

# VACATION ESCAPADE

CHAPTER BY

**NEXT MORNING** when Ted Chandler came into the house to inquire for instructions from Proctor, Sally looked at him questioningly. He smiled and nodded.

"He confessed?" she whispered, and shook his head gravely.

"No, but he will or I'm in a tough spot," he replied cheerfully.

Proctor came in. "Good morning, Chandler," he said. "You were looking for me?"

"Yes, sir. The sedan's in A-1 shape and I didn't have any orders for this morning. Have you anything for me to do?"

"Yes. I have. I'm glad you came in just now or I might not have thought of it. I've so much on my mind these last few days. I want you to take me for a hop in that plane today, Chandler. I won't rest till I can whip that thing around the way you do."

"Yes, sir. It's at the airport and all ready to go. When shall I take you over?"

"A little later. I'll call you."

Ted went out and Proctor turned to Sally.

"How that young fellow can fly an airplane!" Proctor said with genuine admiration. "If he doesn't do anything else, he's going to teach me a trick or two about it. I feel that I'm going to need a plane in my business."

"His business. Was there no limit to his candor?"

"He was in the Royal Flying Corps during the war," Sally said.

"Oh," said Proctor, smiling at her shrewdly. "Oh . . . he was?"

And she wished that she had bitten her tongue before she could have spoken. But Proctor changed the subject.

"I spoke the other day of a trip," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Proctor."

"And have you been thinking about it?"

"Why—no especially. That is, I—"

"I see," he said. "Well . . . he paused. "Sally," he said, "when you first came here with the idea that your stay probably would be temporary."

She nodded.

"That seems a long time ago," he mused. "Tell me, have you thought any more about it, about how long you cared to stay, that is? Do you like it well enough?"

"I—why, yes, I suppose so."

"This is a big old house. I don't have any reason for keeping up such a large place. Then there is my boat. I seldom use it except for an occasional party."

He looked dreamily out the window. "I'm a busy man," he sighed. "A very busy man. You have no idea."

She thought she had, but didn't say so.

"There are one or two things I want to clean up here in town and then I want to take a good rest," he continued. "I want to stock up on the boat and shove off for the keys. Get a bit of fishing there. Look after a few of my interests at Miami, then hop over to the Bahamas for a day or two and then on to Havana. Have you ever been to Havana in the winter, Sally?"

He looked at her from a long way back in his eyes, it seemed, and he smiled as if musing on something in the back of his mind.

"Why, no, I haven't, Mr. Proctor."

"I think you'd love it," he said slowly.

Why was it that when he talked to her in this fashion her voice

seemed to be lost and with it her claim? And such maturity as she could claim?

"I know you would," he said. "It's the Paris of the tropics. Everyone of any consequence from all over the world stops off for a while, and there are the races, the sports, all the pleasures of a modern world in a setting of old romance. Have you ever drunk a Maiquiri?"

Sally shook her head.

"You haven't heard. No, Sally, and he drew closer, "you haven't lived."

He sighed and smiled. "I want you to think about that," he said easily. Then he looked critically about the room in which they stood. "This house could stand a bit of redecorating, I think."

"No. I like it the way it is. Don't you?" Sally asked. "It has charm."

"But it could stand a little touch here and there. That's another thing for you to think about," he said. "What you would do if it were your house?"

Proctor smiled at her guilelessly. "I noticed in the Times-Union this morning that they've had a snow-storm up in Chicago," he said.

"So early?"

"Yes. Looks as if they're going to have a hard winter up there. Personally, I've had enough of that northern winter climate."

Again he switched subjects, bewilderingly. "Sally," he said, "I've been working too hard. And you haven't had much fun, I know. Do you know, I could stand a bit of dancing tonight. Could you?"

"Why, I don't know."

"I know a nice place we could go for a little music and a bite and sip of something good."

"Where is that?" she asked innocently, trying not to show too much enthusiasm.

"A little road house up on the Dixie. The Casa del Rio. Synthetic Spanish."

