

VACATION ESCAPADE

CHAPTER 49

ANOTHER NIGHT went by and morning found Sally tense, with anxiety. They were so far along the road, yet Ted was still in jail, charged with Vitelli's murder, and there seemed so little time left in which to act now that suspicion surrounded them. The first thing now was to get Ted out so that he could help them strike once and for all.

So as soon as she could get away from the house she went to the newspaper and found Hall again. "Mr. Hall," she said anxiously, "if you can help get Ted out of jail how much money will it take—for his bail and for a lawyer and all the expenses?"

Hall frowned and looked out the window at a wisp of Spanish moss which hung from the cross bar of a telephone pole. It seemed to help his concentration.

"Well, I'd say at least five grand—five thousand bucks, Miss Gwynne—that's if I can fix it for him to get out."

Sally sank back into her chair as if she had been struck in the face. "Five thousand dollars . . ." she repeated dully.

"Sure," Hall said. "They haven't had a good murder here in a long time, and they're probably going to make the most of this one. City election's coming off in a little while. The 'machines' and the state's attorney will want to make the police look efficient as a credit to the administration. Fact is, that's the only club I've got to try to get Ted out of jail with and get some co-operation out of these coppers. I can make them look pretty bad if I want to. All I have to do is uncover every piffin' little job that's pulled in town, keep listin' the unsolved burglaries and automobile thefts, write up every traffic 'fix' I can get my hands on and start a lot of criticism by letters to the editor of the paper. No trouble gettin' the letters written or writin' 'em yourself, you know. He smiled as if the prospect really pleased him. "But I wouldn't want to be Ted without at least five grand behind me now."

Sally thought quickly, desperately. She had \$103.42 in the bank, saved since she had come to Proctor's. She knew the amount to the penny, and it was a lot short of \$5,000. She took back her head and for having bought new clothes since coming to Florida when the money would have been so useful for Ted. How much Ted had she didn't know. Certainly not \$300 at the most. That made about \$100. And lacked \$4,900 of being enough.

Hall spoke as if he had been reading her mind.

"I swear, I never was so broke as I am right now," he said. "And another payment due on that old car of mine tomorrow. I'm buyin' a horse and lot here and it's just about got me down. If I had any money, though, I wouldn't hesitate a minute. I'd plant it right on Ted."

He looked out the window again at the wisp of moss which fluttered in the breeze from off the ocean.

"The publisher might help. I haven't even told him about this story yet. I wanted to play along with Ted, dig it up and then pass him the Black Jack Proctor's murder and a swell scoop on a silver platter. Wouldn't do me a bit of harm around here. Probably get Ted a good job too. Not here, maybe, but somewhere better. But if I told the old man now he'd probably pitch in and help all right. He's pretty good like that."

"Then speak to him, please! Won't you?" Sally pleaded.

"Trouble is," said Hall, ruefully, "he's off in Europe just now, havin' a high old time. It would take a lot of explainin' by letter. Cable'd never till the old boy knew what it was all about. Take too long. We got to act."

"I can wire home, but I know I couldn't get more than a couple of hundred at the most. Dad hasn't a penny to spare. Oh, dear . . ." and she stared at the top of the desk while Hall fixed his gaze again upon the wisp of moss. For a moment neither spoke. They sat dejected and hopeless while the pleasant ocean breeze and the warm sunshine played upon the street below them.

Suddenly Sally sat up. "There's one thing!" she exclaimed decisively. Hall turned to her with a start. "What's that?" he demanded.

"What you said last night is true. He certainly must have his own private reason for wanting to keep me over there. I know he has. He's shown it often enough, and he's been hinting lately about a trip to Havana and asking me to think of what changes I'd make around the house if it belonged to me—"

Hall shook his head and frowned, but Sally continued eagerly: "This is all his fault in a way and



"When were you planning on leaving?" Sally asked Proctor.

I don't see any reason why he shouldn't furnish the money. He can't very well refuse. It will be a good way of bringing him out into the open. Don't you see? And if he's as interested in me as he pretends it'll be a way of showing it."

"That's all very well, Miss Gwynne," Hall said, "but I wouldn't do it. And I know Ted wouldn't let you do it. Instead of gettin' in deep-er with that scoundrel, the best thing you could do would be to get out of his house and keep away from him. My wife was sayin' last night she'd be glad to have you stay with us. We—"

"That's awfully nice of both of you, Mr. Hall, but I'm going to see this thing through. It's got me mad now and, poisoned darts or no darts, I'm going to stay in that house till I find what makes it tick."

