

RAPTURE BEYOND

By Katharine Newlin Burt

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 wealthy 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.

Lynda visits her father in his dingy quarters. She finds four men playing cards when she arrives. One of them, Jock Ayleward, her father tells her, is like a son to him, but warns the girl he is a trifle.

Lynda pays a second visit to her father and Jock takes her home, on the way stopping with her at an underworld cabaret.

Jock tells Lynda that Felix caused him to be sent to jail unjustly by fixing up his report on a mine. Lynda says she doesn't believe his story. She pays another visit to her father and goes to a cabaret with him and dances with Jock, who suddenly stops and tells her he is going to take her right home. He had seen Felix dancing with another woman.

Felix tells Jocelyn that Jock is a worthless scamp. Later Lynda tells Jock she does not believe in his innocence but will try and find, through Felix, some letters Jock claims will clear his name.

Marcella finds her jewels stolen and hires a private detective, who uncovers the mysterious prowling of Lynda, without knowing who she is. Lynda suspects her father.

Jocelyn decides to marry Felix quickly and preparations are made for the wedding. She asks him to tell her the combination of his safe as a mark of his confidence in her.

Armed with the combination and accompanied by Jock, Lynda enters Felix's office at night, abstracts the wanted papers from the safe and throws them down to Jock, who is waiting below. Then she is captured by the janitor and turned over to the police. Felix learns the next morning, in Washington, that a "boy" had broken into his safe.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Ninth Instalment

"Yes, sir. I know how you must feel about the safe. About one o'clock, or a little earlier, Rory thought he heard a movement on our floor and let himself into the outer office. There he saw a light moving close to the inner threshold. He caught a young boy in the act of climbing in at the window.

"Rory struck him over the head with his stick. He thinks he got him in good time. Nothing seems to be disturbed. The safe is quite as usual. All the papers on your desk and inside it are intact. I do believe, Mr. Kent, that no harm's been done. But I'm just kind of scared. I wish you were here to go over your papers in that safe. And, though Rory is almost sure he was climbing in of course he might have been climbing out. No, sir. They didn't find anything on him. They're holding him at the station. You'll be back before noon?"

"I'd have to make it by airplane to do that, Miss Becky."

"Well, perhaps it isn't that important but I do feel kind of scared."

Kent, without troubling himself to reassure her fears, hung up and pondered the exasperating news.

If the thief had taken something from that safe . . . a thousand hideous betrayals darted through his fancy, whitening his lips, pulling down lines beside the grim mouth- corners. He saw wolf faces, hyena faces.

He stood up. He'd take to the air. No use putting himself to the strain of these imaginary disasters.

At precisely noon, Charles having been warned by wire to meet him at the landing field, Felix presented himself in his office.

Miss Becky was glad to see him. She repeated to him the disorganized details of her information. One that she added caught Kent's breath.

"But Michael does say that for an instant he kind of thought maybe the boy threw something down to the court before he knocked him out."

Kent was not at the safe and his face was pinched as he began to pull out the contents of the metal drawers.

Miss Deal said timidly, "By the way, Mr. Kent, Mrs. Harlowe's been ringing and ringing to ask for you."

"Mrs. Harlowe?" snapped Kent. "If she rings again put her off until I'm through with this. Just tell her I'm on my way from Washington and that you'll put me in touch with her as soon as I get in. It's some idiotic woman business about the wed."

He stopped in the middle of that word.

Miss Deal turned her pince nez

Japan's Premier



Tsuyoshi Inukai, new head of the Japanese Government, who warns the rest of the world to keep hands off in Japan's difficulties with China.

upon him and all the blood in her body rushed up into her square face.

"Oh, great heaven, what's gone?" Kent had stood up. He was chalk white, a pallor that showed blue about his lips.

"Get me the police station quickly!"

A minute later Felix, seated at his desk, was stabbing space with his questions. Between his brows a deep straight line looked like a scar.

He identified himself to the voice at the other end of the telephone and then went on, "You've got the man my night watchman caught in my inner office early this morning. Has he been searched?"

"Yes, I'll hold the wire."

While he waited, Kent moved the fingers of his left hand in and out like a tiger's claws.

"Nothing, eh? But I tell you he did get some papers. Yes, they're missing. Important papers . . . An accomplice at the foot of the fire escape? Jove! Get his name, his whereabouts . . . Well, get 'em. Find out. Can't you make the boy speak?"

The officer at the other end demurred at some length.

Said Felix presently, interrupting. "A woman? What difference does that make?"

"She'll speak all the quicker if you turn on the works. I'll take the responsibility. All of it. I tell you," his voice lifted to a shrill whining note, "you've got to get back those papers for me or I'll make your place down there so hot for you that you'll wish you'd put your young lady on a gridiron to save your own skins."

