

With All My Heart

BY SARA CHRISTY

CHAPTER 36

WILMA BLEW a thread of smoke into the air contemplatively as she talked to Thora of her approaching wedding as Pat drove them back from town to Fair Acres.

"It's a funny thing, Thora . . . but I'm terribly fed up with all this fuss and bother. I wish it were over with. I want to get away. And then . . . if I don't like it . . ." Wilma shrugged her slim shoulders and tossed away her cigarette. "You think I'm rather hopeless, don't you?"

"I think I feel sorry for you," Thora answered soberly.

"You needn't. Perhaps I am cynical about the whole thing, but I come by that honestly. If I get burnt, it will be my own fault . . . and just too bad."

"Do you plan to be married soon?" Thora asked hesitatingly. She hoped that Wilma would say no. Some of the things she had said seemed such a terrible thing for a girl to do. To marry a man, knowing that she didn't love him. And not caring. Wilma answered the question unhesitatingly.

"Yes. Between you and me, sooner than anyone else thinks. You see, I'm getting tired of this life . . . I think I'm cooling off. I got a thrill out of it, at first. The excitement it gave the other girls, and all that. I got a kick out of seeing how envious a lot of them were. But I'm fed up now. I could scream when I think of Aunt Dorothy's dinner. Some old frumps who have known me ever since I was a kid. . . . Dad making a speech and loathing the whole thing as much as I do. I don't know why I'm worrying you with all of this . . . but I've felt these past few days that I'd blow up, if I couldn't take it out on somebody."

"I think you are afraid . . . of yourself."

"Not a chance, my dear. I'm just fed up. That's all. Alec feels the same way. We've decided we'll slip away before long and get it over with. I hate to burden your conscience with the plot, but you'll probably be called in to administer first aid to the family. I know that I can trust you."

"Yes, you can trust me. I hope that you'll be happy. . . . I hope it so much."

"Thanks," Wilma leaned forward. Her hand came out and gave Thora's fingers a little squeeze. "Don't bother that blond head of yours about me. I'm not worth it. When your time comes . . . you'll do it better. I can even imagine you being . . . happy." She said the last word with a quick glance over her shoulder through the rear window of the machine. "Oh, Dad!"

"Yes, Miss Wilma."

"That car has been trailing us for the past 20 minutes. Pull away from it, please."

"We got more'n they have," Pat called back a moment later. "Want me to keep it up?"

"Yes," Wilma's voice was sharp. "Don't look back," she cautioned, smiling at Thora's startled expression. "It's nothing. Just nerves. I happened to remember my valuables, that's all."

"They're the persistent devils," Pat observed a moment later, after a glance at his rear-vision glass. "They must think it's a race. You still want to keep up front, Miss Wilma?"

"Yes." "Okay. I can do that. If you don't want to see their back plates, I'll hog the road if I have to. It's only a few miles now."

Nothing more was said as the machine fled along the smooth pike under Donahue's skillful handling.



"I had two good caretakers with me . . ."

He was the first to break the silence with a "I'm going to slow sudden for the gates, Miss Wilma. You and Miss Thora want to watch out for your noses."

The Marsh car had scarcely started picking up speed on the driveway when the second machine flashed by and disappeared.

"Please don't say anything to Dad about that," Wilma urged, as she settled back in her place beside Thora. "I was only imagining things, and he's going to be provoked with me for bringing that bracelet this way."

The two had no sooner entered the house than Wilma caught at Thora's arm.

"Come back to the library with me. I want a witness when I turn over my valuables. Dad will let me off easier, if you're with me."

Selwyn was in his library, but not alone. Sherman Gordon was seated on the other side of the big table. He rose to his feet at once as the two girls entered.

"Ah, the travelers have returned." "And how," Wilma answered carelessly. "You're another witness, Sherm. With Miss Dahl. Dad, I was in Edmond's today and brought out some of those things."

"I'll try it." She opened her bag and produced the bracelet in its case and three ring boxes. Marsh caught up the case with an impatient exclamation.

"That was anything but smart! Carting this thing out here without any protection! What was Edmond thinking of?"

"He wasn't much enthused," Wilma admitted easily. "But there was no danger. I had two good caretakers with me . . . and I wanted the things out at home. Now, you see they're all right. It's up to you to take charge of them and see that nobody gets away with them."

"I'll do that . . . don't worry. I've a notion to lock them up where you can't get at them. Look at this, Sherm. Do you blame me?"

Gordon whistled under his breath as he examined the diamond circlet. "Some geggaw, if you ask me."

Here, take it back. I hope you have a good combination on your safe, Selwyn."

