

AFRAID TO MARRY

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READ THIS FIRST:

Judy Rogers, New York belle, is looking for a job because her father has been wiped out in a financial crash. When her father goes west with her step-mother, her own mother being abroad and remarried, Judy moves to a small hotel. Heart-broken because Craig Denby, the man she loved, married another girl, she finds solace in the company of Ronald Birrell, brilliant young attorney from Tennessee, who recently joined the firm of her father's lawyers. Afraid of marriage, Judy realizes that is why she lost Craig. When she learns from her best friend, Marjorie, that Craig and Mary, his bride of a few weeks, have separated, Judy calls on Mary and phones Craig in an effort to bring them back together. A second call on Mary is necessary to bring about a reconciliation. Judy cannot find work and one evening she returns to the hotel to find herself locked out because her rent is overdue. On the day she lands a job at Danceland as a hostess, Ronald tells her of the wealthy and ambitious Abbey Boland, engaged to marry a count. Judy declines it. When a reporter spots Judy at Danceland, she decides to take the position at Abbey Boland's home. There was much publicity and mystery over the fact she had exchanged dresses with another hostess who had admired the gown she was wearing. Judy embarks upon her secretarial job at the Boland estate.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 19

JUDY SAID "come in," when the knock sounded on her door. She expected a white-aproned maid to ask if she might help her unpack. Instead Abbey Boland herself stepped into the room.

Abbey was beautiful. Judy granted her that instantly. Her hair was honey-gold. Her eyes were dark purple under long, curly, black lashes. She was taller than average, and quite slender. Her dress was a twilight lavender, and slippers of darker hue were on her feet. Her slim silver bracelets were set with amethysts.

The dream lasted until she spoke. Her voice was too high, too rapid, as though it hurried to overtake a phrase which always ran ahead.

"You're Miss Rogers, of course," Abbey stated instead of asking, "Are you comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, very. It's a delightful room. I like the view of the Sound and the open wood fire is too tempting to make me stir."

Abbey dropped down in a chair, and when she did she looked very young, almost scared.

"There's a lot of work to be done. We are having almost a continuous house party until after the wedding, so there are sleighing parties when the snow comes, skating and skiing. Oh, yes, the swimming pool is an indoor affair, with cabanas and sun lamps on the terrace. We have tea about five before the fire in the library, or down in the game room . . . You'll learn your way around. I'll go over lists and plans with you tomorrow. Is ten o'clock too early?"

"Ten o'clock is fine. I'd like to get organized."

"We are having a dinner tomorrow night, and I want favors for the guests. I've a whole box of possible things you can sort. If you knew the people you could decide better."

"Maybe I do know them," Judy said gently.

"Oh, of course. I almost forgot that you are THE Judy Rogers."

Maybe you'll want to come to dinner instead of eating alone."

Judy's head came up swiftly, as though it had worn a crown and would wear one some day soon again. "No, thank you. I'm here to do a job, that's all."

She wondered if she fancied the relief on Abbey Boland's thin face. She detected a snobbish trait in the wealthy girl, one which refused to admit that a paid worker in the household had social position. Something intangible passed between the two girls. Judy felt it. It might have been a challenge. Maybe it was a warning. She didn't know.

"If you need anything just ring for Myra. She's the maid in this section of the house," Abbey said, and excused herself.

From below Judy heard laughter, light voices, music. She hung her dresses, unpacked her books, took a bath and brushed her hair. She climbed into the wide bed but could not sleep. Presently she got up, put on a skirt and warm sweater, and a brown tam on her curly hair, and slipped down the back stairway. She let herself out and walked in the cold blue air, throwing her head to the stars, looking far, far across the Sound. In the house she felt like a prisoner. Under the dark canopy of the silver-bright stars she was free. This beauty she knew.

She came back in an hour tired, sleepy, at peace. The side door was locked. She rang a bell but no one answered. There were lots of doors, she decided. One of them would be open. She crossed to the south side of the house, but there was no response at the two doors there. She found another one, and rang in vain. Apparently the servants were busy elsewhere, or callers were using the wide front door.

She had avoided that entrance purposely, fearing she might run into the dinner party. Well, there was no help. She would avert her face if she met anyone and slip unobtrusively up the stairs.

