

STORM DRIFT

Ethel M. Dell.

CHAPTER 22

TIGGIE BENT down over her "child," don't tell me any more! What's the good? I know the rest." She shook her head without raising it; she found words again—dragging, difficult words. "You don't know—quite all. It was then—I'd just begun to know about—about—the baby. Of course, I ought to have left him. But I was down—beaten. I had no money, nowhere to go, no one to care. So I gave up trying—and stayed. He still seemed to want me sometimes, and I thought perhaps..." Her voice failed again. "That's all," she ended faintly. "You know now just how wicked I am." "Shall I tell you what I know?" said Tiggie. His tone was deep and very steady. He was stooping over her, supporting her. He spoke into her ear. "I know it's all over now—over and done with, and I am going to take care of you, so that you can never suffer again."



So it was true—so it was true!

"Oh!" She uttered a little gasp, still gazing at him; then suddenly her eyes fell before his. Her whole form seemed to crumple. She hid her face down upon his hand. "Oh, Tiggie—Tiggie!" she whispered brokenly. "Was there ever anyone—like you?"

He removed his hand hastily. He wanted to find words to comfort her, but a lump rose in his throat, defeating him. Her helpless grief moved him as nothing had ever moved him before. Looking down upon her, he thought of a white flower flung wantonly into the mire of the highway. And he wanted to stoop and gather her up close in his arms; but something prevented him. It was as if a voice spoke within him, bidding him begone.

He touched her shoulder with a gentle awkwardness, as though the obstruction in his throat, and spoke, "Go to bed, child! You're worn out—finished. We'll talk again in the morning."

With the words he gave her a soft pat and turned away. Yet at the door he glanced back at the slight, bowed figure. She had not moved. She was not weeping. But her crushed posture in its very stillness made him see again the white flower bruised and broken and trampled underfoot...

His heart gave a hard, deep throbb that seemed to stop his breath, and a power that he did not know stirred in his inmost soul. For a moment he stood, halting uncertain—a stranger to himself, as a man who suddenly sees his own reflection at an unknown angle. Then with a flash of revelation understanding came, as it were linking him up again with the self he knew. And so, after that one lingering look he turned and went away.

In his own room he stood still with eyes fixed and hands hard clenched at his sides. "My God!" he said. "How I love her!"

He did not return to Harvey. He could not have endured any further talk even of an impersonal nature that night. He stayed in his own room—the room that was next to hers—and opening the window wide, set down before it, his arms upon the sill.

There, with his face to the mysterious, unquenchable pallor of the summer night, he remained motionless for a long time. So it was true—so it was true! The thought ought to have revolted him, but somehow he felt as if he had always known it. In the words of her halting, piteous confession, she had been caught—trapped. That strange quality of hers which had first attracted him—that apartness—spirituality—came from adversity, was the very flower

and essence of suffering. And he had in a vague fashion recognized it without knowing whence it came. He was so young to have gone through so much, so young to have garnered already the sad wisdom that comes with age. With a vision made keen by the power within he saw her setting forth alone in her little barque on the treacherous waters of life, fearless and trusting, unaware of the evil, sucking undercurrent which was so soon to overwhelm her. How could she have known? There had been no one to warn her. Her early life had been spent in a backwater where no hint of evil had ever reached her. He could see her with that sharpened insight of his faring lightly forth upon that terrible voyage of hers, seeing only the rippling surface and the blue of the summer day. With a kind of grim intensity he followed her from light to dark, from calm to storm, from the safe harbor to the overwhelming chaos of deep waters whence there was no return. He saw her wrecked, terrified and sinking, the great waves engulfing her, desperately springing for the only refuge within reach.—The only refuge!

Again an unutterable something rose in his throat. If only he had been near her even then—even then! O God, to have saved her from that further agony! The perspiration was standing on his forehead. The agony was within him also, twisting his very soul. Thus and thus had she suffered, and there had been none to help! And now at the end—as a last resource—she had turned to him. And wherefore? Not for any strength of protection he had to offer; but because he was kind—and easy to deceive! And her heart had smitten her for the deed, as though she had tricked a child. For no other reason—naught but this! She had grown wise in suffering, but not till now had she brought herself to make use of the wisdom within her. She had come to him, had wringed the very heart out of him to serve her need. And then she had repented. But too late—too late! Still with that pillar of vision he saw that repentance would not serve. Nothing could undo that which had been done. Nothing could restore him to himself as he had been before that day. In her extremity she had acted, and it was not in him to blame her for what she had done. Yet he realized that it might well be that in the future he would reap no reward for that which he now so generously, so foolishly, offered.

