

# The Yadkin Ripple

VOL. XXVII.

YADKINVILLE, YADKIN CO., N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1921

No. 9

## TAXI

An Adventure Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

### SYNOPSIS.

**PART I.**—Robert Hervey Randolph, young New York man-about-town, leaves the home of his sweetheart, Madge Van Teller, chagrined because of her refusal of his proposal of marriage. His income, \$40,000 a year, which he must surrender if a certain Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton (whom he has seen only as a small girl ten years before) is found, is not considered by the girl of his heart adequate to modern needs. In a "don't care" mood Randolph enters a taxi, unseen by the driver, and is driven to the stage door of a theater. A man he knows, Duke Beamer, induces a girl to enter the cab. Beamer, attempting to follow, is pushed back by Randolph and the cab moves on. His new acquaintance tells Randolph she is a chorus girl, and has lost her position. She is in distress, even hungry, and takes her to his apartment. There, after lunch, a chance remark convinces him the girl is the missing Pamela Thornton. He does not tell her of her good fortune, but secures her promise to stay in the flat until the morning, and leaves her. In a whimsical mood, also realizing that the girl's reappearance has left him practically penniless, he bribes the taxi driver to let him take his job, and leaving word with the legal representative of the Thornton estate where he can find Pamela, takes up his new duties under the name of "Slim Harvey." He loves the girl, but his pride forbids him approaching her under their changed conditions.

**PART II.**—One evening he is engaged by Beacher Tremont, notorious profligate, to drive him and Madge Van Teller to a hostelry known as "Greenwood." Aware of the evil nature of the place, Randolph drives the pair to Greenwood cemetery. Infuriated, Beacher gets out of the cab and Randolph leaves him there, taking the girl (who has awakened to a realization of her folly) to her home. Madge recognizes him.

Pamela extended one cheek to the salute while her eyes wandered off to size up the tall, blonde, cool young personage who she surmised must answer to the name of Eileen Milyuns. Being the "ship" of two shorts, how on earth Libe managed to grow so long? Her face was regularly beautiful, as if it had been carefully made to order like her clothes. She appeared as passive as a Palmer snowscape.

After a little skirmishing for position, the three ladies seated themselves in a triangle, into the center of which the well-trained Tomlinson ran a ten-wagon.

"Now," said Mrs. Milyuns, having emptied and put down her cup, "let's forget the sheer romance of the situation, my dear, and get down to practical problems. The first of all things, as you must realize, is the necessity of getting you a companion. Would you care to be our guest in Madison avenue until you can pick one out?"

"I would put clothes ahead of a housecat," murmured Eileen.

Her eyes fixed on Miss Thornton's perfected face. That young lady seemed in no lack of something to say but rather in search of words and the plunging courage necessary to the saying. She drew a long breath and delivered herself of the following:

"Really, it's most awfully kind of you, but as I told Mr. Milyuns, Tomlinson is such a dear that I am going to continue him as my companion."

"Tomlinson?" exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, and then smiled indulgently for the first time during the interview, being under the impression that at last she had run into something appropriately naive in the bearing of her new charge. "Of course you can keep him on, but you must realize that you can't live here without a woman in the house."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Miss Thornton, a little breathlessly. "I have a feeling—I can't explain it exactly—that this apartment is a one-woman setting. As I said to Mr. Milyuns, I don't want to clutter it with females."

A slight laugh crept into the eyes of the picturesque Eileen; something inside of her sat up and took notice. She glanced round the room and murmured:

"Mother, she's absolutely right. I'm for it."

"What?" Eileen? exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, flushing in her indignation at the traitor in the home camp. "I don't know what your generation is coming to. The impossible is never right."

Having taken up her suave cudgel, Eileen was in no haste to lay it down, and may it be pointed out right here that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton had the rare faculty of enlisting the nearest bystander to assume her battles for her, thenceforth becoming a characteristically interested onlooker, ready

to watch the rise of her own fortune from the vantage point of an entirely impersonal detachment.

