

SILVER SLIPPERS *By Temple Bailey*

CHAPTER 39
IN THE GREAT dining room, the old butler drew out Adelaide's chair at the head of the table for Joan. He knew what was due the new mistress. He thought she suited it well, and told Farley so afterwards.

"It's the black shifon and the pearls," Farley said complacently, "and the way I do her hair."
But old Joan knew it was more than that. He saw in this child, dignity and simplicity. She was now of a great lady than Adelaide had ever been.

That night before they went to bed, Joan spoke to Penelope of the Hallams. "They are coming to the funeral. I am not sure they know I am here," she hesitated, "Penelope, it's going to be a little hard to meet Drew."

"Why, my dear?"
"Because, he's treated me very badly."

"I know."
"If he had really loved me, he couldn't have kept away, and now I have all this money. Oh, Penelope, he'll want to do it, and I mustn't refuse. Her face was white, her voice trembled. Penelope said, soothingly: "Don't think of it, my darling."

"But I must think."
When the Hallams came on Monday, Joan was in the library at the head of the great stairs, where the family was assembled. The relatives were, most of them, distant ones, but without exception they were prosperous, and against the setting of rich dark woods, and old portraits and leather bound books, they took on an air of formality and conservatism which made Nancy's russet hair and somewhat spectacular attire seem out of place. The pair attracted much attention as they came in, and Joan was aware that Drew's good looks were intensified by the somber clothes that he wore and in which she had never seen him.

There were so many people about that their meeting could be only a conventional one. Yet the clasp of Drew's hand was tight on hers, and she always she was thrilled by his touch. She gave no sign of it. She was very pale, and the whiteness was emphasized by the close black hat that she wore. There were shadows under her eyes. Watching her, Drew said in his heart, "My sweet."

Nancy, who sat beside him, whispered, "Adelaide left Joan all the money."
"How do you know?"
"Farley told me."

All through the services Drew had that to think of. That Joan was rich, and that she had had no welcome for him.

Joan, on the night of the funeral, in Adelaide's place at the head of the table, was aware that in the eyes of the major portion of her guests she was an intruder. Just before dinner, the will had been read, and the assembled relatives had learned she was heiress to her aunt's estate. While it was not unexpected, they

had felt, almost without exception, a sense of resentment. Joan was, perhaps, the logical legatee, but it seemed a bit absurd, that this child with her short skirts and her modish bun of dark hair at the back of her head, should be taking precedence of them all.

The exception to those who resented it, was one of Adelaide's own cousins. She remembered Adelaide as a loving girl. She remembered her before the old days of her marriage and of the display of creamy shoulders. She remembered her when the two of them had dressed together, and because of these dreams, the little old lady said to Joan: "I know why she left everything to you, my dear. She wanted to live in your heart as she lives in mine. None of the rest of them have hearts to live in."

And Joan, looking into the faded eyes had said "I am sorry I didn't know how much she loved me. I might have been kinder."
"You were kind enough, child. In these later years she shut herself up in a shell of selfishness. But that was not the real Adelaide. The real one was the girl I knew."

The Hallams were dining with the rest of them, and they were to spend the night in the big house. Nancy had asked, casually, "Have you room for us, Joan?"
"Of course."
"Then we'll stay here if you don't mind."

Joan and Drew had had a moment alone on their return from the funeral, and he had said, looking down at her as she stood with averted eyes, "Haven't you forgiven me?"
"Please, let's not talk about it, Drew."

He had tried to take her hand; but with a very definite gesture of refusal, she had stepped back.
"Are you as hard as that, my sweet?"
"Nancy has filled her eyes. I am not hard . . . but you hurt me dreadfully. And Aunt Adelaide's death makes everything different."

Other people had arrived just then, and there had been no further opportunity for private conversation. Yet now at dinner, Joan had to admit she was glad Drew and Nancy were with her. Their presence saved her from a sense of utter desolation. Penelope had elected to eat upstairs. "I shall be much happier, my dear, than with that bunch of stiff-necked people. But after this, Penelope, you're not to stay away."
"As you please, but tonight I'd rather."

Nancy's russet head shone brightly amid the gray coiffures and shining baldness of the elderly guests. She and Drew, expertly and pleasantly, helped Joan carry the dinner through successfully, so that she had a sense of gratitude and co-operation, as if the three of them were divided against the hostility of the others. For now there were no exceptions to the rule. The old cousin who had loved Adelaide had gone home. "I shall have tea and toast and memories in my own big house, my dear. Come and see me some day. I want no one else who is here, but you."