Except for an uncertain sort of mumble there was no further protest from the other speaker. Felix sat, his hand picking cruelly at a blotter, his face ugly as though it watched torment.

He bent forward again. "Wants to speak to me? Won't speak to anyone else?" He sat thinking. "All right. Keep her squirming till I get there. Trust me to make her come clean."

Miss Becky asked no question as her Great Chief turned to the door. A moment later the phone rang shrilly.

"Oh, Mrs. Harlowe, I am so sorry. He was here but he's just gone out. I did tell him and he just hadn't a second to get round to calling. He was brought back on very urgent business and, as it's turned out the matter is even more serious than we feared. I'll take your message . . . Yes indeed, Mrs. Harlowe, I'll keep it perfectly quiet. I'll tell it only to Mr. Kent himself privately at the earliest possible moment."

She listened, her face was all aghast.

"Oh, Mrs. Harlowe, how dreadful that sounds . . . Oh, I am so sorry, yes indeed I will."

Five minutes later, having in the interval walked distractedly up and down the room, she wrote down on a pad: "Urgent. Miss Jocelyn Harlowe was not in her bedroom this morning. After repeated summonses

the door was forced. She had gone to bed early. None of her outer clothes seemed to be missing. There was no message or note of any kind and no explanation has yet been discovered of her absence. She seems to have completely disappeared. No one saw her leave the building."

This message Miss Becky, crying and blowing her nose, placed in an envelope and sealed. She labeled it, "For Mr. Kent. Urgent. Personal. Private" and propped it conspicuously on his desk.

The room where Lynda Sandal sat waiting for the arrival of Jocelyn Harlowe's fiancé was neither comfortable nor luxurious. It was on the contrary incredibly grimy, dingy, depressing and suggestive of down-trodden guilty and hunted lives. Three men were in attendance upon her. They ringed her like a wolf pack and like a wolf pack they snapped and snarled and circled and squatted, wearing her out so that she might drop down unprotestingly to suffer the fleshing of their fangs.

Since morning of that April day which was only so short a tale of hours before her wedding hour, she had sat on a hard chair gripping its edge with both her hands, turning her white face from this tormentor to that, listening to threats that made her blood attack then leap away from her scared heart.

She still wore Nick's shabby suit but her collar had been torn open under Rory's grasp. Her tie was lost, her hat had been taken from her and above the crumpled male attire her fine feminine throat and head gave an effect of startling delicacy. There was no particle of her vivid coloring in this trapped face but the tilted eyes flared, angry and golden, and the lips still went tight when she closed them at the end of each reiterated reply.

"I won't tell you anything," Jock must be given his chance, her will doggedly repeated. This until, after some outside message, her arm had been savagely twisted and she had turned faint. Then, "I won't speak to anyone but Felix Kent," she had conceded.

"Why do you keep on torturing me now?" she asked. "I want to see you and one of the men's departure and return with the news that Kent was on his way, had brought no surcease to the rain of furious question and threat. She had begun to weep.

A voice in the room beyond her torture chamber put a question sharply and Jocelyn opened her strange and lovely eyes wide.

That was Felix Kent. For the first time they were about to meet. She forgot her attendant inquisitors. She sat up straight, commanding the cruel bewildered throbbing of her head, and as the door opened she rose slowly to her feet.

Felix Kent, staring down at her, turned scarlet and his eyes changed. He drew in his breath, put up one hand, let it fall and mastered his face. He turned to the men.

"Now," he said between his teeth, "if you haven't gone mad since I left you yesterday—at your own request, as I seem to remember—or if I have not myself lost the use of my wits, you will please explain this preposterous joke . . . for which I imagine, you've been already sufficiently punished by orders of my own. And you will please return the papers you took from my safe. I see now why you coaxed that combination out of me. At least I begin to see why. Say it over to me now."

She found herself whispering, "Three-eight. Three turns to the left. Eight-five-two. Two turns to the right. One-One-One-seven. Six turns right. Then turn left."

"Right. Now tell me why you took those papers and what you've done with them. And the whole purpose and reason—if there can be one—for this disgusting masquerade." He held her away from him and looked her from head to foot with a contempt that scorching.

"You'll do me a penance for this," he told her. Then he went over and sat down on the chair of her long torment and, forcing her to her knees there on the floor before him, he held her between his own knees. The young strong body in his grasp straightened and tightened proudly.

"Let me go, Felix," said Lynda Sandal. Her voice was resonant. "I'm not a child. Nor any property of yours. I'll not be held like this, bullied and threatened."

(Continued Next Week)

Governor Endorses A Milk-For-Health Campaign In State

To help solve pressing food problems of today and meet a grave health danger brought about by unemployment and reduced incomes, is the object of a State-wide Milk-For-Health Campaign that has been inaugurated by the State Board of Health and endorsed by the Governor of the State.

