

TWO WORLDS

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READ THIS FIRST:
Determined to show Dr. Julian Paige, the man she is in love with, that she can make her own way in the world, Noel Shayne, wealthy society girl, burns her bridges behind her, moves to a rooming house, and, for lack of anything better, obtains a job as a taxi dancer at the Peacock, run by Nick Luigi. She is living with a girl named Laurie Evans, whom she met in the park, and who is a cashier at the restaurant which Julian patronizes. Noel feels she has a dangerous rival in Ruth Chester, Julian's pretty nurse. During an outing in the country, Julian tells Noel he wants to kiss her but doesn't think he should. One evening at the Peacock, Luigi tries to kiss Noel. She slaps his face and threatens to quit. Noel gets a job in a laundry but loses it after three days because she doesn't work fast enough. Then she sees Dr. Paige walk down the street arm-in-arm with Ruth Chester.



CHAPTER 16
NOEL WENT to the Peacock feeling more discouraged than she had at any time. As long as it seemed she was getting a little further along in her plan to show Julian that she did have stamina, and could stick out any situation, no matter how seemingly intolerable, she felt that everything was worthwhile. But she hadn't convinced Julian at all. He still refused to take her seriously. And she had gotten herself in a position from which it seemed she couldn't extricate herself.

It was awful—having to go back to Nick's when she had thought she had finished with the place forever. She didn't believe Nick would make himself obnoxious again, at least not soon, but he would keep his eyes on her just the same, for all the world like a black ugly spider watching for a chance to ensnare an unwary fly. It was the oldest comparison in the world, of course, Noel knew, but nothing else would quite express the situation. Nick with his black mustache, his pale eyes and coal black hair was like nothing else quite so much as a spider. She loathed him and the entire place. If she hadn't made it impossible, she was right at the point where she would gladly quit and give up the whole idea.

But Noel knew she wouldn't do that. She had gone into this thing with her eyes open, and she wasn't beaten yet. She knew she'd have all sorts of ups-and-downs, problems to meet. And she was learning so very many things. First about herself, and just how right Julian had been. She had had more money than she knew what to do with. And she hadn't used it for any purpose except to toss around for any transient pleasure she thought might prove diverting for the moment.

She hadn't known that everywhere in the world there were girls like Laurie, gallant and brave, fighting an unequal battle against the world, craving beauty and the finer things of life, which girls in Noel's position took for granted.

Once Laurie had said with a wistful smile: "I saw an orchid today in a florist's window. It was so beautiful it made me want to cry."

Noel had thought a lot about those words of Laurie's. She reached the Peacock at last and hurried to change into the hateful brocade gown. When she came out ready to begin dancing, there were not many people on the floor. But she was besieged at once by several men who claimed her first dance. It required tact to decide which one should be first, for Noel knew she could not afford to antagonize any of the men who patronized the Peacock.

One of the men asking for her first dance was a young man she hadn't seen before. Of course she danced with strange men every night, and three minutes later, she couldn't have told whether they had pink hair or green eyes. The only thing that mattered was whether or not they could dance without stepping on her small, tired feet. If they were able to dance even half way, she was grateful.

But this young man stood out

"Tell Mr. Luigi that I'm not interested in anything he has to say."

from all the others because of a certain refinement and ease of manner. He wore a tweed business suit, with a crisp white linen shirt and a black four-in-hand tie. His hair was blond, and brushed back from his forehead in a neat shining wave. Noel looked at his hair a little critically, wondering if those regular waves had been put there by a hairdresser. But aside from his hair, there was nothing of the dandy or fop about him. He was entirely masculine, with an air of being quite capable of coping with any problem which might arise.

Dancing with him was a delight. Noel could almost wish she didn't have to dance with anyone else during the entire evening. But of course she would have to—Luigi discouraged too much dancing with the same man, and as usual his pale eyes were watching.

So Noel permitted herself one dance with the stranger, and then sat down at a table with him. He ordered cocktails instead of the usual beer. As he lifted his glass, his grayish-green eyes sought hers questioningly. "What on earth is a girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Noel smiled at him over the rim of her glass. "One must do something," she answered nonchalantly. "A girl has to eat, you know."

"But why this place?" the young man persisted. "There must be a dozen others, more respectable, catering to a better clientele."

Noel shook her head. She had tried other dance places. "There seems to be a hundred girls for every job like this," she said. "It's a sort of—well, easy way to make a living."

"But not for you," the answer came pointedly. Then he leaned over the table and said earnestly, "Don't you know that your dancing is exceptional and that you yourself are very lovely?" At that moment Nick came over with one of the men who had claimed Noel's first dance. The music was beginning. Noel rose at once, and suffered the other man to put his arms around her and off they danced. The blond young man lifted his hand in a graceful salute.

A few minutes later he cut in. Noel knew Nick wouldn't like that, but she made up her mind she wasn't going to let it worry her. "My name is Chris Landers," the young man said. "What's yours?"

Noel told him. Then he said, "Listen, Noel, I'm going to see you again. I like you, and I'm crazy about dancing with you, and I have an idea—", but he didn't finish for just then the music

stopped with an unusual abruptness. Noel knew Nick had hit it stopped.

Chris led her to a chair. Then he said, "Good night, Noel, and goodby until I see you again. It won't be long."

She looked after his tall graceful figure as he made his way to the entrance.

Then she was being claimed for other dances. The evening seemed endless after Chris had gone. Each partner she had afterward seemed determined to monopolize her dances. She wasn't even allowed a breathing spell in between them. But she did get back to the table where she and Chris had sat and finished the cocktail she had left there. If it hadn't been for that, she didn't know how she would have finished out the time until the Peacock was ready to close.