"That's where you slipped, mother," continued the quite unruffled Eileen. "There's nothing impossible to our generation. Impossibilities are our food, drink and salt. We're like those surprising orchid things that defy the usual laws and live on air."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Milyuns; "my new air. But I don't bring you here, Eileen, to be a stumbling-block to Pamela, who is evidently faced with problems in the solution of which she deserves our sympathetic assistance."

"You've hit the nail on the head again, mother," laughed Eileen. "You're not in sympathy with her, and I am; so you'd better stand over her cheek."

and tomorrow morning at ten I'll be here to help her cash and spend it—if necessary." She turned to Pamela with a twinkling of an eyelid in her eyes. "How about it?"

Pamela smiled back her bubbling smile, and then suddenly grew grave.

"Do you think I could order by measure?" she asked, and, remarking the hurt astonishment on Eileen's face, continued in rapid but nevertheless less halting explanation: "You see, it's Mr. Randolph. This is really his apartment, and he may be back almost any—any day. I—I don't want to miss him. I—I wouldn't be out when he comes, for anything."

"H'm," interjected Mrs. Milyuns, but before she could make any further progress along that line, Eileen was on her feet and saying good-by among these other things:

"That's all nonsense. If Bobby found you here just as he left you, the first time he decided to turn up, he might never appear again. But if he finds you after two or three unsuccessful calls and just one day's shopping, he will never leave. Tomlinson will have to throw him out."

"Tomlinson couldn't," said Pamela, with calm complacency.

Gradually the sure shot made by Miss Milyuns began to take effect. The thought of new clothes—new smart suits, airy evening nothings, filmy undergarments, and solid-silk hosiery—stole Pamela from her intention of eternal vigilance and led her to say:

"After all, I will go with you, if it really isn't asking too much of you."

Thus was Mrs. Milyuns side-tracked for keeps, and on the following morning the two young ladies were luffed down-town in Mr. Milyuns' best limousine and proceeded to open a chain of credit-accounts, on the bare say-so of Eileen and in the name of Miss I. P. Thornton, that spoke volumes for the former's exclusive taste in fashionable purveyors and financial ability to humor it. Possibly the two would have shopped up to the moment of the present writing had it not been for the fact that Pamela knew all about money from the short end.

"I have finished," she suddenly announced.

"Finished what?" asked Eileen.

"Finished shopping," said Pamela. "I've been keeping account, and I've spent almost the whole check."

"The whole check?" exclaimed Eileen. "Why, you haven't touched it. That's the beauty of charge accounts. You can keep your checks to look at. I've got some that father gave me three years ago."

Pamela smiled a smile of much wisdom and made for the nearest exit. As a matter of polite formality, when they reached the taxi stand, she asked Eileen to come up for lunch from the bachelor's buffet in the basement, and she could not help a slight feeling of relief at the news that Miss Milyuns had profited herself elsewhere.

"But I'll break away and come for tea at five, if you'll let me," said Eileen. "I simply must help you try them all on."

"All right; do," said Pamela, inwardly pleased that she would have some one beside Tomlinson upon whom to flash the first dazzling vision of her metamorphosis.

The first thing she did when she reached the apartment was to ask if Mr. Randolph had called; the next was to summon the office of Milyuns, Branch & Milyuns on the telephone to know what steps had been taken in the new search. She was somewhat surprised to learn that the entire firm had gone out to lunch in a body, and still more startled at the information, obtained three hours later from the same supercilious voice at the other end of the wire, to the effect that none of them had come back. She was young; she believed it.

There is no doubt that in five minutes more Mr. Bloom would have assumed full sway in the late apartment

of Mr. Robert M. Randolph had not a long pro-cession of gossamer beauties arrive in the wake of him. The beauties brought with them the odorous, one-two, three, at a time, and Pamela herself cut her knots with Mr. Randolph's best nail-scissors and laid out the goods, flung and upon filmy fold.

By the time Eileen turned up the apartment looked like the stateroom deck of a millionaire young lady returning from Paris with nothing to wear and preparing to sweat to it be-



And Were Soon Involved in an Orgy of Trying On

fore all the customs officials in Gotham. Tomlinson was ordered to fill the cellar with wrapping-paper, tissue-paper, cardboard boxes and string, burning what was left over in the back yard.

