THIS IS WHAT I BOUGHT! IT'S A TARPULIN. YOU SEE IT GOT PRETTY HOT SITTING IN TH' SUN TO STEER TH' BOAT SO I THOUGHT I'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

Let It Rain—Or Shine:



NOW THEN, YOU SEE WHAT THE EYE-SCREWS ARE FOR. PULL 'ER UP TIGHT BUDDY AND TIE 'ER FAST. THEN WERE ALL SET TO GO.

FINE!

JETH LIKE A TENT!

By LES FORGRAVE

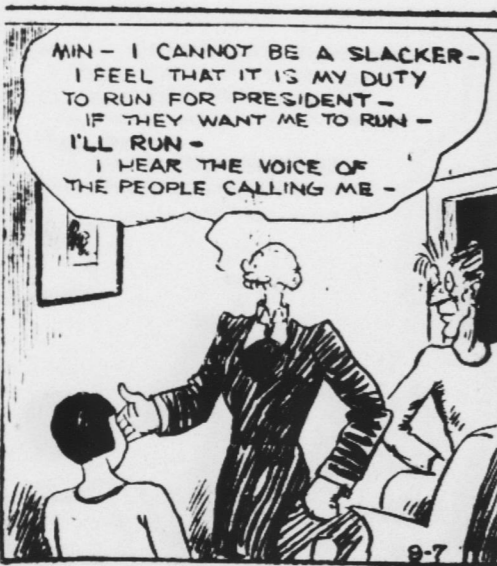


LET 'ER RAIN OR SHINE. WE DON'T HAVE TO GO INDOORS NOW!

BOY! THIS IS GREAT!

OH! AND NOW WE CAN EAT OUR MEALS OUT HERE!

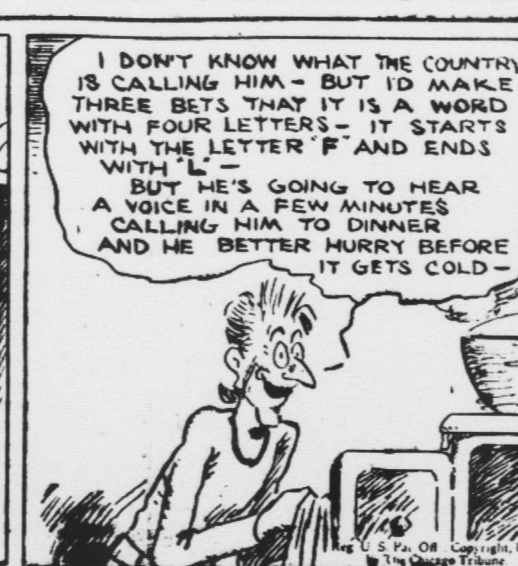
THE GUMPS—I HEAR THEM CALLING ME



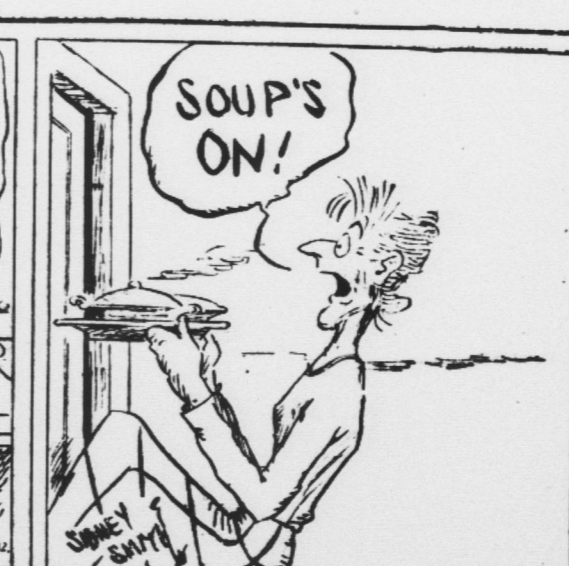
MIN—I CANNOT BE A SLACKER—I FEEL THAT IT IS MY DUTY TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT—IF THEY WANT ME TO RUN—I'LL RUN—I HEAR THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE CALLING ME—



CALLING HIM—WELL—THERE ARE NO SORE THROATS AROUND THIS KITCHEN FROM YELLING—HE MUST HAVE HEARD HIMSELF THINKING OUT LOUD—



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE COUNTRY IS CALLING HIM—BUT I'D MAKE THREE BETS THAT IT IS A WORD WITH FOUR LETTERS—IT STARTS WITH THE LETTER 'F' AND ENDS WITH 'L'—BUT HE'S GOING TO HEAR A VOICE IN A FEW MINUTES CALLING HIM TO DINNER AND HE BETTER HURRY BEFORE IT GETS COLD—



SOUP'S ON!

