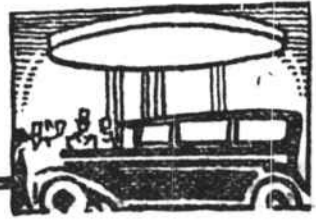


# MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



### Eighth Instalment

Diana, in love with a married man, Dennis Waterman, has a nervous collapse as a result of the gay life of London society. Her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, takes her to a doctor, who orders her to the country for a rest. Dr. Rathbone has a country home nearby. Dennis calls at the cottage, then goes away for a long trip. He writes from America that he is there with Linda, his wife. Diana finds herself becoming more and more interested in Dr. Rathbone, and questions her nurse, Miss Starling, about him. She also questions Jonas, a farm boy of the neighborhood, about a woman who lives in Dr. Rathbone's house. Her name is Rosalie. Then Diana meets Rosalie in the woods; she acts strangely and leaves Diana puzzled.

Soon after the meeting in the woods with Rosalie, Dr. Rathbone calls again at Diana's cottage.

### Now Go On With The Story

"On the contrary, I am quite sure that you will never forget and that you will often think about it, and perhaps sometimes when you begin to feel tired and bored to death with an eternal round of so-called 'gaiety' you will come back—even if only out of curiosity—and spend a couple of days with Miss Starling."

She made a little grimace. "She might not want me."

"I am sure she will. Miss Starling has a great affection for you, though you may not believe it."

"That's a change," Diana said sarcastically, "for someone to have a great affection for me."

They were at the cottage gate now. She led the way into the cottage.

Jenny met them in the narrow hall.

"There's a telegram for you, miss, on the table in the parlor."

"Thank you."

Diana threw her hat down onto a chair and went into the sitting room.

The yellow envelope lay on the polished table, and she took it up, tearing open the flap with nervous fingers.

"Both sailing Aquitania tenth."

Love. DENNIS.

Rathbone had followed her into the room and saw the cable in her hand.

"Not bad news, I hope?" he asked.

Diana laughed a little uncertainly.

"No, very good news," she said.

"That's splendid."

Diana folded the message across and across, keeping it in her hand. Tomorrow was the tenth: in a week's time Dennis would be home.

The cablegram slipped from her fingers to the floor, and Rathbone stooped and recovered it.

"I suppose he is on his way home," he said quietly.

She looked up, a hard light in her eyes.

"Yes, on the Aquitania."

"And so it will really be good-bye?"

The colour rose quickly in her face and died down again.

"I don't know... there's nothing either, in spite of what you said settled... anyway, I don't see why you should be interested."

"I am interested because I like

### Will Play Abroad



Helen Jacobs, next to the top American woman tennis player, sailed for Europe to take part in tournaments in Germany, France and England.

you well enough to want you to be happy," Rathbone answered, "And because there is such a conviction in my mind that you are making a terrible mistake."

The colour rose again swiftly to the very roots of her hair.

"Well, you should know," she said defiantly.

Rathbone was silent for a moment; then he said in rather an expressionless voice:

"Two blacks do not make a white, Diana."

"I know that, but all the same—it's rather cheap, isn't it?—to preach to me when everyone says that you—that you—"

She stammered and broke off, and Rathbone took up the words for her.

"When everyone says that I have a woman living in my house—is that what you want to say?"

She stared at him with eyes that were pathetic in spite of their almost insolent defiance, but before she could speak he said in a voice of steel:

"It is indeed time you and I said good-bye, Diana."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that as I have done all I can do for you—all that I am sure you wish me to do for you, there will be no need for me to see you any more."

She caught her breath. "You mean... never?"

"Never is a long day. It is quite possible that we may run across one another sometimes: the world is not such a big place. Anyway, I wish you all the happiness you can wish yourself."

"But you don't think I deserve it, or that I shall get it?" she burst out passionately. "And you don't care."

"I don't know... there's nothing either, in spite of what you said settled... anyway, I don't see why you should be interested."

"I am interested because I like

me to skate, but you've never said another word about it."

"Isn't there someone else better qualified for that privilege than I am?"

She ignored him. She went on with a breathless rush.

"You said you were my friend, and now you calmly say to yourself, 'Thank God there'll be no need for me to see her again... Good-bye and good riddance; that's what you really mean. It's always what happens to me when I really like anybody—they always go away and leave me. I suppose it will be the same all my life. I was a fool to think you were any different from the rest. When you went to Paris you promised to come and see me directly you got back... You never came—you never would have come if I hadn't met you in the woods this morning... I don't know why you've come now. I stayed out purposely because I thought you shouldn't have to see me against your will. You don't think I want to see you if you don't want to see me, do you?"

Neither of them was aware that the moment was not without its humorous side. He looked so much older than she, and their relationship had been almost one of formality, she a sick child, not knowing what she wanted of life—perhaps wanting nothing—and he a world-weary man who had merely done his duty by healing her against her wish or desire.

