

TWO WORLDS

BY MAUD McCURDY WELCH

READ THIS FIRST: Noel Shayne, wealthy society girl, is in love with Dr. Julian Paige, a serious-minded young physician who declares he will not permit himself to fall in love with Noel because of the contrasting worlds in which they live. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:



"Why, Noel, what a pleasant surprise!"

CHAPTER 2
THE MORNING after Julian's call Noel started burning all her bridges. She was the type of girl who never did things by halves. When she found that her uncle was in financial difficulties she turned over to him \$100,000 in cash and negotiable securities. This represented a year's income, and left her with a very small amount indeed.

Then Noel went shopping. She bought a cheap tweed suit, a pair of low-heeled oxfords, and a small felt hat. Then a few blouses of direct contrast to what she wore. When she had finished shopping, she realized with a little thrill that she was close to the Medical Arts building where Julian's offices were located. So she went and waited just outside the big revolving doors, and it wasn't very long before she saw Julian coming through them, a pretty dark-haired girl beside him, talking animatedly.

He would have walked past Noel without seeing her, but she put out a hand and called his name. He stopped short and smiled. "Why, Noel, what a pleasant surprise!" The dark girl stopped, waited a moment, then went on. There was something about the way she held her head that showed she wasn't any too pleased because Julian had stopped. "She's in love with him," Noel told herself, conscious of a sudden jealous pain.

Then she turned her eyes to Julian. "Thought you might take me to lunch." "Gladly, only we'll have to go across the street, as I haven't much time." They walked across the street. The De Luxe Cafe was one of those paper-napkin kind of places, Julian explained, but added that it was quite sanitary and the food was well prepared.

Noel looked about the neat white-tiled place with interest. This was something that belonged to Julian's world. The place where most of his meals were eaten, as she found out later. As soon as they were seated, Noel told him that she had changed her plans about going to California, and later to Paris with her aunt.

Julian looked questioningly into the sweet, ardent face under the smart hat, which hadn't cost less than \$5, though of course he hadn't any idea of its cost. He only knew in his man's vague way that it was a very fetching hat indeed and that it enhanced the delicate gold of Noel's hair and the dreamy blue of her eyes. "You see," Noel went on blithely, "it just struck me that I know absolutely nothing of this city where I was born, and which my grandfather helped to build. I haven't spent more than two weeks here since I was a child."

Julian did not meet her eyes. Perhaps he was afraid she could see that her news brought him an undeniable happiness. The thought of an ocean between himself and this slender girl, who meant a great deal more to him than he would acknowledge, had been disturbing, though he knew for his own peace of mind, it would be far better for her to go.

"You'll find it very dull here, I'm afraid," he said at last. "Oh, no, I shan't," Noel said quickly. But her underlip was trembling slightly. She was thinking again of the pretty dark girl, who already had such a start over herself when it came to winning Julian's interest. Perhaps his love. Or at least they had seemed to be quite old friends. Perhaps they went to lunch together every day. So she began a little timidly, "That pretty girl who was with you—is she—I mean, are you—"

Noel's questioning gaze did not leave his face. And she received his words with reservations. Love was so important and she knew it often intruded into places where it was the least expected. "Of course, if we had any attraction for each other beyond that of friendship," Julian went on unexpectedly, "it would be very suitable. But unfortunately, it looks as if the unsuitable people are always falling in love with each other."

"Perhaps that's the way nature meant for love to be," Noel said. Julian's frankness had made her feel better. But she was certain as long as Ruth Chester worked by Julian's side, she'd always be jealous of her. Julian was looking at her now with a smile that was both grave and tender. "You're so lovely, Noel. You could turn any man's thoughts away from his career, or any other woman, if there should be another."

"But you're still determined not to fall in love with me?" she asked archly, a wave of happiness suddenly flooding her heart. A smile flickered in his eyes. "Yes, quite determined." "I could give all the hateful money away, you know," Noel said thoughtfully. Of course in a way, she had done that already. "Don't be absurd," he said with tender reproach. Then he looked at his watch. "I've only a few minutes left. Perhaps you'd better tell

me of your plans. I have a feeling that I'm going to disapprove." "You probably will," she smiled. "You see, you told me you could never belong to my world of extravagance and frivolity. And I'm tired of myself. So I'm going to belong to yours."

He looked at her, his dark brows drawn up questioningly. "I'm going to get a job," Noel went on. "I'm going to find out about the kind of world you live in. I'm going to learn things about life and living, things I couldn't learn any other way."

He shook his head. "Even if it's only a lark or a sudden whim, Noel, I think the idea is absurd." She gave him a sweet, willful smile. Then they rose and left the cafe. Out on the sidewalk, Julian looked at her, his face a little stern. "You're too attractive, Noel, and too inexperienced. I'd much prefer that you give up this rather reckless idea and go on with your aunt."