The thought came to him, but he instantly threw it aside. Life was

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Many Boy Scout Leaders To Meet At University

To Take Training Course To Be Conducted by Commander Thomas Keene, National Director of Sea Scouting at Chapel Hill March 3 and 4

Chapel Hill, March 2.—From seventy-five to one hundred Boy Scout leaders from councils in many sections of the State will meet here Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4, for a training course in Sea Scouting to be conducted by Commander Thomas J. Keene, National Director of Sea Scouting of the Boy Scouts of America, and Dr. Charles F. Smith, noted educator and recreational authority of the Columbia University faculty.

Prof. Harold D. Meyer, of the University Society Department, will be in charge of the Scout convention. Professor Meyer is Educational Director for the Sixth Scout District, which includes the four Southern states, Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas.

The program will start Saturday, March 3, at 1 o'clock, and will continue until the following afternoon. A small registration fee will be charged, and the Scout leader are expected to remain overnight in Chapel Hill.

Commander Keene was educated as an engineer but he spent his summers in sailing the seas. In this way he was able to graduate as a navigator and seaman about the same time he finished his college course. He spent five years in the U. S. Navy during and after the World War. He now ranks as a Lieutenant-Commander in the Naval Reserve.

While in business in Chicago, he devoted his leisure time to a study of boy psychology with special reference to programs for the older boys' group. Out of his research and study, with the help of others, developed Sea Scouting as it is today. Commander Keene was a leader of one of the first groups of Sea Scouts in Chicago, and he later organized other groups throughout the city. He is an authority on shipping and sea history, and is the author of numerous books for boys on sea life.

Dr. Smith, the other instructor, is widely known as a teacher, leader, and author of recreational instruction for boys of all ages. He has

At Scout Meeting



Above is Commander Thomas J. Keene, who will conduct the course in Sea Scouting to be given in Chapel Hill for the benefit of Boy Scout leaders Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4. Commander Keene is National Director of Sea Scouting of the Boy Scouts of America, and was active in forming the first Sea Scout organization in the city of Chicago. He is a Lieutenant-Commander in the United Naval Reserves.

MOVIE MEMORIES



Hazel Dawn

Eighteen years ago. This portrait of Hazel Dawn was made at the height of her film career. Before entering pictures she spent four years in London in musical comedy.

48 CASES TRIED IN RECORDER'S COURT

Only One Discharge in Whole Group in February; Fines \$112

Fewer cases were tried in Recorder's court in this county in February than in the corresponding month last year, or in January of this year, the report at the clerk's office showed today. Last month 48 defendants faced the bar of justice, as compared with 51 in January and 66 in February last year. Fines last month amounted to \$112

and fees were \$168.55, a total of \$270.55. In January the fines were \$69 and fees \$175.57, a total of \$244.57. In February last year fines were \$373.50 and costs \$217.50, a total of \$591.

Only one defendant was discharged outright in the February totals. Seven were sent to the roads, 23 were let off with costs, three gave notice of an appeal to superior court, and nine were bound over.

1932—World awestruck at the news that Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., kid napped the preceding night.