"But I wouldn't ask Proctor to put up any money," Hall said warningly. "I wouldn't do it."

"Well, maybe not. But that money has to be raised some way and I'm going to see that it is."

"I'll slip out and meet you again tonight—at eight o'clock at the same drug store, if you like," Sally said. "There must be something we can do."

"I hope so," Hall said, "I sure hope so."

"And don't you think I can get to see Ted tonight?"

Hall shook his head. "Course it's up to you," he said, "but I wouldn't let the police think I was mixed up with him yet for a while, if I were you. That's what he thinks, too."

"All right, then," Sally said, "but I'm going to see him soon and I'm going to have some good news for him, too. You wait."

"That's the spirit, sister," Hall said, clapping her on the shoulder. At lunch Proctor said, "Well, I've been down at the boat this morning."

"Yes?"

"Just getting it in shape," he said. "They're going over it at the boat-yard."

"It's a beautiful boat," Sally said evasively.

"Yes. Yes, I'm very fond of it. It's one of the things I'm very fond of. And they are few, let me assure you, Sally." He went on eating, smiling at her from time to time as if she amused him.

"Before we start for Havana," he said out of a clear sky, "you might want some new clothes. Or would you rather wait until we got there. They have excellent shops in Havana."

"When were you planning on leaving?" Sally asked casually.

"Oh—within a few days," he replied. "I'd run up to New York with you and let you outfit yourself there—it's just a comparatively short airplane hop and I'm all gone on this flying business these days—but I'm busy that I won't be able to do that. Of course there are fine shops here, and in Palm Beach and Miami, too, for that matter. I think you'll find my credit is good in any one of them."

"So you plan to start in a few days," Sally said.

"Yes. Of course, you've been thinking about it?"

"Yes," Sally said. "Yes, I've been

thinking about it."

She did not say how.

"That's fine, Sally. It will be wonderful to get away with you for a while. I've never really seen as much of you as I'd like—and I don't think you really know me, Sally. I'm sure you don't. Away, on our own boat, not bothered by anybody, we ought to learn to understand each other beautifully."

"Yes," Sally said, "we ought."

"Shame about Chandler," Proctor said. "I had rather counted on him. He's a genius with motors, that young man."

"You were intending to take him along?" Sally asked, trying to disguise her amazement.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, no reason, of course. I just thought he would stay and sort of look after your things here. Your car?" she finished weakly.

"No, he's a splendid mechanic and just the man to have along in case something went wrong. But—"

Proctor sighed, "when I hired him I had no idea he'd turn out the way he has. I'm sorry. We all make mistakes and I guess that was mine. I had hopes for him. I saw him as a decided asset to my affairs. In fact, his ability as a flyer alone would have been sufficient. That first plane of mine isn't the only one I intend to get, you know. I think airplanes are the coming means of travel."

And of running liquor, Sally thought, but she said nothing.

That evening Proctor went out again, traveling between the two cur-tained sedans. His movements these nights were as mysterious, as portentous and as awesome as a Borg-ia's might have been, she decided.

At a little before eight o'clock she told Jasper she intended to drop over to the Florida theater to see the picture and called a cab. Within 15 minutes she was at the drug store on Main street where she found Herb Hall waiting in his little coupe.

Hall's face was serious and his manner uneasy.

"I've turned somethin' up, Miss Gwynne," he said. "Get in and we'll drive around while I tell you."

They drove west, across the bridge to Beach street, keeping to the side of the road but always near the lights and the other traffic.

"My police reporter stumbled onto somethin' this afternoon," he said.

"The tip on Vitelli?" Sally asked.

"No, a secret report he happened to see on a burglary."

"A burglary? At Proctor's?"

"No, at the hospital. The fellow in charge of the laboratory was experimenting with a lot of things, among 'em typhoid germs. He came down the other mornin' and found his typhoid germs gone. Naturally he didn't want to make much noise or there'd be a scandal involvin' the hospital. So he made a 'No Publicity' report to the cops. When I found it out I buzzed over and saw him. Nice fella; I often play hand-ball with him at the beach. I told him I'd lay off the story if he told me what he knew. Seems the burg-lar left a clue the police have got—a little brown leather button."