She shook her head. "Too late to change now. I've burned my bridges." Just how late it was for her to give up her plans, she did not intend for him to know. But when she had turned over all her money to her uncle, the die had been cast. She couldn't turn back, if she wanted to. It would be a year before she'd have money again.

"You're very stubborn, Noel," Julian began. "I'm afraid the trouble is that you were not spanked enough when you were young." He finished with a tender, unwilling smile. "Perhaps not," she agreed with a little flush. Julian was ready to cross the street now. He turned back for a minute. "If you do insist on carrying out this whim, you must promise to keep in close touch with me. So I'll know your impetuosity is not getting you into trouble."

"I'll promise that," Noel smiled. Wasn't that one of the objectives she had formed in her hurried campaign? To be closer to Julian—to learn to live in his world and take care of herself? Julian said goodby then and left her. After which Noel walked thoughtfully up to Main and Madison streets. As soon as she managed to get her aunt, Frankie, off alone, she knew the real adventure would begin. (To Be Continued)

Salt Lake City and Lake Interest Henderson Folk

Mr. Peace Writes of Its Beauties and Oddities and Tells of Dip in Briny Waters; Food Surprisingly Good for Point Away Out There in the Desert

This article was mailed from Yellowstone Park Tuesday of last week by S. T. Peace, one of five Henderson people enroute back home from San Francisco where they went to the annual convention of Rotary International. Woke up this morning just after day and peeped out of car window. We were crossing the Great Salt Lake so well known in geography. It is 70 miles long and 40 miles wide. A great part of it is only one foot deep but the average depth is 20 feet. The railroad crosses the lake on a dirt bed except for 12 miles. They tell us that this is the longest bridge in the world. This is the fifth bridge on this trip that has been the longest bridge in the world. There is absolutely no sign of life except one gull. Somebody

ought to put him wise. Salt Lake City is some 30 miles from the Great Salt Lake. Mr. Brigham Young and Mr. Covered Wagon are the two big boys out this way. They are renowned in song and in story, in picture and in statue. Ninety years ago when the Mormons were driven out of the east, Brigham Young led them out into this wilderness. After passing mountain after mountain after mountain he came to a perfectly flat plain fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, entirely surrounded by great lofty barren mountains. He told his followers he had had a vision and that this was the chosen place for his kingdom. He married nineteen wives, built each one a house and set up for business. There was not a single tree in the chosen land. The soil could not be

THREE LICENSES TO MARRY ARE ISSUED

Three marriage licenses were issued over the week-end, two to white couples and one to a colored, as follows: Ed H. Wilson and Beulah C. Buckner, both of Henderson; Robert Upchurch Hayes and Lucile Justice Smith, both of Henderson; Moses LeMay and Leona Wright, colored, both of Kittrell, Route 1.

REALTY TRANSFERS LOWEST FOR YEAR

Twenty-four real estate transfers occurred in Vance county during June, according to records at the register of deeds office, showing 24 for the month, bringing the total to 218 for the first half of the year. There were 28 in May and 35 in June last year. Last month's total was the smallest for any month of this year. For the first half of 1937 the total was 289, considerably more than for 1938.

Economic Troubles Of Nation Are Due To Conditions Here

(Continued from Page One.)

be expanded in the directions that this new presentation shall indicate." Meantime, the President starts out Thursday on a journey to San Francisco which may become the most spectacular bit of political torch-bearing he has ever done. Such evidence of his intentions as can be gleaned from his own remarks indicates he is on the verge of striking a bold new course in politics—of venturing personally into realms which he previously left to his lieutenants.

The President has put in good words personally only for Senator Leader Barkley, of Kentucky, and for Senators Duffy, of Wisconsin, and McAdoo, of California. Now, it appears, he may give up indirection in many cases. Other developments: Senator Logan, Democrat, Kentucky, said he felt certain neither President Roosevelt nor Vice-President Garner would seek a third term in their respective offices. Logan made it plain he had not personally discussed third terms with either Mr. Roosevelt or Garner.

Grotto Monarch



E. Blake Winter . . . now highest in Grotto Edward Blake Winter of Toronto, Ontario, is new grand monarch of the Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm. He was selected at convention in Cleveland. He was deputy grand monarch last year. —Central Press

Here Is Youth



Pictured as she arrived in New York is Mary Elizabeth Shield-Collins, 23-year-old English girl who is international secretary of the World Youth Congress. She was snapped en route from England to Vassar College, there to prepare for the second World Youth Congress in August. (Central Press)

plowed except after irrigation. He would not allow them to engage in mining. The houses were built of wood brought one hundred miles over no roads and hauled by ox carts. The cost \$100.00 per keg on account of poor transportation. He built a temple whose walls and roof are sixteen feet thick. He established his rules. One could marry as many women as he liked but he could not chew, drink, smoke, or cuss. The rules of marriage have been changed but down to this day the other rules above stated are carried out. All of us today had to throw away our cigarettes before we could enter the yard of the temple. It took him 40 years to build the temple. It is today estimated to be worth \$1,000,000.

