

RAPTURE BEYOND

By Katharine Newlin Burt

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Fresh from a French convent, Jocelyn Harlowe returns to New York to her socially-elect mother, a religious ambitious woman. The girl is hurried into an engagement with the wealth Felix Kent. Her father, Nick Sandal, surreptitiously enters the girl's home one night. He tells her he used to call her Lynda Sandal. The girl is torn by her desire to see life in the raw and to become part of her mother's society. Her father studies her surroundings.

Now go on with the story
"U-hum. I suppose so. Will you get his picture for me?"
"Felix Kent's?"

"Sure thing. Your young man's." She laughed. The whole experience began to be an astounding adventure. This father had a way with him that opened a door in her heart. He was so casual, so hard, so vibrant. There had been nothing like him in her life. She hurried to her room to get the picture.

She was quick, being really afraid that he might just vanish forever if she left him. So coming back light-footed she found him returning to his place from some swift furtive investigation of the room. She noticed this, but in her confused excitement it made on her at the time no particular impression. Later she was driven to remember it.

Her father stood up to go, catching his cane smothering a cry at the pain all sudden movements cost him.

"I mustn't see you again. But—here's my address." He pushed a folded scrap of paper into her hand and bent her fingers over it. "I want you to have that for two reasons. If you ever need me you can send for me or come to me. But I advise you unless it's a very serious business, to forget me and my whereabouts. The other reason . . . well, I won't bother with that. May I kiss you?"

She lifted her face. She was in tears.

She followed him into the small back room, her own bedroom. It startled her to think that he had climbed in at her own little window. Now Sandal got himself painfully cut across its sill and Jocelyn watched him climb down the fire escape, swiftly and quietly in spite of his pain and twisted body.

Jocelyn shut the window, went back to the lighted front room.

This was her father, she thought. One day Felix offered to take her to her office.

"Oh, Felix, will you? I'd love to see your office. Will you show me everything? Will you explain everything?"

In Kent's inner sanctuary she was introduced to Miss Rebecca Deal, a little ruddy sturdy woman with bright eyeglasses and a sturdy mouth.

Jocelyn was amused by this new manifestation of womanhood. When Felix left to interview someone in the outer office she sat down in his revolving chair before his great neat handsome desk and looking at Miss Deal with all her eager eyes began to question her:

"You work here with him every day?"

"Half the time he's off, Miss Harlowe, in Chicago or the Southwest. He's interested, as of course you know, in all these mines."

"It seems so queer to me," said Jocelyn with her slow wistful smile, "that all this side of his life just means nothing to me. How much better you know him than I do?"

Rebecca blushed and laughed.

"I wish I were as clever as you are and had your experience. I would so love . . ."

Here Felix entered and the girl came toward him, speaking earnestly. A new Jocelyn seemed to meet him at every turn he made.

"Felix, can't I learn how to do these things for you? I mean, if Miss Deal could teach me, I'd love to work with you, to understand."

"You shall know whatever you want to know, sweetheart."

In the limousine, on their way to lunch, Felix spoke tenderly:

"I do want you to be in my confidence but I never thought you'd be interested in this sort of thing."

"But this sort of thing is just part of all I must know, Felix. I have been so put away and shut up . . . like one of these unlucky princesses in towers. It is horrid to be a medieval infant in a world of grown-up moderns. I much know. I must learn. If I had friends here who could teach me . . . young people . . ." Felix controlled a wincing motion, "but without them how shall I ever learn unless you will teach me? Do you think I could take a business course, perhaps, after we are married?"

"You may take any course you like, beloved. But you mustn't hate your beautiful innocence. It is just because you are so exquisitely different that I love you."

In her own room she sat down on her bed and thought. After a while she pulled out a big leather

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

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valise from her closet and rummaged there. She dressed herself in a pleated short plaid skirt, a black tight jersey, long-sleeved, high in the throat, a little jacket and in a big old tam-o-shanter.