After dinner they all went into the frosty drawing room, and coffee was served. To Joan the whole scene seemed utterly unreal—with Jason moving about in the frigid flight of the crystal chandelier, with the men in their black coats and the women in their sedate gowns, and with herself the center of it all.

There had been some requests to the relatives, but the house with all its furniture was Joan's. She did not really want it, but there it was, and the chances were that she would live in it. She found herself wondering what she could do to lighten the effect of frozen monotony—flowers, perhaps, loads of them . . .

An old gentleman was telling of balls and dinner parties when Adelaide was a belle and a beauty. Joan asked idly, "Why aren't there any balls in these days?"
"The type was different, my dear, more imposing, if I may say it." The old gentleman remembered Adelaide's coming-out party—her sweeping train of pink satin, lace flounces, rose garlands, white gloves and bracelets, a necklace and fan, a shawl and head-dress. Things had been more spectacular in the sixties. This child was charming but—his mind went inevitably to Tennyson for comparison—"as water unto wine."

It was Drew, watching Joan from the other side of the room, yet not seeming to watch—who saw her potentialities. "With the right dressmaker in Paris . . . with a year or two of Continental residence . . . she'll come back to take the world by storm."
He knew what he wanted—to have her take the world by storm as his wife! He wanted to be the head of this old house. Jove, how he would like to do it all over in the magnificent Spanish style. That was the idea—a sojourn in Spain for all of them—himself and Joan and Nancy. Nancy was a whizz at interior decorating—and some of those gilded leathers, with all that pale stuff swept out, those glass monstrances which hung from the ceiling replaced by girandoles—richness and color—that was the thing!

He saw himself in the midst of it all, his friends about him, and Joan the lovely charmer—he would dress her to suit the part! The thought thrilled him! He would win her yet . . . though he might have to go slowly. The reward was worth the waiting. He wondered what she had meant when she had said: "Aunt Adelaide's death makes everything different."

The guests who were staying out of the house departed early. Some of the others sought their rooms. Drew went with a half dozen men to the library to smoke. Joan and Nancy, the last in the great drawing room, ascended the stairs together. Nancy said, "Come in," as Joan stopped at her door, "and tell me about yourself."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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LIONS HOLD TOP IN CITY LEAGUE

Defeat M. P.'s 5-4 With J. Mills Hurling Fine Relief Ball

The Lions successfully defended their top place in the City League yesterday afternoon by defeating the second place M. P. Baracas 5 to 4 in a hard fought game with James Mills turning in beautiful relief hurling for the winners.

Petty opened on the mound for the Lions but gave way in the fourth inning with none out, one run in and one on base. Mills dropped the next three men in order.

The losers got off to a good start in the second inning with two runs. The Lions pulled into a tie in the fourth inning and pushed over a tally in the fifth when Frank Mills tripled to right center and came home on Dodd's long hoist into right field. He was the batting star for the Lions, getting three hits out of four tries.

Polly Hight pitched good ball for the losers, errors coming at crucial times gave the Lions run. Clyde Finch and Bailey led the baffling attack for the losers with two hits each.

The box score:

Lions	Ab.	R.	H.	E.
Bunn, 2b.	4	0	0	0
F. Mills, lf.	4	1	3	0
Dodd, ss.	4	0	0	1
Falkner, lb.	4	1	2	0
Powell, cf.	4	0	0	0
Stainback, 2b.	3	0	0	0
Kelly, c.	3	1	1	0
Watkins, rf.	3	2	1	0
Petty, p.	1	0	0	0
J. Mills, p.	2	0	1	0
Totals:	32	5	8	1

M. P. Baracas Ab. R. H. E.

Terrell, lb.	4	1	1	1
Watkins, ss.	4	0	0	0
C. Finch, 2b.	3	0	2	0
Branch, lb.	2	1	1	0
Ross, 2b., cf.	3	1	1	1
Bailey, 3b.	3	1	2	0
Turner, cf.	1	0	1	0
Larkin, 2b.	2	0	0	0
Green, c.	3	0	0	0
Hight, p.	3	0	1	1
Totals:	36	4	8	3

Score by innings:
Lions 001 211 0-5
M. P. Baracas 020 110 0-4
Summary—Hits: off Petty, 6 in 2 innings; off Mills, 2 in 4 innings. Struck out: by Petty, 1; by Mills, 1; by Hight, 6. Umpire: Scoggins.

