

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I .- In a mood of disappointment, through her inability, due to the selfishness of her family, to put finishing touches to her costume for a long-anticipated councostume for a long-anticipated country dance. Anne Chamberlain is irritated by the stolidity and lack of imagination displayed by her escort, George Hildreth (points he shares with most of her acquaintances). A visitor in the community, Neal Conrad, young lawyer, is to be the "sensation" of the evening, and Hildreth is vaguely jeafous.

conscious of a number of strange different from any of the men whom she knew. His hair-cut was different, and his collar, and his tie, the shape of his blue serge coat, the texture of his spotless white trousers. He had a square faw and square shoulders; and he held her so easily, yet so firmly-so closely. He did not seem in the least concerned because they had never met, or at a loss to know how to talk to

"What fun this kind of a dance is! Gets every one acquainted, the very first thing-I'm Neal Conrad, a friend of Roy Griffin's-I'm visiting him.

"I-I thought you must be Neal Conrad. I've known Roy a long time. He promised to introduce me

to you. "Well, I should hope so! I'd be terribly disappointed if he didn't!"

"But there wasn't time before the party began," Anne went on, completing her sentence as she had intended before this astonishing person interrupted her.

"We must make up for lost time now then-darn it! There goes that

"You said this kind of a dance was great fun!" exclaimed Anne, laughing lightly.

"Well, I've changed my mind. It's a darned poor kind of a dance. We were just getting nicely started-

but I'll see you later.' The grand right and left had already begun again. They took their places in it tardily, and Anne, at least, self-consciously. It was accounted nothing short of a crime to hold it up, and she knew it. George, ! as she approached him, showed a face as black as a thunder cloud. admitted that she was thirsty and turned with him to the lemonade

Neal Conrad meanwhile had sought out his host without delay, and taken him impatiently aside. "Who's that girl I danced with

the first time the whistle blew? I didn't even have time to get her name. She says she'd known you a long time and that you had promised to present me. I wish you'd burry up and do it."

tve known all the girls here a long time, and I've promised all of them that I'd introduce you to them. You're the event of the evening."
"This girl," continued Neal, "bad

on an awful pink dress trimmed been using cheap perfumery. she danced like a featherweight angel, and she was a raving, tear- tains in my automobile?" ing beauty. New do you know whom I mean?"

"I've known whom you meant all along." fisped Roy, enjoying his little joke. "It's Anne Chamberlain. She's over there by the table now, drinking lemonade.

"Come on," said Neal briefly. The necessary formalities consumed very little time. At the end of them Neal asked to see Anne's

program. "I'm awfully sorry. It's all filled." "Nonsense!

"It is really," she said, blushing. "Anne's program is always filled."

her partner corroborated. "But I wish it wasn't," she added, blushing more deeply still.

There was not the slightest doubt of her sincerity. Neal regarded her with amusement.

"What shall we do about it?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, I do. I'm going to ask the band to add two more extras. . And they're both to be mine. Don't forget.

"I shan't." said Anne ecstatically. "What do you usually do during the intermission?"

"Why-I wait for it to be over." "Of course. But where?"

"Right here," she replied with growing bewilderment,

"The worst place you could think of. Why don't you come and sit it out with me in my motor?"

"Where?" "In my motor. The horseless carriage, you know."

Atme hesitated. Such a suggestion had certainly never been made in Hamstead before, because it was the first time that anyone had stopped there with a horseless carriage. Therefore she had no precedent for either accepting or Accis-

ing the invitation. But she knew perfectly well that local etiquette He brought me here tonight." demanded she should refuse.

"Fine," said Neal heartily, quite as if she had given him a swiftly affirmative answer. "I'll come for

you. Now I must speak to the band." The first of the extras, which, without the slightest apparent difficulty, he succeeded in persuading the band to interpolate, came just before the intermission. It was a waltz-"The Beautiful Blue Dannbe." Anne had never heard it before, and when she asked Neal its name he looked at her again in unconcealed amusement as he told her.

