

# MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



### First Instalment

It was intensely hot. In the big, somberly furnished consulting room, its blinds drawn closely against the midday sun which poured down on Harley Street, there seemed hardly a breath of air.

A girl sitting at the table, idly turning the pages of an illustrated paper, pushed her chair back with sudden impatience.

"How much longer is he going to keep us waiting, I wonder? It's disgraceful, asking anyone to wait in a lethal chamber like this.

The large overdressed woman in the armchair on the other side of the room roused herself with a sigh of regret from a doze which the heat and too large and too late a breakfast had brought upon her.

"I'm sure it's a very nice room," she said vaguely.

"Nice!" the girl flashed her a contemptuous look. "Any place is nice to you as long as you can sleep in it," she said rudely.

The large woman sighed again; her only protest against life was a sigh, and she had long since grown accustomed to her niece's disrespect.

"The furniture must be most valuable," she said again in the same vague way.

The girl glanced round the room with a frown.

"Furniture which fools like us have paid for," she said irritably. "I don't know why we're here at all. There's nothing in the world the matter with me."

Mrs. Gladwyn began fanning her plump flushed face with a daily paper which had been lying disregarded on her lap.

"Six months ago you weighed nearly a hundred and twenty-five," she said without much interest. "Today you weigh—ninety-eight, is it? At any rate, you have only to look at yourself in the glass to see that you're wasting away to a complete shadow without any adequate reason for it, unless—"

she paused, and a faintly malicious smile lit her sleepy eyes—"unless you're in love again," she added.

The girl turned another page of the magazine before her with an angry little flick. "I don't believe in love," she said sharply.

Diana's further answer was checked by the opening of the door and the appearance of a maid.

"If you will please come this way, Miss—"

Bodily weakness, mental unhappiness, and a never ending fear that she was about to lose the only thing she had ever really wanted in life.

It was these things that had kept her obstinately in London when everyone else was away at the sea, or on the moors, or down in the country.

At twenty-two the only thing in the world which Diana really desired was another woman's husband.

Diana, a little nervous in spite of herself, entered the "top man's" consulting room.

He was big and rather clumsy looking, with grave steady eyes and a mouth that looked as if it rarely smiled.

It did not smile now, but his eyes seemed to pierce through all the bravery of her carefully reddened lips and make-up, right down through her artificiality to the trembling weakness of her.

Diana said nothing—she felt as if an ordinary greeting would be wasted on this man. She just stood and looked at him with an unconscious appeal in her eyes, till he said quietly:

"Won't you sit down?"

He indicated a chair close to his own and facing the window, so that the light fell full on her face.

Diana obeyed, her hands clasped in her lap, and her heart beating in a queer, frightened manner.

He seemed to realize this, for he said more gently:

"Don't be frightened. I am not going to eat you."

She flushed scarlet through all her pallor, and her eyes grew angry. Speaking to her as if she were a silly child with a cut thumb.

She gave a little high-pitched laugh. "I'm not really ill. I feel rather a humbug coming here at all, but my aunt insisted. I've got rather thin, you see—but then, I was always thin. It's the hot weather, I think, and I don't sleep very well. London's always rather trying at this time of the year, don't you think? We generally go away, but this summer—"

She broke off, feeling suddenly very young and foolish and hating herself for it. It seemed so long since she had felt either young or foolish, and because the experience was strange she also hated this grave-faced man who was respon-

### Knows Politics



Homer S. Cummings, former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is organizing the Roosevelt-for-President campaign. He's a Connecticut Yankee from Stamford.

sible for it and who looked at her so searchingly.

After a moment she rattled on.

"I thought if you could give me a tonic . . . I fainted last night—not that that's anything, is it? But my aunt was nervous." The little high-pitched laugh came again. "As if fainting is anything important."

He spoke then.

"It depends entirely on the cause of the faint. Will you take off your hat?"

She obeyed, holding it on her lap, and for a moment there was silence.

In Diana's mind she was saying to herself dully:

"I wonder what he is thinking. I wish he would tell me what he is thinking of me. Why doesn't he tell me? I hate being looked at like that—as if he were driving gimlets right through me. Why doesn't he say something?"

He said something then.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

His eyes said plainly, "Is that all?" and Diana blanched.

Her glass had told her often enough that she looked worn and ill and older than the hated Linda, who could not be more than twenty-six, seeing that Aunt Florence had been present at her christening.

But Linda was happy and healthy and care-free and had always enjoyed her life, while she . . .

Suddenly the room began to grow dark and to swim about her, and though she clenched her teeth and pressed her feet hard upon the floor she could not control it or herself, and then for a little while everything was blank . . .

"Lie still. You'll be all right in a moment. Just drink this. No, lie still and keep your eyes shut."

She was glad enough to obey. She felt as weak as if she had just struggled through a long illness, weaker than she had felt last night when she fainted so suddenly in the middle of a crowded ballroom. Even the attempt to raise her head left her so exhausted that she felt almost dead.

But the potent drink this man gave her was wonderful—it seemed to open fresh life and energy into her body, and presently she opened her eyes and smiled.