As soon as sufficient space had been cleared for action, the two girls set to work, and were soon involved in such an orgy of "trying on" as only the headstrong, staid youth could have endured without falling over in a head faint from exhaustion. Even Eileen divested her person of everything but, and experimented with such of her garments as it seemed impossible Miss Thornton could get round to in the allotted time.

Having tried to show the public how charming was Pamela in and without her cheap clothes, no puerile and gasping effort will be made in these pages to measure the effect upon her of the latest creations of the raiment dream-lands of Fifth avenue. Suffice it to say that, in one hour's twinkling of the eye, she became such a radiant vision as chokes mere words down into the pit of a man's stomach, makes his jaw work like that of a fish on a hot side-walk, fills his eyes with the pleading light of calf-love and inspires his hands with an overmastering desire to reach for it.

For two, four, six days, a week, two weeks, Pamela lived in breathless anticipation of the moment when she could burst upon the eyesight of one Robert Hervey Randolph, and when all these days—and weeks—passed without any news of him, her lips that were made to smile, to kiss, and to bless the air with words softly spoken and carried on the fragrance of clean young breath began to droop pitifully.

Mr. Milyuns' efforts in several directions had so far proved in vain. He had advertised in every paper in Gotham, from the New York Epoch to the pink Police Gazette; he had offered rewards; he had set traps and was now supporting a large corps of rapidly fatiguing individuals who called themselves "private detectives" and naturally had the last syllable emphasized. His net results were the information that Mr. Randolph, in a reprehensible state of intoxication and at seven o'clock of the morning of which he had disappeared, had exchanged his well-ventured garments at a second-hand emporium on Sixth avenue for a suit of tithes and eighteen dollars in cash, stating, as he left the place, that he was thinking of going South for the rest of the winter.

After a minute and leisurely study of all the exits from Manhattan, the plain-clothes men had given it as their united opinion that Mr. Randolph had been speaking facetiously in his last-known remark and had probably not voyaged farther south than Canal street. They said if he would only try to leave New York they could find him at once, and settled down on a policy of watchful waiting for that event.

The efforts made by Mr. Milyuns in the direction of springing Miss Thornton on society went equally awry, but were not quite so fruitless. His natural love of a "snooty"-running establishment, and his expert of Gotham's social plane, would have been served a severe bump if American parents were as capable to look up their guests' most remote relatives as they are to study their ratings in Bradstreet's.

Unfortunately for Mr. Milyuns, it happened that a certain young scion of a very good family house was included in the first large dinner-party given to meet Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton. By the natural course of such events, the party youth stepped up for presentation, registering in his protuberant eyes a gleam of dubious surprise. What if he should say, "Hello, Vivienne?" Would it create a sensation?

Something else did, namely, Miss Thornton's enunciation, but curiously

clear voice.

"I met Mr. Beamer," said Pamela, drawing back quickly her half-extended hand "when I was a chorus-girl," she burst with a winning smile to her recently beaming hostess. "I don't care to know him in pleasanter surroundings."

For the breathless second there reigned one of those silences that melt social disaster. Eileen took it upon herself to mash it in its extreme south with a soft tap of her efficient hammer.

"Oh, must you really do?" she remarked to Mr. Beamer.

Did this spectacular debut strike the name of Imogene Pamela from the lists of the madly elite of Manhattan? It did not. Invitations rained on her and found her unresponsive. Her would-be hostesses would have gone the length of submitting rostrums of proposed guests as though to royalty, except for the fact that each and every one of them wished to put her own earnest and dearest to the test of a sudden meeting with the most exclusive of New York's latest crop of birds.

Pamela refused and accepted these bids for the latest thing in sensations in the most erratic manner. No one could fathom just why she said, "No," and much less why she occasionally said, "Yes." The mystery only added to the demands for her company and the days soon began to show an overwhelming preponderance over the Aves. Why? Simply because it was not in the power of any of the hostesses to call up the moody girl and say, "My dear, we are going to have just pork and beans for dinner tonight. Won't you join us?" Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph said he would drop in for pot-nuck.