"It was written by quite a famous Austrian composer - Strauss. The hest thing he ever did. Listen to it, don't talk, and dance it. If you've never waltzed to it before, you don't know what dancing can be.'

She had never known before what dancing could be! That was true enough, whatever the music was, far truer than he guessed. Or did he guess? She hoped he did notfeared he did-then longed to tell him so herself. But she was speech-It was only a minute, of course, less, A silence no less insidious than before the man spoke to her. But in the sensuous strains of the singing that minute she became crowdingly | melody bound her. She could not break it, not even when, at the last sensations. He was so startlingly lingering bars, his encircling arm tightened for an instant and then relaxed its hold, and she felt his fingers on her bare elbow, guiding her lightly.

> "Out this way. To the left, under those maple trees. Let me help you. The seat is rather high."

(What was the magic of those strong, white hands, so different from any hands that had ever touched her before?)

"Do you mind if I smoke?" "No."

"Possibly you'll join me?" "Oh, no!"

"That wasn't fair. I knew you wouldn't. I only wanted to hear you say it.' "Why?"

it so well? "I never learned at all. I've just

kept trying-I've thought about it, I mean, and practiced by myself. And I love beautiful English. But I've never heard much." "Where did you go to school?"

"In West Hamstead, at the district school until I was old enough to go to high school. I teach the district school myself now."

"And you went to high school-" "Here in Hamstead. I lived with old lady, a cripple. She was awfully good to me. She let me come and live with her and work for my board and go to school. If she hadn't I'd have had to go out as hired help when I was thirteen."

"Are-are your parents dead?" "Oh, no. But they've never seemed to prosper. Pupper's had hard all." luck always, and Mummer isn't When the "Paul Jones" ended, she strong." Anne hesitated a moment, and then continued, in a burst of dld when I was a little girl, and when I learned that I ought to say Mamma and Papa, they wouldn't let

> me change. They thought I was trying to put on airs."

"I see -so you've never been away from Hamstead?"

"Well, of course I go to Wallace town. On errands. And once in a while to a show.

"Wouldn't you like to go further away than that?"

"Wouldn't I like to? What do you suppose?" "Well, I suppose you would. So

with black velvet bows, and she'd why don't you? Why don't you let been using cheap perfumery. But me come and take you for a plea me come and take you for a nice long drive up through the moun-

Anne was speechless. It was infpossible and yel it had happened. For the first time in nearly an hour, she remembered the existence of George. And only because it would be such a satisfaction to tell him that his jeering prediction had come true. Then her heart smote her. George would be hurt, terribly hurt, by the mere knowledge that the invitation had been extended. If

she accepted it he would be stricken. "I could come for you right after breakfast." Neal went on, "then we could stop in Wallacetown and pick up Mrs. Griffin and Roy. We could have lunch at some hotel. We could go a long way in a day, you've no idea. Then I'd bring you back in

the evening." "Oh, I can't. You have no idea how much work there is for me to do at home. And there's extra wash-

ing to do this week." "We could go on Sunday." "On Sunday? I don't believe you understand our ways. We never go anywhere on Sunday."

"Well, couldn't you, for once?" "No-even if I thought it was right. I have to play the organ in church and teach my Sunday school class, and-"

"Wouldn't somebody else do that for you, just once?"

"No one ever has." "That's no sign no one ever would. You might ask." She tried to shake herself free

from the lure of his suggestion, "I-George wouldn't like it at all ff I did." "Who is George?"

"George Hildreth. He lives on the next farm to ours." "I see. You are engaged to him?"

"No. but-" "But he wants to be?" "Yes. I've known him for years.

"Three cheers for George!" said Neal heartily. "I don't believe you



"I Don't Believe You Really Intend to Marry Him, Though, Do You?"

really intend to marry him though, do you?" "No but-

'Then wouldn't it be a real kindness, in the end, to let him find that out right away?" "Perhaps, but-"

"Do you know how many times you've said 'but' to me tonight?" "No. but--" They both laughed. It seemed.

herself somewhat.

possibly go with you to one of she'll refuse." those big hotels. I haven't anything to wear.

going to laugh at her instead of without a chaperon! "I don't know. But I like your with her. But he did nothing of the voice. Where did you learn to use sort. He regarded her with less to invite her at all." amusement than before, and something very like tenderness.