Standings

CITY LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
Lions	11	3	.786
M. P. Baracas	8	4	.667
M. E. Baracas	6	7	.462
Legions	2	13	.133

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
Wilmington	13	4	.765
Charlotte	11	5	.688
Norfolk	9	8	.529
Richmond	7	9	.438
Greensboro	6	9	.400
Asheville	3	14	.176

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
Detroit	52	31	.627
New York	49	31	.613
Boston	46	38	.548
Cleveland	43	38	.531
Washington	41	43	.488
St. Louis	35	41	.461
Philadelphia	32	49	.395
Chicago	28	55	.337

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	53	31	.631
Chicago	50	38	.622
St. Louis	46	34	.575
Pittsburgh	41	37	.526
Boston	41	42	.494
Philadelphia	36	48	.429
Brooklyn	35	49	.417
Cincinnati	26	54	.325

Today's Games

CITY LEAGUE (Tomorrow)
M. E. Baracas vs. M. P. Baracas.

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

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

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

Results

CITY LEAGUE
Lions 5; M. P. Baracas 4.

PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Wilmington 4; Charlotte 3, Norfolk 5; Asheville 3, Richmond 7; Greensboro 4.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Boston 6; Chicago 2, Detroit 5; Washington 3, Cleveland 13; New York 5, St. Louis 7; Philadelphia 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Chicago 3-2; New York 5-1, Brooklyn 7; St. Louis 6, Philadelphia 7; Cincinnati 0. Others not scheduled.

Between Innings

NORFOLK TOPS ASHEVILLE
Norfolk handed Asheville its sixth straight licking yesterday in the Tourist City, defeating them 5 to 3. McCleendon pitched good ball for the Tourist, but three errors by Weathers at second base let Norfolk runs go across the plate.

COLTS CHASE PATS
Richmond bunched its hits in the fourth and fifth innings to get a 7 to 4 victory over Greensboro last night in the Virginia capital. Bill Averette pitched three final innings for the Colts and held the Pats scoreless.

BUCS STRENGTHEN LEAD
Wilmington bolstered its lead in the Cigarette circuit last night by winning over the Charlotte Hornets, it rival, 4 to 3 at Wilmington in a 10-inning battle. Charlotte had three miscues charged to them. Both teams got 7 hits.

RED LEWIS AIDS IN COACHING SCHOOL

Hubert "Red" Lewis, former Southern Conference mile champion at Duke University, is assisting in a coaching school at that university.

INCREASE SEEN IN U. N. C. FRESHMEN

Chapel Hill, July 18.—An increase in the number of prospective students admitted to the freshman class at the University of North Carolina for 1934-35 may indicate a general upturn of business conditions in North Carolina.

The registrar's office revealed today that approximately 450 new students had been accepted for admission to the University next September. Last year's freshman class had about 600 students, and at this date last summer the number of applications was considerably less than 450.

University officials point out that some of the increase may be attributed to the change in entrance requirements adopted by the faculty last spring. Where formerly students, to be admitted without deficiencies, had to present four years in foreign language, now the requirement is reduced to only two units. The difference is important to many preparatory and high school graduates.

Another cause for an even more sharp increase may follow the announcement last week from Washington that the FERA aid to needy college students will be continued in 1934-35, officials stated. At Chapel Hill alone the Federal aid will provide employment for nearly 300 students in 1934-35.

Dr. Philip B. Hawk of New York, noted food chemist, born at East Branch, N. Y., 60 years ago.

PLAYMAKERS OFFER "THE CRADLE SONG"

Chapel Hill, July 18.—The Carolina Playmakers, after a busy month of preparation, are in readiness for their production of Martinez Sierra's "The Cradle Song" Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock in Memorial Hall. Prof. Samuel Selden, associate director of the Playmakers, is directing the play.

HEADS CONSTRUCTION LEAGUE

College Station, Raleigh, July 18.—W. C. Geile, associate professor of construction and civil engineering at N. C. State College, was this week named president of the North Carolina Construction League at a meeting of the organization in Greensboro.

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