If he had noticed the expression that crossed Sally's face, he did not show it as he continued: "Of course, it's not exclusive, but it's as nice a place as there is around here until the big hotels open in a week or two. They have a good orchestra, at that."

"That is, if you like this 'hot' sort of music?"

"I rather do for a change," Sally said boldly.

"I do. I really do. That is, not too much of it. They run it up to death on the radio. That's one thing I've missed down here that we had in Chicago—good music, the symphony and the Chicago opera. Did you ever run out to Ravinia in the summer?"

"Once," she said. "It was lovely. I saw Lucrezia Bori, in 'La Vida Breve.'"

"By De Falla, the Spaniard, yes, a good opera. But then Bori is always good." He glanced at the clock. "Well, I think I'll go get Chandler and take my first flying lesson. Think over what I was telling you, won't you, Sally?"

"Yes, Mr. Proctor."

He started out, and the last thing he said as he reached the door was: "Let me know this afternoon if you feel like running up to the Casa del Rio."

Sally sank into a chair. She felt as if she had been given a third degree. Her heart was beating furiously and her palms were moist with perspiration. "The Casa del Rio! What could have made him suggest going there unless—unless what? Unless he had either arranged the kidnaping himself or knew about it now."

The sooner she was out of this

house for good the better. That is, she reflected—as long as it was on her own two feet. For she remembered now that little feathered dart that had come whizzing past her face out of the night. And she remembered the men who had kept their vigil at the front and the back of the house. It all seemed to mean something, something calculated and deadly.

That afternoon, when he had returned from his flying lesson, Proctor ate a quick lunch and drove off in the sedan, leaving Sally to herself and giving her another chance to see Ted. With Vitell out of the way now and only the servants about it could not be so dangerous, she reflected. Except for Jasper. But hang Jasper! She was sick of his knowing smirk and she had a feeling that none of them were long to that house; that something inevitable was going to happen and soon.

She told Ted what Proctor had asked her about the trip, what he had said of Havana and the house, and finally his invitation to take her that night to the Casa del Rio.

Ted stared at her. "He did?" he asked incredulously. "He asked to take you there?"

"He certainly did and I bluffed right through."

"Hm, hm . . . then," Ted said with the air of a man who has decided a momentous problem, "he knows plenty about that kidnaping."

"He may have had it done himself," Sally suggested. "Or he may have heard it from Vitell."

"I doubt the latter," Ted said. "Yet you can't tell." He shook his head as if to clear it of a tangle of cobwebs. "Whew! I'll be gray before I'm through with this business—if I live to get through with it. Talk about your detective stories and your Mata Hari stuff, this has them all beaten. Boy, if we ever wash this up, you watch me spread it from one end of the country to the other, spot news copy, pictures, and double track Sunday stuff. Yes, and I wouldn't be surprised if it made a darned good sensational book, what with the excited connections of Old Man Proctor. Yes, sir, baby, if we keep our good health, we're going to knock America right out of its easy chair. By Ted—No, by golly, by Sally and Ted Chandler. With our pictures, baby, you and me, and then—"

He drew her suddenly into his arms and kissed her, crushing her so tight against him that she thought her ribs would cave in. She could not breathe. Nor could she try. Breath was but a minor consideration. All she knew was that she was in Ted's arms, with Ted's lips upon her lips and that for a blessed second there were no shots in the dark, no threats, and she was deliciously happy.

It was Ted who broke away. He looked into Sally's eyes, his own moist and bright. "That's that," he said, in a strangely thick voice. "I—oh, hell, this is no time for all I want to say to you, Sally. There's work to be done first, and then when we get out of this mess—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at her with concern.

"Sally," he said gravely, "there was something I forgot to tell you."

"What is it?" she asked, awed by his tone.

"That's that," he said.

"Yes," he said, "it was smeared with vaselina."