"I guess it would bother an amateur, provided he could find it."

"All right. Don't tell me which panel it's behind. I don't want to know. What's that other trinket, Wilma?"

"Alec's ring." She held out her left hand for the two men to see.

"You didn't see this, either, Miss Dahl," she reminded.

"Very nifty badge of slavery," was Gordon's compliment. "I thought the lucky man was supposed to put it on your finger, ill omen . . . all that sort of thing."

"That's hopelessly passe," Wilma returned wearily. "The country is getting you, Sherm. I'm taking this one," she told her father. "You lock up the others." She turned and left the room, followed by Thora.

Selwyn sat smoking silently after the girls disappeared, his eyes fixed on the jewel case. Gordon watched him curiously, wondering what was passing through his mind—if old memories were associated with those costly trinkets. He was surprised when Marsh spoke suddenly, in guarded tones.

"I had a report today on . . . you know."

"Good?"

"Perfectly . . . for a start, they said. I suppose they mean the passports and that sort of thing were in order. They're back-tracking through their correspondence in London. I guess it's all a waste of time and money."

"I imagine so."

"I've had several talks with the chap. He seems to have a pretty level head for business. He's away now on a matter that sounds very attractive to me. I believe he's all right . . . just different from what we're used to."

Gordon chuckled. He nodded at the jewelry.

"I'll say he's all right. Any man who had that stuff in his fingers and was on his way to the train. . . . He's bound to be all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA'S SOLONS DALLY ON SECURITY

Legislature Not Enthusiastic Over Enactment of New Social Laws

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In The Star-Waiter Hotel, Raleigh, March 7.—Although the Virginia legislature has been in session for some time and is still in session, it has failed to do anything at all about providing for old age pensions, while the law it has enacted with regard to unemployment insurance provides that it shall not become effective until after the U. S. Supreme Court has held that the Federal Social Security Act is valid and constitutional, it was learned here today from an authoritative source. The result is that Virginia, with its legislature in session, has not provided for any more state social security legislation than the 1935 North Carolina legislature provided for this State a year ago, it is pointed out here.

Under the new Virginia act, unemployment insurance cannot be put in effect until the Supreme Court passes upon and upholds the Federal Social Security Act, which may be many months yet or not at all. It is understood that Governor Peery, of Virginia, recommended that a commission be named to study the old age pensions question in Virginia, with an appropriation of \$20,000 for this purpose, but that the finance committee are even opposed to this plan and likely to report the entire proposal unfavorably. If this is done, Virginia will be entirely without any provision for cooperating with the Federal government to provide old age pensions under the Social Security Act.

In spite of the clamor from some quarters for a special session here in North Carolina to enact old age pensions and unemployment insurance laws, to cooperate with the government under the Social Security Act, a good many observers here are convinced that it would be difficult to get laws of this sort through a special session, certainly not without tremendous opposition. For it is agreed that

in order to make them effective, the legislature would have to levy additional taxes to provide the revenue needed for state cooperation and to match the Federal funds that would be received. A good many believe it would not be any more inclined to pass these laws than the Virginia legislature has been.

MAKES HAY, SELLS LESPEDEZA SEEDS

Wadesboro, March 7.—In addition to filling all his barns with good lespeveda hay last fall, James C. Caudle of Peachland, Route 1, in Anson county has sold 226 bushels of seed at an average price of \$2.00 a bushel, reports County Agent J. W. Cameron. On two acres of Common lespeveda he harvested 45 bushels of cleaned seed and claims that lespeveda was a more profitable cash crop than his cotton last year. He plans to plant a larger acreage to the legume this year, but will turn under the greater part of the crop for soil improvement, says Cameron.

BABY CHICKS GIVEN MARKET IN 7 WEEKS

Pittsboro, March 7.—From baby chicks to broilers weighing two and one-quarter pounds each in nine weeks is the record made by A. E. Webster of Pittsboro, route 2, Chatham county, with a flock of 900 chicks bought last December, reports County Agent H. M. Singletary. During that period Mr. Webster lost only 20 of the young birds. The chicks were properly housed and fed the growing mash recommended by the poultry extension specialist at State College.

4 NEW BOOKS OFF UNIVERSITY PRESS

Chapel Hill, March 7.—Four new books, two of them dealing with history, one with education, and one with social questions, have just been released by the University of North Carolina Press.

They are "Universal Education in the South" by Charles William Dabney; "Hotel Life by Norman Hayner"; "Diplomatic History of Georgia" by John Tate Lanning; and "Washington and the West" by Charles H. Ambler.