Sally gasped.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Story of A Real Girl Champion Beauty Won First Start In Competition In Fight Over Doll Small Boy Was Victim and Now Eleanor Is Hard to Beat



(Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of six stories on the life of Eleanor Holm, world champion swimmer, and a world champion beauty. In them Miss Holm gives many valuable hints to girls learning to swim.)

BY JACK MARTIN
Central Press Writer

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 6.—A pretty little girl with blonde curls was playing quietly with her dolls on the front porch of her parents' home in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few years ago. The little boy from next door came over to join her. Impishly, he seized a particularly choice doll and started off with it.

The pretty little girl flew into action. She screamed a childish challenge and her pudgy little arms began working like tiny pistons. A mother came running to find the little boy crying bitterly, while the pretty little girl, clutching the disputed doll, stood over him, scornful. The boy actually had two "shiners."

It was Eleanor

That was Eleanor Holm's first entrance into competition. She was that pretty little girl with blond curls

and she certainly won her first start. Even then, when she was barely five, Eleanor had that dash and fight which wins, and which, today, has made her a world champion swimmer, and the unanimous choice as the typical All-American Girl.

Eleanor had the will to win in abundance, almost since that Dec. 6, 1913, when she was born in Brooklyn, the daughter of Charlie and Frank Holm. Her mother says it rained all the day she was born, so maybe that is why she has been so adept in the water ever since. Even in her antecedents, Eleanor is a typical Miss America. Her mother's people came from Queenstown, Ireland, while her father was half Scandinavian and half Irish. That makes Eleanor a pure blooded Yankee, a mixture of many stocks.

Eleanor's father was for many years chief of the Jamaica, N. Y., fire department. He died in 1930, a year after he was retired on pension. Eleanor's mother is still living, however, a sweet, charming, white-haired lady who is the All-American Girl's closest confidante, and companion. Eleanor has one brother and five sisters. She is the baby of the family, and, strangely enough, she is

the only one who swims. The others are all afraid of the water.

First Memories
When you question Eleanor about her earliest childhood recollections, she says the first thing she can remember was how nice she looked in the mirror when she dressed up in her big sisters' clothes. It wasn't that she was a vain little tike; even in those days she liked to pretend. And she has been doing a good job of it since, performing before the cameras in Hollywood, and in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Eleanor, baby of the family, naturally was a big favorite. Her brother and sisters called her "Little Sister," but they didn't harass her constantly with her clowning and tom-boy proclivities. Her sisters confide that she was at her worst when their favorite beaux called. She tormented and hung around until they appealed in desperation to Mother Holm.

The Holms lived in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, in those days, and Eleanor, when she was five, started school in Public School 142, in Henry street, Brooklyn. From the first day she was a favorite with the teachers. Her blond curls her winsome loveli-

ness and her vivacious personality won them from the start. And the boys—they actually lined up and fought to see which one would carry home her books.

Quick Student
Eleanor was a quick student, and usually led her class. She was chosen monitor each year, and had that happy faculty of being a leader without arousing jealousies. She played with the boys, mostly, enjoying their acting games, but she also enjoyed playing hours with her dollies like the other little girls. Even in her childhood she was just the kind of a little girl you would like to have for a daughter.

(Tomorrow: Eleanor learns how to swim, and begins winning races. Many hints for young swimmers.)

Intervention Not Contemplated, Will Be Prepared

(Continued from Page One.)

gun range of an American destroyer, a junta of five professional men took charge today of the second revolution-born government Cuba has had in less than a month.

This "executive commission for provisional government," named after the rank and file of Cuban defense forces had driven out President de Cespedes and his cabinet, will rule until an actual revolutionary regime is established.

It members met this morning to outline their policies to seek the return of order, to demand recognition by other nations and to formulate plans for electing a constitutional assembly.

Boardman Robinson noted painter 8, 57 years ago.

PHOTOPLAYS

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10c PLUS 1c TAX
MOON 11c
TODAY and TOMORROW
"SUPERNATURAL"
Carole Lombard—
Randolph Scott

Raleigh Meeting Told Government Is Ready To Help

(Continued from Page One.)

but nobody arose. "Stand up, stand up, we want to see who you are," was shouted from the floor, but still nobody stood in opposition.

Hudson, speaking after Governor Ewinghaus had emphasized to the meeting that the farmers must cooperate with the governor for crop reduction to raise prices said:

Flue-Cured Prices Too Low
The Agricultural Administration realizes that flue-cured prices were too low last year and again this year, and the government pledges itself for reduced production.

