

STORM DRIET

Ethel M. Dell

CHAPTER 51

DOWN THE alley went Tiggie, between the old stone fisher huts, where the babies sprawled fat-legged on the steps, sucking their fingers and staring at him, down to the beach and the little bridge that crossed the stream which presented quite an imposing appearance after the reinforcements of last night's rain! Over the bridge without a pause or a glance at the gray sea coming in wreathed in mist, and ominous! Up the narrow winding path out in the side of the cliff with its stunted gorse bushes and pink valerian! How often he had mounted that path in heaviness of soul! What a load of anxiety had weighed upon him! How he had sometimes dreaded to open the cottage gate!

And now—now as he reached it he had to pause to get the overwhelming joy of the contrast. As he raised the latch, he was whistling like a boy. He had not a care left in the world.

The sound of skipping feet told him that he had been observed, and he looked over the gate to see Joyce, clad in macintosh and saucier, dancing to meet him. She lifted her face to kiss him, her arms closing round his neck.

"Oh, Uncle Tiggie darling, were you really nearly drowned last night?" was her greeting. "How dreadful!"

"There's a long way between nearly and quite," said Tiggie. "How's Auntie Viola?"

"She's looking rather pale this morning," Joyce told him. "You can go up and see her, mummy says. I'm just going up to the other cottage to take care of Peter, but I wanted just to see you first. Oh, Uncle Tiggie—dear Uncle Tiggie—I am glad you weren't quite drowned."

"Thanks!" said Tiggie. "I'm rather glad too."

Joyce's arms clung as he prepared to straighten himself. "You won't ever do it again, will you?" she said. "Never," promised Tiggie obligingly. "I've quite decided that it's one of the things I'll never do once—much less again—if I have any say in the matter."

"That's all right," said Joyce, releasing him. "Because if you did—Auntie Viola would die if you were quite, quite sure."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Tiggie. "She's much too sensible."

But Joyce shook her head at the airy assertion. "No, you don't understand," she said gravely. "She wouldn't be able to help it. She loves you so."

They separated, and Tiggie pursued his way up the path to the porch still feeling absently light-hearted, almost light-headed too. Yes, they would have to tell their secret very soon.

There was no one about when he pushed open the door which Joyce had left unlatched. Helen was apparently busy in the back premises

and he did not go in search of her. He went straight up the stairs without a pause and knocked softly on the door at the top.

It was ajar, and her low voice at once bade him enter. She was in bed, but partially dressed and propped up by pillows. Her pale face smiled a welcome and she made a gesture as of drawing him to her, though her arms were not outstretched as on the night before.

"You're tired," said Tiggie. He bent over her, holding her hands; then in answer to her look stooped and kissed her upturned lips.

"You're tired," he said again. She continued to smile at him, though not very steadily. "I'm all right," she said. "Only—some stupid dreams, that's all."

He sat down beside her. There was no hint of emotion about him, but he kept one of her hands in his. "It's a waste of time to dream," he said, "when the reality is so good."

"Yes, isn't it a waste of time?" Her voice followed his like a soft echo. "I never knew how reality could be so good."

"That's better," said Tiggie. "Dreams are rotten things."

"Oh, rotten," she agreed, the quivering smile still on her face. "And that's why you haven't come down?" pursued Tiggie.

"Yes, I was lazy, and Helen advised me to stay here. She said there was nothing to get up for as I couldn't go out."

"That's true," said Tiggie, with a glance at the mist-blurred window pane. "Poor old Harvey is of the same mind. He's still in bed too."

"Oh, is he? I wondered." Her look fell, and suddenly he saw a wave of color rise in her white cheeks. "Tiggie!" she said, "your hands!"

"Oh, sorry!" said Tiggie, hastily concealing them under a corner of the sheet. "That happened last night. I ought to have put some gloves on."

"Let me see them!" she said. "No, really!" protested Tiggie. "It's nothing—nothing whatever."

"Please!" said Viola. He could not resist her. She drew the sheet away and examined his injuries with deep concern.

"Nothing," she said, and lifted the damaged hands and held them against her breast. "How those cuts must hurt!"

"Nothing could hurt—like this," said Tiggie, clumsy with embarrassment. "I'm ashamed to have let you see it. I forgot."

"You always forget—yourself," she said. "Oh, I say!" he remonstrated. "You don't know me very well."

She raised her eyes to his, and they were shining as though the soul behind them gave them light. "I know you so well—so well," Tiggie," she said. "And that's why I love you so. There is no one in the world like you."

"Oh, but darling—" said Tiggie, greatly abashed. She laughed at him softly, fondly.

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shaking her head. "Thank you for calling me that! It's the first time, isn't it? Say it again, Tiggie! I like it—from you."