4-H CLUB ACTIVITY YOUTH INSPIRATION

Fostering in Rural Boys and Girls Desire for Higher Training

College Station, Raleigh, March 7.—The 4-H club movement is fostering in rural boys and girls a desire for advanced training in colleges and universities to better fit themselves for life.

The number of club members who plan to enter college is increasing every year, said L. R. Harrill, state 4-H club leader at N. C. State College, and many of the foremost agricultural and home economics students are former 4-H club members.

The fact that 4-H boys and girls are going to college in increasing numbers indicates that club work awakens in the rural young people a realization of the value of thorough training and a well rounded education, Harrill stated.

One of the most outstanding agricultural students ever graduated from State College said he would not have carried his scholastic education beyond high school had it not been for the inspiration, encouragement and financial profits he got out of 4-H club work.

The scholarships offered as prizes in various club projects are aiding many rural boys and girls to attend college, Harrill pointed out, and this is why the club organization is seeking as many scholarships as possible when prizes are to be offered. The large number of 4-H boys and girls who choose agricultural or home economics courses at college also attests the fact that 4-H clubs are showing rural youths how wholesome and satisfying life on the farm can be made, he continued.

Although Harrill did not have exact figures on North Carolina, he said there is no question that more and more 4-H boys and girls are going to college, and he cited U. S. Department of Agriculture figures showing that during the past five years the number of former club members now taking agricultural and home econo-

DEMONSTRATION FOR FEEDING OF 21 PIGS

Tarboro, March 7.—J. H. Satterthwaite, of Edgecombe county, has started a hog feeding demonstration with 27 pigs that average 81 pounds a pig, reports County Agent J. C. Powell. The pigs will be fed shelled corn and fish meal in a self feeder and will have access to a mineral consisting of 10 pounds of superphosphate, 10 pounds of lime and 2 pounds of salt. The feeding mixture will be weighed and records will be kept on costs of all feeds and minerals bought. Home grown feeds will be charged at market prices, Powell says.

LEE FARMERS WILL BUY COOPERATIVELY

Sanford, March 7.—Farmers in Lee county have organized a Farmers Cooperative Association and will buy all production supplies and sell all poultry and other farm commodities on a cooperative basis, reports County Agent E. O. McMahan. Eighty leading growers were at the organization meeting last week and elected officers for the year. The organization is being sponsored by local Grange chapters and already more than 175 growers have joined the association, says McMahan.

SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN SENT

Greensboro, March 7.—The Summer Session program at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, according to information contained in bulletins now being sent out from the office of Dr. W. C. Jackson, dean of administration, will include 112 courses in 18 different fields, and the faculty will number 55. The session opens June 9, and closes July 17.

All Forms of INSURANCE RENTALS — REAL ESTATE Al. B. Wester Phone 139-J

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CHAPTER 37

THORA DAHL always glanced hastily through the house mail if it came into her hands on its way to the library. There was always the hope that she might discover that longed-for letter with the Minnesota postmark, addressed in the familiar fill handwriting of her mother. But it had not come.

This morning, however, she had been amazed to find her name written in a bold flowing hand across a square white envelope. She sensed the writer's identity at once and was not in the least surprised when her guess proved correct.

The missive said: Dear Thora Dahl:— If my legal mind has not lost its keen edge, you will be trying to decipher this on Thursday morning.

At 3:30 of that same date, to wit, I shall be driving up to your door in my car. It is a green roadster. In case there is a traffic rush, you are to be dressed in your best and be ready to ride for the space of one-half hour, more or less.

By way of relieving your conscience, please note that I have made the necessary arrangements with your employer. I'm not sure what reason I gave for wanting to borrow you for so brief a time, but it must have been good.

Seriously, I must see you for a few minutes. Something has happened that I want to talk to you about. Please.

And gratefully, SHERM.

I shall sit in my car and hunk until you appear.

So . . . in the interests of peace, etc.

more she considered it, the more certain she became that she could not speak to Mr. Marsh about it.

Slightly exasperated by the puzzle, she finally decided to refer it to Wilma. That young woman smiled as she read the note.

"Oh, that's merely Sherm's idea of being original. There's no deep mystery. I heard him telling dad that he was going out to his farm one afternoon this week and that he'd like to take you along and let you see it. He said . . . I remember . . . that you were the only person he could talk 'farm' to. That's what he wants."

"Then you think he will really be here?" "Don't doubt it. Get ready and go with him."

"I'm not sure. . . ." "Nonsense! It will do you good. Sherm's pretty slow . . . and as safe as his is slow," Wilma laughed.

"I wasn't thinking of that."