At last it was time to leave for home. Noel made her way tiredly to the dressing room. All the girls were chattering and laughing but they stopped when Noel came in, most of them regarding her with cold looks. They were jealous of the favors Nick tried to show Noel, even though Noel had not really accepted any favor that was not tendered the other girls as well.

Noel sank into a chair for a moment or so. Her head was beginning to ache rather dreadfully. Maida wasn't here tonight, and Noel missed her. Maida was such a gentle, timid little thing. Noel was convinced that she was sincere in her proffered friendship, and it had seemed so pleasant to have her company on the way home.

After a few moments, most of the girls were gone and Noel rose from the chair, feeling a little better. She slipped off the brocade gown and put on her blouse and suit skirt. It was getting too warm for the coat.

The dressing room door opened and Noel looked up with a feeling of dread. So many times Nick had opened that door. But it was only Pansy, the colored maid, whose skin glistened like black satin and who was seldom around when she was needed.

She came over and said in a whisper to Noel. "Mister Nick say he wants to see you 'bout something very 'portant."

One of the girls who was still in the dressing room said with a sneer as she slipped her arm in that of another girl's. "Ain't it something to stand in with the boss?"

Noel paid no attention to her. She said to Pansy, "Tell Mr. Luigi that I'm not interested in anything he has to say."

With that she walked out.

(To Be Continued)

Author to Run



Owen Johnson
... would be a congressman
Owen Johnson, well-known novelist of Stockbridge, Mass., once more seeks the Democratic nomination for congress on a New Deal platform from the first Massachusetts district. Two years ago, Johnson, seeking the same office, was defeated by Representative Allen T. Treadway, Republican, who again is running for re-election.
—Central Press

Largest Open-Cut Copper Mine to Re-Open



Shovels at work constructing a tunnel

With copper demand and prices rising again, the world's largest open-cut copper mine, at Bingham, Utah, will be reopened Aug. 1. Production was suspended in June. At the present time a tunnel is being constructed at a cost of \$1,000,000 which will provide for the moving of a roadway to permit mining of deeper ore and to facilitate getting the product to the smelters.

Grid Star Slain



George McElroy
... slain defending wife's sister
California police hunted Gilbert Parman, accused as the slayer of George McElroy, 20, who died in a Sacramento, Cal., hospital from wounds received when he was shot by a man he accused of having made advances to the sister of the girl McElroy married secretly July 4. McElroy, the son of a retired Cleveland fire captain, was attending Placer Junior college at Auburn, Cal., where he was a star on the football team.
—Central Press

Paris Primps for Their Majesties



The gay city of Paris has gone through a house cleaning as all France eagerly awaits the scheduled visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth, of England. Pictured above is the entrance to a Paris department store, the decorations typical of the motif adopted by most of the smart shops.
(Central Press)

Held in Four-Dollar Murder



Warren Stinett and Margaret Abell, two of three persons accused of the murder of Warren Gantt, 64-year-old Virginia farmer, are pictured above. With a third suspect, Evelyn Bieurer, all held in Fredericksburg, Va., they are said by police to have confessed Gantt's death for his "big roll," which turned out to be four dollars in cash and a few checks.
(Central Press)

Just Before the Hop to Erin



The Bureau of Air Commerce had twice refused to permit Douglas P. Corrigan to fly the Atlantic in a 9-year-old light plane. But Corrigan is shown at Floyd Bennett Airport, in New York City, filling up a can with drinking water. Sunday morning at 5:17 he hopped off. Twenty-nine hours and thirteen minutes later he landed at Baldonnel Airport, outside of Dublin.
(Central Press)

Philadelphia Cops Wrestle With Unemployed



A handful of Philadelphia policemen are shown vainly trying to stem the rush of unemployed, who, after a mass job rally, rushed the city council chamber to present their demands. The cops were brushed aside, and the victorious jobless filed into the chambers, where the joint CIO-AFL leadership asked the council to appropriate \$2,000,000.
(Central Press)

Welcome Caveman-Savant Home



When Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, University of Chicago scientist, arrived at his Chicago home after spending a month in Mammoth Cave, Ky., doing research work, his daughters, Hortense, 9 (left), and Esther, 7, thought he looked pretty funny. That beaver was the result of a month's stay in the caves.
(Central Press)

NOAH NUMSKULL
THE MEMORY LINGER ON!
DEAR NOAH—ARE HICCOUGHS MESSAGES FROM DEPARTED SPIRITS?
ELVA GRACE JUNKS
HICKEY, N.C.
DEAR NOAH—ARE THE HORSES ON MY BABY'S BLANKET NIGHTMARES?
VELMA RAYTON
TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.
DEAR NOAH—WHEN A PIG SQUEALS, WOULD YOU CALL HIM A TATTLE-TALE?
LOUISE CORNER
HALIFAX, N.S.
DON'T FORGET FOLKS—A POSTCARD WILL CARRY YOUR NOTIONS TO NOAH.

NOAH NUMSKULL
OUCH!
DEAR NOAH—IF ONE WENT FISHING AND FELL IN, WOULD THE FISH BITE?
A.M. DOUCETT
HAVERLOCK, N.S., CAN.
DEAR NOAH—IF THE MALE INHABITANT OF NETHERLANDS IS DUTCH, IS THE FEMALE DUTCHES?
T.R.A.W., TOLEDO, O.
DEAR NOAH—HOW EARLY IS THE EARLY BIRD?
TIP RABURN
SHELBY, N.C.
MAIL YOUR IDEAS CARE THIS PAPER