She knew she had made a mistake the moment she entered. The dinner party, about to go to the nearby club for further festivities, was assembled in the wide hall. Someone gave the signal.

"Judy Rogers, where have you been?"

"Hi, Judy, welcome back! The town's been dead without you."

They surrounded her. They pulled her this way and that. They let her know how they welcomed her.

The young people whom she did not know gazed at her with eager interest. She sensed that she had stolen the limelight. It was funny, she thought, that she should be the center of attention in a living, was standing in the middle of this dressed-up group, wearing an old brown sweater and tam, and wondering how Abbey was taking it.

Abbey had made no sound. She stood aloof, lips narrowed, eyebrows drawn, watching.

A young man pulled her forward. "Say, Abbey, what do you mean keeping Judy shut up! Don't let her pull that 'I-want-to-be-alone' stuff on you. She's the friendliest

girl in the east. Remember the time at the Sigma Nu dance, Judy . . . ?"

The inner circle closed around Judy. The young people who belonged to society as it appeared in the blue book and the social register lined up with Judy. The others, not in it themselves, and closer friends of Abbey's, made her cohort.

Into the midst of the gaiety, a tall, dark young man came. His eyes were lazy, amused, a trifle cynical. He had a small black mustache, a disarming smile, dark hair, a stubborn chin.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Judy!" Two of the young men told him. "In person! Judy Rogers!" They turned to Judy. "It's Count Philippe."

The count bowed deeply.

"And who, may I ask, is Judy? Probably I should know but I must confess— He shook his head dubiously.

"The secretary to Miss Boland," Judy told him, watching his surprise.

"She's a daughter of Malcolm Rogers of the Street," somebody added.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course." His eyes narrowed and his expression said that he remembered the story. "Your mother is abroad, is she not? I met her last year, and she mentioned a daughter."

"Philippe, we're late," Abbey's key tones ended the conversation. The merry-makers went through the great door into the waiting cars. Judy went up the steps alone.

She wished that she had stayed out of doors half an hour longer. This meeting could have been avoided. She knew instinctively, Abbey resented it. She knew, also, that Abbey was going to desperate measures to enhance her social prestige in the eyes of the count. She must have pulled some pretty fine strings to get two or three of those people to come to her dinner.

It seemed rather absurd and foolish, this fine-point technique of the social game. Once it had been important. No, she told herself, it hadn't. She had yielded to it because it was part of her life. Gratefully she realized that she preferred, really preferred, to be on the outside accomplishing something.

She slipped into cream satin pajamas, threw the windows wide, and climbed into bed. She was half asleep when the telephone at her bed rang. She picked it up. She had noted a minute switchboard in the lower hall which the butler operated. Who could be wanting her?

"Judy?" The cheerful, confident tones belonged to Ronald Birrell. "How are you doing?"

"Oh, fine! I'm unpacked, and I've got a view of the Sound, and an open wood fire. Why didn't you come to the party tonight?"

"I wasn't invited," he answered ruefully.

"Neither was I." She couldn't resist that.

"But I am included in the week-end festivities. I'm coming out tomorrow night."

She was glad, Judy realized.

(To Be Continued)

plowings-under. A land-owner can un-plant his own hand or plow it under and be indemnified for doing so. A tenant farmer, however, has no land of his own, not to plant on or to plow under. He can't very well rent land not to plant on, or to plant on and then plow under. It sounds mixey, but it's equally sound economically.

Had Shot At It. B-sides, I think a lot of our farmers are slightly cuckoo.

I'm not much of a farmer but I ran a farm once—in South America.

I had a cow, which gave all the milk I needed. I had pigs, and ate one occasionally. I had chickens which laid eggs for me, and, headed now and then, were good eating. I raised my own vegetables. In short, I set my own table. If necessary I burned corn for fuel. I wore no clothes to speak of.

I didn't need much cash money except for my primitive wants—like tobacco and alcohol. If I'd been entertained those too.

But a North American farmer plants nothing but wheat or corn or cotton or tobacco.

He's dependent on condensed milk, canned fruit and vegetables, meat from a butcher shop and miscellany from a grocery. He can't eat raw wheat or cotton.

