

SILVER SLIPPERS BY Temple Bailey

READ THIS FIRST:

Joan Dudley, vacationing with her wealthy aunt, Adelaide DeWitt, is engaged to Drew Hallam, who is twice her age. At Granitehead, where they are stopping with Drew's sister, Nancy, is a bookshop owned by Giles Armiger, below which is a shoemaker's shop run by his teenage friend, Stephen Scripps. Drew urges Joan to leave Granitehead after her aunt has reprimanded her for her interest in Armiger. When Joan goes to Giles' shop to leave her address, Scripps lies and tells her Giles is away because his wife is ill, fearing he may lose Armiger's companionship because of his love for Joan. Stunned, Joan returns to her aunt for forgiveness for leaving her and when she refuses he proposes they be married secretly the next day. Joan half agrees, then refuses after much consideration and Hallam leaves. Back in Granitehead Giles is puzzled over Joan's sudden departure and no word from her.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



"I hate to leave."

CHAPTER 23

IT WAS A stormy night, with the rain streaming down the windows and the wind blowing great gusts. But within the lighthouse everything was snug and light. Giles as he watched Dilly going back and forth between the kitchen and dining room, wholesome and sweet, and smiling at her good William as he sat by the baby in the cradle, the crook of his arm, was aware of a lifting of his heart. He seemed stripped for the moment of some ghastly garment which in his own gloomy house confined his soul.

"It's so good to be here," he said to Dilly, and followed her to the kitchen and helped her bring in the steaming dishes. They sat down, and when William said grace in his ready voice, something in Giles answered it like a cry: "What I want in this . . . a wife . . . a child . . . love like this . . ."

After supper they went into the bright living room, and Dilly and Giles sang nursery rhymes for the baby—Oranges and Lemons—and I Had a Little Nut Tree—and What Have You Got for Dinner, Mrs. Bond? and There Was a Lady Loved a Swine, and Dame Get Up and Bake You Pies . . .

Giles and Dilly had sung the songs as children together, and now as they kept time to the lilting tunes, Giles felt something of a youthful gaiety of spirit, so that when they came to London Bridge he caught Dilly up and made her dance it with him.

They finished breathlessly. The baby was in ecstasies. William applauded. Giles, light-hearted was a boy again.

When it was time for him to go, he said, "I hate to leave. You've made such a gorgeous evening of it, Dilly."

"You made it yourself."

"No. No mere man can make an evening like this. A man is only the bricks and mortar of a house. The woman is the heartstone and the flame of the fire and the light of the lamp," he smiled at her, "and you're all that to your William and he knows it."

"And so do I," said happy Dilly.

"You must feel," Joan said, "as if your feet were flying."

Small John Briggs said, sturdily, "feet can't fly."

"Mine can," Joan told him, "like this," she made a little movement of lightness and grace, gliding upward with upstretched arms like a bird on the wing.

The children of the dancing class watched their teacher with adoring eyes. They thought her wonderful. This was their second lesson, and it was like something out of a book to come through the wind-swept woods to the big house, to find the great living room waiting in a sort of golden stillness, with its rugs up, its low lamps, its glowing logs, and with Miss Joan in a shining silken tunic and with shining sandals on her slender feet.

Today they all had tunics and sandals, 20 of them. For Joan was

teaching every scholar from the little district school where Evelyn Briggs taught. Some of the children couldn't pay, but that made no difference. Penelope met their expenses.

"But you must not," Joan had protested.

"Why not? I always wanted to dance, and I never had the chance. And these children shall have their chance."

"You are sure you aren't doing it just for me?" Joan had insisted.

"And if I did, my dear? Wouldn't I do it for my daughter?"

And Joan had said, shakily, "How am I ever going to make up for all your goodness?" and Penelope had answered, "By loving me."

It was three weeks since Drew Hallam had come and gone. Joan had heard nothing from him. And Penelope had been a tower of strength. Joan had told her the whole story. "I couldn't do it," she said, "and yet sometimes it seems as if I can't live without him."

She had sent back Adelaide's check, "I am done with it all," she told herself, and after that she set herself sturdily to finding some absorbing occupation. "It is the only thing that will save me, Penelope. I mustn't—think . . ."

It was through Evelyn Briggs, the mother of the two children who had danced in the wood that the suggestion came. "What had you thought of?" she had demanded, when Joan went to see her.

"I might have a dancing class," Joan said, "I can do things better with my feet than with my head."