"You don't need to dress up, you know. Haven't you a simple little serge suit of some sort? It's cool, motoring "

"No."

"And you couldn't get one?" "No, I couldn't afford to buy one. And anyway, I wouldn't know what was suitable."

Neal saw that he was facing real heartbreak, frankly confessed. He Mummer's Aunt Sarah She was an veered away from it with consummate tact.

"Well, we could take a picnic lunch and eat it by the road de. Then you could wear anything you happen to have. What you'd wear to church, as long as we're going on a Sunday. How would that do?"

"I don't believe it would do at

"It just wouldn't." A scraping and beoming sound beconfidence, "I'm afraid you won't gan to float through the open winsay anything about loving to hear dows of the town hall. Clearly, the me talk again, after hearing me call band was preparing to recommence them Mummer and Pupper. But I its ministrations. Neal's time was growing short. He leaned over, and took Anne's hand, which somehow she could not seem to withdraw, and spoke very earnestly.

"Look here-you're not refusing because you think I'm trying to be fresh, asking you to do this when I've never met you before?"

"N-0-0. "For I'm not. If you'd rather, we won't say anything more about the ride until I've called on you several times, and all that. This is Thursday. I could come twice before Sunday, anyway. Tomorrow evening and Saturday evening. You're willing I should call, aren't vou?

"The only trouble is, I can only stay here a few days. I'm on my vacation, but it's got to be a pretty short one. : I'm a lawyer, you know, in Hinsboro. Roy'll tell you, or your family, anything you'd like to know about me. I'm doing pretty wellquite well. But this is the first vacation I've ever taken, and I can't afford to leave my office too long now. I mustn't take any chances. I've worked too hard, building up my practice, to let it slide. You see

that, don't you?" Anne's heart had bounded from her fluttering breast to her throat. She couldn't answer him. Inside the hall the leader of the band was beginning to call the numbers of the Portland Fancy, Thomas Gray would be hunting for her, and George-

"Won't you please say you'll take that drive?" It was no use She could not strug-

gle against her own longing. Somehow she found her voice. "All right," she said breathlessly. It was barely more than a whisper.

but Neal, bearing it, knew that she

would not change her mind. "Yes. CHAPTER III

THE motoring party took place, I not without violent opposition from more quarters than one.

Neal broached the subject to his friend on the way home from the dance, and Roy objected to it with more vigor than Neal would have supposed him capable of displaying

in regard to any subject. "You asked Anne Chamberlain to go up to the mountains with you! Good Heavens, Neal, you don't know anything about the girl at all! with him quite a spell, I get

"Well, she's come a long way. then. You don't call her worthless

do you?" "No. I rather like Anne." "Good! I like her very much

and she's darned attractive." "You must have seen plenty of good-locking girls." "I have. And plenty of bright girls. And plenty of girls with lots of go to them. But I never saw one that combined all those qualities so thoroughly in one and the same person. I got her to tell me a little about herself. She said her father had had hard luck, and her mother wasn't strong." "Hard luck! the kind of hard luck that comes from never doing any hard work! As for Anne's moth er being delicate-well, she weighs

about three hundred and fifty

pounds, and she may have heart

disease or kidney trouble. I should

not be at all surprised. If Anne

hadn't worked her fingers to the

last two years, I don't know how

they'd have lived." "And you think a girl with that much spank isn't worth knowing?" Roy stared at his friend with growing astonishment. Neal had

"I didn't say that she wasn't worth - knowing. But-why, she doesn't even know how to dress!" knows that she doesn't know. And that being the case, she'll learn. Give her time. She can't be much over twenty."