He isn't a farmer. He's a manufacturer of basic stuff.

It isn't an agricultural problem.

High French Statesmen Go To London

(Continued from Page One.)

and British statesmen has been predicted several days in an effort to prepare a joint approach to Chancellor Adolf Hitler through Prime Minister Chamberlain next week at Godeseberg, Germany.

The joint consultations were projected as the British cabinet met in its second session today to work out the government's policy in the Prague-Berlin quarrel, which threatened to send Europe into the trenches.

The invitation to Daladier and Bonnet was believed by observers to foreshadow decisive Anglo-French action in the face of Hitler's aggressive stand against the Czechoslovak government in its dispute with the Sudeten German minority.

The cabinet session was the fourth this week and closely followed a two-hour morning meeting, at which the fate of Czechoslovakia and the momentous conversations between Prime Minister Chamberlain and Chancellor Hitler were considered.

Their first meeting broke up at 1:30 p. m., with no announcement of Britain's attitude.

Viscount Runciman, the British mediator in Prague, sat through part of the morning session and then went to Buckingham Palace to lunch with King George.

Trucks Will Take Places Mail Trains

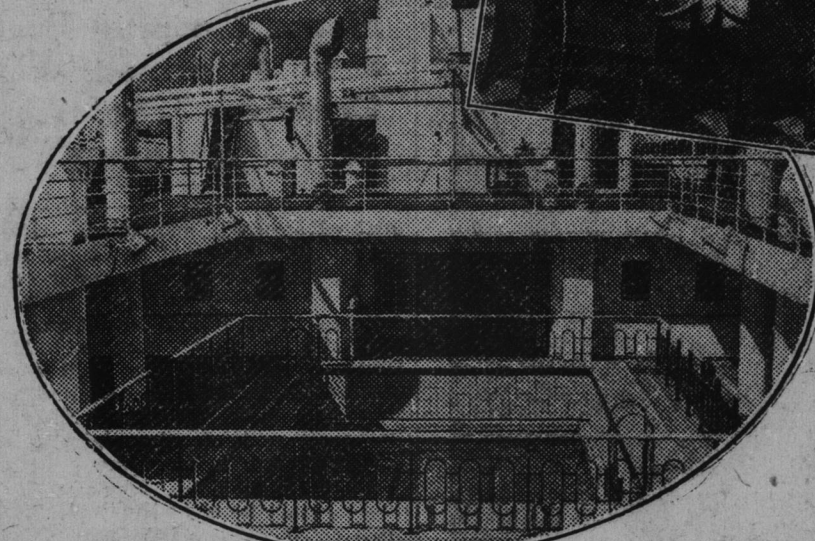
(Continued from Page One.)

of prospective customers, ran from the box office far out onto Fayetteville Street. Way back near the end stood His Excellency, frock coat and all, taking his chance and turn just like any one else. It's doubtful that he

Uncle Sam to Inaugurate "Good Neighbor" Fleet of Luxury Liners to South America



The S.S. Uruguay, one of the three 32,000-ton ships of the American Republics Line, shown entering New York harbor preparatory to her initial voyage.



Above picture shows the first class passenger's dining salon on the S.S. Uruguay and gives some idea of the luxurious appointments aboard ships of Uncle Sam's new "Good Neighbor" fleet.

'At left is shown the swimming pool on the S.S. Uruguay. Each of the ships in the fleet have such pools on their aft decks, making outdoor swimming a popular sport throughout most of the long voyage across the equator.

WHEN the SS Brazil sails from New York harbor Saturday, Oct. 8, for Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Santos and Buenos Aires, Uncle Sam will inaugurate the first deluxe steamship service to South America east coast ports in an effort to take care of rapidly expanding tourist and freight trade between the Americas.

Three modern luxury liners, each more than 600 feet in length and each having a displacement of 32,000 tons, will comprise the new Good Neighbor Fleet, which will be operated by the United States Maritime Commission under the name of the American Republics Line.

The steamships assigned to the new South American service are the SS Brazil, the SS Argentina and the SS Uruguay, formerly the SS Virginia, the SS Pennsylvania and the SS California, operating in inter-coastal service between New York and San Francisco. Approximately \$1,000,000 has been spent recently to

insure comfort and convenience to passengers traveling to our southern neighbors aboard these ships.

All three ships have up-to-date modern, deluxe appointments, and are equal in comfort, luxury and seaworthiness to any of the trans-Atlantic liners.

Each of the Good Neighbor Fleet boats accommodates 400 first and tourist class passengers, and each has an average speed of 18 knots per hour. They are twin-screw and the largest turbo-electric liners ever built in the United States. They are provided with swimming pools and luxurious public rooms, staterooms and suites. Passenger accommodations are specially adapted to tropical weather conditions and each vessel has general cargo space of 490,000 cubic feet and refrigerated cargo space of 108,000 cubic feet.

For years existing steamship service between the east coasts of North and South America has been considered inadequate. Because of the development of closer interna-

tional relations between the United States and the countries of South America, with a resulting expansion of trade and cultural ties, the United States Maritime Commission decided last spring that service between these countries required immediate improvement.

Whereupon, the Maritime Commission acquired the three liners from the Panama Pacific Line and immediately began the task of reconditioning them. The SS Brazil was reconditioned at a Newport News, Va. shipyard, and the SS Argentina and the SS Uruguay were overhauled at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Brooklyn, New York. The New York shipping firm of Moore & McCormack Co., Inc., will act as managing agents of the American Republics Line until Jan. 1 for the account of the Maritime Commission. After that date, the American Republics Line will be operated by Moore & McCormack under charter from the government.

Farmers Hurt By Failing To Raise Foods

(Continued from Page One.)

this as an odd way of looking at the matter, I mean to say that it would have been so considered years ago, when I lived in the wheat, corn and hog belt. A poor growing season in that era rated as a public calamity. To be sure, farmers complained that prices were low when they had bumper yields, whereas they didn't have anything to sell when figures were high, due to drought, hail or grass-

hoppers. Still, I never heard it argued that big crops were a curse or that semi-famine was a blessing.

A Novel Plan. The other day an acquaintance of mine suggested to me a novel plan for agriculture's benefit.

I mustn't identify him too closely. In the first place, he was sarcastic; he didn't mean what he said. Secondly, he was insulting to the New Deal's so-called "philosophy of scarcity." To quote him inevitably would involve him in trouble with his superiors.

Anyway, he's a bug specialist—an entomologist in the agriculture department.

This chap's proposition is that we ought to encourage pestiferous insects—to make the most of the ones we have already, and to import new kinds, even as the Japanese beetle is a comparatively recent immigrant.

