

Lady, Be Gallant.

By MARIE BLIZARD

READ THIS FIRST:

Joan Spencer, a small town school teacher, recently disappointed in love, is engaged as secretary to Julian Sloane, noted writer. After a delightful summer at Sloane's luxurious home, she is awaiting his return from Europe at his town house. The only disturbing factor in her new world is Sheila Truc, actress and close friend of Julian's who is jealous of his new secretary. Sheila also is anticipating Julian's arrival and has her own reception planned for him much to Joan's disappointment. Dining alone in Greenwich Village, Joan meets Donald Newberry whom she hasn't seen in years. They both drop in at Betty Robinson's, an old school chum of Joan's. Joan spends the night at the Robinsons.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 22

It was a boat whistle. No, it was a bell and it was on a ship. Julian's ship. Joan was trying frantically to get to him. Someone was holding her back and she tried to shake that person off.

"Come on sleepy head, we've overslept a whole hour. It's after nine." Joan opened her eyes and rubbed them.

Betty, in pajamas, sat down on the edge of her bed. "I called the office and said I wouldn't be in until noon but I didn't know whether you had to get up early or not."

"Yes, I might," Joan swung her lithe self out of bed, yawned, stretched, reached fingertips to toes without bending her knees and sniffed the coffee aroma hungrily.

First day back on the job late. She got a perverse pleasure out of that. "Remember what we were talking about last night?" Betty inquired over their toast and scrambled eggs.

"Well," Betty poured the coffee, "we'll have to talk it over at length. You'll find things quite different here."

"I hope so," Joan didn't commit herself further.

"When I first came to New York, fresh from school in Boston, I was the most self-satisfied somebody you ever saw. I thought everybody else was out of step but I've learned I was wrong."

Joan hoped that Betty wasn't going to be confidential about things she didn't want to hear about at this hour of the morning.

"You haven't told me a thing about yourself. That is, the real you, Joan. We were only youngsters in Boston. Lots of things must have happened to you since. Such as being Julian Sloane's secretary. Tell me about them."

Joan told her how she got her job with Julian. She told her about Dorothy and Blakeville. And then she stopped.

"But, darling, you can't be as pretty and attractive as you are AND 23 without all sorts of other things happening to you."

Joan buttered a piece of toast and, munching it, said, "Oh, I fell in love with a boy but it just didn't work. She told her briefly how she and Win had had an 'understanding' and as time went on, Win had found himself in love."

"I told you everything was different," Betty said sagely. "Understandings don't mean a thing any more. The tempo and the meaning of things has changed. Competition is awfully keen these days. I believe in marrying a man two min-



"I've seen an awful lot more than you have, Joan."

utes after he has said 'will you?' I've seen an awful lot more than you have, Joan. We were brought up to be old-fashioned girls who believed in honor and lasting love. Not many people believe in either one any more. The average girl gets married today with the thought in the back of her head that if it doesn't work, she can get a quick divorce."

"I don't like it," Joan announced, putting down the cream pitcher with more force than it deserved.

"What woman does?" Betty answered calmly. "The point is that what women like and what women get are two entirely different things."

"If what you say is true," Joan was completely at sea. "Why don't women do something about it?"

"Whoops!" Betty looked bitterly amused. "Whatever made you think that women had the power to do anything. The trouble with our world is that the women of the generation before ours did so much during the war to share their part of the burden by giving all they had, they knocked the props out from everything and we suffer the consequences."

"Oh," Joan said, and mentioned something about the flaming youth era.

"Flaming youth era, my eye!" her hostess rejoined heatedly. "They had nothing to do with it! In the flaming youth era they wore short skirts, drank gin from flasks, wore open galoshes and talked in slang phrases and their 'madness' stopped right there. But the standards had changed!"

"The minute that women got self-sacrificing, they were sunk. When gentlemen discovered that 'nice girls' were theirs in a spirit of Give All, they forgot it was a wartime idea. It was very convenient for them to forget. Then women began having careers and shouting their foolish heads off about Equal Rights."

"I don't want any equal rights," Joan said passionately. "I want someone to love. Someone who loves me. I want to argue about the price of turnips or spinach. I want a flower garden. I want someone to talk about the books I like. I want someone who'll tell me about himself. I want sons who'll look like him and daughters who'll be..."

"I know!" Betty said consolingly, "and you'll go and fall in love with someone who'll want you to be technically true to him and make every other man who meets you think you'd be a 'fine date'."

"But, Betty, you aren't consistent."

Last night you asked me if I liked Finley and I gathered that you liked him." Joan was frankly puzzled.

"Of course I did. You see I have to keep up my end. I'm a modern wife. Bob gets a vicarious thrill out of thinking how broadminded he is. Not that I think Bob is actually unfaithful to me. I'm quite sure he isn't but it's his nature and his training to think that marriage shouldn't hamper him, that he is still Mr. Adonis to the ladies and why shouldn't I play? I'll tell you one thing, Joan, I'm living for the day when we move out to a suburb and I don't have to go to an office, when Bob will have to catch a 5-15. Then, everything will be different, but we got off to a bad start. I kept my job. Never do that. And always—even if you have to be dishonest with yourself—think of yourself as a wife. Not as an individual!"

"Lots of good that will do me," Joan said to herself riding up Fifth avenue in a slow-moving bus as she contemplated her first lesson from Betty. That was one of those moments that descend heavily on an unmarried girl. Fat chance she'd have of ever being any kind of a wife.

It was almost 11 when she ran up the brown stone steps of Julian's house. All the excitement of meeting Donald Newberry, of seeing her old friend and their personal remembrances had driven every thought of Julian from her mind.

Now, pressing the doorbell, she found that the thought of seeing him again was accelerating the beat of her heart.

Mrs. Henderson opened the door. "Joan! We were just about to telephone the hospitals and police! Mr. Julian has been frantic with worry!"

"But why?" Joan was completely puzzled.

"Is that Joan?" It was Julian's voice followed by Julian himself at the top of the stairs.

"Hello," she said in an uncertain voice and not with the words she had planned at all.

"My dear!" He ran down the stairway and grasped both her hands. "How you frightened us! We couldn't imagine where you were. You completely ruined my first night at home. I had planned to dine alone with you. And when you didn't come back..."

Joan didn't hear the rest of his sentence. He had planned to dine alone with her!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HIGHT IS INDICTED IN SHORTAGE CASE

Grand Jury Declines, However, To Return True Bill Against Cottrell

A true bill charging M. G. Hight, former tax collector for Vance county, with failing to turn over \$1,722.29 was returned in Vance Superior Court today by the grand jury at the June criminal term.

The presentation sent to the grand jury by Solicitor W. H. S. Burgwyn also named E. A. Cottrell, but the grand jury failed to indict him when it appeared that he had collected taxes under Hight's direction and had turned the money over to Hight and held the latter's receipts.

Hight for a number of years has listed taxes for Henderson township, and when that work was completed devoted much of his time to collection of back taxes prior to the current tax year. The alleged shortage occurred more than a year ago.

SECOND POST RACE ADDS IMPORTANCE

Opening of Headquarters by Horton Indication of Determination

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In The Sir Walter Hotel, By J. C. WASKERVILLE

Raleigh, June 17.—The campaign for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor in the second primary promises to arouse almost as much interest as the campaign for the nomination for governor with indications that it is going to be much more intensive. The contest for the nomination in the run-off is between Paul D. Grady, of Kenly, Johnston county, and W. F. Horton, of Pittsboro, Chatham county.

Horton announced last week, when he called for a second primary, that he intended to wage an even more aggressive campaign than he did prior to the first primary, and that he would open State headquarters here and have a State campaign manager. The Horton headquarters is now open and busy on the tenth floor of the Sir Walter hotel, in the same rooms used as campaign headquarters by Sandy Graham before the first primary. Daniel L. Bell, of Pittsboro, judge of the Chatham county recorder's court, is in charge of the new headquarters as Horton's campaign manager and Judge Walter L. Siler, veteran of many Statewide campaigns; E. B. Hatch, clerk of court in Chatham; J. Wade Siler, register of deeds and other Democratic leaders in Chatham county, are assisting him.

"The united democracy of Chatham county feels that Senator Horton should be the next lieutenant governor of North Carolina and are confident he will be nominated in the second primary," Judge Bell said today. "Besides being well fitted for the duties of this important office, he has rendered such long, loyal and efficient service to the party as merits recognition. In addition, it should be remembered that Chatham county has been Democratic since it first became a county, but has never been honored by having one of its sons elected to a major state office. Only once, in 1872, has Chatham county ever had a candidate for a state office and in that year the entire state Democratic ticket followed Horace Greeley, the Democratic nominee for president, to defeat."

The Horton supporters are confident that a larger percentage of those who voted for George McNeill in the first primary and who ran third, will vote for Horton than for Grady in the second primary. The prevailing belief is that Grady is the McDonald candidate and that Horton is running "on his own."

U. S. Hospital Is Forced to Grant Strikers' Demand

(Continued from Page One.)

could not guarantee necessary care for the patients, 23 of whom are in a serious condition.

At the institution, resident physicians took over the strikers' duties, scrubbing floors, polishing brass and cleaning patients' rooms.

The doctors who assumed the extra jobs included Dr. W. W. Tyson of Durham, N. C.

1936 Campaign To Center Mainly in Eleven States

(Continued from Page One.)

Democratic column. With all due respect to Colonel Frank Knox the vice presidential candidate he is not a heavyweight as a vote-getter.

Massachusetts is anybody's guess, although the Republicans claim it as a certainty. Some of the editors there are not so certain.

Kansas may be counted in the Republican column, even though the Democrats plan to put up a stiff fight there among the farmers.

California will go Democratic, according to present indications. The foregoing facts were obtained from observers who attended the Cleveland convention. The observers—all Republicans—admitted the facts were not such as to breed optimism at the moment, but they looked for Alfred Mossman Landon to make a fighting campaign.

TOO MANY DISGRUNTLED The campaign will begin with former leaders and other forces on both sides disgruntled and sitting in their tents.

On the Democratic side, the Alfred E. Smith group has no place to go. The Kansas governor is not the type

to appeal to the Happy Warrior and his New Yorkers. Besides the easterners still do not trust Kansas on money.

On the Republican side, Senator William E. Borah—the Lion from Idaho who grows but never bites—will go into a cave and hide.

And Senator Vandenberg, the sage from Michigan, although he has declared he will speak with all his power for the Landon ticket, has his eyes upon 1940. It is said he would have taken the nomination if it had been given him by acclamation but while he had been sleeping during the wee hours, Colonel Knox's managers had tied up the Pennsylvania delegates.

Modern Women Follow "THE B C WAY" to Quicker Relief

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50c Hinds cream... 39c
50c Ipana tooth paste... 39c
25c Johnson baby powder... 19c
25c Ammens heat powder... 19c
55c Ponds cold cream... 33c
25c 2 Drop lotion... 10c
25c Noxzema skin cream... 15c
75c Squibb mineral oil... 59c
12 ounce Squibb milk of magnesia... 29c
\$1.00 Wine of Cardui... 86c
60c syrup of pepsin... 49c
Fountain syringe... 39c
Woodbury Soap, 3 for... 25c

Shari Face Powder and Perfume Both for \$1.19
Rexall Shaving Cream and Lotion Both for 29c
Lavender Bath Salts and Bath Powder Both for \$1.19
Jonteel Face Powder and Choice of Jonteel Beauty Creams... Both for 69c
Fungi-Rex and Rex-Salvane (for Athlete's Foot)... Both for 50c
Bouquet Ramee Toilet Soap... 3 cakes 25c
Rexall Theatrical Cold Cream, 1 lb... 59c
Klenzo Tooth Brushes... 19c and 29c
Puritest Sodium Perborate, 4 ozs... 29c
Harmony Bay Rum... 8 ozs. 29c... 16 ozs. 39c
Puritest Mineral Oil, 16 ozs... 59c
Agar Compound, 16 ozs... 69c
Stag Brushless Shaving Cream... 29c and 43c
Riker's Violet Cerate... 39c
Stag Hair Oil... 3 ozs. 23c... 6 ozs. 31c
Puritest Epsom Salt, 16 ozs... 19c

EXTRA SPECIAL
Choose any 2 of these 4 best sellers
Puritest Rubbing Alcohol full pint
MI 31 Antiseptic Solution full pint
Rexall Milk of Magnesia full pint
Puritest Aspirin Tablets 100's
Both for 69c

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Colgate, Jergens, Palmolive and Camay Soap—
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FATHER'S DAY JUNE 21st... SEE OUR GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Treasury Figures On New Proposals Are Now Awaited

(Continued from Page One.)
legislators of the two houses, which had passed markedly different bills in response to President Roosevelt's demand for tax legislation.

North Carolina, of the House conferees, expressed confidence that by tonight "we shall be able to turn the bill over to the drafting service."

After it is drawn it must be ratified by both chambers.

Although none of the legislators would make public data on the agreement it was known that it was reached after discussion of a new compromise proposal, including:

A graduated normal tax on corporate income, the levy ranging from eight to 15 percent.

A levy ranging from six or seven percent to 27 percent on undistributed corporate income.

Gladys B. Stern, English novelist, born 46 years ago.

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