

up nobly without ancestral ghosts prowling about at night, clanking their chains, and what have you. And, besides, Cabot might have brought along a Yankee ghost or two, just to keep in step with us. There are old families—and illustrious ones—north of the Masol Dixon Line. And I understand Cabot comes from one of them. The Massachusetts Longs, darling."

BETH CARTER sat bolt upright on the porch glider at that. Her blue eyes blazed and her dark curls seemed to rise on her scalp. "Really?" she snorted.

"Well, if that's the way, you feel about it all, why don't you marry him? Why don't you help him turn our precious little Southern town into a dirty commercial Yankee dump? Why don't you have a dozen Yankee brats and go back to Boston with them some day and learn to talk through your nose! I don't suppose," snorted Beth, "that your ancestors turning over in their graves would mean a thing to you?"

"No," said Patsy, amusedly. "It wouldn't. The exercise might do them good!"

"Patsy!"

"The war between the States was fought years ago," said Patsy, suddenly serious. "My grandfather died at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Yours at Bull Run. And Cabot Long's at Gettysburg! So what?"

For one long moment, Beth sat looking at her lifelong friend with cold, incredulous eyes. Then those eyes filled with tears that sparkled like diamonds on her incredibly long lashes. She got up from the porch swing with slow deliberation. She said, icily: "I never thought I'd hear words like those from Patsy Keith!"

And without another word she crossed the porch, her small back rigid, her dark head high.

Patsy said, softly, from the depths of her corner: "Don't be a goof. Beth Cabot Long wouldn't give me a second look. He's probably head-over-heels in love with that blonde bombshell who comes down from New York every week-end to see him. Why fall out over a man who doesn't even know we exist?"

BUT Beth didn't answer. Not even when Patsy called after her when she said: "Beth, please let's not quarrel. Cabot can't see any of us, really. He thinks we'll all die. That we have encephalitis. That we hire hookworms so we'll have a legitimate excuse to drowse in the sun. And why should you get stirred up about him, anyway? You're marrying Rod True next Spring, and he has everything you love. Family, tradition, illustrious ghosts prowling about his house."

"And hookworm, I suppose!" snapped Beth finally.

"Beth!"

But Beth was gone. She flopped into her car and stepped on the starter viciously. She swung out from under the low branches of a magnolia into the open road.

For one brief second she thought, "I'm

a fool! Cabot Long isn't worth the slightest misunderstanding with Patsy!"

But in the next moment her resentment and anger flamed back through her veins. Patsy, of all people, falling for the Yankee Patsy! her friend! Because Patsy had fallen for him. Any dunc could tell that by the way her eyes brightened at the mention of his name at the way she defended him and, with him, the whole abominable North!

BETH rode on, threading her roadster through the small, shadowy town and heading for the river, where she was going to peel off her clothes, dive in and try to cool her burning anger. She thought, a little of Rod as she drove. She was in love with Rod, she supposed. Rod really wasn't lazy. Just spoiled. He was the only son of wealthy parents. He had too much money, too much leisure.

But she knew that when Rod was once married, when he had an incentive—and possibly children—he'd find his path in life. He'd probably be a brilliant statesman, like his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him. You could always bank on blood and antecedents.

A. the river Beth parked her car beneath a weeping willow and hopped out. A little red bathing suit hanging from one arm. At the sight of the water and the cool green banks on either side some of her anger disappeared. She forgot Patsy and the abominable Northerner, and even her unrecognizable concern for Rod's lack of ambition. She loved to swim, and this was certainly a day for it. She began to whistle—"I Wish I Was in the Land of Cotton—" And promptly an echo came back. Only it was "Yankee Doodle Went to Town—"

Beth whirled on her blue sandal, her whole small body going rigid beneath the blue polka-dot linen of her dress. "Where," she said, icily, "and who—are you?"

"I'm here," said a young man coming out from under the weeping willow, "and I'm Cabot Long."

And then he stood there before her Beth took a long look at him. She had to look way up to do it. His shoulders and chest were in fine proportion, tapering to narrow hips. A smile flickered at his mouth and there was a sort of green light in his eyes—two details which made him something more than a sun-burned Yankee nobody. He had

"How dare you," cried Beth. "How dare you!"

"You do hate me, don't you?" said Cabot, not grinning at all. "I hadn't really thought it was real—your hatred I couldn't believe that any one still felt the old differences." He paused for one second. His tone became a little lighter. He grinned again. "Well, I might as well make your hatred 100 per cent. Yankees don't do things half way. That's how we won the war."

And before she could cry back: "You didn't win. We were never beaten—just outnumbered!" he had her in his arms. He kissed her, tightening his sinews about her so that she might have been in a steel trap.

"You—you—Yankee!" she cried at last.

And then she did go. In her car, her dark head high, her cheeks stinging with color and her eyes full of tears.

Dinner was being served when Beth burst into her house. The Southern dinner is always in the middle of the day. She flung herself down at the table, her eyes wretched with her experience, her heart still pounding and her mouth warm with the Yankee's kisses. He father said, "You're not feeling the heat, are you, Beth?" Her mother said, "Beth, what on earth has happened?" Beth had no answer that was satisfying. Only "Nothing. Nothing at all!"

