

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE

READ THIS FIRST:
Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl who loves to dance, is loved by the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu. She despises her mother, Anica, but is fond of her father, Girtza. Marcu tempts Consuelo with a huge diamond and she agrees to marry him. But on her wedding day she boards a train for New York on which are riding Stewart Blackmore, theatrical producer; Doug, his secretary, and Eli, a friend and friend of Anica. Consuelo had danced for them 10 days previously when their private car had been waiting at a railroad siding in town. Doug takes the gypsy into Stewart's car. Stewart telegraphs his publicity agent and also his friend, Louise, telling her not to meet the train. Consuelo throws her arms around Doug. In New York a series of publicity stunts prepares Consuelo for her debut in the Follies. Crowds watch her everywhere she goes. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



She bathed her feet in the fountain.

CHAPTER 22
BACKSTAGE was a cold ugly place and the great dark house, with its row after row of seats, was like a ghost. Consuelo was given a dressing room and on the way back from it passed in front of a door with a gold star upon it. At her question she learned that this was Louise L'Ville's room, L'Ville, premiere danseuse of the Follies.
There was no loitering backstage yet for the girl. Dalstrom brought her in. Introductions were made to the stage manager and dance director. She was asked to stand on the main stage and lights were played on her. It was a dream. The orchestra was practicing a gypsy dance to play for her and they did not seem to be able to get the time to suit her. She was asked this and that. She was stared at by the stage hands and curious members of the show and there was no friendliness in their attitudes. She was taken away as quickly as possible. Not yet had she danced for any of them. The supposed tyout before Goldberg which had given her the contract, had been a farce.
She had not seen Stewart.
Once Doug had come up to her and pressed her hand in friendly fashion. "Don't let 'em get your goat, kid, it's all in a day's work, this fussing around. Keep your head and you'll get along fine."
Now as she stood by the window and looked out at all seemed like a dream. Nothing was real yet. Tomorrow she was going to try out with the music. She wished that she might go and find a brook and a tree and sleep there all night first. Perhaps it would be different on that great barren stage when the silver dollars came rattling to her feet, then perhaps its depressing atmosphere would vanish.
There was a knock on the door and Ann answered it. She came back into the room, a box in her arms.
"For you, miss." She placed the box on the table.
Consuelo went over to it. It was a long white box tied in friendly satin bow. She slipped the ribbon off and winding it about her waist, tied the bow again. Then she opened the box. Two dozen American Beauty roses started up at her. A cry of delight left her lips and she caught the lovely flowers up in her arms and buried her face in their fragrance.
"Ann, Ann, have you ever seen anything like these? Roses more perfect than any that ever grew before!" She picked up a small envelope and opened it. Inside was a card from Stewart. It said: "You're being fine, gypsy girl. Keep it up."
The red lips parted.
"Fool, to send me a letter I can hardly read. Why does he leave me alone like a dog? Am I not good enough for him now? I am a rich gypsy. Look at my clothes. Look at my jewelry. I have a woman to wash my body for me. People gather around when they see me on the street. I am a dancer at the Goldberg Follies." She was boasting, naïf to Ann, mostly to herself. "I ought to be good enough for him now."
She broke off a rose bud and stuck it into her hair and went back to the window. Why hadn't the wait-

man brought the flowers instead of sending them?
She could not think of him long. She went into the bedroom, and pulling out the dresser drawers, laid the lovely things one by one on the floor. Lingerie of lace that brought a blush to her cheeks, that no gypsy had seen before. Skirts and blouses that looked more like a gypsy than her own clothes had. But with all of these things that were so fine she left the finest of them all in the bottom of the last drawer and it was the shawl the Dummy had painted for her. Thrown carelessly beside it was the diamond ring and these were the only things that linked her to the gypsy camp now. Even her thoughts had been so full that she had not thought of it or of Marcu or Girtza or the Dummy.
She slipped off her clothes and into a nightgown of chiffon and lace and drew on a negligee of softest velvet. She picked up the satin slippers that Stewart had given her. They were her only pair, for with all of her clothes she was still barefoot. She did not realize they were keeping her "gypsy". She squeezed her toes into the slippers and like one walking on eggs crossed her feet and down the room, swaying her hips and slouching her shoulders as she had seen gorgio women do. She sat down in a chair, crossed her legs, and pulled up the bottom of her skirts.
"No thank you, I don't care for any dessert, but I will have a cigarette."
She went through the motions of lighting a cigarette and blowing imaginary smoke rings into the air.
"Really, my friend Mr. Blackmore, I think you have deserted me like a woman with children. I am ready to do whoopee!"
She threw back her head then and laughed.
"I shall be like the gorgio women. He will want me then and will not leave me alone like a dog!"
The next morning at dawn Consuelo was up. She dressed and, taking an orange and an apple from the basket of fruit, slipped out of the suite of rooms, leaving Ann sound asleep. She talked with the elevator boy and because she whistled through her teeth and held on to his arm when the elevator went fast, the boy took her up to the top floor three times and down—zooming down—as fast as the elevator would go and the girl shrieking with delight.
It was the frantic rings of the night clerk who finally stopped them.
She left the hotel then and wandered out into the street. There was no one to stop her now and she slipped along and paused to look in the shop windows and munched the apple and spat the skins out. The people who were abroad at this early hour of the morning were not inter-