"For our part, we pledge you that we will use every resource at our hands that you can parity prices this year, as well as the two following years. We don't know what steps it may be necessary to take. We know some of the steps. If you deliver, we

will be able to deliver."

Cut of 30 Percent

The government man read the tentative reduction contracts, which would pledge flue-cured growers to reduce either acreage or poundage, or both, up to 30 percent of this year's crop. He said the exact percentage for reduction could not be announced, until the Agricultural Administration is assured the farmers will accept such plans as are formulated."

Some form of rental or benefit program will be used, he said, with the financing done by the processing companies which will be levied on flue-cured tobacco after October 1.

The 100 delegates at the meeting were elected at county gatherings of tobacco growers and were supposed-ly empowered to speak for them.

John R. Hutchinson, extension director of V. P. I. and D. M. Watkins, assistant extension director at Clemson College, were present officially to represent Virginia and South Carolina.

Dean I. O. Schaub, head of North Carolina's extension Service, presided over the meeting, which was held at State College.

Jane Addams of Chicago, settlement worker and author, among the world's outstanding women, born at Cedarville Ill., 73 years ago.

No Sales Tax For Tobacco Is Levied

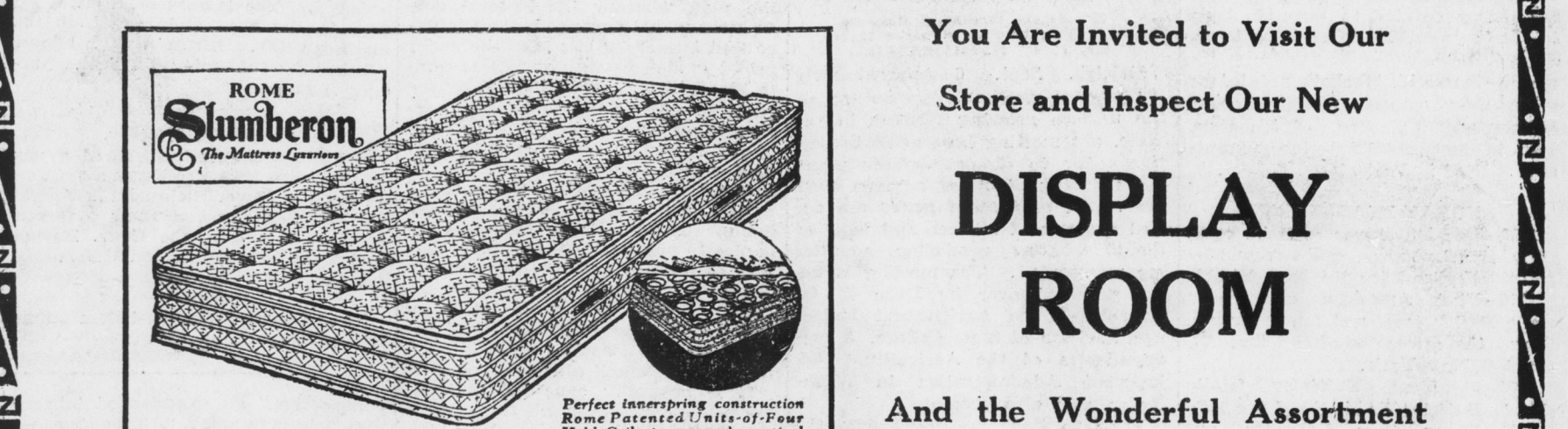
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but the prevailing opinion here is that this report is being put out and circulated in border counties in an effort to get more tobacco farmers from this State to sell their tobacco in South Carolina markets by giving the impression that sales made in this State will be subject to the sales tax.

The statement issued by Director McMullan is as follows: "Notwithstanding advice from the Sales Tax Division of the Department of Revenue that no tax, either wholesale or retail, applies to the sale of leaf tobacco by the farmers in North Carolina, we hear from reliable sources throughout the border counties that farmers selling tobacco on North Carolina warehouses floors will have to pay three per cent sales tax on their sales."

"This statement is entirely incorrect and such sales made by the farmers are not subject to any kind of sales tax. This also applies to the sale of cotton, peanuts and any and all other farm products made by the farmers at any place in North Carolina, as the Emergency Revenue Act expressly exempts sales of products of farms, forests and mines when made by the producer."

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