

# "TELL BILL GOODBYE"

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

By Marie Blizard



**SYNOPSIS**  
**THE CHARACTERS:**  
**FABIENNE SEYMOUR,** rich, young and beautiful.  
**NICKY BARTLETT,** wealthy and in love with Fabienne.  
**ELLEN CHAPMAN,** young and capable mistress of Wiloughby house.  
**DR. BILL MALLORY,** close friend of Ellen's.  
**YESTERDAY:** Fabienne returns to New York for a few days to watch the presentation of her play at the settlement house. There the children give her a warm welcome.

**CHAPTER THIRTEEN**  
**HOW LONG** had he been standing there quietly? How much had Bill Mallory seen of that little play of welcome?

She said, "I . . . I've got something in my eye," and dabbed at it with a minute handkerchief.  
 "I'll take it out for you." Possessively, he guided her toward the light. There was a twinkle in his eye, but the expression on his face was professionally concerned.  
 "I . . . I think it's out now," she said.

"We're glad to see you back, Miss Seymour. I guess you gathered that. The kids . . ."  
 "Oh, the kids," she said hastily, embarrassed. "You know how they are. I just got here. Is Ellen about?"  
 "Ellen is everywhere about. She hasn't lighted anywhere since we got here. I think we might find her out front."

Fabienne said, "Let's go look."  
 As they came down the aisle to their seats in the front row, the lights went down and the curtain rose jerkily.

The play was on. The play was a dramatization of episodes from the lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. It was played from a cast that ranged in years from four to twelve; by a cast that spoke with the tongue of foreign lands, and spoke with the childish stilted phrases that were a delight in themselves. Fabienne felt proud.

It was over very quickly, too quickly. Because Bill Mallory sat by her side and because she was aware of the pleasure in his face, his simple delight that she, too, felt in the children's performance. Once she looked at him and whispered, "You like them, don't you?"

"Kids are more interesting than people," he said, smiling. "I work with them all the time, you know."  
 "Do you?" she said, and returned her gaze to the stage.  
 The play was over and they rose to stand for the playing of the national anthem.

Fabienne dropped her purse. She bent to pick it up.  
 Bill bent at the same time.  
 Her soft hair brushed his cheek. His hand fumbled with the purse, touched hers. A flame ran up her arm, into her throat and made her face feel hot, her eyes burn.  
 "Thanks," she murmured, and

turned away from him quickly before he could see how his touch had affected her. She said, "Oh, there's Ellen."

Ellen was coming toward them, holding out both hands to Fabienne. "Fabienne! You came! I knew you would! Wasn't it wonderful? The children did it for you. You've no idea how you've been missed. I haven't had the heart to tell them that you'd left for good. The older girls have been asking for you and making plans to show you when you come back," Ellen chattered as she led them out of the hall.

"The older girls?" Fabienne asked.

Ellen was leading the way to her office.  
 "The sixteen-year-olds. Wait until you see them. They're wearing their hair like yours. There's a wave of saddle shoes and sweaters and skirt costumes sweeping the entire neighborhood" (Fabienne had adopted the collegiate costume for her work) "and they're even trying to talk like you. You've supplanted Garbo and Ginger Rogers as their ideals, my dear."

Bill said, "I'll buy you girls a drink later. I think I'll drop in and see how Hopkins is getting along and pick you up later."

"When he had gone, Ellen said, 'We need you, Fabienne. Mrs. Chesborough has promised us a gift of fifteen hundred dollars and we think we'll use it on some project for the older girls. They're quite a problem. They're at an age when children's pursuits are beneath them, and they don't want to take part in the programs of their parents. We like to keep the old ones adjusted to their own old world lives, but the young ones want to be part of the new world.'"

"What do you plan to do?" Fabienne asked.  
 "Find some way to keep these youngsters from going to dance halls and cheap amusement places by offering them something more entertaining. We thought we'd spend the money to put a dance floor in the gymnasium and plan dances and competitive games, something whereby boys and girls can get together—away from street corners. What do you say to this?"

"I? Why, I think it's a great idea."  
 "There's a catch to it, Fabienne. The girls don't really take to it. They think it's a form of being watched over. But if you—whom they adore—were to back up the movement and be sort of the spirit behind it, they'd follow whatever you do."

"Really I . . . oh, Ellen, we've had this out before," she wailed.  
 Ellen's face was troubled, but she said, "I know we have and I wouldn't want you to come back unless you came willingly. But you have so much to give, Fabienne, and these girls have so little! I thought you might feel the way I do about it. However— she broke off and smiled. "How long are you

going to stay in New York?"  
 Fabienne took a cigaret from her jeweled case and tapped it thoughtfully. She was thinking: I can't stay and I won't let Ellen urge me. There were a lot of parties scheduled for the holidays in Maryland, parties that she was looking forward to.

