

# SILVER SLIPPERS *By Temple Bailey*

CHAPTEr 32  
ADELAIDE DELAFIELD was dying in her old house in Baltimore. She had been born in that house, and it was, perhaps, fitting that she should come to it for the end.

It was a huge brown stone structure built in the days when Baltimore entertained in state and elegance for months at a time, without those flittings to Florida and California and Southern France which now made its hospitality intermittent. Since the Great War there had been less formality and fewer servants, not because Adelaide could not afford them, but because she didn't need them. Yet there were enough left to make this business of dying a well-attended affair; besides the regular staff there were two trained nurses.

Nurses and servants had no power, however, to protect Adelaide from the wave of a awful loneliness which swept over her when the doctor told her that the end was near. He had to tell her; there were business matters, the lawyers said, which must be settled, and Adelaide had not settled them.

"Is there any one you wish to send for?" the doctor asked.

"No," the old woman said with bitterness. "I'll die alone."

Yet when she was really alone with Farley and the day nurse, she found herself weeping and thinking that. Was there anyone in the world who really loved her? She lay there thinking of the life she had lived in the old house. She saw herself a lonely little girl with a gay and widowed mother, who came in rattling high silk and shining jet, with creamy shoulders and a coronet of braids, and who leaned over the bed and kissed her, then went away to dinners and things, and at last to a wedding with a man who didn't like Adelaide and whom Adelaide hated. So she was sent away to school, and came back to be married off so that she might be away from her stepfather, and that she might not make her mother seem old by comparison with a tall young daughter.

After that Adelaide had worn rustling silks and erings, and had shined her own creamy shoulders, and had gone to dinners and cotillions, and after she had been married five years, her husband ran away with another woman and broke her heart.

"Since then I've been a hateful beast," said old Adelaide, lying in her bed. And she didn't know whether it was her own fault, or the fault of her mother, or the fault of the man she had married.

But late in the afternoon, as darkness came over the room, she whispered to herself, "If I had loved more . . . I might have been loved . . ."

It was perhaps, as near to repentance as Adelaide ever came. Yet the good Lord knew what was in her unhappy old heart.

It was then that she sent for Joan. "You know where she is, Farley. And say that she must come at once."

When Joan arrived Adelaide lay in the great French bed with silken hangings. The hangings were rose-color and so was the silk spread, and Adelaide wore a lace cap with a rose in it, and a little jacket which matched the rose. All the things about her belonged to youth, yet there she was with her old, old face and her old, old heart, and her longings for love.

She put up her arms to Joan. "Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Then . . . stay with me."

Joan knelt beside the bed and Adelaide closed her eyes and after a while she said, "I am leaving you all my money. I made my will this morning."

"Dearest . . . I am going to make you a rich woman, Joan. I'm not sure whether you will be any happier for having money. Perhaps if I had been poor . . . I might have been different." The tears ran down her old cheeks.

Joan drew the thin old body into her arms. "My dear," she crooned, "my dear . . ."

That night Adelaide died. There were many matters she had intended to talk over with Joan, but she had wanted to talk about Drew Hallam. To say that he'd make as good a husband as any of them, and that



"I'll die alone."

Joan might as well marry him. But she didn't say it, she simply died with all the rose-colored lamps in her room lighted, and with Joan's hand in hers.

And now Farley looked after Joan as she had looked after her mistress. She installed her in a suite of two rooms all done up in French gilt and ivory, with garlands on the walls, and with satin draperies of faint pink and blue. The suite reflected Adelaide's taste 25 years ago after a year's residence in Paris.

Farley laid out Joan's things for the night, and drew the water for her bath, and while she brushed her hair, she talked about the plans for the funeral. "You'd better let me have some black dresses sent up early. You'll have to see Mrs. Delafield's lawyer, and Mr. Hallam and his sister will arrive on the afternoon train."

"Mr. Hallam . . . ?"

