

# AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY



FOURTH INSTALLMENT

When Joyce opened her eyes one morning to see a fruit-laden orange tree from the end of the luxurious sleeping porch where she lay in bed, she couldn't decide what had happened to her, for the last thing she remembered was a skidding taxicab in Chicago on a sleeting November day. And when she saw the circle of diamonds on her wedding finger and when a man who called her Frills came to bid her an affectionate good-bye before leaving home for a hurried business trip, warning her to be careful after her fall from her horse the day before, she was even more puzzled. The gorgeous house that was evidently her home, the faint brown stains on her fingers—she had never smoked—and the initials on her toilet articles, F. L. P., added to her bewilderment. But—"it's heavenly," she said. "I'd be perfectly happy to spend a whole day right here."

Who was this man? What did he expect from her?

He was older than Neil Packard, she realized—older, and wiser. His dark eyes had heavy, drooping lids and his mouth a slightly one-sided twist to the full lips. The nose was straight and clean cut, his chin narrow, while, like Neil, his face was evenly tanned. He was dressed in golf togs and had an unmistakable air of smartness about him.

"I called up while you were asleep," he went on, pulling out a silver cigarette case, "did Roxie tell you? This morning." Without taking his eyes from her, he put two cigarettes between his lips and lighted them expertly, both from the same flame. Extinguishing the match with a quick shake of his hand, he offered her one of the cigarettes. From his automatic manner, it was plain that this was an accepted procedure.

"I... I don't care for any—now," faltered Joyce, making no move to take the cigarette and surreptitiously attempting to push her chair farther back away from him. He was so close that it seemed to her he must be able to look right through her eyes and read her confused thoughts.

"For Heaven's sake, Frills, what's the matter? Better smoke; your nerves need steadying. How do you feel?"

"Well, I have a headache, naturally... and I feel sort of shaken up," replied Joyce, dropping her eyes before his ardent gaze.

"You're damn lucky it's not worse," he remarked forcefully, "what you need is a good stiff drink right now, and I'm going to give it to you. Got some real Canadian here, some Jake Townsend got me." He drew out a large silver flask, unscrewed and filled the top and handed it to her. She accepted it without protest, silently. Perhaps it would help steady her nerves.

Raising the flap high in one hand, he placed his other hand on her knee, and pressing it with a sudden strong clasp that made her wince, he exclaimed softly, "Here's to Frills, the most marvelous girl in the world!"

Joyce smiled an embarrassed acknowledgment and gulped the liquor down hastily.

"Feel better?" he inquired, still watching her closely. "Lord, Frills, I was in torment till I found out you weren't seriously hurt! If Neil doesn't take Fire Queen away where you can't get at her, I'm going to do it myself. That beast ought to be killed, and you know it. If you weren't such a stubborn little devil, you'd admit it."

Joyce now knew without doubt that this man was "Mait." His assured tone sent a tremor of apprehensive terror through her.

"Did Neil get away this morning?" he asked, flicking ashes from his cigarette.

"Oh, yes."

"I was afraid he might cut out the trip on account of your accident, and do us out of our bit. You'll be all right to go with the crowd Wednesday?"

Joyce's heart sank. Go where? "Oh, no, I can't... I... I... don't feel up to going anywhere..." she answered quickly.

Frank perplexity mingled with real alarm swept over the man's face. "Judas, you act queer this morning! Never knew you so quiet and... so queer."

Joyce was thinking desperately. "I must get rid of him. I can't stand much more of this sort of thing... I've got to do something quick. I'll make use of a little 'temperament,' I guess."

She jumped to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, let me alone! Can't you see I'm sick? And if you don't like it, you can... you can..." she faltered, her burst of courage evaporating suddenly, and she turned toward the door, her one thought

to escape.

"I can go to hell," supplied Maitland. He laughed, without rancor, and looked relieved. "Fine! That sounds more like you, darling."

He followed her with long strides into the living room. Joyce, confident now that he understood he had been dismissed and was about to leave, turned and held out her hand to him.

Instead of taking it, however, he came close to her and swept her into his arms. "Listen, sweetheart! I'll come tonight—up through the garden..." Between the rapidly muttered words, his kisses fell on her neck and face with scorching touch and ardor.