Before she put this on her head she ran her fingers back and forth through her sleeked thick hair until it was the wild unruly mop of a goliwog. She went to her mother's room and examined the likeness she had so achieved: a girl with a slim high-colored face, a firm rich mouth, a pair of tilted gleaming eyes: a girl with a swagger that was made charming by its lines of race and breeding.

"Oh, Lynda Sandal," said Jocelyn, "I am going to like you. Maybe it will be wonderful!"

There, in the little bedroom, its door locked, coiling a trunk rope around her arm she switched off her light and swung her leg across the window sill.

She drove to the address her father had given her. She got out, paid the driver and climbed up the dirty steps of an old-fashioned brownstone building on a street which once must have been lined with somber dwellings.

A Japanese boy answered her ring.

"Does Mr. Sandal live here?"

"Yes'm. Tree flaut up."

Jocelyn paused before she took the last few steps of her ascent of the three flights of stairs.

Across the room Nick Sandal crouched on a battered sofa against the wall. He was twisted up painfully among some tattered cushions and smoked a pipe with deep eager sucking noises, cuddling its bowl in one of his swollen and distorted hands. His bright eyes watched a group of four men playing cards at a table.

She came rapidly up the last few steps and stood in the doorway.

Nick Sandal, brushing away the smoke of his pipe, made a queer gasping exclamation, then put up his hand as though to prevent an insult and struggled to his feet.

"Boys, this is my daughter," he cried out sharply.

There was a strained silence in the room.

It was Jocelyn herself who broke the silence.

"Go on with your game, please," she said, "I came to talk to my father."

The men obeyed with alacrity. They returned to their cards and to their smoking, ignoring Nick and his visitor. But one of them, with a wink and twist of his whole face, got up and shut the door.

Jocelyn sat down beside the cripple on his battered lounge and put her hand uncertainly on his free one. He took it up as though it had been something more perishable than his own and peered up into her face. They spoke in low voices, trying to create for themselves an illusion of privacy.

"I wanted to see you, Father. I got out the way you showed me. Mother doesn't know I'm here."

"Nothing wrong then?"

"No, I felt that I must see you. There's something in me that belongs to you. And I am really very lonely."

"Lonely? With a fiance and a mother and a crowd of friends?"

"Felix is still a stranger. I have no friends."

Nick put an arm roughly around her.

"All right, Lynda. I'll be your friend. I don't mind loving you. I'm not the most credible parent in the world. And I don't want to get you in trouble with your future husband and with the reputable side of the house."

"I'll never let them know."

"I say, Lynda, take it easy. Let's talk it over sort of quietly. That's better," as she let her body relax against the seat. "I'll tell you frankly. I have no feeling of obligation toward your mother or your young man. I like you. I like your running off by way of the fire escape to visit me. It's the way I began, running away nights by a back window. But I don't want to hurt your life or spoil your chances any. What do you want?"

"I want," said Jocelyn, speaking low and rapidly, "I want to know what life looks like when it—comes round from behind you and you can see its face. I want to know people,

Thursday, January 21st, 1932

No. 27, John W. Culpepper vs Louise E. Culpepper.

No. 28, Pattie P. Lynch, by her next friend, Beulah B. Lynch vs Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company.

No. 39, Eugene Branch vs Anne Mae Branch.

Friday, January 22, 1932

No. 19, J. L. Harris vs W. W. Taylor.

No. 29, Smith Douglas Co. vs Raymond A. Harris and Bessie S. Harris.

No. 40, Lucy I. Leach vs Elizabeth Hight.

Monday, January 25, 1932

No. 18, In the matter of the will of Byron Brown, deceased.

No. 31, A. E. Morris vs Mrs. J. R. Harris.

No. 32, T. R. Morris vs Mrs. J. R. Harris.

No. 37, Alfred J. Ellington vs Weldon Coca Cola Bottling Works, Inc.

Tuesday, January 26, 1932

No. 8, W. H. Dameron and Co. vs Charlie Alston, Peter E. Alston and Samuel D. Alston.