So it was decided. And it was in planning for the class that Joan cemented her friendship with Evelyn Briggs, and found in it a deep and satisfying quality.

Evelyn was a widow. Her husband had been killed in the Argonne, and she lived now with her father-in-law and with an invalid mother. Her father was too old now for heavy tasks, and labor was high, so there were few crops harvested. Old John Leonard tended the garden, looked after the chickens, milked the cow, and helped with the housework. He was always cheerful and was a source of strength to Evelyn. Her meager income as a teacher had to be stretched to meet the expenses of the whole family, but she never thought of her father as a failure. She knew he might have been a successful man if it had not been for his invalid wife. He had sacrificed a career in the city for her sake.

On the afternoon of the dancing lesson, Evelyn and her father walked through the wood to Penelope's. They were to have a cup of tea, and said that the children got home safely.

Evelyn spoke of Joan. "She says very little about herself. But when she was here in the early summer she was supposed to be her aunt's heiress. And now she seems to be earning her living. And she is not happy . . ."

"How do you know?"

"I don't always come, daddy."

"It will come, if we look for it . . . but not perhaps in the way we want it."

She tucked her hand in his as she walked beside him. In all the years he had never failed her. She felt that if she ever lost faith in him she would lose faith in God.

When they came at last into the golden-lit room, the children flattered across the floor to meet them. "We're to have a Thanksgiving pageant . . . Miss Joan says . . . Miss Joan says . . . they were all talking at once."

Evelyn stopped them. "Wait a minute. Let Miss Joan tell it."

"Well," said Joan, standing in the center of the group. "It is like this . . . we are afraid we've been too much interested in turkey and stuffing in everything, and not enough in being thankful, and so we thought we might bring harvest gifts for the poor on Thanksgiving eve and make a pageant of it. What do you think?"

The children crowded close. "What do you think?" they chorused.

Old John Leonard said, "I think it couldn't be better. You see food meant a lot to the Pilgrim fathers, because they knew when it was to go hungry. None of you have ever gone hungry; you have everything you want, and forget where you get it . . ."

Small John Briggs interposed, "I haven't everything I want."

None of the children had, it seemed. They hung back as it were at old John Leonard the words he had spoken. In a perfect babble of sound they proceeded to tell the things they lacked.

Joan stopped them. "You tell first what you want, John."

"Well," said young John, "I want money. If you have money you can buy everything."

Then Joan, standing there in her shining tunic and her golden slippers made a speech. "No," she said, "money won't buy everything. It won't buy self-respect. It won't buy happiness. It won't buy a mother like you have, John, nor a grandfather like yours. Why, there are boys and girls with money, and I wish you could see their fathers and mothers—they are never at home, and when the children come from school there's no one to meet them but servants. If your children were rich, and your parents like some I have seen, you wouldn't be going home to a cozy kitchen with your mother dishing up the dinner, and your father coming in to kiss you. You'd be wondering if your mother would let you see her a minute before she rushed off for a party, or whether your father would leave his guests long enough to come in and say good night. Rich children aren't always happy, John . . . and money won't buy . . . everything."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FARMERS TO SEE SCIENCE METHODS

Field Days at Six State Test Farms Arranged In July and August

College Station, Raleigh, July 12—Six big field days at the six state test farms will be held within the next two months to show farmers concrete results being obtained in scientific cultivation of crops and control of disease.

The Piedmont station will observe its 30th annual field day. Field days have been held annually at the other stations for more than 10 years.

The morning programs will feature prominent speakers from the Agricultural Adjustment Administration at Washington and leaders of agriculture in this State.

Economic production instead of increased yields will be emphasized. The effects of winter legumes, different fertilizers, and selection of seed varieties will be pointed out and explained.

Tours will be conducted over the station farms where the experiments are being conducted. The tours will be under the guidance of State and Federal agricultural authorities.

Envoy Under Fire



Andre Francois-Poncet, The French ambassador to Berlin, M. Francois-Poncet, is likely to be withdrawn as persona non grata despite his denials of Nazi charges that he was party to a plot against the Hitler regime. (Central Press)

Hood Uncertain Over The Amount University Gets

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, BY J. C. BASKERVILLE, Raleigh, July 12.—Bank Commissioner Gurney P. Hood cannot say how much, as the result of yesterday's Supreme Court opinion in the Bank of Ayden case, the University of North Carolina may get in escheats that take the form of bank deposits.