Yes; every time Pamela had accepted an invitation, it was in the rapidly waning hope that Mr. Randolph, beloved and once at the beck and call of these very people, would appear and come into his own. Could she have surmised that on two separate occasions the knight errant of her thoughts had actually seen her in her most ravishing hibless evening tucker, had driven her to two familiar doors, taken her money with averted face and without inspecting the "clock," and had passed on to some quiet stand to dream over her new glory and read the latest batch of ads crying for news of the whereabouts and welfare of self—could she have known these apparently insignificant items in the daily life of the great city, they would have kept her lovely eyes out twice over.

Such being her state of heart, imagine her excitement when Mr. Milyuns called by appointment and retailed word for word the following conversation which he had participated in that very morning with Miss Madge Van Teller of East Ninth street:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, are you doing all that advertising for Bobby Randolph?"

"Yes, Madge; I certainly am, and if it doesn't bear fruit pretty soon I'll have to give up tobacco."

"Are you advertising for his own good? I mean is it important to him—not to you—for you to find him?"

"Would he be really and truly glad to be found even against his will?"

"No—yes—it is—no—it would be if he isn't sixteen kinds of a fool. I think I caught them all, my dear, but if I let any one pass, I'll be right on you, just as sure as I'm a body."

"Yes," admitted the lady questioner; "your local mind answered them all. Now tell me how you began to look for him."

"If you'll let me, I'll tell you, my dear; you want to be found by me for the purpose that you want to find him, don't you?"

Mr. Milyuns did not pretend to be surprised that he did not use the word "purpose," but he was not surprised.

"You bet I would!" he answered bravely and emphatically. "Now tell me what you've got up your sleeve, Madge; that's a dear girl! If I only knew how I'm worried seven days a day."

"I'm trying to tell you," broke in Miss Van Teller, "but you talk so much I can't get in anywhere. Last night a taxi brought me home from—er—from a drive, and the cabman was really looking simply smashing in one of those awfully high-colored, khaki, fast-fest woolly coats, chambray's, tan puttees, boots, and all—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Milyuns; "I know now just how he looked. What was the license number of the car, and to which company did it belong?"

A long pause.

"Why, I didn't notice."

"Thanks awfully, my dear."

"Sound of hanging up the receiver."

"So there you are," said Mr. Milyuns to the very much excited Pamela. "We've got this far and, by a fluke entirely unconnected with the twenty-two deaths I have been penning in advance of their lifelong service, Robert's driving one of the sixty-three thousand taxicabs that infest the streets of New York."

"Poor dear!" said Pamela, tears rising to her adorable eyes. Then she dismissed Mr. Milyuns, who would gladly have lingered. "I have to go now, my dear; I'm so sorry, but thank you very, very much."

(To be continued)

## Hardings Cabinet Has Now Been Completed

President-elect Harding has selected his top cabinet members as follows:

Sec. of State—Charles Evans Hughes, New York.

Sec. Treasurer—Edward W. Mellon, Pennsylvania.

Sec. of War—John W. Weeks of Mass.

Attorney general—Harry M. Daugherty of Ohio.

Postmaster general—Will H. Hayes of Indiana.

Sec. of Navy—Edwin Denby of Michigan.

Sec. of the Interior—Albert B. Fall of New Mexico.

Sec. of Agriculture—Henry Wallace of Iowa.

Sec. of Commerce—Herbert Hoover of California.

Sec. of Labor—James J. Davis of Pennsylvania.

## SEEDLING GROWTH IS RETARDED BY BRUSH

Close Spacing Desirable to Produce Best Timber.

When Tops of Trees Begin to Inter-mingle and Crowd Each Other Some of Them Should Be Cut Out for Best Results.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When cut-over land is planted in hard-wood seedlings, it may happen that a natural bushy growth will for a few years outgrow the planted trees, overtop them or crowd them, and thus interfere seriously with their development. To insure the proper development of the seedlings, forest specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say in Farmers' Bulletin 1123, "Growing and Planting Hardwood Seedlings on the Farm," it is necessary to cut down the brush for two or three years. When old trees with wide-spreading crowns threaten to shade the seedlings, they will not develop properly, the bulletin suggests that such trees be cut out a few years after the new planting has been started.

