

# Little Sister

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

### READ THIS FIRST:

Lella Madison, an orphan, has been trying to halt the elopement of her reckless young sister, Bet, with Addison Huntington, a romantic radical. Jerry Redmond, a newspaper reporter, has been helping her because of his friendship for Addy's brother who was Jerry's roommate at Yale. They are all at Lella's home in Westchester, where Addy and Jerry meet Aunt Minnie and Mrs. Johnston-Hedges, mother of Lella's sweetheart and aristocratic neighbor, Orton Johnston-Hedges. They have just come from New York apartment where Addy narrowly escaped the police who sought him for questioning in connection with the whereabouts of an acquaintance and alleged forger named Jarecki. Addy makes an excellent impression upon Aunt Minnie and Mrs. Johnston-Hedges. Addy makes it clear he and his wealthy father do not get along, but Aunt Minnie doesn't know this.

### (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

#### CHAPTER 15

"WE BOTH FEEL like that," Bet said, nevertheless pinning in a stray lock. "Though I'm not as grand as Addison," she added with genuine reverence, "I do love the way he looks."

"I see what you mean," said her aunt thoughtfully. "Yes, darling, there's no question about your mutual love—it's beautiful. I think you'd better take the car and go and let Mr. Huntington finish his shopping in the village," she added, as the lack of collar struck her. "It is so long since we had gentlemen in the house that we have, I am sorry to say, no provision for a guest."

"Lella, lend me some money," Bet demanded in a hurried whisper. She looked over to where Lella waited by the French window, on edge till she could escape to her neglected animals. Lella sighed, but she handed Bet a \$5 bill. She didn't want to in the least; and she shouldn't have, for its proper destination was the savings bank and the interest on the mortgage. . . . Well, it wasn't as if she was parting with the money forever; tomorrow Jerry Redmond would be back and repay her. Flippancy as he was about it all, somehow one felt he was responsible.

"You act as if you didn't want to, when tomorrow Addison will be a fugitive with a price on his head!" Bet said crossly.

"Does it ever occur to you that there is no reason why I should want to?" Lella asked.

Bet looked at her in surprise. Things like that didn't occur to Bet. She had taken her wild way, considering herself the center of the universe, ever since she could remember. For a moment Lella could almost see in her expression the dawning of an idea that there were other human beings in the world. But only for a moment.

"You've got to," said Bet. "Help us, I mean. Why, if you didn't, Addison wouldn't have a collar."

"And then the world would come to an end," said Lella wearily. "I don't understand you," said her sister. "Addison has to have a collar."

"Well, go get it," said Lella, and went out to feed the dogs. Dogs were a comfort. You knew where you were with a terrier: food, water, shelter, exercise, an occasional ecstatically received kind word or rub behind the ears; and they gave you obedience more or less, approval, plucking didn't quench. They went on awfully now and then, they helped finance you by the simple process of reproducing their kind.

Lella, through with the feeding, set over the Allison estate behind her. The dogs leaped and barked and wagged about her admiringly. The air was cool and salty from the sound. Jane, superior, the other dogs plainly felt, to the point of unbearable ableness because of her late trip into the great world, clung ostentatiously about Lella.

"You can see plainly," she was obviously saying, "that I am the favorite. I have been to something better and more exciting than even a bench show. I know all the new smells."

"You're a horrid little snob, Jane," said Lella suddenly, "and probably if I knew the soul life of a Scottish terrier it wouldn't be a bit better than Bet's or mine."

But Jane merely gambled on Heathcote Duchess, the doyenne of the kennels, prize winner, and mother of superior dogs all over Westchester, nosed Jane aside. All this gadding, her manner pointed out, had little to be said for it. Domesticity varied by dog shows was the only life for a right-minded lady dog. As she was Jane's great-grandmother and acted accordingly, what she said—it was in a deep growl—had its effect.

Lella laughed and scratched Jane's head, which undid all that the Duchess' remarks had done; and began meditating restfully about the possibility of being able to afford a daily kennel man instead of the one

who came three times a week. Far back in her mind, behind this thought, was a vague wonder as to what would happen to her dogs, whom she loved dearly, if or when she married. Marriage was pretty close on the horizon, might as well face the fact. She also wondered why she had been so cross with Bet. Like most generous natures, the fact that she had always been the pretty, praised, attractive sister—and Bet, for all her desperate efforts at attracting attention and living as she liked, not especially attractive to anyone—had made her easy on Bet. What if she, Lella, had always been the responsible one, the fair one, the one who deserved people to like her

—well, they did; and poor Bet's desperate efforts at being wild, at living her life, at being more jazzy than the jazziest, had never seemed to get her much of anywhere. Other girls smoked and drank and swore daintily, and the elders supposed it was all right and their contemporaries thought it was simply swell, or too amusing, or what ever, or the moment's high praise. Not Bet. Her deviltries were clumsy, her arrangements stepped on the feet of her contemporaries as well as her seniors. As if none of it actually belonged.