Recorder Tried 33 Cases During Month of August

Thirty-three cases were tried in recorder's court here during August and from these fines were collected to the sum of \$107.85 and fees amounting to \$225 making a total of \$332.85 handled by the court.

In August last year 27 cases were tried, and fines amounted to \$250.50 and fees to \$302.50, a total of \$553.

In July this year cases tried numbered 34, and fines imposed were \$114.75 and fees \$252 making a total of \$366.75.

SERVICES HELD FOR MR. C. D. POINDEXTER

Funeral services for C. D. Poindexter, brother of Mrs. W. L. Guthrie of this city were conducted by Rev. Bunt, Baptist minister of Wilson, from the home of Mrs. J. S. Cockfield in Wilson on Saturday afternoon with interment in that city.

Mr. Poindexter contracted pneumonia at Baxley, Ga. Friday at 12:30 p.m., where he had been in the produce market for the season.

He was born in Gadsden, Va. and lived most of his life in South Boston, Va. had been connected with the American Tobacco Company since he was 15 years of age until last October, and since that date he has been unable to secure work and has been dependent that led up to his death. He was 36 years old, and a World War veteran. He served two years overseas.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Poindexter of this city, and the following sisters: Mrs. J. S. Cockfield of Wilson, Mrs. R. D. Shockley, Rural Hall, Mrs. W. L. Guthrie, of this city, Mrs. W. L. Douglass, Clifton Forge, Va., Mrs. A. H. Bowman, Jr., Clifton Forge, Va., and one brother, R. D. Poindexter of Danville, Va., and a H. H. Page of this city his grandfather survives.

Wife Preservers

Renew faded glass faces by applying dye to both sides with a paint brush.

Dispatch WANT ADS Get Results

JUST RECEIVED A BIG SHIPMENT of 5-v crimp galvanized tubing, bed wire and nails at "The Power Values," Alex S. Watkins, Wholesale Quality Tools and Prices, So. E.

STENOGRAPHER DESIRES PERmanent or temporary position general office work desired. Accurate, fast and willing worker. Twenty years experience. Excellent references. Address: "Stenographer," Care Dispatch.

A BARBECUE BEAR AND LAMB supper will be held at Mrs. H. H. Telling's home at 6:30 o'clock, Tuesday evening. Small contributions will be received.

WANTED SMALL FURNISHED house or apartment. A good place preferred. Address: "House," Care Dispatch, stating location and price.

AN INVESTMENT IN BUSINESS training will pay big dividends through your life. Henderson Business School. Phone 202, 203.

TOBACCO FORMERS USE OLD newspapers to store your cured tobacco. Get them at the Dispatch office for 10c per bundle.

WANTED—DISTRIBUTOR to handle line of penny and party candies, sandwiches and pastries. Must be able to furnish a hot and own closed car. Address: "Distributor," Care Dispatch.

MAKE A FINAL DECISION TAKE a business training at the Henderson Business School. Fall term begins September 12. Phone 202, 203.

FOR RENT—FIVE ROOM BUNGALOW, all modern conveniences, fully occupied by C. O. Satterfield. Heat hardwood floors good location close in. Mrs. E. H. Thomas, 43 Charles Street. Phone 430-1, 431.

GROCERY STORES, FISH DEALERS and markets save on your wrapping paper. Use old newspapers. Get a big bundle at the Daily Dispatch office for 10c.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the Mixon Jewelry Company, a corporation, Henderson, N. C., has been placed in liquidation by the Deed of Assignment in favor of the creditors, to the undersigned Trustee-Assignee. All creditors will please file itemized and verified statements of their respective claims with the Hon. Henry Perry, Vance Clerk of Superior Court, Henderson, N. C., on or before one year from the date hereof, or this notice will be published in bar thereof. All persons indebted to said corporation will please make immediate settlement with the undersigned.

This the 29th day of August 1932.
Henderson, N. C.
D. P. McDUFFEE
Trustee-Assignee.