"If you mean the neighbors . . . why should you worry?" Reassured by this interview, Thora decided to be dressed and ready at the specified time . . . also to be within easy reach of the front door in case Mr. Gordon carried out the threat mentioned in the postscript to his note.

It proved to be a wise precaution for, on the dot of 3:30, there came the strident blast of a motor horn. And Gordon was on the point of sounding a second when Thora came hurrying out and across the porch.

"It worked!" was his greeting. "Thank you."

"This time," Thora discouraged him. "I'm not in the habit of answering signals." She tried to look severe, but the effort was not successful.

Wished to tell her, Thora decided that he was putting it off. He was strangely silent during most of the brief ride and his companion gave herself up happily to enjoying the countryside.

The Gordon farm proved to be a modest estate of some 30 acres. There was a small weather-beaten house and several outbuildings on the place, but no tenant.

"I'm not doing anything here but raising a little hay and grain," the owner explained. "The man who lives on the next place does the work for me."

"That's no way to farm," Thora objected. "You should come out here and live . . . do the work yourself. That's what a dirt farmer does," she reminded him with a smile. "That house could be made, very attractive without much expense."

They were parked in the shade of a large oak tree that stood near a small barn.

"I may do that some day," Gordon remarked slowly. He took some letters and a pencil from his pocket and started making a sketch on the back of an envelope. "This will give you an idea of the layout and what I'm trying to do now."

For a quarter of an hour, they discussed the situation. Thora listened attentively, asked occasional questions and offered bits of information regarding crop practices in her native state.

"It sure is great to talk to someone like you," Gordon sighed happily. "You're a wonder!"

"Did you bring me all the way out here to tell me that?" she asked good-naturedly. "I could have told you so before we left."

That same little feeling of happiness had stolen over her, just as it had happened that morning when she and Mr. Gordon rode out to the hilltop together. Again she was with someone to whom she could talk, be her real self. He was the only one who was like that. For some reason there was no barrier here. It was true that Mr. Gordon had very nearly spoiled things for both of them, but that would not happen again. She had misunderstood them. Everything was different now.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



DRIVE CAREFULLY — SAVE A LIFE!

"I Can Be A Safe Driver Only If I Drive A Safe Car"

"Yes, I do pride myself on being a safe driver. Something to be proud of, don't you think?"

"But, mind you, I don't consider that I can be a safe driver just by observing the traffic rules and keeping my eyes open . . . important as these are."

"I must have the co-operation of a safe car. The steering mechanism must be faultless . . . or anything bad can happen."

"My brakes must be good . . . or I'm not the master of my car."

"Lights must be right . . . or I don't know what's ahead of me on the road."

"My tires must have tread enough to grip the ground or pavement . . . else skidding is likely, and brakes rendered uncertain."

"Safe cars in the hands of careful drivers . . . that's what we must have to cut down the blood-spilling that's taking place on our highways."

The following North Carolina and South Carolina Newspapers are Co-operating in This Promotion for Safety on the Highways:

- CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, Charlotte, N. C.
- NEWS & OBSERVER, Raleigh, N. C.
- ASHEVILLE CITIZEN, Asheville, N. C.
- ASHEVILLE TIMES, Asheville, N. C.
- WILMINGTON STAR, Wilmington, N. C.
- WILMINGTON NEWS, Wilmington, N. C.
- EVENING TELEGRAM, Rocky Mount, N. C.
- DURHAM HERALD, Durham, N. C.
- DURHAM SUN, Durham, N. C.
- CONCORD TRIBUNE, Concord, N. C.
- HIGH POINT ENTERPRISE, High Point, N. C.
- COLUMBIA STATE, Columbia, S. C.
- CHARLESTON NEWS & COURIER, Charleston, S. C.
- CHARLESTON POST, Charleston, S. C.
- COLUMBIA RECORD, Columbia, S. C.
- ROCK HILL HERALD, Rock Hill, S. C.
- STATESVILLE DAILY, Statesville, N. C.
- HICKORY RECORD, Hickory, N. C.
- FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER, Fayetteville, N. C.
- NEWS-ARGUS, Goldsboro, N. C.
- SPARTANBURG HERALD, Spartanburg, S. C.
- SPARTANBURG JOURNAL, Spartanburg, S. C.
- WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL, Winston-Salem, N. C.
- WINSTON-SALEM SENTINEL, Winston-Salem, N. C.
- GREENSBORO NEWS, Greensboro, N. C.
- GREENSBORO RECORD, Greensboro, N. C.
- SALISBURY POST, Salisbury, N. C.
- GASTONIA GAZETTE, Gastonia, N. C.

HENDERSON DAILY DISPATCH, Henderson, N. C.