"Well? But—"

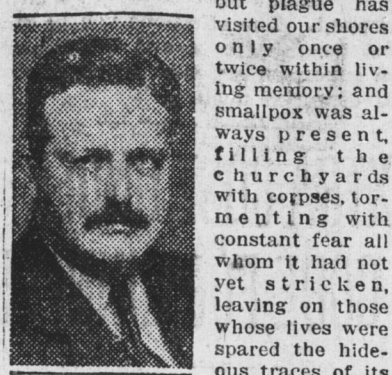
"And that vaseline contained enough typhoid germs to kill a houseful of people."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## How Vaccination Has Rid The World of Smallpox

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

"THE MOST terrible of all the ministers of death. The havoc of the plague has been far more rapid:



Dr. Clendingen

marks were in no danger of bringing it into the house.

Now all that is changed. Why? Solely on account of vaccination. We have very little smallpox today, and nothing in respect to it has been changed since the eighteenth century except the practice of vaccination. Neither sanitation, nor quarantine, have any effect on it. We can see that from a similar disease, measles—similar at least in that it is extremely contagious and is spread entirely by human contact. It still is common in spite of modern sanitation and quarantine.

Now early should vaccination for smallpox be done? Osler's "Text Book of Medicine," the standard in the English language, says: "Vaccination is usually performed between the fourth and sixth month." Remember the sentence of Macaulay that BABES were turned into changelings. Smallpox is no respecter of persons or ages. Of 3,164 deaths in the Montreal epidemic of 1872, 2,177 were of children under 10 years of age.

Re-vaccination should be done at the age of 9 years. A person exposed to smallpox should always be re-vaccinated.

Wherever vaccination is neglected there exists a fertile field for smallpox. Somewhat there are always a few sporadic cases of the disease around. In the army, whenever a new draft came in we invariably had a few cases in the hospital the next day. But they caused no alarm because universal vaccination was practiced.

If your child is going to enter school this year, be certain that vaccination has been done.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Six pamphlets by Dr. Clendingen can now be obtained by sending 10 cents in coin for each, and a self-addressed envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, to Dr. Logan Clendingen, in care of this paper. The pamphlets are: "Indigestion and Constipation," "Reducing and Gaining," "Infant Feeding," "Instructions for the Treatment of Diabetes," "Feminine Hygiene" and "The Care of the Hair and Skin."

but plague has visited our shores only once or twice within living memory; and smallpox was always present, filling the churches with corpses, tormenting with constant fear all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives were spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover."

It is not my habit in this column to indulge in alarming descriptions of disease with the purpose of inspiring fear. Although that would be easy to do, because disease is always sufficiently fearful. In the cases of disease which are preventable, however, warnings in such a form seem to me justifiable, and especially if the preventive measures are neglected from ignorance, misguided stubbornness or carelessness.

Such is certainly the case with smallpox. The description of Macaulay, given above, is no exaggeration of conditions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. So universal was the disease that identification of criminals who were at large was made by saying they had no pock marks on the face. Such a thing set a man off from the common run. So constant was the fear of the disease, the advertisements in the Help Wanted columns of that time demanded that servants who applied for work in a household should have good crops of pock marks. It was recognized that one attack of the disease conferred immunity, and those who had pock

marks were in no danger of bringing it into the house.

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## FREE DEFENDANTS IN ASSAULT CASE

Jury Acquits O. O. King and E. L. Breedlove in Recorder's Court; One Other Case Tried

C. O. King and E. L. Breedlove were given a hearing in recorder's court today on a charge of assaulting and beating each other. It was a jury trial and both men were acquitted. The case has been deferred for trial pending recovery of Breedlove, whose injuries prevented him from attending court immediately after the two men had been put under arrest.

The only other case tried at today's session of the court was Helen Riggan, white woman, charged with assaulting and beating . . . Alcott Duke, a child. Judgment was suspended on payment of the costs.

## Says State Needs Rulings By Court

(Continued from Page One.)

Mr. Durham and Attorney General Brumitt to support their view that the State Board of Education is the constitutional authority for making rules and regulations concerning the management and direction of schools. Prescribing the salaries is regarded on of those duties.

