

# One More Wedding

by HELEN WELSHIMER

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READ THIS FIRST:

Barbara Kingsley, in New York only a few months with a child magazine, had just told Garry Page, New York newspaperman, that she will marry him. They became interested in one another when she was society editor of the Martinsville Post and Garry had come to Martinsville for a wedding. Barbara's close friend, Natalie, who has just announced she is going to marry an older man, Basil Worthington, cautions Barbara about seeing too much of Garry. Garry has a play which is soon to be produced, starring Wenda Ayer. Garry begins to make excuses that keep him from seeing so much of Barbara, but the latter doesn't suspect Wenda, the actress, is taking up so much of Garry's time. Then an evening came when she observed that something definitely was wrong.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

### CHAPTER 20

IT SEEMED to Barbara, as she watched Garry, standing so still at the window, that all time had stopped. There was neither yesterday nor tomorrow. There was only this minute when her world would crash—when its towers would tumble and Paradise would be gone. The fear that had been in her heart grew bigger and bigger until it seemed that she could not hold it, but it would come from her lips in a swift cry in another moment.

Then Garry turned and came nearer. His eyes were sunken and his face was weary. His voice was old when he spoke.

"Barbara, I feel like the world's worst rotter." Now she knew that she had been moving toward those words for days. "Hang it all, I've fallen in love!"

When she didn't answer, because there was nothing she could say, he hurried on: "I mean with someone else, Barbara. I didn't want to—Lord, how I fought the thing! But it got me. All of a sudden, Barbara, you wouldn't believe it could come so swiftly."

"I know." In just such a way she had fallen for Garry that afternoon in the dusty, hot little office. She had looked into his laughing blue eyes and never wanted to look away again. Oh yes, it could happen that way.

"It's Wenda Ayer. You know that," he was saying rapidly. "Maybe it will pass. But I don't think so. I want her like—forgive me, Babbs. This is rotten for you. But I had to tell you. I have to be sure. You would want me to be."

"Of course, Garry." That low voice, steady and quiet, belonged to her. Strange that it could go on while her heart was rolling downhill. Thump, thump, thump—"I didn't want it to happen. You know I didn't!"

"Yes, I know." From somewhere the words came. "Things happen all of the time. We have to expect them. It had better be goodby, Garry," her voice went on with the valedictory.

"No! Just until I'm certain—" His words halted in strange confusion.

"We can't wait around on love, Garry." She could even smile at the small boy quality that could put love on a shelf like an extra blanket or a guest towel, until it was needed again.

"I hope you will be happy." She didn't. She hoped he would be miserable, wretched, dreadfully unhappy. She wasn't big, magnanimous, fine. She was going to cry.

Garry had collected himself. "Barbara, you're the world's finest sport. You'll make some man the best wife who ever pulled in the Grand Central station. I'm an idiot!"

Her lips smiled but he did not notice that the mirth never reached her eyes. "Somebody will be lucky to get me!" If Garry could hope that she would love somebody else, that showed how completely and swiftly he had gone from her.

Once, as a little girl, she had drawn a chalk line for a block and walked back and forth upon it. That was what she must do now. Draw a line and walk along it and talk along it and never let her footsteps stray or her voice falter.

Then suddenly Garry flung himself on a crooked stool at her side, and buried his face in her lap. A sob caught in his throat and she reached out to touch the rough, bright hair. Garry didn't want to lose her. He was hers. Her hands held the shining head a little closer.



"You're a dear—and I'm a fool," he said.

Hers, and he didn't know it. He needed her. But that was not reason enough for keeping him. She withdrew her hands and he raised his head.

"You're a dear—and I'm a fool," he said. He went then, pressing her hands hard, saying no other word, and Barbara sat listening to his steps go down the stairs. Steps that went to Wenda.

"Paradise," she murmured. "It's there. I saw a spire." Her head went down on the cushions but she could not cry. Instead, she got up presently, cleared away the dinner, replaced the lamp and books and ash trays on the gate-legged table. Then she telephoned Natalie, and chatted with her about her wedding. She did not hang up until there was nothing else she could say. She did not want that moment to come when she must be alone to think about Garry, to know that he was gone.

Yet, presently, she had to sit on the window seat, look into the snowy street and know that never again would she see him wave to her as he hurried for a subway, or signaled a cab. That never again would he give her bell three joyful throbs, and she would let him in.