ested in the gypsy so she was neither stopped nor followed.
She tried to imagine that the great high buildings that flanked both sides of her were the trees of a forest and that presently she would come to a brook and bathe her feet and dance on the moss and perhaps the Dummy would be there watching her.
She stopped in front of the theater Goldberg's Follies. There was nothing about it that made her think of a marble palace or a high hill. The appointment crept in. She went up and looked at the pictures and there were not as many of her as she had thought and they were not as prominently placed as she had expected. This woman, Louise L'Ville, had three times as many pictures. From all sides of the foyer they looked at her. Here was one of just her head and it was done in color and her hair was the purest yellow and her eyes the deepest blue and her lips the brightest carmine and she was beautiful.
Consuelo stared at this picture. It stood almost as high as she and she looked around and the ones of her were no more than a foot big. Now it seemed that her dream was far away and she felt that this blonde-haired woman was standing in the marble palace in her stead.
Moments passed and she did not move, only her eyes had narrowed until they were almost closed and her heart beat more rapidly and her hands were tensed.
Presently she left the theater and walked on the streets now and they turned to look at her as she passed but she did not see them. She no longer looked in the shop windows but walked as one in a dream or one concerned with deep and puzzling thoughts. The one central point in the vortex of her thoughts was this woman, this blonde Louise L'Ville.
For a long way she walked and her feet hurt from the hard pavement. There were more people now and the streets were becoming alive with cars and taxis and crowded motor buses. Then ahead of her loomed green trees and grass. She began to run and, in her gladness, she was almost crying that here in this great city of New York should be heavenly greenness.
She bathed her feet in the fountain and threw herself on the grass and looked up at the leaves and the sky. Never had the trees seemed so good to her. She forgot about the golden-haired woman; about this mad New York; about the lovely clothes that were hers; the jewelry, and the promise of dancing. What was it anyway in comparison with a good tree? She closed her eyes breathing in the fragrance of the earth.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Entire Communications Field Coming Under A. T. & T. Dominance

Telegraph, Radio Feel Grip of Monopoly

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the world's largest corporation—the American Telephone and Telegraph company—which is to be investigated by the new federal communications commission.
By BLAIR BOLLES
Central Press Staff Writer
Washington, March 18.—The American Telephone and Telegraph Co. today holds a sword of Damocles over a jittery telegraph industry.
Control of equipment developed by its 3,000 research scientists has brought the A. T. and T. much business once headed for Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies.
Other equipment developed at great cost with telephone users' money in the expensive Bell laboratories has given the A. T. and T. a clutch on the radio field.
Nearly a fifth of the operating revenues of the legitimate telegraph companies in the United States totaled 110 millions the A. T. and T. did 20 million dollars worth of telegraph business as a sideline.
According to Walter M. W. Splawn, interstate commerce commissioner, who made a detailed investigation for the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce into holding companies:
"It seems that congress will have to take notice of the fact that the telephone monopoly might acquire and absorb the telegraph industry."
Capt. S. C. Hooper director of naval communications, warned congress:
"It is important that our communications policy should be one which insures competition between telephone and telegraph."
A. T. and T.'s intrusion into the telegraph arena stems from its inauguration of leased wire service and its invention of the teletypewriter exchange.
These "private lines services" attract large organizations which otherwise would be the leading supporters of the telegraph companies. Chief among these clients are press associations, the U. S. government, markets and general business groups.
These Bell telegraph services in 1929 when their business was at its peak embraced 1,100,000 miles of circuit, Western Union and Postal domestic wire facilities total 4,300,000 miles.
Teletypewriter exchanges, which link all teletypewriters, today number 5,600 stations, grossing \$200,000 a month.
The Bell Telephone company is carrying on an irregular telegraph business at the expense of the regular telegraph companies.
In Direct Telegraph Field
Moreover, the Pacific Coast Telephone and Telegraph company, an A. T. and T. associate, operates a straight telegraph business in the five far western states.
The inventive results of Bell's heavy expenditures for science and research has also made A. T. and T. indispensable to the radio industry.
A. T. and T. itself operates 27 point to point radio telephone stations while its wire channels are necessary to broadcast companies to connect their stations.
For Airplanes Too
A. T. and T. manufactures radio equipment for planes for communication with weather stations and landing fields.
Terminal facilities and services used by radio stations are leased from A. T. and T. Rental charge for each

