

SILVER SLIPPERS BY Temple Bailey

READ THIS FIRST:
 Joan Dudley, vacationing in the Maine woods with her wealthy aunt, Adelaide Deafeld, is engaged to marry Drew Hallam who is twice her age. Leaving the resort run by Fenelope Sears, a widow, Joan and her aunt, Hallam and his sister, Nancy, decide to go to Granitehead. On the way they meet Rose Carter, a former sweetheart of Drew and her mother, who decide to accompany them. At Granitehead there is a bookshop owned by Giles Armiger. Deious which is a shoemaker's shop run by Stephen Scripps. They had become fast friends in France. As a result of his war experience, Scripps was obliged to turn from law to a trade and his friend, Giles, remained close by. Arriving in Granitehead, Joan Dudley brings her slippers to Giles' shop to be mended downstairs. She recognizes him as a man she saw in a boat near Gloucester. They talk about books. After she leaves, Dilly, Giles' cousin, arrives at Scripps' shop with a birthday cake. Giles and Scripps go home following Dilly's visit.
 (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



Amelie played for them.

CHAPTER 9
ENTERING THIS house, Giles and Scripps went at once upstairs. When an hour later they came down they had bathed and changed. In the dining room the candles were lighted and the table set for formal service. The two men stood until a girl in evening dress arrived. She was dark with a pale skin, and her dress had a golden glow like that of the midsummer flowers outside. She went straight up to Giles. "Why are you so late?" she demanded. "Are we late?" "Yes, I watched . . . I wanted to talk to you. About Margarida. She baked a cake and was putting candles on it when I caught her at it. She said it was your birthday. But it isn't. Your birthday is in April. Don't you remember? There was always dogwood." He drew out her chair for her. "Was I born in April, Scripps?" Scripps said, promptly, "Of course. Fancy a man forgetting when he was born, Amelie." She paid no attention to him. "You must speak to Margarida, Giles. She was very obstinate. I just happened to go in the kitchen. And I made her take the candles off." When they had finished their canapes and Margarida brought the soup, Amelie said, "I was right, Margarida, his birthday is in April." Margarida, placing a soup plate, kept a frozen silence. "You hear, Margarida?" "Yes, I hear." "How did you make such a mistake?" "I am old . . . the old forget . . ." "Well, then, you may serve the cake for dessert, but there must be no candles." When the cake appeared the two men ate and said nothing of that other cake which they had eaten at noon. Nor did they speak of Dilly. They talked of the rain and of books, and of things that were in the evening paper which they had brought over with them in the boat. After dinner, the men smoked, and Amelie played for them. A little later Scripps read aloud. Amelie listened for a time, then demanded, "Why don't you read to me, Giles?" She was impatient and impolite. Scripps looked up from his book and said, passionately, "Doesn't my voice mean anything to you?" "What should it mean?" Amelie had risen and stood looking down at him. "You are always saying things like that. And I wish you weren't here. I want to be alone—with Giles . . ." She turned away from him. "I'm going to bed. I hate the rain. When I'm asleep I forget it . . ." After she had gone, Scripps said, "Giles . . . how can I ever stand it?" His friend laid a hand on his shoulder. "Hereafter I'll do the reading." "But I thought that Anacasin and Nicolette—years ago we read it together." "I know," the grip of Giles' hand was comforting. When Scripps went finally upstairs for the night, Giles made his way to the kitchen. Jose sat before the glowing kitchen stove with his feet on the shelf of it. Margarida was kneading bread, the elastic dough pulling between her strong fingers. "What happened," Giles asked, "about the cake?" Margarida's hand, sticky with dough, went up in the air. "I was

such an old fool. I wanted you to know I had not forgotten. So I baked the cake and was going to bring it to you and Mr. Stephen tonight after she was in bed. And then she came through the kitchen. And I was caught." "You couldn't help it, of course." "What I hate," Margarida was vehement, "was that I was made to tell lies. Which is a sin on my soul . . ." "May you never have a worse one, Margarida." He talked after that to Jose about the garden and the chance of more bad weather. Jose and his wife had been on the place before Giles' mother had died. It had been the summer residence of the Armigers in her time. But since the war Giles had lived in it all the year around, and there was his friend Scripps to share it, and Amelie . . . But tonight Giles refused to think of Amelie. He went back to the living room and hunted for a book. It was a little book with green and gold binding and yellowed pages. He turned the pages and read: "The ladies of St. James, Go swinging to the play, Their footmen run before them, With a 'stand by! Clear the way!'" But Phyllida, my Phyllida, She takes her buckled shoon, When she goes out a-courting, Beneath the harvest moon." He turned another page: "The ladies of St. James, They're painted to the eyes, Their white it stays forever, Their red it never dies. But Phyllida, my Phyllida, Her color comes and goes. It trembles to a lily. It wavers to a rose . . ." He stood there, reading, beneath the light of the standing lamp. He had hunted for the poem because it made him think of the girl of the silver slippers . . . her color comes and goes . . . it trembles to a lily . . . it wavers to a rose . . . And he wanted to think of her. As he had seen her high on the rock with her white wings bearing her up—as he had seen her in his dim shop bending over the old letter—as he saw her in imagination, dancing in the wood! In the bookshop was a tall ladder with little wheels. By means of it books on the highest shelves could be reached. Giles, sitting on the topmost step of the ladder on Tuesday morning, had a bird's-eye view of the tables below him, of the square of sunlight framed by the open door, the moving feet of people on the boardwalk beyond, and a brief glimpse of water between the moving feet. So absorbed was he in his task, however, that he did not notice when the sky darkened and the feet hurried fast and faster. Four of the feet took refuge in his shop, and a man's voice said: "There's no one