Never—it was a terrible word, just as forever was a beautiful one. She thought of Natalie who had heard Jack tell her, in that mocking voice of his, that he could not love her. She thought of Ruth who must have parted from Bill just as she now had parted from Garry. Natalie was a little hard and much wiser now. She wanted money. Ruth had lost something precious. It left a void, she said, but it didn't hurt.

It was hard to believe that they had loved as she had. Oh, surely they could not have had this hard, bright pain that wrenched and choked and ached!

She remembered how she had wished that Garry had extended his avowal of love into a marriage proposal that night he had come back from England. She had thought that it was better, later, that he hadn't. The roots of devotion were deeply planted by then. But now she wondered.

He had not hesitated with Wenda—Wenda of the yellow hair and the blue eyes. Wenda who could weave words to a man's undoing.

The tears came at last. When they stopped she lay back, exhausted. Not even the ringing of her telephone interested her. It would not be Garry, and no other

calls mattered. Let it ring forever now. When the door bell sounded she sat up quickly. Garry might be coming back. The bell gave a long ring, not three short ones. She sank back. Of course it couldn't be Garry. How swiftly some little thing could bridge the void from heaven to nothing. At last she picked up the courage to speak through the speaking tube.

It was Jack Metcalf. "Busy?" he asked. "Y—yes." "Alone?" "Yes." "I'm coming up." "No, Jack, not tonight. I'm frightfully busy!"

She would weep or scream or kick if she had to be polite. She could not pretend that her castles stood, straight and splendid, when Arceady was a ravaged waste.

She hung up the small receiver of the speaking tube. But Jack came anyway. He rang the janitor's bell and was admitted. Barbara was aware of her red nose and eyes, and the tears on her lashes. Jack did not smile. He spoke simply. "You were crying. I knew it over the speaking tube. Can I help you, Barbara?"

"No." She managed to smile. "A minor disappointment." "There aren't any minor ones. If it is a disappointment, it is major."

"It's Garry, isn't it, Babbs? Garry and Wenda Ayer." "Why do you think so?" She would not wear her sorrow on her sleeve for him to see.

"I've been hearing things. I knew it was going to happen. And she isn't good enough for him, Barbara. You're his kind. He needs you."

"To need, and to love, are two different things," she answered. It was odd that Jack should be talking like this. Jack who had loved so lightly and so often. He seemed to know her thoughts.

"I never said that I loved one woman alone," he stated. "They insisted that I had a one-track heart though I told them all I never had. But I'm getting old now. Forty, Barbara. I'm done with romance."

"What made you look me up tonight?" she asked. "Remember a date we made some time ago? A date to see the town? I thought this might be as good a time as any to have it. What do you say?"

(To Be Continued)

## SOUTH HENDERSON WHIPS NORTH END

### Managers of Club Get View of Teams in Hotly Contested Game

South Henderson Luckies whipped North Henderson yesterday afternoon 4 to 2 at the North Henderson ball lot.

Ranes started for South Henderson, but was wild and ineffective, and Sykes took over the pitching. Johnson began for North Henderson, and gave way in the fifth to "Doc" Braswell, who hurled well the remainder of the way. Johnson yielded eight hits and walked three through his sojourn on the mound, and Ranes allowed a hit and walk in his first inning workout on the hill. Braswell was touched for only two safeties during his stay on the mound. Crabtree caught for North Henderson, while Grissom and Rose worked behind the plate for South Henderson.

Manager Lamb and Perry, of North and South Henderson clubs respectively, were pleased with the work of some of the players, while others did not measure up to what they expected. Crabtree seemed to be a real find as catcher for the losers.

North Henderson will play Pine Ridge team from near Bunn Wednesday, and barbecue will be on sale at the park for the benefit of the club.

Score by innings: R. South Henderson . . . . . 120 010 000—4 North Henderson . . . . . 000 110 000—2

## WETS IN CATAWBA WILL TEST THEORY

### Counter Attack Being Planned in Face of Rising Tide of Dries

Daily Dispatch Bureau. In the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, April 4.—Almost overlooked in discussion of the impending battle over liquor in the 1938 General Assembly is the fact that the wets are launching a counter attack on the Catawba front.

While Dries are holding "empowerment" meetings in hundreds of churches throughout the State, while ladies of prohibition persuasion are putting on the white ribbon badges which have marked former drives for legal aridity, and while canny dry strategists are carefully mapping their campaign to elect legislators who will vote for astute wide referendum, advocates of county liquor stores have launched a drive against the prohibition lines in Catawba county.