"My darling!" he said. "My own darling!"

His arm slid behind her pillow, and he felt the sweet yielding of her as she gave herself into his clasp. With her forehead against his neck she said, "That's just how I've wanted to be for ages and ages."

"Your dear big arms round me—like this—holding me safe. Tiggie, have you seen Harvey's picture?"

"No. I've heard all about it," said Tiggie, his cheek caressing her hair. "I think it's going to be rather wonderful," she said. "It's curious—but he seems to have got right inside my mind to do it. Do you understand, Tiggie?"

"I shall," said Tiggie tenderly. "Yes, you will," she said. "I know you will. Because—you are you, and you couldn't think anything that wasn't true. You know, dear, I like Harvey. I didn't at first. I do now—very, very much."

"Well, dearest? What of it?" said Tiggie. "I like him too."

"Yes, but you don't understand him," she said. "Perhaps I don't either—altogether. But I know he is very great-hearted. He is devoted to you, Tiggie. You believe that, don't you?"

"Well, I haven't much choice—after last night," said Tiggie. "Oh yes," she said. "It was he who saved you."

"I'm inclined to think it was more for your sake than mine that he did it though," said Tiggie.

"I must thank him," said Viola. She was silent for a moment, then said with slight hesitation, "I think he is rather a marvelous friend to have, Tiggie. He is very far-seeing—and understanding."

"Are you trying to tell me he's in love with you?" said Tiggie bluntly. She laughed faintly. "No dear. That's only his way of putting it—not yours or mine. All genius is like that. Don't you understand? It is made to adore whatever calls it forth."

"Sorry!" said Tiggie. "Out of my depth!"

She turned her face upwards, speaking in a whisper with lips that moved against his neck. "Oh, my dear, it doesn't matter—so long as you don't think I'm in love with him."

"Oh, I see," said Tiggie. He also laughed a little and kissed her again. "No, I don't think that—not being such an outside ass as I look."

"I know you weren't really," she said.

There followed a peaceful interval during which neither of them found much to say. The rain was pattering on the panes in earnest, and there was a moaning as of rising wind out at sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Scene from "The Road to Ruin" Playing at the Moon Monday and Tuesday

employees are inadequate and that the salaries of other employees that have been reduced to \$60 and \$70 a month, such as hundreds of stenographers and clerks are now getting, are inadequate. But the State employees who live here in Raleigh know that there is little or no chance for an increase until the next General Assembly meets. They also feel that they are just as much entitled to an increase as the school teachers, especially when the school teachers were cut only 30 per cent by legislative enactment, while other State workers were cut an average of more than 40 per cent and some as much as 50 per cent.

The school leaders were not nearly as critical of the last General Assembly and of the State government as they have been in the past, apparently realizing that the 1933 assembly tried to do the best it could, although many still are saying privately that "they could have found more money for schools than they did if they had wanted to."

Duck Stamp Bill Becomes the Law Bureau Informed

Daily Dispatch Bureau in the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, March 24.—The so-called "duck stamp bill" levying a special federal tax of one dollar on those hunting migratory wildfowl, has become a law, R. Bruce Etheridge, director of the Department of Conservation and Development, was notified today.

This bill received the name of the "duck stamp bill", Mr. Etheridge said, through its requirement that migratory wildfowl hunters must attach the Federal license to their State license for the special privilege of hunting this class of game.

Proceeds from the sale of the Federal licenses, the conservation director has been informed, will be used

exclusively for the protection of the wildfowl for whose shooting the permit is required. One provision of the bill adopted at the suggestion of Re-

MOVIE MEMORIES



Florence Turner

Eighteen years ago: This is a photo of Florence Turner, popular screen actress, just after her return to the United States following two years in England where she made several pictures during the war. Before her film debut she played four years on the stage with Robert Mantell and Henry Irving.

presentative Lindsey Warren, exempts hunters under the age of 16 years from the license provision. The major part of the collections is expected to go for the purchase of migratory wildfowl sanctuaries, including nesting and feeding grounds. Legislation of this type has been advocated by several national groups of sportsmen and conservationists for several years, and virtually all such organizations approved the bill while

pending before congress. It was also approved by the national administration and particularly recommended by the President's committee on wildlife restoration which made its report a short time ago.

The closeness of countries to each other and their interdependence makes war more difficult to avoid and more ruinous when it comes.

OUR 7th ANNIVERSARY
Monday, March 26th is the seventh birthday of the STEVENSON THEATRE

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Matinee and Night
"SIX OF A KIND"
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FRIDAY
"CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE"
Lew Ayres—Alice White

ON THE SCREEN—
MATINEE ONLY
"SIX OF A KIND"
SATURDAY
"DEVILS TIGER"
KANE RICHMOND
MARION BURNS

Education Association Would Retain Sales Tax

(Continued from Page One.)