He ignored that.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes. Quite well, thank you. It was silly. I'm sorry. It must have been the heat." She tried to laugh.

"Your consulting room was very hot," she said.

"That was brandy, I suppose."

"No."

He kept away from her a moment, then, seeing that she had raised herself and was half sitting, half leaning against the cushions of the couch where he had placed her, he came back and looked down at her steadily.

"Do you like plain speaking?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her eyes, very blue against the pallor of her face.

"Why, of course."

"Very well, then I am going to tell you that you are very ill, very ill indeed, and that if you wish to get better you must do exactly what I tell you—and at once."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"Well—for the present I am not going to worry you with anything but just the simplest prescription, and in a week's time I will see you again. First of all, you will go away into the country."

Her eyes dilated, and her hands gripped the cushions of either side of her.

"The country?—when?"

"At once. To-morrow—if possible to-day, and when I say country I mean the very heart of the country—a cottage on Dartmoor or in the Surrey hills, where there are no theatres or night clubs or picture houses. You will go to bed early—seven o'clock—and you will stay in bed till lunch-time every

day till I see you again. You will be allowed no visitors—except your aunt, of course—and you are to do nothing except read and sleep. You will not write letters or receive any—and you will sleep with your windows wide open. You will have the very simplest food and no alcohol at all except what I order. As I said before, if you carry out my instructions you will get well again, but if not—"

He broke off, Diana had risen shakily to her feet.

"I can't do that. I can't go away from London yet—not just yet. I will later on—perhaps next month, I promise. Can't you give me some medicine just to go on with? I promise to take it regularly."

"It's not medicine you want. It's rest and sleep and quiet. Why can't you leave London? Surely it's not such an attractive place in this scorching heat? I only wish I were free to leave it. I do for every moment I can snatch. It's a poisonous place this weather, and to anyone in your nervous state—"

"I hate the country."

"You hate the country?"

He moved suddenly, laying a hand on her shoulder.

"Be a sensible child," he said gently. "Do as I tell you. Go right away for three months, and you'll come back a different being, able to enjoy life and laugh again."

She raised passionate eyes to his face.

"I'd rather die," she said, and he answered, suddenly grave:

"You may even do that if you refuse to take my advice."

Diana picked up her hat, which had fallen to the floor, and began to put it on, by force of habit hunting in her handbag first for a little mirror and the inevitable lipstick.

"It's very kind of you, Dr. Selfe," she began with a return of her artificial air—the lipstick was giving her back her poise. "But—"

He interrupted bluntly.

"I am not Dr. Selfe. I thought the secretary had made that plain to you. Dr. Selfe is away ill—I am taking his place for the time being. My name is Rathbone."

"Oh!" So this was not the "top man," how annoyed Aunt Florence would be, and yet Diana herself was conscious of relief. If he was not the "top man" it would account for the nonsense he had talked, of the way in which he had almost succeeded in frightening her; it had been most unprofessional when one came to think of it. She looked at him with different eyes.

A big clumsy man, not a bit the orthodox Harley Street specialist, even his hair was rough, as if he had forgotten to brush it . . . she looked away from him quickly, meeting once again his piercing regard.

The country! Ugh! Spiders and other nasty crawling things, and no hot water or soft beds.

She drew on a glove.

Rathbone said, "I hope very earnestly, Miss Gladwyn, that you will take my advice."

"You are very kind." But she did not look up, and it was he who held out his hand.

She took it after the barest

hesitation; a strong, kind hand—capable and secure. A little sigh escaped her—she had never known what it was to feel really secure, life had always been such a hectic scramble.

"If you would care to come and see me again, later on . . ." he said, and his voice was kind—the voice of a friend.

Diana said with a sense of helplessness, "But I can't go to the country. . . I hate it, and surely it cannot be good to do a thing one hates very much."

"It's not possible to hate a thing you've never tried," this strange man said quietly, and then, "Do you know that line—"

"'God made the country, and man made the town?'"

"No."

He released her hand.

"Well, that's just the difference," he said.

In the car Mrs. Gladwyn woke up sufficiently to ask questions.

(Continued Next Week)

### First Few Weeks Hard For Turkeys

The first ten to twelve weeks after hatching is the critical time with young turkeys. Once safely by this period the birds grow well and if given reasonable care will return a profit.

"Raising poults is not so greatly different from raising chicks, except that more space is required for the young turkeys," says Bryan Nesbit of the State College poultry department. "Newly hatched poults do not learn to eat so early as baby chicks and few will begin to notice feed until at least 36 hours old. So instead of throwing the delicate pout a hunk of corn dough made with clear water and containing little food, give it a good palatable feed of chick starter or hard-boiled feed of chick which has been added part of the egg shell, finely pulverized, and a few corn bread crumbs. The hunk of dough is likely to upset digestion and cause a sour crop. The other kind of feed contains protein, carbohydrate and fat to compose a balanced ration."

Mr. Nesbit says resistance to disease can be increased by breeding from strong, unrelated birds and by the use of good feeds and good feeding methods.