No. 9, J. F. Brown and wife Maggie Brown vs W. T. Polk and Frank H. Gibbs Adm's. of Tasker Polk, Trustee and the Cooper Company.

No. 16, Warrenton Box and Lumber Company vs J. W. Carroll.

No. 34, Jos. C. Powell, Jr., by his next friend Jos. C. Powell, Sr. vs Miss Ethel Frye.

No. 35, Marion C. Powell, by her next friend Jos. C. Powell vs Miss Ethel Frye.

No. 36, Evelyn Powell by her next friend Jos. C. Powell vs Miss Ethel Frye.

No. 38, Ethel Frye vs Joseph C. Powell and Mrs. Joseph C. Powell.

Wednesday, January 27, 1932

No. 17, Isaac Davis vs William T. Polk and Frank H. Gibbs, adm's. of Tasker Polk and Phillip Sommerville.

No. 30, Swift and Company vs Poplar Mount Mercantile Co. and J. C. Brauer.

No. 41, Charles Store vs R. H. Dugger and J. C. Dugger trading as Dugger Hardware and Furniture Company.

Thursday, January 28, 1932

No. 13, J. J. Tarwater vs Pitt Moore.

No. 21, H. M. Davis vs Henry Davis.

No. 22, H. M. Davis vs Richard Alston.

No. 33, H. P. Williams vs I. H. Lynn and Hugh Lynn.

No. 42, A. S. Bugg vs J. G. Williams.

Friday January 29, 1932

No. 5, W. H. Dameron vs E. L. Harris.

No. 20, John Tarwater vs John Rodgers, T. R. Tunstall and Roy Simons.

No. 26, T. R. Hunter vs Isah Hunter.

For Report

No. 3, The Corporation Commission of N. C. vs The Bank of Norlina.

Suitors and witnesses need not appear until the date set for trial of their respective cases.

JOHN D. NEWELL,

Clerk Superior Court.

all kinds of people. I want to know how good it is to be bad, and how bad it may be to be good. I want adventure, risks, dangers; I want—"

"You want too much. You're only a girl and what's worse, you're a young lady! Laugh that off if you can, Miss Jocelyn Harlowe."

She put her hand across his lips. "Hush! Not here. Here I'm Lynda Sandal."

At that Nick pulled down her hand, threw back his head and laughed with a great painful yelling of delight.

"You win. And I surrender. Lynda Sandal, I hereby take you as my child for better or for worse and promise to show you all the reality and adventure I can decently supply. And if this madness be the death of Jocelyn Harlowe I do hereby promise to aid, succor and support Miss Lynda Sandal to the best of my poor ability. In order to seal our compact and to show my sincerity," he stood up, lifted his hand in a great gesture and raised his voice, Lynda, I want you to meet some of my friends."

At the changed timbre of his voice, the four card players turned.

"Boys, I want to present you to my daughter, Miss Lynda Sandal. Mr. James Drury, Mr. Saul Morrison and Mr. Gustave Lowe. Jock Ayleward, my protege and my protector."

Jock rose and bowed. The other men sat where they were and shook Lynda's hand with cordiality, staring and grinning hard grins up into her face. Jock Ayleward did not stare. He looked at her once keenly and looked away.

"Don't stop playing. May I watch the game?"

"We're quitting, Miss Sandal. So long, Old Nick. See you later in the hunting grounds, Ayleward."

They went, slipping into tight neat coats, slipping on their hats at rakish angles smiling at Lynda last with probing looks.

After the men had finally taken their leave Jocelyn questioned her father.

"What is the hunting grounds?"

"A gambling place."

"Is that how you make your living, Father?"

He held out his crippled hands with a gesture and a look which clearly meant, "How could I? No. Jock Ayleward, who is like a son to me, does all of that," he told her.

After a long and troubled silence she asked him, "When may I come again to see you?"