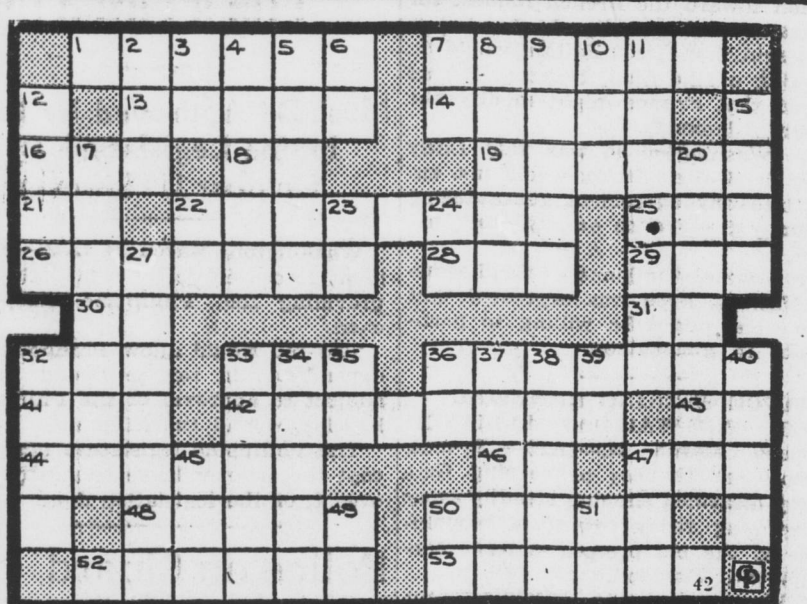
carrying out its aims, are in politics up to their necks this year, with their chief objective to elect members to the General Assembly who are in favor of retaining the sales tax and increasing teachers' salaries back to their old levels, or even higher, if possible. There was much talk in the hotel lobbies and hotel rooms about the injustice of the present pay of school teachers and school officials and many expressed themselves that instead of getting only eight months pay they should be entitled to the NRA pay scale for white collar workers and that this should be on a twelve months basis. It was mentioned that only four states now pay their teachers salaries that would conform with the NRA code regulations. But none of this talk reached the surface, since the leaders know that if they try to get too much at one time, they are likely to antagonize the public.

So for the time being the more conservative leaders are advising the superintendents and principals and teachers to be content with trying to get their salaries back up to the 1929 level, when they were approximately 30 per cent higher than they are now. Some teachers, of course, have been cut considerably more than 30 per cent, but not by the State. These are those who were teaching in cities and counties that were paying their teachers more than the State salary schedule because of local city or county supplements; and where the people have since refused to vote these supplemental taxes.

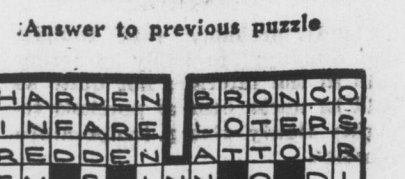
It is generally agreed in govern-

mental circles here that the teachers' salaries are not adequate and that they should be paid more than the average of about \$700 for the eight months term. State employees here also feel that the salaries of \$40 and \$50 a month which the State Highway Commission is paying many of its

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



- ACROSS**
- 1—Roving
 - 7—Pasture on or graze
 - 13—Unbleached
 - 14—One who revolts
 - 16—Sum up
 - 18—A country (abbr.)
 - 19—Bristly
 - 21—Initials of famous president
 - 22—Weapons designed to be thrown
 - 25—Hunting accessory
 - 26—A colonist
 - 28—Devoured
 - 29—Assist
 - 30—Compass point
 - 31—New Testament (abbr.)
 - 32—A man's name
 - 33—Brown horse (abbr.)
 - 36—The son of one's husband or wife by a previous marriage
 - 41—In law a thing
 - 42—Tanned skins of animals
 - 43—Sun god
 - 44—A colorless crystalline compound
 - 46—Negative reply
 - 47—A doctrine or system
 - 48—Part of winding stairs
 - 50—An amorphous substance
 - 52—Salesmen
 - 53—Combining form meaning imperfect
- DOWN**
- 2—A color
 - 3—Red Cross (abbr.)
 - 4—Potters' clay or earth
 - 5—One who attends sick
 - 6—Tellurium (symbol)
 - 7—Brown (abbr.)
 - 8—To set aside
 - 9—Fat
 - 10—Not dry



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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as Executor of the estate of Firman Tettemer, late of Vance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Henderson, N. C., on or before the 19th day of March, 1934, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 19th day of March, 1934.
MAURICE J. ONEIL,
Executor of the Estate of
Firman Tettemer.

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