"Yes, Mrs. Delafield had invited them for the week-end, before she knew how bad things were with her. Perhaps you won't want them?" The question seemed an innocent one, but Farley was watching Joan's face in the mirror.

It was a quiet face, with no sign upon it of self-consciousness. "I think you'd better get them long distance, Farley, and tell them what has happened. And ask them not to come until the day of the funeral."

"Yes, Miss Joan."

"And Farley . . . I am expecting Mrs. Sears tomorrow. I talked with her over the telephone, and she'll stay with me for a time. You remember her, don't you?"

Farley remembered. She thought it rather foolish of Miss Joan to clutter up her new life with people like that. Farley knew that Joan was to have Adelaide's money. All of the servants knew it, and the nurses. Farley had been the only person in the room at the time of the drawing of the will. She had heard what Adelaide said to the lawyer, and after Adelaide's death there had seemed no reason why she should keep to herself what she had heard.

It was Friday night when Adelaide died. The funeral was to be on Monday. There were relatives to come on from the west, Adelaide had left implicit instructions as to what was to be done. The lawyers carried out the instructions, but Joan had enough on her mind. All day Saturday dressmakers and milliners came with the things Farley had ordered. The black clothes they brought hung like gloved hands upon the walls.

Black hats were perched everywhere like birds of evil omen. When Penelope arrived, Joan lay exhausted on the chaise lounge with Farley hovering over her.

"She is very tired," Farley said to Penelope. "I am hoping she can get some sleep."

"I don't want to sleep," Joan protested, and held out her arms to her good friend. "Oh, Penelope, how good to see you."

Farley left them with reluctance. She went to the next room and began to unpack Penelope's bag. Penelope followed her. "I'll do that," she said, and when Farley had gone, Penelope took off her traveling dress and put on her red blanket wrapper and went back to Joan. And Joan said: "Penelope, darling, how wonderful to see you look like that."

She did not try to explain why it was wonderful. She could hardly have told herself what she meant. It was only that in the big house she moved in a dream, and that all the people were dream people. And now Penelope had come and was real.

Safe in Penelope's arms she cried and cried. "I don't know what makes me," she apologized, "I don't think I am crying for Aunt Adelaide. I—I think maybe she's happier. She was sweet at the last. But I'm afraid. She left me all her money—this big house is mine and everything in it, and all the servants. And the thought of it frightens me, even though I like it in a way. I wouldn't be human if I didn't. But it changes—everything. And you've got to stay with me, Penelope. I must have you. You will stay, won't you?"

Penelope promised. Yet in her heart she was saying, "There'll be somebody else. . . . Hallam, perhaps. Everybody will be after her. I can only pray the good Lord . . ."

She voiced no doubts, however. She spoke of the children. "They all sent love, and Priscilla said you had promised to come back for Christmas."

"Oh, I will. And we will carry presents to all of them," Joan sat up and began to plan for it. "I won't have to stop to think about what it will cost."

The two of them dressed presently for dinner and went down. The drawing room was a frosty place with glittering prisms like icicles hanging from the chandeliers, and with long mirrors like frozen lakes. The Moquet carpet had a pearly glimmer, and the furniture was pale brocades. The pictures were etchings and pastels. The whole thing had a spectral aspect. Penelope thought of her golden-lit living room, her bright, and beautiful kitchen. "How splendid! I can't live here long," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Granny at 32



Although the oldest is 32, there are three generations in this picture. It shows Mrs. Greta Coffey of Chicago, her daughter, Mrs. Marus Furchtsam, 17, and granddaughter. (Central Press)

1845—De Alva Stanwood Alexander, New York congressman and historian, born at Richmond, Maine. Died Jan. 30, 1925.

## Non-Federal PWA Work \$8,276,000 For State

### That Much Already Approved; Summary of First Year of PWA in North Carolina Indicate Advisory Board and Engineer Baity Have Done Fine Job

Chapel Hill, July 17—A total of 188 different non-federal projects in 66 localities, involving an expenditure of \$8,276,000, which were handled through the Public Works Administration offices here, have been approved by Washington, a summary of the first year's work of the PWA in this State shows.