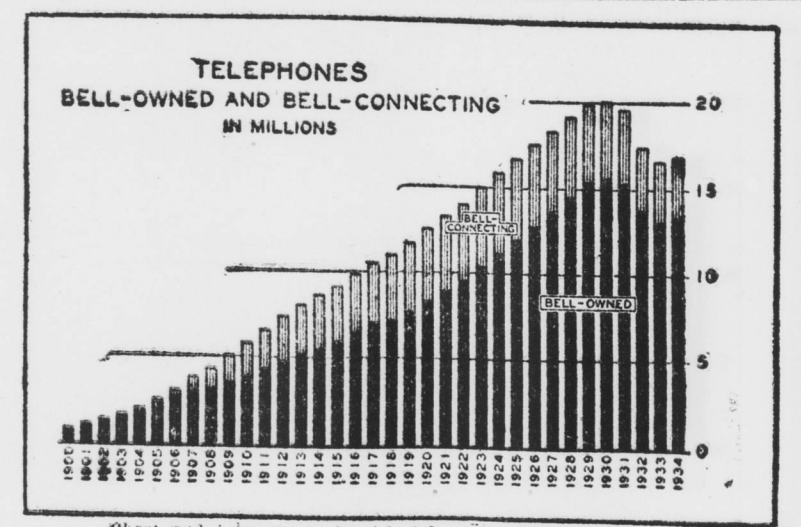


Chart and information furnished by A. T. & T. to stockholders.
Recording station connection and each transmission connection is \$4,000 a year apiece.
Bell owns facilities for trans-oceanic telephone conversations. Bell radios hundreds of ship-to-shore messages every day. This vast organization, with the ends of the earth at its fingertips, is in a position to operate the whole radio structure of the United States.
Next: Low Cost Disputed.

POLICE COMMISSIONER SOLVES CROP MYSTERY

The reason some crops are weak and poor when on the other side of the fence they are thick and luxuriant has been solved to the satisfaction of Police Commissioner B. W. Walker of Barnwell, S. C. He says good crops are always grown when American nitrate of soda is used, because of its high nitrogen content and purity.
According to Police Commissioner Walker, farmers who use American nitrate of soda are helping themselves by following Dr. Charles H. Hertzy's recent advice of "Southern fertilizers for the Southern farmer."
For these reasons use and recommend

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Middle-Grounders Likely To Decide Revenue Bill
(Continued from Page One.)

another, believe that the state cannot properly maintain its divisions without the tax; and the middle-grounders, those who are not definitely committed either for or against the sales tax.
Of the three divisions, there is but little doubt but that the middle-grounders have a plurality. None of the three groups, it is thought, has a clear majority. Hence, it will be necessary for both the pros and the antis to recruit strength from the middle-grounders. The middle-grounders are without leadership and cannot be counted on to vote en bloc for a program. More likely is the possibility that they will divide on various issues presented as a part of the sales tax fight. There is, for example, Representative Barker, of Durham, who is a middle-grounder. The anti-sales taxers will find in Mr. Barker a friend on the question of chain filling station taxes. In fact, Barker will offer on the floor of the House the same tax schedule for such concerns

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mary C. Crudup, deceased, late of the County of Vance, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at his home in Henderson, N. C., on or before the 18th day of March, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar to same. All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate settlement.
JOHN E. CRUDUP,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary C. Crudup.
This 18th day of March, 1935.

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