The Pitt depository had some unclaimed funds. They were in a bank which is being liquidated. The University of North Carolina made claim for these funds under the present law of escheats which gives to the university unclaimed property. Heretofore these claims have been almost entirely confined to real estate with occa-

sional fights of personal property. Under the new decision bank deposits are subject to the claim of the university and the same procedure doubtless will govern in this case.

Mr. Hood thinks there is a lot of money tied up in these banks and unclaimed by anybody. He has no aversion to the university's inheritance, but he is equally anxious to make a good showing in the liquidation and all funds taken on claims of this character, of course, lessen the amount per capita that goes to the depositors.

It was an entirely new case for the courts and the issues hure from the early days of the spring term until the decision yesterday. At no time in its history has the university needed new funds more. Early in the year it employed Thad Eure, principal clerk

of the 1931 and 1933 House, who as escheat attorney is getting considerable money from these unclaimed properties. He was, of course, quite set up to have won an issue of this nature. He expects to press many more such contentions to a judicial conclusion. The judgment of the high court may make the fighting less necessary now.

Wheat Adjustment Program On Same Basis as for 1934

College Station Raleigh July 12—Present plans are that the wheat adjustment program for the 1934-35 year will be continued on the same basis prescribed for last year, John W. Goodman, of State College, announced today.

The contracts call for a reduction of 15 per cent below the average production during the 1928-32 base period, with payments at the rate of 29 cents a bushel on the domestic allotment of each producer.

The domestic allotment is calculated at 54 per cent of the growers average production during the base period, or that percentage of the wheat crop which ordinarily has been consumed within the United States.

The first payment will be made at

the rate of 20 cents a bushel on the domestic allotment in October, 1934. The remainder will be paid after proof of compliance with the contracts has been made.

The 1,102 North Carolina wheat growers who signed contracts last year received \$38,000 on their first payment. The second payment amounted to \$12,600 bringing the total to more than \$50,000 for reducing their 22,357 acres in wheat by 15 per cent.

Rear Admiral Claude C. Bloch, U. S. N., Judge Advocate General, born at Woodbury, Ky., 56 years ago.