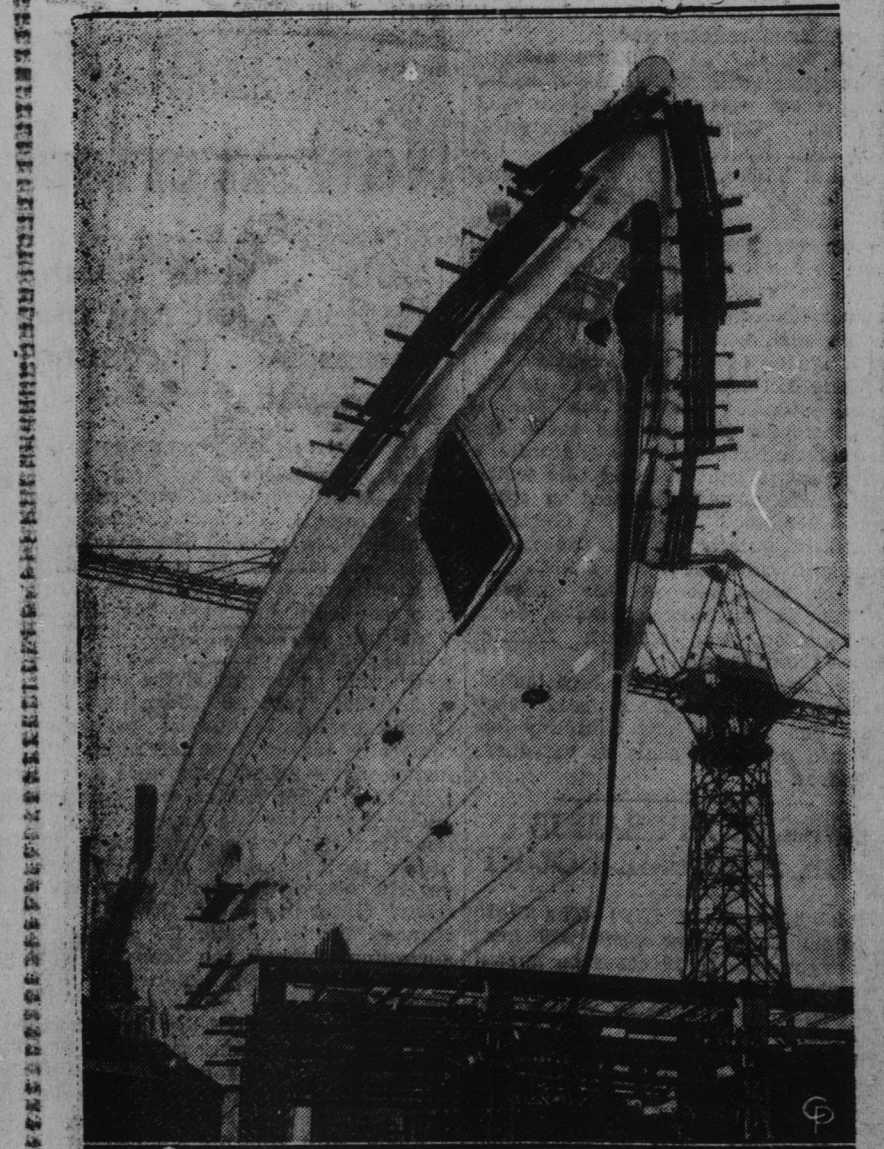
It's a fantastic notion, certainly. All the same, about half a decade past, the idea was boosted in Dixie that a monument ought to be erected somewhere in the southland to the boll weevil, as a restraint upon cotton overproduction.

Need I remark that that was a josh also?

Still, as my entomological friend observes, bugs are a lot more effective than any amount of un-plantings and plowing-under, and it's hard to slaughter little pigs as fast as hog cholera kills them automatically.

Moreover, bugs and germs are impartial. This isn't true of un-plantings and

A Queenly Bow



This unique angle shot was taken of the semi-clipper bow of the Cunard White Star Line's newest luxury liner, the Queen Elizabeth, 85,000-ton vessel built at Clydebank, Scotland, for Atlantic trade. The vessel will have two pear-shaped funnels, two short masts, and will be streamlined.

Swiss Planes in Maneuvers



Armed might is Switzerland's answer to the question of how long she can maintain her neutrality. Lined up at the airfield near Dübendorf, where the tiny republic engaged in intensive maneuvers, are Swiss war birds, ready for the air. (Central Press)

NOAH NUMSKULL
BABY, YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

DEAR NOAH— DOES A DOG HAVE TO HAVE TICKS TO BE A GOOD WATCH—DOG?

VERNON MORRISON LANTON OREGON

DEAR NOAH— IF A BURGLAR BROKE IN YOUR BASEMENT WOULD THE COAL CHUTE? JENNIFER S. EDWARDS CLOVER, S.C.

DEAR NOAH— WHAT KIND OF RIVER BED HAVE? BEVERLY BLOCH HOBBOKEN, N.J.

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ever got in. Miss Lucy Cobb, Raleigh authoress, was spied on the street Friday, happy as any child with its very first toy. She was proudly displaying an advance copy of her first published book—"Animal Tales from the Old North State."

State Treasurer Charles M. Johnson will address the National Association of State Auditors, Comptrollers and Treasurers at their annual meeting at Biloxi, Mississippi, November 17, he says. His subject will be "Methods Used in North Carolina in Helping Local Governments To Get Out of Debt and

Stay Out of Debt. The State Department of Agriculture plans to ask the 1939 General Assembly to appropriate \$80,000 to match dollar for dollar Federal funds to be used in combatting Bang's disease among Tar Heel cattle. Commissioner W. Kerr Scott has revealed. The commissioner looks upon Bang's disease as one of the main threats to North Carolina's dairy industry.

"ON EDGE!"

HITLER, HAVE A HEART!