Diana went on, her voice raised a little:

"Well, why don't you go? I don't want you to stay. As you say, you've done everything I can possibly wish you to do for me—you've done what your job is—more than you are paid to do, I suppose."

He let the childish insult pass, and she broke off for an instant, biting her lip hard to hide its trembling, only to rush on again:

"Why didn't you let me die? I didn't want to get well... I'm no good to anyone—there's no place in the world where I seem to be really wanted."

And then, as if suddenly realizing how far she had lost her self-control, she hid her face in her hands.

Rathbone walked over to the window, standing with his back to her, as he said:

"You seem very determined to make up all my sins of omission, but don't you think you are a little to blame too? If you had had any real regard for me, would you have gone prying into my private life—hoping to discover some stretched secret which you could triumphantly broadcast among your friends when you got back to town? If that is your idea of friendship, it is not mine."

And then for some moments neither of them spoke, till at last Rathbone turned again.

"Forgive me for that, Diana. I

have no earthly right to talk to you like this. It's absurd for me to be angry with you—or with anyone. My life is as I have made it; yours will be as you make it; so try and build it out of something solid that will stand firmly through the bad days as well as the good. Good-bye."

She felt him come close to her, felt his hand for a moment on her shoulder, heard him say again, "Good-bye... Be happy." And then he was gone.

### CHAPTER XIII

During the next week quite a lot happened.

In the first place Diana's car arrived, and there was the renewed excitement of driving it once more; driving it at terrific speed with the Creature silent and terrified beside her.

"You'll break your neck," she gasped once, and Diana laughed recklessly.

"That would save a lot of trouble," she said flippantly.

Then a second cable came from Dennis Waterman to say that his departure from America had been unavoidably postponed for another fortnight.

"Linda, of course," Diana told herself, but she did not care much; nothing seemed of great moment just then.

Miss Starling was going up to London that evening to a lecture on something or other. She had told Diana all about it, but the girl had only listened half-heartedly, wondering why people should trouble to waste a railway fare on anything so dull.

She had offered to drive the Creature up to town in the car but her refusal had been quick and decided.

"No, thank you; besides, I shall have to come back by train."

So it meant an evening alone.

Diana leaned on the gate and decided that after all she hated the country. It would be fun to get into an evening frock once more and dance at the Savoy or Ciro's; fun to drive home in the early hours of the morning through brilliantly lit and almost deserted streets; London was a wonder city at night.

Did Rathbone ever take Rosalie Something-or-other to London? Or was it his idea of happiness always to keep her down in the country and walk hand in hand with her through lanes and woods?

Diana had not seen either of them for more than a week, and she suspected that they were deliberately keeping to the other side of the village.

She sighed and made a little grimace.

Well, let them... Rathbone must be missing her just a little, seeing

### Spry at Eighty



Edwin Markham, famous poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently by reading from his poems before an audience which packed New York's largest concert hall.

that she missed him so terribly...

"Be happy." That was the last thing he had said to her, and since then she had been more miserable than ever in her life before.

The Creature came out of the house.

"I'll drive you to the station," Diana said quickly. It would be something to do—something to help pass the time.

"Don't drive too quickly, then," Miss Starling said nervously.

She sat with one hand tightly holding the door handle during the short drive, and Diana was highly amused.

Diana stood on the little country platform till the train went puffing slowly Londonwards, then she turned dispiritedly away.

The evening lay before her, long and lonely.

And the thought came to her: "If Donald were only here."

Funny she should think of Rathbone by his Christian name; she could not remember that she had ever done so before. Well, he had more than once called her Diana.

"If Donald were here..."

Why not?... She felt her pulses jerking with strange excitement.

Why not drive over and see him?

Diana caught up a woollen jersey



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his solid weight bearing her to the ground before she could cry out or leap aside.

"Nero!"

She could feel his hot breath on her face, and she put up both arms wildly in a vain effort to shield herself before she felt the agony of his great teeth tearing into her soft flesh.

For a moment it was just a lurid nightmare of pain and pandemonium: the savage snarling of the dog, her own frantic and unravelling efforts to beat him off, and his hot heavy body crushing her down, before her fear and agony rose above it all in a wild scream of blind terror, calling frantically on Rathbone's name: "Donald... Donald!"

(Continued Next Week.)

### 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."

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## Side Dress

Don't let the weevils take your crop

IT wasn't much use to plant cotton if the boll weevils are going to get most of it. All reports indicate that the weevils mean business this year. The warm winter, the late damp spring, the possibility of a wet summer, all point to a very heavy infestation.

A late crop won't stand much chance. If you can set your crop ahead of the weevils, you will be reasonably safe.

If there is one thing that will pick your cotton up and push it right past the weevils, it is Chilean Nitrate. Nothing takes its place for side-dressing cotton. While 200 pounds would be better, put on 100 pounds per acre right after chopping. That may prove enough. If not you can come along with 50 to 100 pounds more later in the summer.

Be sure you get Chilean. Specify Chilean to your dealer. He has it or can get it immediately. See him now!

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