"Whenever you please, my dear or can make it convenient, I am

nearly always at home. Most of the time on this old sofa. Every day I find it harder to get about."

"Oh, Father, can't something be done?"

He shook his head.

"Jock has done what he could for me. He takes care of me now, you must know. It's fair enough. There was a time when I took care of him."

"He loves you, Father. I can see it when he smiles."

"He's not a bad scout but don't get romantic about him, Lynda. He's not the man your Felix is, for instance. He has a poor outlook in life and a character which might be called unstable."

"He's loyal to you."

"U-hum."

"There's a sort of stability in that."

"U-hum. Emotionally I should say he was a sort of bulldog. But that's because, perhaps, he's not been coddled any by life. He knows the value of the few people that care for him."

"Who else beside you Father?"

The bright-eyed cripple laughed in a low and taunting key. "About a dozen women, roughly speaking."

(To be Continued)

S. H. Beck of Table Rock in Burke County reports five dozen eggs a day from a flock of 130 white leghorn pullets during the past year.

Lespedeza builds the soil more quickly and leaves it in better condition than any other legume he has ever tried, said C. B. Farmer of Norwood, Stanley county, at a recent county meeting.

"KILLS RATS and Mice, that's RAT DIE the old reliable rodent destroyer, comes in powder form. No mixing with other foods. Your money back if it fails. 50 cent size, 3 oz. is enough for Pantry, Kitchen and Cellar. 75 cent size, 6 cz. for Chichen House, Coops and small buildings. Sold and guaranteed by W. A. Miles Hardware Co.

Charges 'Junk' Infests Education

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29.—Too much "junk" exists in the present educational system, according to the findings in a seven-year survey placed before the session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science here.

Professor A. O. Bowden, president of the New Mexico State Teachers' College, who made the charge, argued "we have too much arithmetic and too little study of social life."

Discovery of a chemical substitute for vitamin A, composed of lineolic acid and iodine treated with iron, was announced today.

Professor E. F. Chidchester, University of West Virginia, said rats, deprived of vitamin A, gradually grew weaker and weaker, but were restored to health, often in one week's time, when fed the substitute.

Dr. Louis F. Bishop, of New York, said heart ailments have been found masquerading in the guise of what to all appearances are abdominal disorders. Deaths often attributed to acute indigestion, he said, were caused in reality by a heart disorder.

Dr. Robert A. Milliken said cosmic rays from interstellar space are so powerful they penetrate to 1,000 feet below the earth's surface. For the first time cosmic rays have been made audible here. As Dr. Milliken lectured, they could be heard thudding like bullets on a table in the exhibition room.

All living things should be classified in three groups only—plants, animals and fungi—according to Professor G. W. Martin, Iowa State University. His botanical experiments he said, had convinced him it is more likely that instead of there being a common origin for all life, originated from several independent sources.

By some freak of nature more jack rabbits are born per litter in rainy weather, Dr. Charles T. Vorhies, University of Arizona, said.

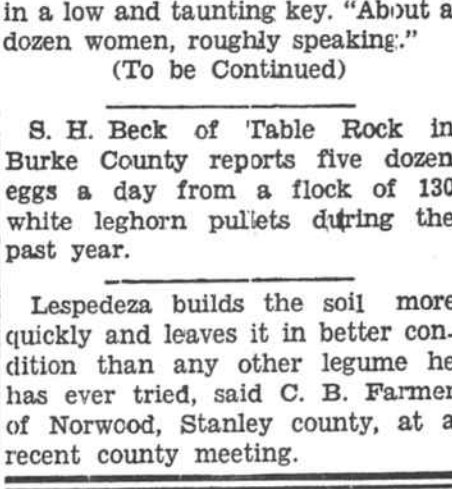
Many novelties of the modern scientific age are on display. They atoms juggle pith balls, invisible cosmic rays make a telephone receiver go "click, click" an assortment of noises have their pictures taken and a model mechanical shows how to lay an egg.

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, courteous service.

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