Her parents dismissed her then. When Beth chose to tell them her troubles, it would be time enough. Father said: "As I was saying, Mother, I think we'll be able to make that trip to Europe in the Spring. Those mills coming here were the best thing that ever happened to Cartersville. I don't know when my drug store has ever shown such a profit as it has this year. We could make a sort of second honeymoon of the trip with Beth along, of course."

MOTHER said: "Oh, Theodore, how wonderful Beth, do you hear?" And then because Beth's eyes looked so wild, because her face was so suddenly white she said quickly: "We'll not go if it interferes with your marriage to Rod, darling. I had forgotten it was to be next Spring!"

Beth ignored her mother. She faced her father squarely. "Did I hear you correctly, Father? Did I hear you say you had made Yankee money and that you were going to Europe on the pro-

ceeds of your Yankee income? Father, I can't believe this of you! You—a traitor! My own father!"

Father was puzzled. He said: "Why, Beth, what crazy talk is that! You sound like the Southerners during the Reconstruction period. Yankee money is Southern money. It put the roof on this house this year. It planted those new rosebushes in the garden. It paid for the car. And by the gods, but for the mill money—Yankee money, as you say—I'm not at all sure there'd be anything on this dinner table today!"

"Father!"

"Now you listen to me, Beth. The South is awake, working, living again. If there had been more Cabot Longs down here, we'd have come to sooner!" He paused. "Yankee money! What on earth is wrong with Yankee money?"

Beth rose from the table. She stood there in dark, outraged dignity. "What is wrong with the South?" answered she with a question of her own. "Am I the only Southerner left in the South!"

BETH listened no more to this defense of the North. She swept out of the room, out of the house. Rod! Rod would help her get through this miserable day! Rod would hold her in his lean, young arms, he would kiss her lips with the gay, careless love-words that only a Southern gentleman can say convincingly. She would forget all about the episode of the river—and the pro-Northern attitude of her own family.

But Rod wasn't home. His mother was and her blue eyes were dancing. Oh, Beth, isn't it wonderful! Mrs. True sang out. "Rod started to work today in the legal department over to—"

Beth held her breath. Her hands clenched at her sides. It couldn't be. But it was.

"The Long Rayon Mills," finished Mrs. True. "Aren't you proud, dear? I knew that Rod wasn't really lazy for all the talk that's been going about town. He just needed an opportunity, a chance. It's hard to be lazy in Cartersville now. Why, things are just bristling, aren't they!"

Beth didn't know about things. But she knew about herself. She was bristling Rod—working for Cabot Long!

Somehow or other Beth got through the rest of September and half of October. With disgusted eyes she watched Patsy Keith and all of her friends trying to dazzle Cabot Long at the club dances at her friends' dinner parties, on the links, the lacrosse field and fox hunting. The town was certainly different. It was a beehive of activity. "The corner of Forty-second and Broadway would look like a cow pasture compared to us," Patsy laughed, and Beth turned up her nose.

BETH had to smile despite herself. "No Southern gentleman would be caught dead making love to a girl like that," she said, haughtily.

"Sugar," said Cabot, laughing a little, "will you-all marry me?"

Then he laughed hard, whirled her in his arms, carried her through the crowd to his car. As he bundled her in Patsy, her face very white, touched Rod's arm. Her eyes were stricken—and so were Rod's—but she said—almost say!

"There goes a traitor. Over to the enemy." Rod bit his lip. Then he smiled. "A lovely traitor. A worthy enemy."

cried out in her mind: "Cabot! Oh-h, Cabot!" And then, without realizing it, she was running out of the garden, down the street, her sandals beating a wild hysterical tattoo on the sidewalks. Rod beside her. She kept saying: "Rod, you don't suppose Cabot's hurt, do you!" She didn't know it, but there was agony in her voice.

Everything was confusion at the mill. There were caved-in walls, there were blackened ruins and somewhere deep in the bowels of the factory a fire was raging. The whole town was there, milling up and down the sidewalks. Patsy Keith, with her face white and her mouth drawn, was saying: "Cabot's in there. With four men. On inspection. I was waiting in the car—and then—this happened!"

Beth heard that and her heart welled up in her throat in a sick fear. "Cabot!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. "Cabot!" And tears streamed down her face and she wrung her hands and screamed again, "Cabot! Cabot!" Patsy wasn't looking at the ruined building now. Nor was Rod. They were both staring at Beth. There was a puzzled look in Patsy's eyes—and one of misery in Rod's.

When she started into the building, Rod grabbed her by one arm. He said: "Beth, the rest of that place may give you hands to go in there. The Fire Department's here. We can't do anything!"

And then Cabot came out, the four men and the rescue squad with him. He went straight to Beth and took her in his arms and held her very close.

But now Beth changed completely. Fear went out of her face and something else came into it. With a swirl of her pink skirts she was out of his embrace, turning. . . . But she didn't run away. For Cabot drew her back. He said, in a whisper: "Don't go on being a stubborn little Rebel all your life. Jim Reed, in the rescue squad, told me you were out here screaming your lungs out for me! You love me and you know it! I've known it all along. I've been wondering what would bring about the surrender. It has cost me about \$500,000"—he grinned a little—"and damned if I don't think it is worth it!"

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