"And just as she is, as Aunt Minnie would say, attracting a gentleman for the first time, I have to go and lose patience with her," thought Lella remorsefully. "When I have Orton, and all."

"Lella dear, dinner is served!" Aunt Minnie called from the back door.

Lella tidied a little and came in and sat down as she was, in her tweeds. Not so Aunt Minnie; the gray silk, like the flag in the song, was still there, under her peeled-off apron. As for Bet, she had obeyed a suggestion of her aunt's for the first time since Lella could remember. It had taken the shape of borrowing Lella's newest "don't dress" black organdy with the angel shoulders; she had subdued her makeup and softened her hair-line and generally gone in definitely for the glamour Aunt Minnie recommended.

As for Addison, he had been neat before; unquestionably he had been born neat, and cocked an annoyed eye at his first nurse for not pinning his first garments more accurately. He was handsoxy now. He bore the traces of Lella's \$5 bill in a new collar and a necktie which Bet must have chosen, for only love's madness could have selected it or accepted it when selected.

For instance, all my life I have heard that the place to absorb gossip in a small town is the beauty parlor. There are three beauty parlors in Flemington. One is called Irene's, another Polly's Shoppe, and the third is Mary's. For a male to leave the street of Flemington, N. J., and enter a beauty parlor would be highly scandalous.

So I dragged into service a young lady down from New York for the excitement whom I had the good fortune to meet. I asked her if she would be obliging enough to invade one of the local dispensaries of charm and unbutton her ears for half an hour. Mary's Is Choice

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Some Of Flemington's Shopkeepers Are Making Most Of Hauptmann Trial

### One of Three Beauty Specialists in Town Finds It Exhilarating To Be So Close Backstage as Kidnap Murder Case Goes To Court



This is the fourth of a series of dispatches from Flemington, N. J., scene of the Hauptmann trial by James Aswell, writer of the popular "My New York" column.

By JAMES ASWELL  
Central Press Staff Writer

Flemington, N. J., Jan. 2.—All my newspaper colleagues here, some of them old friends, have tried to be helpful. They have offered me Facts. I like Facts, but the ricochets and eddies and quiet human pools which abound on the scene of this smash-hit drama interest me far more than Facts, even the most impressive.

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I even equipped her with a set of silly Aswell questions to propound at odd moments. Mary's it seemed to me sounded better. I once knew a girl named Mary who was very garrulous and informative.

And this, it seems, is a portrait of the operator at Mary's, with other figures in the Hauptmann melodrama in the background.

She is plump and dark and good-natured. She is endlessly eager and attentive where anything connected with the Hauptmann trial is involved. She has been on hand at every major development since the accused was brought to Flemington.

She was on the spot when he was brought here in chains. "Like a dog" said the beautician. She is sorry for Hauptmann, no matter what his crime; and she feels, as do others of the townfolk, that there are dark mysteries in connection with the case which never have been and may never be plumbed.

"This Hauptmann is the strangest man in the world," she told my agent. "I know a couple of the guards and they don't understand him either. He's deep, thaim an. Deep and strange."

This lady of the shampoos finds it exhilarating to be so close to "backstage" on the eve of a murder trial

that will swamp in interest even the Hall-Mills case, which was tried by the way, 18 miles from Flemington in Somerville.

She is proud that she has been able to appear anonymously in the background of a number of press photographs of central figures in the Hauptmann case, even in one of Hauptmann himself. Friends from all over have written to congratulate her on her success in getting into big news pictures.

**In Front Row**  
The day they were transferring Hauptmann from New York to the jail here she was on hand early. State troopers joined hands and formed a double cordon to the door of the jail from the car. She was up front, right behind a six-foot trooper, when the human fence formed.

She tapped the policeman on the shoulder and said:

"Officer, would you mind holding your hand on the right? I can't see."

Jersey troopers are famed for their politeness. The tall one obligingly swapped positions with his brother officer so the beauty expert could see. She had a fine view from then on and later even got into one of the pictures taken in the courtroom when the charge was read and the not

guilty plea was entered. She has clippings from many papers and has read every line she could get hold of on the case. "Flemington," she said seriously, "surely ought to get a star on the maps after this case!"

### YOU'RE WRONG IF YOU BELIEVE

That there ever was such a person as William Tell who was ordered to place an apple on his son's head and shoot it off. There wasn't.

That the popular phrase "Hobson's Choice" refers to the feat of Richmond Pearson Hobson in the Spanish-American war. It doesn't.

That the Postoffice Department would up 1934 with a surplus for the first time in many years, as announced. It didn't.

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