Joyce was aghast to find she could not struggle free from his grip. At last, her unresponsiveness and her feeble efforts to free herself seemed to reach his consciousness. He lifted his head to gaze inquiringly at her. His eyes were humid; his handsome face moist and flushed.

"Let me go!" gasped Joyce, taking advantage of his slightly relaxed hold to pull her arms out from under his. Putting her hands against

his shoulders, she gave him such a suddenly violent push that she broke his hold. He stared at her in blank amazement, at the unexpected repulse, then a shadow crossed his face. "Frills, something's happened to you. Has Neil?"

"Is it Neil? Tell me what it's all about!"

Joyce backed to the door, fighting for self-control. "Let me alone! Don't touch me... go away..." She was almost sobbing.

"But, sweetheart, I can't understand it. Don't you love me? What have I done? Or is it Neil? Has he been—"

Without answering, Joyce fled upstairs, her knees trembling under the very force of her aversion, however, took her to the front window, and peeping out from behind the curtain, she watched Maitland getting into a long gray sport roadster outside the door. He glanced up and saw her. Joyce dodged back, angry at having been seen, but not before she caught the wide confident smile on his face and the wave of his hand toward her.

Then she ran into the big bedroom and shut and locked the door. "Oh dear! What am I going to do? Well, next time I'll know enough to keep at a distance and not give him a chance to grab me that way!"

She was interrupted by a knock. At first, she decided to pay no attention. Then, merely to get away from her own disturbing thoughts, she hastily opened the door.

Roxie stood there, holding out a yellow envelope. "Telegram for you, Mrs. Packard."

"Oh? Oh, thank you," said Joyce taking it. When she had torn it open apprehensively, dearding to encounter further complications, Joyce read: "HOW ARE YOU PLEASE WIRE ME HOTEL BLACKSTONE LOVE NEIL." It was evidently sent enroute for it was headed Sacramento.

"He's much nicer than Mait!" she thought impulsively.

What should she telegraph? She sat down at the desk and considered.

Then picking up a pencil and scrap of paper, she finally wrote: "Everything fine. Don't worry, take care of yourself. Love, Frills." "I could use another word. That's only nine, and my thrifty New England soul does hate to waste anything. Shall I say 'Much Love'? I'll bet the telegram will be different enough from what he expected without that. Now, how does one send it? Telephone it? Or have the chauffeur, if there is one, attend to it?"

She finally decided to telephone the message. Scarcely had she hung up the receiver than the bell rang.

She listened in and heard as before Roxie's calm answer.

"Hullo, Roxie, can I speak to Frills?" drawled a feminine voice.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Emery, but she gave order she didn't feel up to answering the 'phone today."

"Is that right?" with an incredulous note in the voice. Look here, Roxie, go and tell her I'm on the wire, will you? Ross and Ed and Ethel and I want to come over after dinner..."

Joyce shuddered. Ross and Ed and Ethel! Whew! Four new ones at a blow. Who were they?

When Roxie appeared, Joyce said, "Please tell Mrs. Emery I have a headache and I don't feel like seeing any one for a day or two."

She smiled with a touch of malice when she heard Mrs. Emery's remark to Roxie. "Say, Roxie, honest, did Frills say that? Has Doc been in today to see her? Frills is sure sick when she won't see the gang."

Joyce set her lips indignantly at this further evidence of the unknown Mrs. Emery's familiarity with her affairs. She was glad that

Roxie answered with obvious acidity, "No, ma'am."

"I like Roxie," she decided gratefully.

It all began to seem to Joyce like a species of fantastic game. How long could she hold off these unknown friends? With the one important exception of Maitland, the points had so far been in her favor. With care and good luck she might continue to win, until there came the move which would require her utmost skill—the return of Neil Packard.

Her restlessness gradually became more than mental. She found her hands moving nervously, the fingers rubbing together automatically, or picking up objects aimlessly. When she sat down it was impossible to keep her body still for more than a

moment at a time. She realized a craving in her for something—without knowing what it was.