The only insurance the turkey grower can take against blackhead is to keep the poults in partial confinement for the first ten or twelve weeks. As they grow older, they must have more space. The portable type of brooder house is best for poults and this house should be placed in strictly fresh soil and moved every eight or ten days. A low wire around the house will keep the young turkeys from

### How One Woman Lost 10 Lbs. in a Week

Mrs. Betty Luedeke of Dayton writes: "I am using Kruschen to reduce weight—I lost 10 pounds in one week and cannot say too much to recommend it."

To take off fat easily, SAFELY and HARMLESSLY—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it is the safe way to lose unsightly fat and one bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle. Get it at any drugstore in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the safest way to lose fat—money back.

But be sure and get Kruschen Salts—imitations are numerous and you must safeguard your health.

### COSTIVENESS

CONFINING indoor work—skillful work with the hands that does not include plenty of physical exercise for the body, often results in the bad feeling and unpleasant signs of faulty bowel movement. W. S. Conant, a saddler and harness maker living in Somerset, Ky., says: "I had to take something for costiveness, as I would just get so tired, or have a dull feeling. After I heard of Black-Draught and began taking it, I avoided this trouble. I take it in small doses and it is most satisfactory."

### BLACK-DRAUGHT

She took it after the barest

### Four Years to Their Next Birthday



These twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parkas of Pittsburgh were born on February 29, 1932.

ranging too far away. After the house has been moved six times, the poults may be transferred to a larger and practically free range where they can feed over the stubble fields, cow pastures or wooded land.

As fall approaches, the poults must be given more feed. All they can eat at least twice each day is a good practice.

### New Racket Found By Chicago Police

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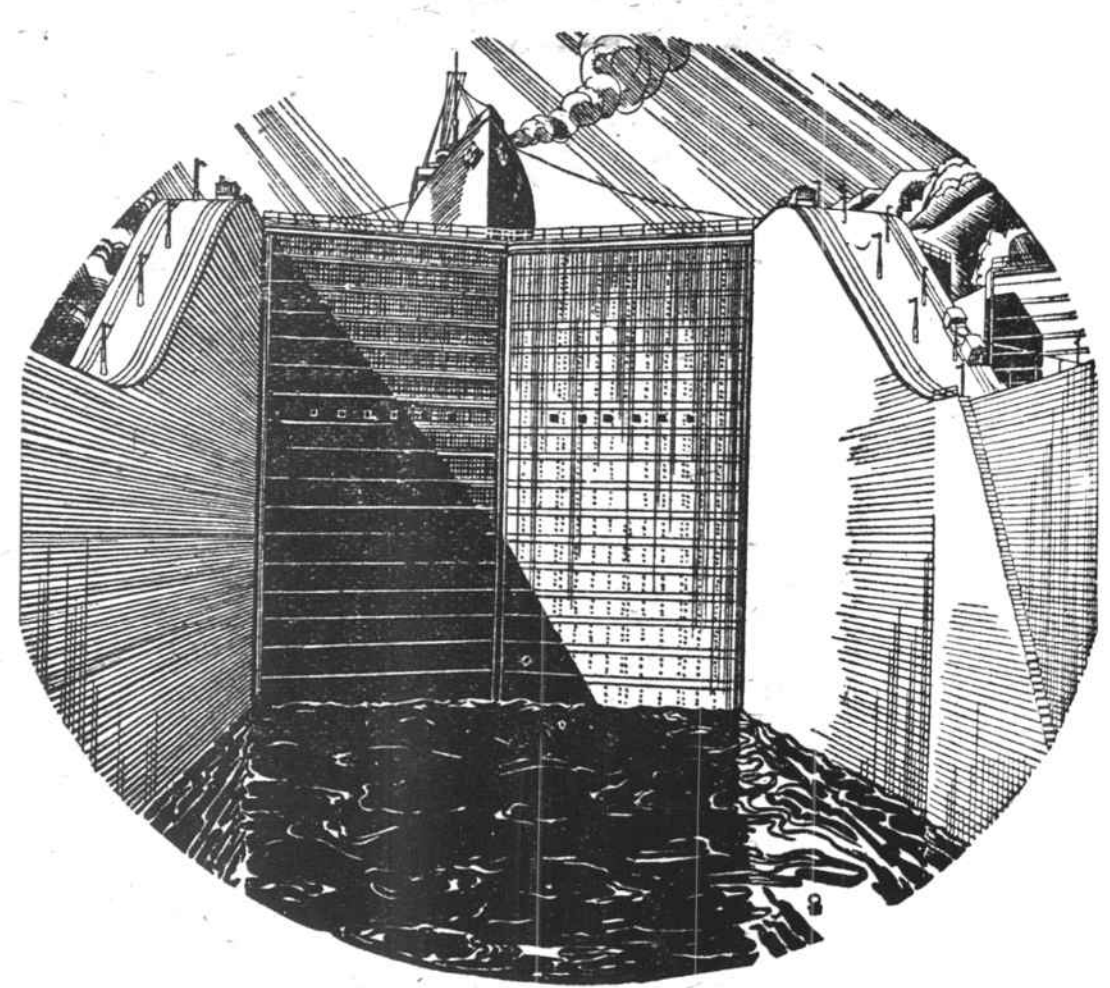
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