Petitions are being circulated, reportedly with good prospects of obtaining enough signatures with a view to forcing a local option election on the question of establishing liquor stores.

Under ordinary circumstances this would not be news of outstanding interest or importance, but right now it shows that the Wets are not planning to fight a wholly defensive battle. They are out to have another try at breaking down the so often repeated adage that no western county will vote for liquor stores. Many of the controllers feel that this is a boggy man, deliberately set up and fostered by dries and timid politicians.

Admitting that they went down to

defeat in both Mecklenburg and Stokes, the only truly western counties which have voted on ABC stores since the 1927 ABC act went into effect. Wets still think they have a good chance to win by bold tactics in many of the other counties. Catawba is a logical place for them to test the theory that Republicans aren't as dry-voting as many think—if given a chance to cast a secret ballot on the matter of local liquor stores. Then, too, in Catawba the Wets will have newspaper support, they believe. Another thing, the county doesn't touch any wet county, or state—and no county in North Carolina similarly situated has voted dry yet.

## MIDDLEBURG RACKS UP ANOTHER WIN

### Jackson Fans 20 As Middleburg Turns Back Norlina 10 to 3

Middleburg racked up a 10-3 victory over Norlina yesterday afternoon at Middleburg, Jackson fanning 20 of the visiting batters, allowing five hits.

White, visiting hurler, struck out 11, and was touched for 12 hits, with C Floyd leading the attack against him with two out of three, while Bennett and White got two for four.

The five visiting hits were scattered among as many players.

Hobgood and White hit for the circuit for Middleburg.

Townsville comes to Middleburg for a contest Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Score by innings: R.H.E. Norlina . . . . . 200 000 100—3 5 4 Middleburg . . . . . 108 020 31x—10 12 4 White and J. Harrelson; Jackson and Hobgood.

## Bulldogs Take on Aycock High Here

Coach Bing Miller has seen his Henderson high school baseball squad in two practice contests, but this afternoon gave him his first chance to see them in action against another high school outfit. Aycock came here to oppose the boys at League Park.

Miller felt confident that his lads would turn in their best game against the visitors, and expected plenty of trouble from Aycock, always regarded a formidable foe in any sport.

## ONLY ONE LIVELY REPUBLICAN SCRAP

Madison County, on Tennessee Line, Sees Two Minority Party Candidates Battle

Daily Dispatch Bureau. In the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, April 5.—Up in Madison county there's going to be one lively Republican primary fight, if there isn't another spine-tingling C. O. P. row in the State.

J. M. Balye, Jr., who represented the county in 1937's General Assembly, has announced for re-election.

Dr. J. M. Hutchins, who sat in the 30th district Senate seat last year, will oppose him.

Young Balye (he was 26 on January 23, this year) was decidedly in the limelight all last session after he pulled a fast one on the Democratic House majority by introducing a resolution heartily commending United

States Senator Josiah W. Bailey for his opposition to President Roosevelt's Court plan.

Thereafter, the Madison representative was treated to a kind of hazing which drew stern rebuke from veteran Democrats like Salisbury's beloved "Pete" Murphy.

Through it all, the youngster from the mountains kept trying and in the eyes of Democrats unblinded by partisanship showed more than a modicum of ability—though his chances to display it were sadly crippled by the fact that he was of a nopeless minority.

Over in the Senate Dr. Hutchins pursued a rather different course. He was extremely silent on almost every subject, probably realizing that to raise his voice would be but to drag down on his head, and to the detriment of his constituency, the ire of 48 Democratic senators.

The Doctor is nearly twice as old as his rival for the House. He served in the 1929 House, which gives him

just twice the legislative experience of Balye. It ought to be a keen battle, and Republican intra-party fights in North Carolina (particularly where the winner will almost certainly win the general election) are so uncommon as to be quite worthy of note.

## FIELD EXECUTIVE CONDUCTS COURSE

C. M. Calhoun, field executive, will be the instructor of a training course in elements of scout leadership, which begins this evening at 7 o'clock at the American Legion hut.

All scoutmasters, district committeemen, counsellors and any others interested in scouting in any way are cordially invited to take the course. There is no charge for the series.

1878—Frank H. Simonds, noted journalist-author, born at Concord, Mass. Died Jan. 23, 1936.

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## Weeping in the Ruins of Her Home



A housewife weeps as she searches for cherished possessions in the ruins of her home in Columbus, Kan., after a tornado struck the town in its tour of death through five states. The twister left a wake of death and destruction, with more than a score dead, hundreds injured and thousands homeless. (Central Press)

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