Lions Easy Winners In Game With Legion Team

Yesterday at league park the Lions defeated the Legion team 9-0, thus strengthening their hold on first place. The Legion's errors mixed with timely hits by the Lions helped produce runs. Yowell, the Lions' hard hitting center fielder, led the hitting of both clubs, with three safeties out of four tries, one being a triple which scored two runs in the first inning, and he later came home on Sam Watkins' single.

Harrison Petty has a fast ball and had the Legion team in the palm of his hand the whole game. The runs they got were scattered singly among seven innings. They did not get more than one run in any of the innings. Wilburn Finch and Edgar Coghill led the hitting for the Legions with two hits each.

Four of the six errors the Legions made were made in the outfield.

Lions	Ab	R	H	E
Bunn 3b	4	1	1	1
Kelly c	4	2	2	0
Powell cf	5	2	3	0
Dodd ss	4	1	2	1
Loughlin 2b	5	0	1	0
Watkins rf	4	0	1	0
Petty p	4	0	0	0
Royster 1b	1	2	0	0
Stainback	3	1	1	0
Totals	32	9	11	2

Legions	Ab	R	H	E
Stone c	3	0	1	1
Pulley lf	4	2	1	1
E. Coghill ss	4	1	2	2
Williams 3b	4	0	0	0
Grisson 1b	4	1	1	0
W. Finch 2b	4	0	2	0
Thomas c	4	0	1	0
H. Coghill	2	0	0	1
Blake p	3	0	0	0
Totals	32	4	8	5

Lions 9; Legions 0

Results

CITY LEAGUE
 Lions 9; Legions 4.

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
 Norfolk 4-2; Wilmington 1-1.
 Greensboro 0-2; Charlotte 1-3.
 Richmond 7-6; Asheville 10-5.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
 Washington 6-0; Cleveland 2-3.
 Only games played.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
 Boston 2; Chicago 1.
 New York 5; Pittsburgh 3.
 Brooklyn 7; Cincinnati 11.
 Philadelphia 10; St. Louis 8.

Standings

CITY LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
Lions	5	1	.533
M. P. Baracas	3	1	.750
Legions	5	5	.285
M. E. Baraca	1	4	.250

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
Charlotte	38	16	.704
Norfolk	33	24	.579
Asheville	26	26	.500
Wilmington	28	29	.491
Greensboro	20	34	.370
Richmond	20	36	.357

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	32	22	.593
Detroit	33	23	.589
Washington	32	27	.542
Cleveland	28	24	.538
Boston	29	27	.515
St. Louis	25	29	.463
Philadelphia	23	32	.418
Chicago	19	37	.339

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	38	19	.667
St. Louis	33	22	.600
Chicago	33	25	.569
Pittsburgh	27	25	.519
Boston	29	25	.539
Brooklyn	25	32	.438
Philadelphia	20	33	.377
Cincinnati	14	38	.369

Between Innings

TABS DEFEAT BUCS TWICE
 Norfolk defeated Wilmington in a pair of pitching attles, taking the matinee, 4-1, and coming ack at night for a 2-1 verdict.

White held the Pirates to five hits in the night game and Wilmington's lone run came on a homer by Roelo.

TOURISTS SCORE WIN
 Asheville scored three runs in the 11th inning to defeat Richmond, 10 to 7, here tonight.

Paul Dunlap and George Ferrell led the Tourists hitting.

BES TAKE TWO
 Charlotte defeated Greensboro in oth ends of a double-header. The scores were 1-0 and 3-2.

Luckey's homer produced the only run of the first game in which Gillespie shaded Newsome on the mound. Durham held Greensboro to two hits and fanned 11 in the seven-inning nightcap.

LOSES SUSPENDERS; SHIRT MAY BE NEXT
 Goldsboro, June 20—(AP)—James Winn lost his suspenders, on which his trousers hung, and if he loses his case in court he may lose his shirt.

The "shirt" is figurative of \$23—the cost of the trial resulting from the alleged theft by Winn of a pair of 25-cent suspenders.