"YOU HAVE SO MUCH AND THEY HAVE SO LITTLE."  
 She had dances and drags and cocktail parties that she'd promised to go to. Dances in the high-ceilinged rooms where she'd danced so many, many times. Miss Kate and Miss Viola Lee in their lavender shawls. The black boys playing slow waltzes back of the palms. The miles and miles of buffets with salads and hot breads. They'd been there for decades and they'd be there for decades more—unchanged.

And the days. The nice, lazy, well-ordered days. Breakfast before the fire in the library. Molly brushing her hair. Lavender-scented sheets to sleep between each night. She couldn't leave that and come back to hurried breakfasts, to eight hours a day wiping little noses, running about . . .  
 "Miss Seymour! Excuse me, please, Miss Chapman, but can I come in?" It was Rosie Riccio, a broad smile on her swarthy, pretty face, who spoke, interrupting Fabienne's train of thought.

At first, Fabienne didn't recognize her. Gone were the patches of rouge on her olive cheeks. Gone was the bold smudge of lipstick, the oily curls. Rosie wore her hair in a roll, the way that Fabienne wore it when she was at work. Gone were the silly, cheap sandals and the sleazy dress. Low heels and a little sweater suit replaced them.

"Rosie!" Fabienne said, delighted.  
 "I just wanted to tell you how glad we are you're back."

"I'm glad to be back, Rosie. Will you call a meeting of the girls in your group for Monday night at eight o'clock?"  
 Ellen said, "Good girl, Fab!"  
 "You've got me hypnotized, Ellen Chapman. I hadn't the slightest intention of staying."

"You'll never be sorry, Fab. The bread on the waters has never failed to come back. . . . Come along now. We'll pick up Bill. He'll be delighted to hear this."  
 "He will?" Fabienne said in a small voice.  
 "Of course he will. He's been talking about you ever since you left. He wants you to work with him."

"In the clinic?" Fabienne asked, setting her mouth in a firm line.  
 "Oh, no! Bill's working awfully hard on some choral groups, getting ready for Christmas carols. He needs you, too, Fabienne. But I warn you, right now, it will take a lot of your time. They rehearse every night."

Working with Bill every night! It was sweet to anticipate, but it was dangerous. If this was bread on the waters, it was bitter bread.  
 (To Be Continued)

## Principals In Sacred Concert Sunday Afternoon



### Symphony and Choir To Render 'Messiah' At Duke University

Durham, Dec. 1.—The seventh annual rendition of Handel's sacred oratorio, "The Messiah," in Duke university chapel is to begin at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The 150-voice university choir, J. Foster Barnes, director, will be supported by the 55-piece Charlotte symphony orchestra. The combined organizations are to be directed by G. S. de Roxie.  
 This will be the first appearance of a full orchestra in the annual Duke performance of the famous work. The organ and small groups of instrumentalists have been used heretofore. Also, only excerpts from "The Messiah" have been presented in previous renditions; practically the entire oratorio is to be performed Sunday. The program will require about two hours.  
 Thomas Edwards, tenor, head of the voice faculty at Elon college, and six members of the university choir are to have solo parts. The Duke soloists: Mrs. J. Foster Barnes and Mrs. A. E. Stanley, sopranos;

Miss Evelyn Barnes and Mrs. G. Frank Warner, contraltos; Mr. Barnes and J. P. Waggoner, baritone.

The famous oratorio was first performed in Dublin in 1742, with Handel himself directing. It was at this first performance that the entire audience, moved by the majestic "Hallelujah chorus," rose to its feet and inaugurated the tradition which has been continued by audiences the world over for nearly two centuries.

In the seven years since its organization the university choir has earned a wide and favorable reputation among music lovers and critics. It is one of the largest choral groups in the nation having a regular schedule of rehearsals and public performances, and several critics have pronounced it among the

Above are shown some of the principals in the annual performance of Handel's sacred oratorio "Te Messiah," to be given in Duke university chapel at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. J. Foster Barnes, director of the 150-voice university choir, is to be one of the soloists. Others shown above are left to right: Mrs. G. Frank Warner, contralto; Mrs. J. Foster Barnes, soprano; Mrs. A. E. Stanley,

soprano; Miss Evelyn Barnes, contralto; and J. P. Waggoner, baritone. Tenor soloist will be Thomas Edwards, head of the voice department of Elon college, not pictured. At lower right is a recent picture of the Duke singers. The choir is to be accompanied by the 55-piece Charlotte symphony orchestra, and the combined musical groups will be directed by G. S. de Roxie. A second performance of the oratorio is to be given in Charlotte next Friday night.

More ships sunk by mines—headline. It's getting so there is hardly any parking space left—at the bottom of the North sea.

The French are attempting to camouflage the Eiffel tower. It's a wonderful trick—if they can do it.

## SEVEN INITIATES WEDNESDAY NIGHT

### Hi-Y Club Takes In Seven Boys and Sends Delegates to Conference

The Hi-Y Club at Henderson high school held an initiation Wednesday night, with seven members being taken into the club with impressive ceremony.

Those taken in were Gus Zollicoffer, Kenneth Isley, David Cooper, Harry Patterson, J. Lee Lassiter, Paul Blake and Thomas Bobbitt. Joel Cheatham was to be taken into the organization, but could not attend the initiation session, due to an infected leg.