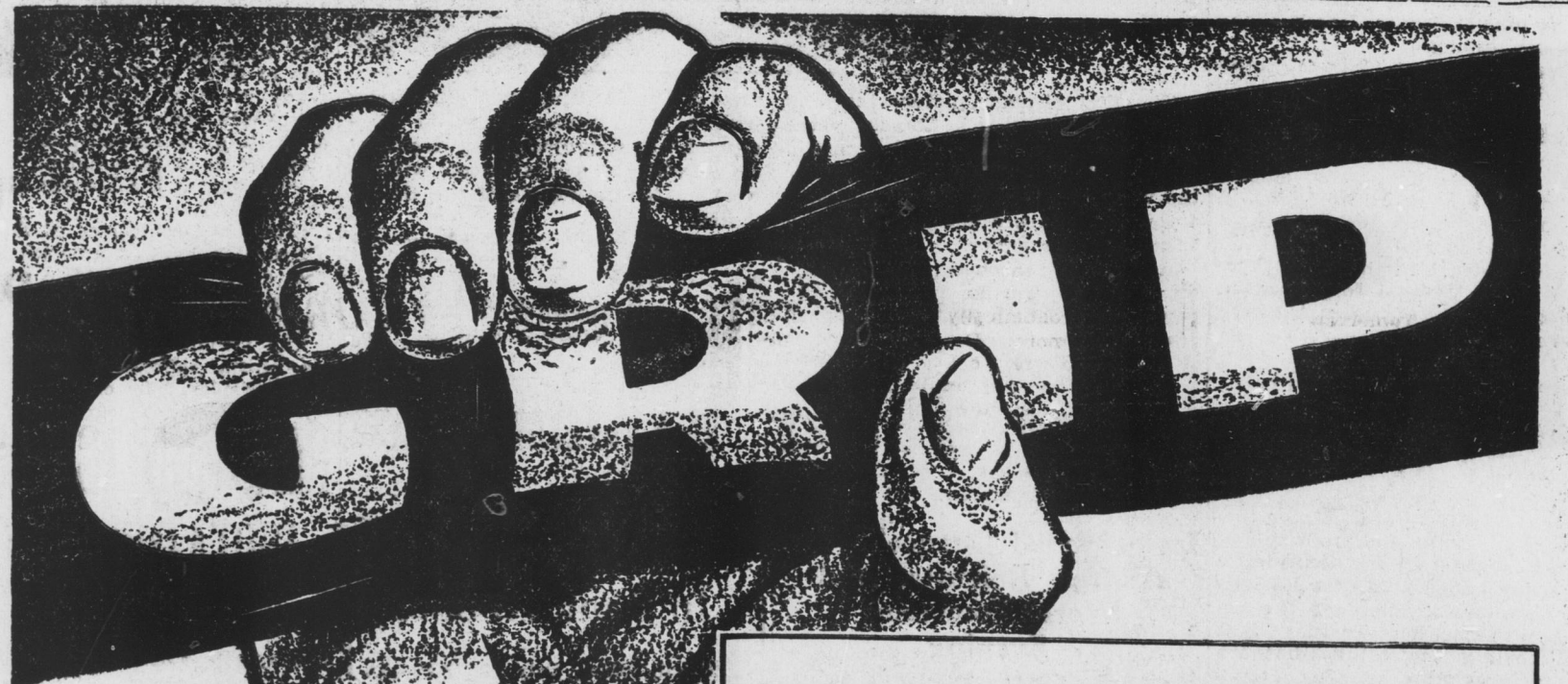
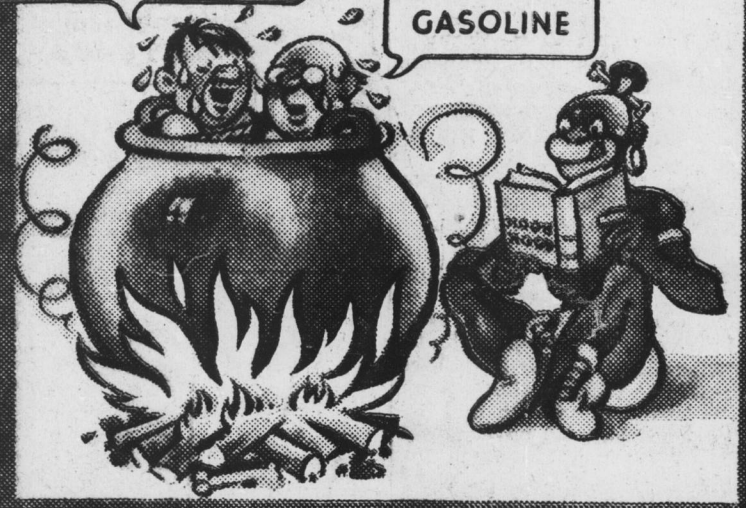
Wife Preservers



Porch meals are charming in hot weather. The convenient tea wagon, or its equivalent, may hold electric cooking things if you have outlets in the floor or wall of your porch.

WHAT GASOLINE HAS 99-MILLION FOOT-POUNDS PER GALLON?

SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE



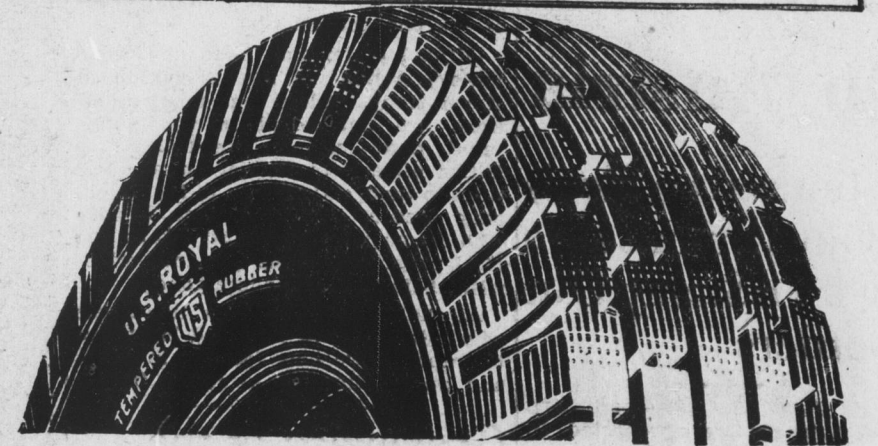
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Stock Market Ruler Used to Bossing a Crowd



Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the newly organized federal securities and exchange commission, poses with members of his family at their summer home near Boston. Left to right: Edward, Jeanne, Robert, Patricia, Eunice, Kathleen, Rosemary, John, Mrs. Kennedy and Dad himself. Another son, Bill, was absent when the picture was taken. (Central Press)

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