PHOTOPLAYS

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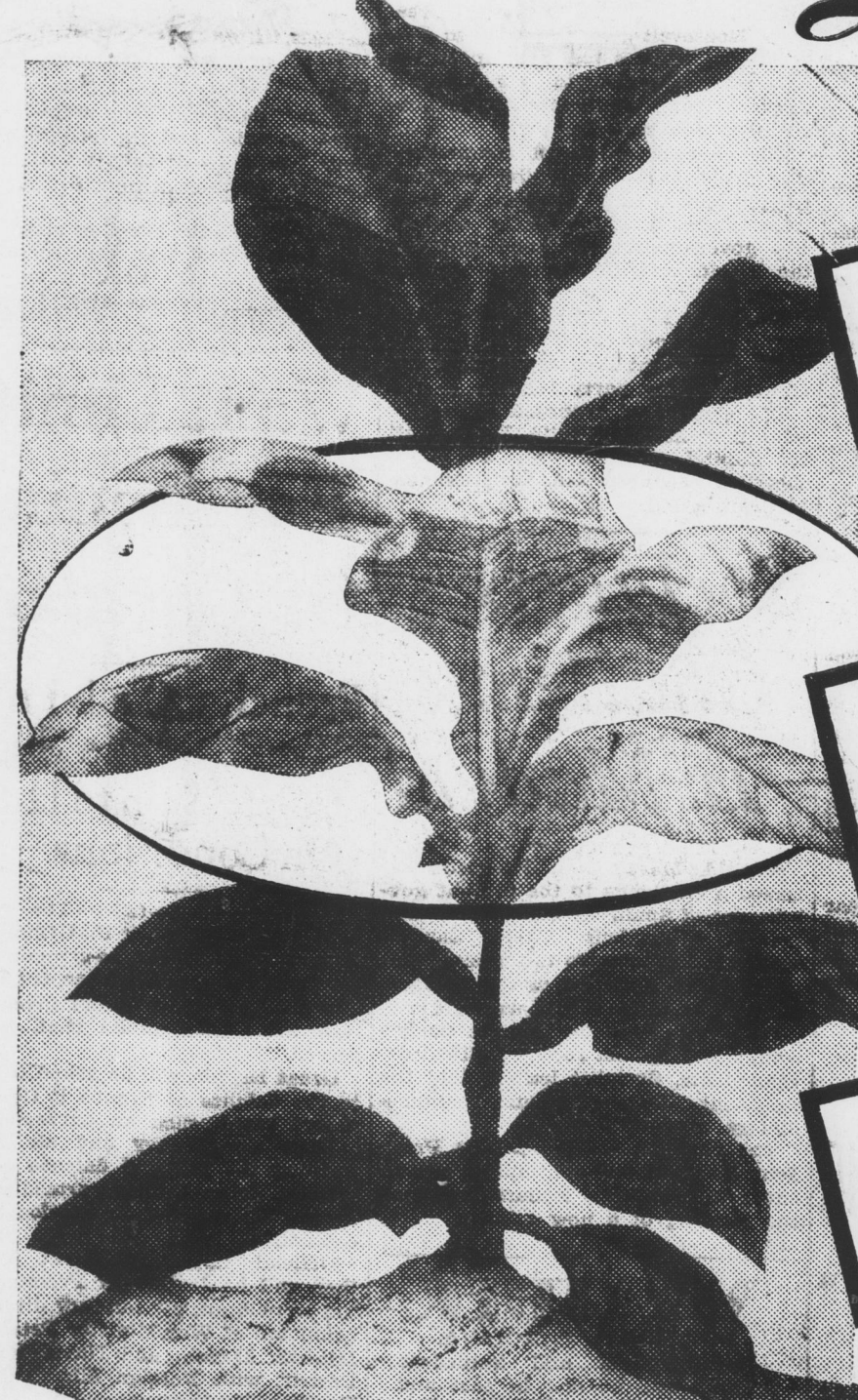
The story of a beautiful Russian spy, in gay, war-mad Vienna

GILBERT ROLAND
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1 Luckies do not use the top leaves... because top leaves are under-developed... they are not ripe... They would give a harsh smoke.

2 Luckies use only the center leaves of the finest tobacco plants... because the center leaves are the mildest, tenderest, smoothest.

3 Luckies do not use the bottom leaves, because bottom leaves are inferior in quality. They grow close to the ground, and are tough, coarse and always sandy.



Lucky Strike presents the Metropolitan Opera Company

Saturday at 1.50 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over Red and Blue Networks of NBC. Lucky Strike will broadcast the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York in the complete Opera, "Lucia di Lammermoore."

This picture tells better than words the merit of your Lucky Strike. Luckies use only the center leaves. Not the top leaves, because those are under-developed—not ripe. Not the bottom leaves, because those are inferior in quality—they grow close to the ground and are tough, coarse and always sandy. The center leaves are the mildest

leaves, the finest in quality. These center leaves are cut into long, even strands and are fully packed into each and every Lucky—giving you a cigarette that is always round, firm, completely filled—no loose ends. Is it any wonder that Luckies are so truly mild and smooth? And in addition, you know, "It's toasted"—for throat protection, for finer taste.

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HOME LOAN AGENCY PAYS TAX CLAIMS

Salisbury, March 2.—Calling attention to the assistance which is being rendered tax collecting agencies of municipalities and counties by the Home Owners Loan Corporation, Alan S. O'Neal, state manager of the organization, with headquarters here, today stated that thus far the corporation has paid taxes and assessments and costs of making loans totaling \$240,825.29. This has been done in taking up mortgages on home throughout the State and the major portion of the money has been paid out in taxes and assessments to the counties, cities, and towns. Only a small portion has been paid for costs of loans in the cases where applicants have been unable to bear this expense themselves.

"In every case," said Mr. O'Neal, "where the corporation has taken up a mortgage with its bonds or cash it has been necessary, of course, to see that all taxes and assessments are paid up to date and the law provides that these shall be paid in cash for the home owner by the corporation if they are not up to date.

"The payment of these back taxes by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, we have been told, is proving a great aid to many cities and counties in handling their current obligations and in this way the work of the corporation in helping home owners has been extended to divisions of Government in need of funds."

MULES

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