Although the State Advisory Board of the PWA, which consisted of Chairman Frank Page, John M. DeVane, Mayor George W. Coan, was dissolved when the group was ordered to discontinue receiving applications last February 18, the offices here of Dr. Herman G. Baity, State engineer, are still busy engaged in carrying out the PWA program.

There are a number of North Carolina applications still pending in Washington, some of which are being held up while the State office here makes further investigation as to the validity and desirability of the projects requested, and all of the jobs now under construction are being supervised and inspected through the State office here.

It is the consensus of opinion of those who seem to be well acquainted with the situation that the advisory board and State Engineer Baity and

his associates have handled a most difficult job in a superlative manner. The headquarters offices here have been a beehive of activity every day, and often at night, and Chairman Page and Engineer Baity and their associates during the year visited practically every section of the State and presented the advantages of PWA loans and grants.

As a result of the PWA program in this State building activity has taken a noticeable spurt, and practically all of the expenditures went for projects that long have been sorely needed.

School houses in Wake Forest, Kannapolis, and South Mills, which were destroyed by fire, probably would not have been rebuilt any time soon but for PWA funds, for instance, just to cite several examples.

Allotments for water and sewer works led in total expenditures, but schools came a close second. Only recently PWA allotted \$132,600 to make it possible for State to secure badly needed school buses, 30 percent of which was an outright grant. The bodies for these buses are to be built in the State with State labor, and the chassis will be assembled in the State. Other projects for which allotments

were made included municipal buildings, docks, fire alarm systems, electric extensions, incinerators. The biggest allotment consisted of \$760,000 for a sewage treatment plant for Durham to correct the pollution of the Neuse river. The smallest was a \$2,000 grant for a community building in Arapahoe in Pamlico county. Loans and grants of \$438,000 and \$323,000, for Mecklenburg and Guilford counties, respectively, enabled those counties to bring their physical school plants up to standard in equipment.

One of the major projects involved a loan and expenditure of \$250,000 for the completion of a sewer system for Winston-Salem's South Side. Rocky Mount received \$310,000 for a new water purification plant and extension to the water distribution system.

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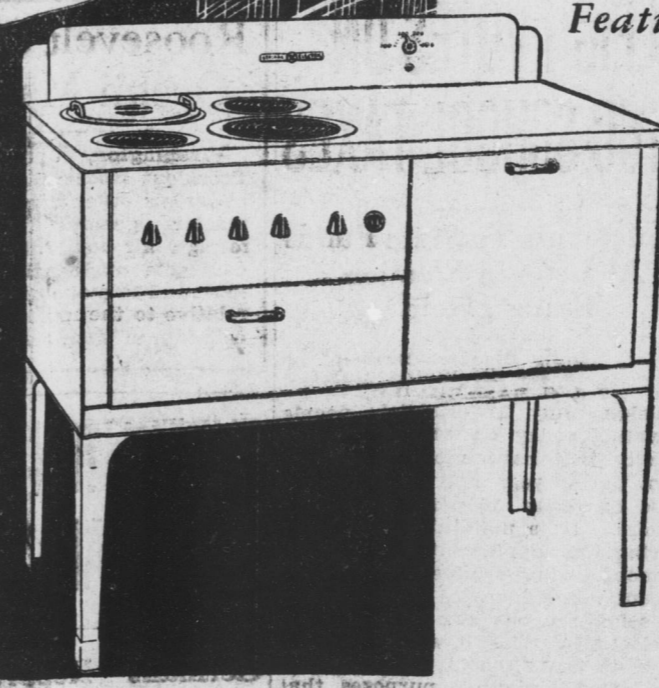
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This the 3rd day of July, 1934.

T. P. GHOLESON, Administrator of the Estate of Lucy B. Kearney.

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