When Roxie appeared to ask whether she wished dinner, she gave an affirmative answer, adding that she would like it served upstairs, and that she was not at home to any callers.

"Excitement must make me hungry," thought Joyce later as she sat before the attractive dinner which Roxie brought to the boudoir and arranged on a small round table. "Anyhow I'm not so far gone with sock that I can't appreciate good food when I taste it."

When the sun had disappeared darkness came on rapidly—not with the soft lingering of twilight in the East. Going out on the sleeping porch, Joyce caught her breath with delight at the brilliance of the stars in that clear deep blue velvet of the night sky. There seemed to be more than she had ever seen before, closer together and brighter. The entire sky was powdered with stars. She could plainly see the scalloped line of the distant mountains against the firmament, and beyond the garden the blossoming fruit trees spread a carpet of soft white, faintly shimmering in the starlight. Not a building, not an artificial light, emptiness spread around her like a pool of fathomless still water, lonely, awe-inspiring.

Joyce sat there until she discovered that the night air was actually cold, a surprising change from the hot sun of the daytime, and she returned to the house.

At ten-thirty Joyce was still so wide-awake that she had no desire to go to bed, but a feeling of restlessness swept over her again, and she could no longer sit still in front of the fire.

"It must be safe to go downstairs now... Think I'll sneak out to the kitchen and look for something to eat."

She found the lower part of the house in total darkness, but remembering the cubistic floor lamp just inside the living room door, she fumbled for it and successfully pulled the chain. This gave her light enough to find the kitchen.

When she had finished eating, Joyce tried the back door and found it locked. Then, before she went upstairs again, she made the round of all the windows and doors on the lower floor.

When she was in bed, Joyce lay tense for some time, nervously sure she would never go to sleep. She could not have lain awake long, for, when she woke to broad daylight, Joyce had no recollection of a sleepless vigil in the dark.

She felt so much better that her courage went up with a sudden leap. There was a quality about the brilliant sunshine and clear air which sent a thrill of pleasurable excitement through her. The prospect of the coming problems stimulated instead of disheartening her. Today she would play the role of Mrs. Neil Packard more convincingly...

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### PUTTING CITY MEN OUTDOORS

The great value of President Roosevelt's plan for putting a quarter of a million young men at work in outdoor labor, of a kind which is somewhat vaguely referred to as "forestry," seems to us to be that it will probably save most of these men from becoming bums.

As we understand the plan only

## Faces Hangman's Noose



Winnie Ruth Judd, photographed in her state prison cell at Florence, Ariz., from where she still fights to evade the gallows on April 21, on a conviction for murder.

those between 18 and 25 years old and having some dependent relatives were accepted at first. They applied at an Army recruiting station, armed with a letter from some recognized local relief or welfare association, testifying to their worthiness as objects of relief. They were then put through a physical examination at the recruiting station.

Those who passed these preliminary tests were required to enlist for six months, signing an agreement to perform whatever duties they might be assigned to and not to destroy any Government property. They then went at once on the payroll, at the rate of one dollar a day with food, clothing and shelter included. Each recruit, however, was required to sign an assignment of part of his pay, approximately three-quarters of it, to the dependent wife, mother, sister or brother, to be paid direct to the beneficiary.

The recruits of this Army of Peace were then sent to the nearest military post for a period of "conditioning," which includes regular exercise and drill, instruction in taking care of their bodies while living in the open, amenability to discipline and the building up of their physical stamina. This conditioning was expected to take from four to six weeks. When completed, the men are sent in squads to the places where they are to labor on public works.

Precisely where this work will be done and what it will consist of is not fully explained as yet. Presumably it will be in the various National Forests, though there is talk of the Government buying a million acres or so of unreclaimed land and putting these men to work on that.

It seems to us that the actual work accomplished is of less importance than the building up of the men who do it, getting them into the habit of hard work, enabling them to contribute something, however slight, to the support of others, and taking them off the city streets into the wholesome outdoors.

We shall watch this experiment with interest.—Autocaster.

Was Jesus mistaken in His glorification of the child? No indeed. Havelock Ellis maintains that the average man of genius, both in physique and temperament, is childlike. "The progress of our race," he says, "has been a progress in youthfulness."