Today Salt Lake City is a beautiful city of 150,000 people. Fresh water runs down the paved gutters in the streets all the time. The town is clean. It is full of trees of many kinds. Lombardy poplars predominate and they are the largest, tallest, and best in America. Chief industry is mining the metals and salt. About half the population is Mormon.

Salt Lake City is noted for its Capitol building. It rivals Huey Long's. Made of stone and marble. The governor's reception room, called the Gold Room, is worth \$125,000; carpet is woven in one piece, 22x48 feet. We ate lunch in the roof garden of a hotel about 20 stories high. It was beautiful up there, with snow covered mountains all around in the summer time, and soft music. I had never before seen the like of one instrument in the orchestra. It looked very old. It was like one end of a flat piano cut half into, had strings like old ivory wire, and it was played by two thin drum sticks that had rabbit feet tied on the musical ends. I asked its musician its name. He said it was a cimbalom. There was at one time one of these used in the Restaurant of Jack Dempsey, in New York. Jack Dempsey's mother lives in Salt Lake City, I saw her home, and it may be that

TWO WORLDS

BY MAUD McCURDY WELCH



She brushed back her curls and smiled.

Noel shook her head. "No, he's not like that at all. He's just—"

"Anyway," Frankie went on more complacently, "you'll soon show him he was all wrong, won't you?" Then she added, a note of anxiety coming back to her voice, "You won't be getting into any trouble, if I leave you here, will you, Noel?"

"Of course I won't," Noel answered blithely. "I'm going to have the time of my life." "At least you won't be bored," Frankie said, her voice again plaintive. "If you only knew how dreadfully hard it is to keep from being bored these days, even at Monte Carlo."

"You'll meet your friends. You'll have a nice time," Noel tried to reassure her. At last Frankie's quams were set at rest. A few hours later, she and Noel bade each other an affectionate goodby. It was, of course, only a lark, Frankie told herself confidently. Noel had been restless of late. Perhaps it was time she fell seriously in love. And it wouldn't take long for her to win the man she wanted, for it was Frankie's opinion that there wasn't alive in the world a man who could remain indifferent to Noel's rose and golden beauty and her gay spirits. So she departed happily for California.

It was 10 o'clock that night before Noel was ready to start on the first lap of her adventure. Frankie clasped her fragile hands. "But, darling, it all sounds very romantic and thrilling, and I always did think you had some of your grandfather's stubbornness and spirit. But what on earth would I do at Aix-les-Bains without you. It would just be too tiresome for words," she finished plaintively.

"You can play five-suit bridge," Noel reminded. Frankie brightened at that. She was passionately devoted to bridge. "Is it that too, too devastating young doctor, Julian Paige?" Frankie asked after a minute's thought. Noel crushed out her cigarette and sank into a chair. "Yes, it is. I suppose I might as well admit the truth." "He's precious," Frankie said with a smile. "And he's so different from all the other kind of men you have known. He has strength and—there's something really fine about him, I think," she stopped for a moment then added, "but, really, darling, he hadn't any right in the world to say things like that to you. It sounds a bit priggish, I'm afraid."

soft rugs, the taffeta-draped dressing table with its silver and gold appointments, the cool, green tiled bath with its sunken tub—

Then she remembered how bored and restless she had become with the things that money could buy. Today was the beginning of a new life. She was going to see it through. She had purposely arranged things so that even if she weakened and wanted to give up the idea, she couldn't do it. She would stick it out, whether or no.

"She was wondering if she would see Julian today or tonight and laughed a little to herself at what he would say if he should see her new home. She found a little cafe similar to the De Luxe, though not as inviting, and ate a good breakfast, surprised to find that bacon and scrambled eggs with toast and coffee could taste so good.

Then she bought a morning paper, walked over to the small, deserted front street park on the river, and sat down on a bench to study the ads. She did not notice that a man who had been standing near the register in the cafe, when she had taken a bill out of her well-filled billfold to get changed and pay for her breakfast, had unobtrusively followed her.

She was soon engrossed in the ads. There was a long list under Female Help Wanted, but nothing that fitted her peculiar abilities. In fact, she was at sea as to just the kind of work she could do, but thoroughly confident that there would be a place for her somewhere.

She found an ad—for a governess who must be able to teach French and music, when she thought might do. Luckily her "finishing school French" wasn't too bad. She tore out the ad, thinking happily that if she did see Julian tonight, she'd probably be able to tell him that she had already found a place she could fill. When she picked up her bag, which she had left on the bench beside her, she found the clasp unfastened. Frankie's shriek she looked inside. The billfold was gone. Someone had cleverly removed it from her bag while she had been sitting there half covered up with newspapers. She had a little less than \$4 in her change purse. (To Be Continued)

FOURTH OF JULY IN BRITAIN