"She isn't quite that." "Then you just wait and see somehow, very easy for Anne to what she'll look like by the time laugh with Neal Conrad. And in the she's thirty! You don't object if course of her laugh she recovered I at least ask your mother to go with

"I may as well tell you. I couldn't "You can ask her. But I know

"Surely she wouldn't expect me to insult the girl by inviting her to She was afraid, then, that he was go off on an all-day trip with me "Good Lord, Neal! You don't need

"But I have. And she's accept-

"Then you both ought to be willing to take the consequences." "Look here, Roy, I thought you were a friend of mine. You're not acting much like one." Roy felt a pang of contrition. He

cas a gentle creature. "I'm sorry, Neal. I shouldn't have as I did. Anne's a nice girl. Every one admits that. I'd be as sorry as anyone to see her get into

"It's inconceivable that she should into trouble," said Neal icily.

"Yes, of course. What I meant as -go ahead at lask Mother. I'll say what I can it her, too," Thank your said Neal still

Pecause of his repentant spirit, Roy said even more to his mother han he had intended. But in spite of this intercession, Neal found her adamant when he first approached

"I couldn't think of it, Neal. It ould make talk, going on a Sun-

"It's the only day the poor girl an go. She works like a dog all he rest of the time." "And I don't know her at all. I

wouldn't seem natural starting off that way with a stranger.' "Why, I should think you'd like to get acquainted with her. She and

Roy are such good friends." Roy's mother looked at her guest for a moment with bewilderment? What was he suggesting. That her precious child, the only companion of her declining years-Roy-and one of those Chamberlains! It was unthinkable!

"I'm trying to cut him out. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind. But of course-"

Neal went into his bedroom, shut the door carefully behind him, and laughed. All is fair in love and war. He knew that he had won. When he emerged, Mrs. Griffin ac costed him, and asked what he would like to take along for a lunch. She could make a year loaf, and she was quite a hand at an angel cake.

Anne, meanwhile, was having difficulties, too. She decided that it would be wiser to take the bull by the horns, and tell George about the invitation at once. They were on their way back over the hills

when she broached the subject. "George," she said, "do you remember what you said to me on the way in? About Neal Conrad asking me to go out with him in his horseless carriage? Well, he has." George gasped and then sputtered.

give him all that wuz comin' to him. "I told him I'd be pleased to go. You suggested it yourself! Wby

"The fresh city guy! I hope you

should I think you'd mind, after that?" "You knew I was only jokin'." "You weren't joking. You were jeering. Trying to get even with me because I'd said you were behind

the times." "Are you goin' just to get even with me? It would have been welcome tid-

ings, she knew, if she had said she was. But she was too honest. "Partly-a little. But mostly because I want to. I've never been to the mountains." "Are you goin' off alone with this

feller? "Of course not. Mrs. Griffin and Roy are going, too," cided to confide in the merchant.

"Wal, you went outside un' set

"Of course not. I think you're awfully vulgar and-and insulting. I don't believe he even thought of

such a thing." "You know darned well he did." "Well, then, it's all the more credit to him because he didn't do it! and Roy and Mrs. Griffin in his It's more than you would have done. with the same chance!"

"You ain't comparin' me an' him. are you?"

"I am not. There's no comparison possible."

They were actually quarreling The evening on which George had counted so much was turning out

worse than a failure. "I think you've acted real mean," he mumbled.

"I don't care if you do. If you say another word, finding fault, I'll jump out of this buggy and walk home! She meant what she said, and

George knew it. There was nothing to do but relapse into sullen sibone and taught school besides these They even parted without saying good-night. It was after two when Anne

slipped into bed. An hour later before she fell asleep. But she was up again at five, and by seven the "extra wash" was on the line, and not only been swiftly hit. He had she had started picking the beans. While they were cooking, she ironed. And when the dinner dishes were dried and stacked away, she asked her father if she might take

the team and drive to Wallacetown. "Land sakes, Anne, can't you never be still? Wal, go ahead, ef yer

so set on it. She escaped before he could hange his mind, without even waiting to put on a fresh dress. It was half-past one already, and it would take her until nearly three to reach Wallacetown. The bank closed at that hour, and the bank was her first objective. She reached it bare-

"I want to draw some money out of my savings bank account," she

said breathlessly The cashier, who had known her a long time, looked at her dumfounded.