One other saying of the Master in this lesson deserves careful study. It is the declaration, "He who is not against us is for us." How large-hearted! How generous! How we find the secret of the Master's superb tolerance and magnanimity.

### A Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank each and every one for their gifts and for their help in any way since our recent loss by fire. We will never forget your kindness and may God bless you all.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Gentry and Family.

John H. Miller of Orange County built a brooder house with a brick brooder and a separate laying house for a cash outlay of \$7.50, says Don Matheson, county agent. The houses were built of logs and covered with home-made shingles. The money was spent for glass and hardware.

There are 7,000 bridges in England unfit for modern traffic.



## Wedding Stationery

Correct form in wedding invitations allows so little leeway that the whole charm becomes entirely dependent upon the exacting workmanship and judgment of the printer. The achievement of our printers you will find as near perfection as human craftsmanship will allow.

## The Courier

Phone 39 Roxboro, N. C.

## Hanes Underwear at Wilburn & Satterfield

## SOME MEN HAVE THIS ON THEIR CHESTS

FROM all the latest reports, however, there are fewer tattoos and more HANES Undershirts on men's chests, these days. Twenty-five cents is all a HANES Shirt costs! And that's why men (and wives who buy for their men) go for HANES in a big way.

Aside from the low price, though, other things are helping HANES to get on men's chests. Take a look at the length of the shirt. It tucks down deep inside the shorts, and actually stays there! Try the cloth between your hands. See how soft and springy it is. Washing won't weaken that elastic-knit! Can you imagine it for twenty-five cents? If you don't know a HANES dealer, please write P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES has luxurious Lisle, Du-rene, and Rayon shirts for 35c and 50c. The super-soft, combed-yarn shirt is... 25c.

HANES Shorts never clutch the crotch or cramp the hips. Guaranteed fast colors.

25c 35c 50c

Some HANES Union Suits are 50c. The SAMSONBAK—Sanforized so it won't shrink—has the patented, no-rip, no-break 75c belt. Only... 75c.

## HANES WONDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS HANES FOR EVERY SEASON

## Leggett's Dept. Store

Headquarters For Hanes Underwear

### Jobless Enlisting in Reforestation Service Army



Herewith is pictured the launching of the recruiting drive to enlist 250,000 unemployed for President Roosevelt's Reforestation Service plan. The enlistments are for 6 months duration for jobless between the ages of 18 and 25 years. They receive \$1 per day and the applications are passed upon by relief committees in the respective territories. One provision is that those given jobs shall assign at least three-fourths of their pay to dependents. Enlistments are made at army enlistment quarters following which those accepted are sent to army camps for conditioning after which they receive assignments by the Department of Labor. Photo No. 1 shows jobless making applications. No. 2 shows meals being served recruits from rolling army kitchens and No. 3 shows recruits off for conditioning camps.

### JESUS REBUKES SELF-SEEKING

Lesson for April 23. Mark 9:30-50 Golden Text: Romans 13:10

All of us crave popularity. It is human to seek recognition. But it is foolish to scramble for it. The disciples, in their quarrel as to who was the greatest, and therefore entitled to the honors of rank and precedence, form a sorry picture. Jesus, with characteristic directness, at once plunged to the root of the whole issue. Greatness, He insisted, is not the fruit of the aggressive seizure of power, but of its renunciation.



"If any one wishes to be first, he must be last of all and servant of all." This means that the humble, obscure workman behind the scenes, an unheralded hero never in the limelight, never responding to a curtain call with its ringing applause, may be, by God's standard, first in value and esteem. He it is who, when the kingdom of heaven is established, will be called from his inconspicuous position to a post of leadership.

Then the Master gave a concrete demonstration of this principle. Taking a little child, He placed him in their midst, embraced him, and then uttered those memorable words, "Whoever for my sake receives one such young child as this, receives me." That child, with its trustful eyes so full of wonder, its innocence, its beauty, its simple faith, unspurred by the sordid, selfish brutalities of our blighted world, both rebuked the grasping disciples, and gave them a needed lesson.