Plans were made to send Joe Evans, Stanley Teiser, Bruce Collins, Clinton Mills and Alston Cheek to the Hi-Y Conference in Winston-Salem beginning today, and continuing through Sunday.

Delegates from the clubs in North and South Carolina were expected to be in attendance.

## Health Head Asks Support Of TB Seals

Dr. A. D. Gregg, county health officer, today gave his unqualified support to the campaign for the sale of Christmas seals to fight tuberculosis. He outlined how the funds realized can be used in Henderson and Vance county. His statement follows:

"War is declared, yes right here in North Carolina, not by any government and not against any nation or peoples. War is declared against the invisible empire of germs, the constant and yet unconquered foe of our people's health.

"The little germ known as Koch's bacillus, or bacillus of tuberculosis, has proven one of the hardest to conquer of all the pathological microbes. So now one of most active campaigns for better health is waged against tuberculosis, and the annual sale of these seals is one of our fine methods to raise money which is a needed material in this warfare and our fight is

not at all hopeless.

"The seal sale money is largely used to furnish milk to the undernourished children in our schools. Many of these children are now skin positive showing exposure to T. B. and a possibility of an active case a few years from now. Protect and build up these children to adult life and you have practically won the fight for your community as the vast majority of cases are infected with young. The teachers tell me that they can see good results from the milk given in schools.

"The health department has the names of the children who are liable to become active cases of tuberculosis or who have been exposed to active cases and we try to check these by X-Ray at least once a year. Our next tuberculosis clinic will be in January and we will probably have to get financial aid to help pay the charge of \$1 for X-Ray plates. Other services of the clinic are free.

"Several diseases of the public health we have conquered. Let us all get behind this sale, go over the top and vanquish the Great White Plague of tuberculosis."

## REV. J. F. STARNES NEW RURAL PASTOR

### To Hold Two Services Sunday in Churches of Vance Circuit

The Rev. J. F. Starnes, who at the recent Methodist conference in Fayetteville was transferred to the Vance circuit, group of former Methodist Protestant churches, has moved into the parsonage on North Garnett street, and has assumed his duties here.

Mr. Starnes replaces the Rev. J. D. Crantford, who for the past five years served as pastor of those churches. The new pastor comes here from Stem.

Services will be held Sunday at Spring Valley church at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Flat Rock Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, with Rev. Mr. Starnes in charge.

Realty Deed—A lot on Peachtree street was sold Alex S. Watkins by A. A. Zollicoffer for \$100 and considerations, according to a deed filed with the Vance Registry Wednesday.

Mussolini advises students to study with a rifle by their side. Must be tough being a teacher over there.

Thyssen, Hitler's original backer, has to flee to Switzerland. Wonder if he thinks he got his money's worth?

# Saturday Morning At 9 O'clock SALE OF DRESSES

## Our Entire Stock Of Early Fall And Winter Dresses Reduced To Close Out

You will want several of these when you see the quality and realize you are getting them at about half their actual worth. Come Early! They won't last long at these prices.



### Stylish Frocks

In blacks, blues, wines and prints. Made to sell up to \$2.95. Close Out Price—

**\$1.59**

2 For \$3.00

### Smart Dresses

This season's best styles and colors. Sizes 14 to 50. Values up to \$3.95. Close Out Price—

**\$2.59**

2 For \$5.00

### Dressy Dresses

Most wanted colors in this season's best styles. Values to \$5.95. Close Out Price—

**\$3.65**

2 For \$7.00

### Better Dresses

These are in two groups. Styles made to sell at about twice the price on sale now at.

**\$5 and \$6**

### Dresses \$1.00

About 30 dresses on this rack. Some at less than half their former price. Close Out At—

**\$1.00**

### Blankets

Extremely low prices on all blankets for this sale.

**Buy Now**

# EFIRD'S DEPT. STORE

"In The Heart Of Henderson"

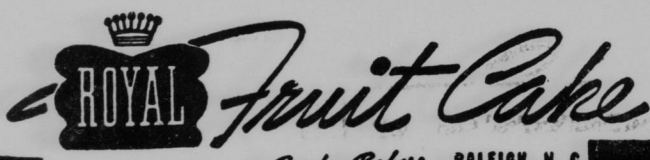


### FRUIT CAKE

Can be Different!

"MELOW" IT! If you want to "mellow" your fruit cake, you'll find Royal's Tin-Pack ideal for the purpose. Buy your Fruit Cake early and put it away for mellowing.

Different, and more delicious! Yes, and stuffed full of more nuts and wholesome fruits . . . that's ROYAL FRUIT CAKE, the fruit cake which immediately becomes a favorite with all who taste it. If you've baked your fruit cake before, this year save time, money and bother and still be proud of the fruit cake you serve. ROYAL. If you're accustomed to getting it at your grocer's, go to him again . . . but make sure you ask for the best, ask for ROYAL FRUIT CAKE.



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