"You don't mean to say you're in to dust the parlor, and then I'm going to cut into that money your Aunt Sarah left you?" he asked. "That's exactly what I mean, I

want fifty dollars. If I don't spend

it all, I'll bring part of it back." "Why, Anne Chamberlain, you don't mean to tell me you're going to take it out and spend it! When you haven't but three hundred altogether, counting interest."

"Oh, Tad, please hurry!" Still protesting, he counted the notes into her hand-five crisp, new bills. She had never seen so much money, at once, in all her life be fore. She tucked it into her shabby little purse, thrilling at the crack ling sound which it made. Then she sped down the street to Mr. Goldenburg's store, stopping to look into the window as she reached it. There

three headless "dummies" stood draped with white muslin dresses. A white muslin dress had no been included in her calculations. But, as she looked at these, she suddenly saw herself clad in one, when Neal came to call that evening and the next-if he really did come. It was the kind of thing a girl ought to wear, under such circumstances, she saw instinctively, sheer and snowy. The crude color of her pink dress, the heaviness of the black bows that adorned it, seemed hopelessly hideous to her all at once: If she bought a white muslin dress, It would mean buying white shoes and stockings, too, and the right kind of a slip, but she felt too reckless to care-if necessary, she could draw out more money. She unlatched the shop door, and walked in. By good luck she encountered the proprietor himself, a kindly Jew who had been in Wallacetown only a few years,

and who had prospered there. "Vel, vel, if it ain't my liddle

I do for you, my dear?" "Oh, Mr. Goldenburg, I want to buy such a lot of things! I've just drawn fifty dollars out of the bank. and I'm afraid it isn't enough, If I run short, will you trust me until I can go back and draw some more?

The bank's closed for the day now." "Vel. now, I tink I could: But you shouldn't take out your money.

yust to spend like this. You goin'

Goin' to Get Married, Hein? To HATS CLEANED AND BLOCKED Dot Fat-Faced Poy?"

to get married, hein? To dat flatfaced poy. George Hildreth?" "No-it isn't like that at all." She hesitated, blushed, and finally de

"I seen him. I know apout him. Dat's a smart young man."

"I met him at the dance in Hamstead last night. He-he invited me to go to the mountains with him horseless carriage. And-he said he might call tonight."

"Oh, is dat so? Vel, dat's anoder story. Anne. I'm real pleased to hear it. Don't you worry apoud your liddle savinks. You puy yust vad you need, and ven you pegin to Half teach school again digs fall, you pay me pack a liddle at a time, hein? I dake the fifdy dolars now an' the rest lader on."

"Mr. Goldenburg you're as kind as-

"Now, now-vat vas you tinkin'

"A suit. A-a 'simple little serge suit," quoted Anne, "have you any- S thing like that?" "Of course I haf. Dark blue.

lence. Not another word was Dat's vat you want. Dwendy-fife Same spoken during the six-mile drive. dollars." He paused. "Id's geddin' on late in the summer. Ve'll say dventy. An' a vide shirt-vaist to go mit-maybe doo, so you could keep nice an' clean. An' den you'll valk Same Good Meal down to Miss Lynn's and puy vun liddle blue an' vide hat."

"Yes," breathed Anne, "that's It But I must have some shoes to go DAVE PRIVETT'S MILL with it from you first."

silk stockings de same color. An' gloves.' "And-and could I try on one of those white dresses at the same

"Sure Nice dan oxfords. An'

time? An hour later, she was on her way home again, her new possessions tucked securely under the seat of the rickety buggy. She had spent seventy-five dollars. But she did not begrudge a cent of it. She was deliciously happy.

The family were already at supper when she slammed the kitchen door behind her. "Wal, here ve be at last," her mother said, heavily, looking up from the cold pork and maple sirup she was eating. "Ain't a. m. to 3 p. m. Next visit will be yer goin' ter set down?"

going to dress." (To be continued next week.)

"No. I'm not hungry. I'm going

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