To produce clean-barked timber, close spacing is desirable. When the tops of the trees begin to intermingle and crowd each other, however, the become like or crowded vegetables in a garden. Growth is stunted, good saplings will not come up, and some of the seedlings that have reached this condition, when they have reached a sufficient size, should be cut out. In such cases the result is the best development of the remaining part, rather than a poor development of the original number. The best formed and most healthy trees should be selected for retention, and the ones that are likely to have fire with their growth should be removed.

Thinnings are usually necessary when a plantation becomes twenty years old, sometimes sooner. The openings in the crown-cover of the stand made by removing trees should not be too large to prevent the growth of the remaining trees from covering the gaps in from three to five years. When poles are cut for farm use, a crude form of thinning may be accomplished by care in the selection of trees with a view to the improvement of the stand.

Pruning of tree branches is usually unnecessary, and because of the cost of labor, undesirable. If a tree is pruned too far up it may become top-heavy and easily broken by severe winds. The catalpa, ash and black cherry are known to have suffered from this and it seems likely the same is true of many other species. If, because of wide spacing, pruning is necessary, it should be conducted in late winter or early spring, and should not be overdone.

Leaves to River, Killed by Ice. Council Bluffs, Ia.—Miss Ann Hatch, 29, was killed here by leaping into the Missouri river from the stater car bridge.

Ill Health is Given as the Cause. Miss Hatch did not drown, but died from injuries in striking the ice.

Corn in Fla. Bad 22 Years. Davenport, Ia.—A grain of corn which W. A. Santell of Washington, Ia., placed in his ear when a child was removed by surgical operation in 1898, at the age of 10, had been in the ear for 22 years, and had caused much suffering.

## Meeting of Tobacco Growers Here Monday

A meeting of the tobacco growers of Yadkin county has been called to meet in the courthouse here next Monday at 1 o'clock, by District Farm Agent Millsaps of Statesville.

The purpose of the call was not stated but matters of importance relating to the next crop will likely be discussed.

All tobacco growers requested to come.

## Rev. T. A. Caudle Talks

Editor Ripple:—

In an article which appeared in the Ripple of Jan. 13, in which you refer to the Governors eulogy of Robah Baity, then you quote my statements as given in the Governors office you said facts must have changed ends between Yadkinville and Raleigh. Mr. Editor I went to Raleigh in response to a call from Governor Bickett; I give him the facts concerning this case exactly as I gave in the Yadkinville court house. I told the governor just how we approached and how the murder was committed. I did not say any time that Sheriff Zachary pronounced upon him but I said we advanced down the branch and Sheriff Zachary stepped across the branch and put his hands on the men and Baity shot. As to premeditated murder I did not say at Yadkinville or Raleigh that it was or was not as I did not know, as to the doubt that dont concern me; facts will stand but there is a place to be left doubts and wonders in the minds of the people when we consider the whole transaction that the good people of this community did all they could to bring the guilty parties to justice and have failed so far in their efforts. There were true bills found at last May term of court against several parties for block-ading in and around this community and these parties have never been arrested yet and no an effort made to arrest them as we know of. This helped to bring about the 400 prisoners in Baity's behalf, also letters to the Governor or from good friends.

Now Mr. Editor I went to Raleigh in company with W. H. Brown, Dr. S. A. Birding, R. C. McCraw and J. B. Graver of Winston and Clemmont these men will furnish you an affidavit any time as to my diverting from the facts. My life is an open book, examine for yourself.

T. A. Caudle.

In giving his reasons for commending the sentence of Baity Gov. Bickett took in a much different way from this and we will let the public do its own thinking about the matter. But the fact remains that Zachary is dead and Baity is alive and that Mr. Caudle played an important part in both scenes.)

## Joseph H. Glenn Dies In Winston-Salem

Mr. Joseph H. Glenn died at his home in Winston early Friday morning, after suffering a stroke of paralysis. He was 36 years old.

He was a prominent tobacco man and part owner of Brown's warehouse.