C. H. Stevenson, police chief of Mt. Olive, swore out a warrant charging Winn with the theft. The case was heard before Magistrate D. G. Rhodes who charges fees of \$3.65.

Deputy Sheriff J. L. Smith, who served the papers and then brought the defendant here, had a costs bill for \$5.04 and then it was found that the case should go to county court where the costs would be \$13.95.

All in all, Winn doesn't stand to gain much by the action.

Today's Games

CITY LEAGUE
 (Thursday)
 Legions vs. M. P.'s.

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
 Greensboro at Charlotte.
 Asheville at Richmond.
 Norfolk at Wilmington.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
 St. Louis at Philadelphia.
 Detroit at Washington.
 Cleveland at New York.
 Chicago at Boston.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
 Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
 Boston at Pittsburgh.
 Brooklyn at St. Louis.
 New York at Chicago.

1723—Adam Ferguson, Scottish philosopher-historian, born. Died Feb. 22, 1816.

BLACK-DRAUGHT For CONSTIPATION

"I am 71 years old and have used Theford's Black-Draught about forty years," writes Mr. W. J. Yess-over, of Rome, Ky. "We are never without it. I take it as a purgative when I am bilious, dizzy and have swimming in my head. Black-Draught relieves this, and helps me in many ways. . . . Keep a package of this old, reliable, purely vegetable laxative in your home, and take it for prompt relief at the first sign of constipation."

SEES HITLER'S DOWNFALL
 Washington, June 20. (AP)—The prediction that the "Hitler regime will fall," not tomorrow but eventually, was made today by Baron Maurice de Rothschild, French statesman and financier, to a group of Jewish members of the house. The occasion was the extension by Representative Dick-

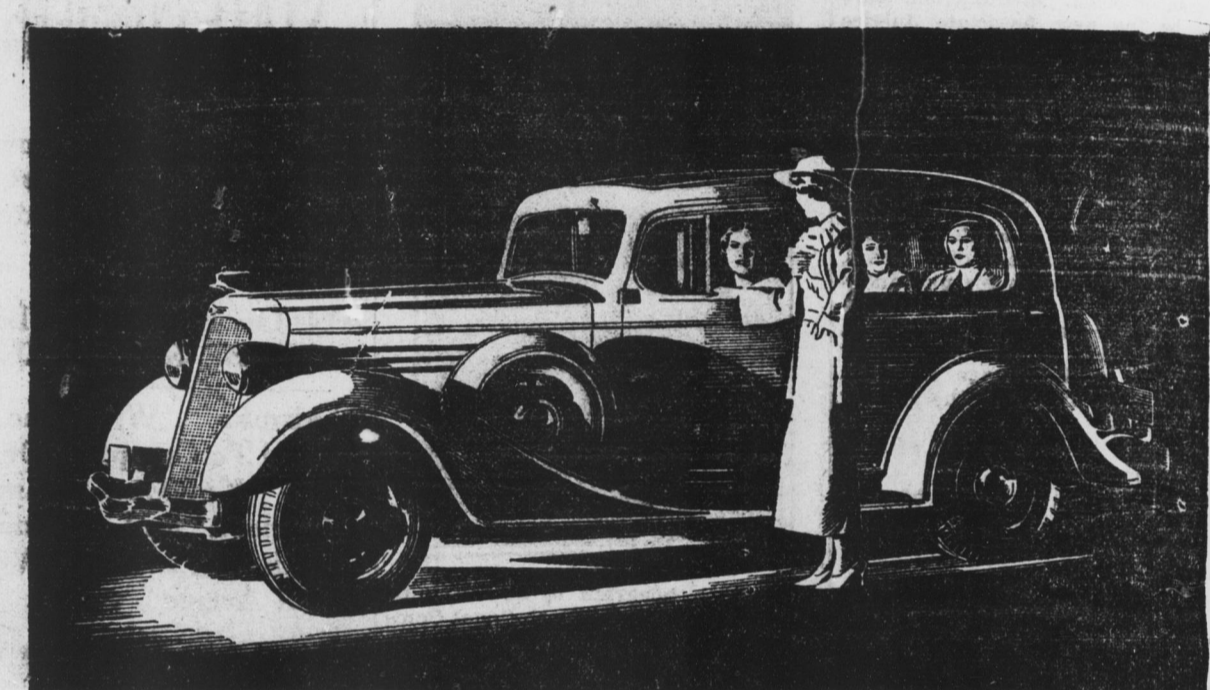
stein, Democrat, New York, of an invitation on behalf of Jewish Americans to Rothschild to attend Jewish People's day, July 29, at the Chicago World's Fair.

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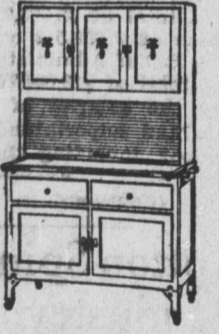
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