It was after this meeting of the board of education that Auditor Durham paraphrased the famous saying of Vice President Thomas Riley Marshall who said that the need of the nation is a good five cent cigar. Mr. Durham is quite persuaded that the North Carolina need is some Supreme Court decisions which will settle the question whether a legislature can delegate to a special commission the duties which hitherto had been possessed in the State Board of Education. If there is anybody in that board who will precipitate the issue there is no suggestion of his name at this time.

## Wife Preservers



If the cake is burned on the outside scrape the black parts off, cover with beaten white of egg, dust with powdered sugar and put the cake back in the oven again for five minutes.

## TWO ARE ARRESTED IN HOUSE BREAKING

Two white men were arrested by officers this afternoon in connection with the robbery of a quantity of clothing last night by intruders in the home of Lee Hilliard, who lives on the old Kittrell-Franklin road below Kittrell about a mile north of Tarboro.

Two men whose names were not immediately learned, were brought here and lodged in jail while officers sought two others who escaped after the case began. Most of the clothing was recovered, it was said. Whether or not a hearing will be held tomorrow in recorder's court could not be learned this afternoon.

## Big Exodus From School Ranks Is Believed Likely

(Continued from Page One.)

Many old timers had the cigarette complex. The late Judge Jim Webb, of Shelby, counted the day lost, whose descending sun, was without an assault on these little "coffin tacks." Preaches once upon a time fulminat-

## Johnson Too Slow With Farm Prices

(Continued from Page One.)

Poe says "who can advance prices almost on a day's notice. But with American farmers as a whole and Southern farmers in particular, the situation is radically different. About three-fourths of the cotton is sold in four months' time—and tobacco is even sold faster."

The tobacco and the cotton growers are going to stir things. There is meeting of protest here today. It is just the beginning. The markets in their gateway Tuesday seem to reflect tardy processes from Washington and the planters do not agree to wait.

## Manufacturers In State Seek Relief

(Continued from Page One.)

those manufacturers and a worse one on their employees.

Your bureau is not licensed to give the name of the most prominent of these manufacturers but it may be said of it that it rates with any thing of its kind anywhere in the nation. These mills have been going 144 hours a week. They fire up at midnight of Sunday and quit at midnight of the following Saturday. But when their hours are cut down to 80 hours, that means 850 to 400 workers are going to be laid off if some way is not found to put the machinery back on its all-time operation.

Mapus M. Waynick, North Carolina director of employment, has discussed this situation with several manufacturers and particularly with the one to be most immediately and seriously affected. Mr. Waynick, of course, does not have any power of remedy. The factories touched by this ruling are not all listed and it is not known how serious the handicap may be. But it is learned that mills elsewhere in the country are being exempted from the conditions and allowed to operate their machinery. The big factory referred to has for an almost indefinite time run on the full 24 hour basis.

## State General Fund Was In Red Over \$2,627,601 July 31, Reports Reveal

(Continued from Page One.)

special school buildings bond redemption, \$1,000.

Total cash of the highway and other special funds this fiscal year through July 31 was \$5,666,902.12.

Less the general fund overdraft of \$2,627,601.71, the State on July 31 had a net cash balance of \$3,772,579.79.

The State's debt at the end of July totaled \$167,584,000, but this figure did not include the \$12,230,000 in general fund notes still outstanding. Added together, the State's total bonded indebtedness at the end of July was \$179,814,000.

## Would Bar Doors Until The Average Reaches 20 Cents

(Continued from Page One.)

force manufacturers to pay better prices.

The growers asked the government to take immediate action to insure farmers cost of production, plus a reasonable profit for this year's crop and to set in motion machinery for organization of a marketing agency for operation in the future.

"The last ray of hope for a better price for tobacco in 1933 has vanished unless the Federal government comes to our aid," Dr. Joyner asserted.

A processing tax on tobacco, or Federal licensing of manufacturers was proposed as an immediate remedy.

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