Governor Gardner believes that the State-wide Live-at-Home program and the Milk-For-Health Campaign are the best means for relieving tendencies to nutritional diseases resulting from the use of too little milk as the Live-at-Home movement has been in relieving suffering for want of food. For these reasons, Governor Gardner not only endorses the movement, but pledges to it his full support. Furthermore, he calls on the health, education, and extension agencies of the State to assist in promoting as vigorous a State-wide Milk-For-Health Campaign as possible.

While deploring the fact that too few cows are found on the farms of our State, and too little milk and dairy products are used by our people, resulting in too much pellagra, tuberculosis, malnutrition, and bad teeth, the Governor is hopeful that wherever possible provisions may be made whereby the needy and undernourished may have milk, so essential in a balanced diet. His endorsement of the educational Milk-For-Health Cam-

aign, culminating the week of March 14-20, follows:

"Due to the cooperation of the people of North Carolina in the State-wide Live-at-Home movement advocated by this administration for the past two years, the suffering in our State from want of food, even during these distressing times, is not at all comparable to the extent that would have been the case had nothing of this kind been attempted. We took time by the forelock and counseled and provided against hunger and physical suffering, with the result that our people have weathered better than those of many other states, the worst period of depression this country has ever known."

"To provide against certain further ills concomitant with dwindling incomes and unemployment, such as undernourishment and disease, I am hereby endorsing and pledging my cooperation to the State-wide Milk-For-Health Campaign that is being sponsored by the State Board of Health for the week of March 14th to 20th. Furthermore, I am calling upon all State and county agencies whose work is in any way related to the objects of this campaign, to cooperate with and assist the State Board of Health in making this Milk-For-Health Campaign State-wide and lasting in both its scope and effectiveness."

"I am reliably informed that, in our efforts to economize in these hard times, there has been a notable decrease in the consumption of milk, and a corresponding increase in the number of undernourished men, women, and children. For the lack of certain essential food elements found abundantly in milk and its products, undernourishment and its attendant far-reaching ills have become one of the greatest problems that health and social welfare agencies have to combat. Therefore, it behooves all organizations, as well as individuals to make provisions wherever possible for the needy and undernourished to have milk—a comparatively cheap but indispensable food."

"It is needless to say that we have too little milk and dairy products used by the people of our State. Likewise, far too few milk cows are to be found on our farms. I am told that whereas there is about one cow for every five people in the United States, there is only one cow for every ten people in North Carolina, and one cow for every twenty-four people in eastern

North Carolina. Such a condition needs to be remedied, and I urge every citizen to do his part in furthering the worthy objects of this campaign."

Man Crushed By Train Lights Cigar

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Feb. 22.—James Colazzo, 26, is the grittiest man they ever saw, police said today as Colazzo hovered near death after being hit by a train. Police found him lying beside the tracks, both legs and one arm mangled, calmly puffing a cigar.

Credits U. S. Dryness With Winning War

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The

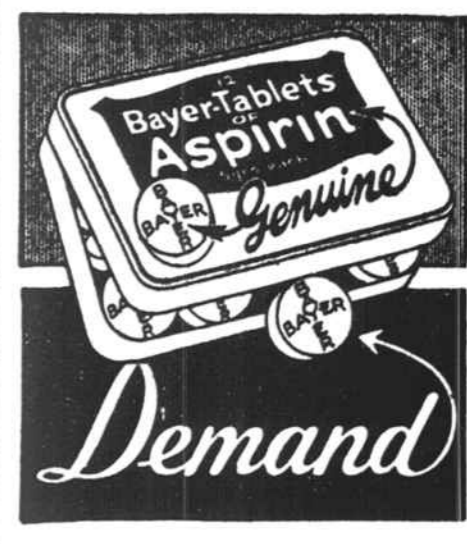
Germans never reached Paris during the World War because they reached the French vineyards first and being addicted to alcohol, "could not resist the temptation." Cannon Chase, of Brooklyn, said today before the Senate committee considering the Bingham 4 per cent beer bill.

Senator Robert Bulkley (D., Ohio) asked why "total abstaining" Turkey did not swing the tide of war in Germany's favor.

The reason Cannon Chase shot back, was that "total abstaining" America was on the other side. The wartime prohibition law did not go into effect until after the war.

Fifty-one farmers and farm men sold \$266.19 worth of produce on the Durham curb market last Saturday.

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FELT SICK AFTER EATING

"None of my food agreed with me—I would frequently taste what I ate, long after my meals, and I did not see a well day for weeks," says Mr. Peter Seeger, 329 S. Elmwood St., Kansas City, Mo. "I began taking a pinch of Black-Draught after each meal, and kept this up for weeks. Gradually the pain left me and I began to feel better. I ceased to be troubled with gas, and could eat what I liked."

Theford's

BLACK-DRAUGHT

For CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS