

SILVER SLIPPERS

BY Temple Bailey

READ THIS FIRST.

Joan Dudley, vacationing with her wealthy aunt, Adelaide Delaford, is engaged to marry Drew Hallam, who is twice her age. At Granitehead where they are stopping, with Drew's sister, Nancy, is a bookshop owned by Giles Armitage, below 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. Taking her slippers to be mended in Scripps' shop, Joan recognizes Giles as a man she saw in a boat near Gloucester and they became interested in each other. Later Giles sees Drew and determines to spare Joan from him somehow. Meanwhile Drew is paying considerable attention to Rose Carter, a former sweet-heart, who is stopping at the same hotel. Dilly, Giles' cousin, and wife of the lighthouse keeper at Granitehead, begins to notice Giles' interest in Joan. Giles brings Joan to show her the lighthouse.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 15

THERE HAD been another day when Joan had come, and there had been trouble in her face. She had sat very still in a corner where she was screened from customers by Bookcase, and had let Giles talk to her. And it seemed to him that half of the time she did not listen. At last he had said, "Tell me." "Tell you what?" "The thing that is on your mind." "How do you know there is something on my mind?" "You have lost your radiance." Her voice was very low—"Perhaps I shouldn't speak of it. But you are my friend..." "You know I am." "It's because I'm not used to things I suppose—but it hurts me to share Drew with... other people..." "He had known she meant with 'other women'." He had recognized Hallam's type, had seen him now and then with a tall girl in an orange cap. "Does he ask you to share him with—other people?" "Oh, he laughs at me if I protest. He says it doesn't mean anything..." she caught herself up. "Oh, I mustn't... I mustn't speak of it... even to... you..." He had seen her distress, and had said, gently, "What you say to me is sacred. You know that?" "Yes." He had let his hand rest for a moment on her shoulder. Then they had talked of other things. Giles, going now up the lighthouse stairs, thought of those meetings. He thought, too, of the words he had written in his journal—"If I saw a ship headed for the rocks! Some way must be found to save Joan!"

little ship of life. But as yet he had not found it. They came at last to the top of the spiral staircase, and there was the light, its prisms, catching the rays of the afternoon sun, its brasses gleaming, and on all sides blue skies, blue seas, and gulls flying. William explaining the mechanism of the lamp was at his best. "My grandfather tended the Granitehead light and my father. Things were more dangerous then, and the work harder, but the light was always a living thing to them as it is to me." They stood looking down now from that great height to where Dilly's orange umbrella was like a mushroom on the sands. Near the umbrella, Dilly, feeding her hens, was dwarfed to the stature of a doll. The baby in her pink dress might have been a rosebud tossed up by the waves.

Along the road which led across the moor and thence to the houses of the summer colony and to the causeway which connected the mainland and the end of the peninsula, a car was coming. It was running at high speed and seemed to the watching eyes of the people in the tower like a mechanical toy wound up and working like mad.

William said: "Not many cars come this way. It may be some one who wants to see the light."

"Shall we go down?" Giles asked. William looked once more from the window. "Dilly's there," he said. "She'll show them the way."

Dilly, having fed her hens had turned at the sound of the motor, and had seen the car stop in front of the orange umbrella. A woman's voice said: "Think of serving tea in these solitudes."

And a man's voice, "Why not, Rose? Isn't tea served everywhere?" He leaned out and spoke to Dilly. "We'd like to go up in the lighthouse. Are visitors allowed?"

She said, "Yes. My husband is over there now with some people. You will find him at the top if you don't mind climbing the stairs alone."

She went over to the lighthouse and opened the door for them, and as they began to ascend she stood watching them. She thought to herself that the woman was handsome in that orange cap, and the man was good-looking.

Their voices echoed and re-echoed. Then at last they were silent, and the echoes ceased.

Half way up the lighthouse stairs, Rose had complained of dizziness. "I'll have to sit down a moment. This is dreadful."

He was just above her, leading the way. "I'm sorry. Perhaps we shouldn't have started."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll be ready to go on in a minute." Looking down at her, he laughed. "Shall I hold your hand?" "It wouldn't be the first time." Their eyes met. Then Rose said,

slowly, "Do you remember, Drew, that old tower in France? This makes me think of it."

So that was why she had stopped on the stairs! He had thought it strange. Rose had, as a rule, a steady head. As for the old tower, there had been a romantic moment. But it belonged to the past. And the past was dead. There must be no revival now of the burned-out ashes of an ancient fire.

Yet he let himself say, "I remember. It was a high moment, Rose." She looked up at him. "Are you never to capture it again?" "How can we?"

"We might..." There was a long silence, out of which she said, feeling her way, "But I mustn't poach on your little Joan's preserve, must I?"

He thought it extremely bad taste for her to bring Joan's name into it. "Why should you think you could poach on her preserves?" "Sometimes I have fancied she was a bit jealous, Drew."

"Of you?" "Yes."

"She needn't be." "Oh, well, you know what I mean, Rose. You and I like the game and we play it. But Joan is different. She is mine in a way that very few women are in these days to men they are going to marry. She never sees anyone else, never thinks of anyone—but me."

"And you aren't bored by it?" "Not at all."

Rose's chin went up. "It may not bore you now. But it will, some day."

"I think not. You see I'm rather sold to the idea that she's the last and best, Rose."

It was a brutal thing for him to say, and he knew it. But... she had brought it on herself...

It was then that the echo of their voices had ceased. Rose, staring up at the snake-like evolutions of the stairs, had broken the silence: "You go to the top. I'll stay here."

"Oh, come along..." "No," petulantly. "I like my own company best."

He knew Rose's moods. She wanted to be coaxed back to good temper. To have him sit on the stairs beside her, and play the silence. But he didn't want to play it. Not here, in the dimness and silence... and with the memory of those moments in the old tower.

So he said: "I'll run on and be down again before you know it." He did not run, however, as fast as he had anticipated. The stairs were steep. He was out of breath as he ascended the last of them and emerged into a dazzling glass-enclosed space, which looked out on sea and sky, and gave one a sense of sailing in some celestial ship straight through the blue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WATER PLANT MEN CLOSE CONVENTION

Annual Conference Sponsored by State Board of Health at Hill

Chapel Hill, June 27.—Following a seminar meeting heretofore morning, the second annual school-conference for water plant operators, sponsored by the State Board of Health, will terminate its three-day session this afternoon with a tour of the Durham water works and sewage system.

Highlights of the session were discussions of Dr. R. E. Coker, of the University botany department, on the "Microscopic Animal Life in Rivers, Lakes and Reservoirs"; of Dr. V. V. Shunk, of State College, on "Demonstration and Discussion of B. Coli Presumptive Tests, Using Recently Developed Media"; of Dr. H. G. Baity, of the State PWA, on "Importance of Keeping Continuous and Accurate Plant Records"; and the section meetings on "Filter Plant aVivo and Meters and Wells" conducted by H. J. Bryso, State geologist.

The session opened Monday morning with M. F. Trice presiding. In the absence of President Frank P. Graham welcome was extended by R. B. House, executive secretary. Response was given by Warren H. Booker of the State Board of Health. The attendance of over 70 delegates was far in excess of all expectations, said M. F. Trice and the school-conference was held by him to have been successful in every way.

Next year's session will be held in Raleigh in accordance with the plan of alternating the meetings between State College and the University.

to 10 and the Sailors the second, 2 to 1, in a long game. The loss kept the Bees from clinching the first half pennant race.

Tars Defeat Tourist

Norfolk got a 2 to 1 decision over Asheville yesterday in Norfolk from which Skiff was hit by a pitched ball, forcing in the winning run. The Tourist tied the count in the ninth inning.

CROP ADJUSTMENT WORKERS HONORED

Certificates of Appreciation To Be Given at State College July 31

College Station, Raleigh, June 27.—Certificates of appreciation of the service rendered by local county and community committees in the various AAA crop adjustment programs will be awarded the committeemen during Farm and Home week at State College, July 31 to August 4.

All committeemen have been invited to attend the farm and home week program as special guests. The certificates will be awarded Wednesday, August 1, by Cully A. Cobb, chief of the cotton division of the Agricultural Administration.

Wednesday has been designated as cotton day and Mr. Cobb will deliver an address on the work of the AAA in helping cotton on other farmers. Discussions will also be made of the Bankhead act and its influence on the cotton industry. At this time, the question of what will be done next year to protect cotton growers will be taken up.

Farm and Home week, affords a good opportunity for the committeemen and other farm people to get away from their homes for a few days and enjoy a period of relaxation and entertainment as well as learn things of educational value about better farming and home-making, said Charles A. Sheffield, of State College, who is secretary of Farm and Home week.

All who attend will get the chance to make new acquaintances and discuss their farm problems with other farmers. Here they will get to meet the specialists of the extension service who have been studying all phases of farm problems and developing ways to cope with them.

Rooms will be furnished free in the college dormitories, and meals will be served in the college dining hall and cafeteria. Numerous entertainment features will add to the pleasures of the week. An attractive program of activities, with articles of interest to farm men and women, is being prepared for free distribution to all who visit the college during the week. The name of the program will be "Carolina Farm-Home".

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CITY LEAGUE (Tomorrow)
Lions vs. Legion.

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

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

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

M. E. BARACAS WHIP LEGION TEAM, 4 TO 1

The M. E. Baracas moved off the bottom rung of the City League standing ladder yesterday on the strong right arm of Bill Payne, who limited the Legion entry to 1 hit and 1 run, both coming in the seventh. The defeat puts the Legion team in the cellar.

The Sunday school team had little trouble handling the small boys. Score by innings: R. Legion 000 000 1-1 M. E. Baracas 310 000 x-4 Batteries—E. Coghill and Pulley; Payne and Kearney.

Standings

Team	W	L	Pct.
M. E. Baracas	5	1	.833
Lions	6	2	.750
M. E. Baracas	2	5	.286
Legions	2	7	.222

Team	W	L	Pct.
Charlotte	42	21	.667
Norfolk	39	26	.600
Asheville	28	32	.467
Wilmington	30	36	.455
Richmond	27	37	.422
Greensboro	24	38	.387

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	38	24	.613
Detroit	39	25	.609
Washington	36	31	.537
Cleveland	32	28	.533
Boston	34	30	.531
St. Louis	29	34	.457
Philadelphia	25	35	.417
Chicago	21	43	.328

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	41	23	.641
Chicago	39	26	.600
St. Louis	37	25	.597
Pittsburgh	33	28	.541
Boston	33	29	.532
Brooklyn	26	38	.406
Philadelphia	23	40	.365
Cincinnati	19	42	.311

The little river Puddle, which once supplied the moats of Dublin Castle, is now enclosed in a Dublin sewer.

Results

CITY LEAGUE
M. E. Baracas 4; Legions 1.

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Charlotte 15-1; Wilmington 10-2.
Norfolk 2; Asheville 1.
Richmond 12; Greensboro 7.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
New York 6; Chicago 2.
Cleveland 10; Boston 2.
Detroit 4; Philadelphia 1.
Washington 10 St. Louis 9.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Chicago 5; Brooklyn 2.
Boston 5; Cincinnati 1.
Philadelphia 5-1 Pittsburgh 4-4.
St. Louis 13; New York 7.



Colts Win
Croaker Wade banged a home run in Richmond's 12 to 7 victory over Greensboro last night, the win evening the series at one-all.

Bees-Sailors Split
Charlotte and Wilmington split a doubleheader in Charlotte last night, the Bees getting the first contest 13

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