

The PENNY PRINCESS

by *anne austin* ©1927 by NEA Service

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Vera Cameron, plain but efficient private secretary, consents to let Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager for Peach Bloom Cosmetics, transform her into a beauty through the use of the company cosmetics. She consents only after she falls instantly in love with a man who ignores her.

Jerry proposes to use her photographs in the company's advertising booklets. In transforming her, the beauty specialist copies a picture Jerry finds in his desk. Vera wants to be beautiful so she can spend her vacation at Lake Minnetonka and meet the man she loves, Schuyler Smythe.

At Minnetonka, Schuyler and other guests mistake her for the ex-princess, Vivian Crandall, who, after a divorce in Paris, has disappeared. Vera's attempts to convince people of her true identity fail, and she puts further confession from her when she realizes Schuyler is in love with the girl he thinks she is.

Nan Fosdick, who it is rumored Schuyler is engaged to for her money, begs Vee-Vee to leave the hotel, saying Schuyler loved her before Vera came. Nan and Mrs. Bannister, another guest, go to the city and Vera goes to the end of the pier to be alone and Vera determines to confess to him. He tells Vera of his love for her. Vera puts off confession and begs him to tell her of his boyhood.

When he admits he is a secretary, she asks him if he would love her any less if he learned she was a nobody, without money. A bell-boy appears, summoning Vera to meet two men who await her at the hotel. Schuyler says he will not let them take her away, that she must marry him tonight.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXVII

"How can we get away?" Vee-Vee's teeth chattered with fear and excitement. "Your car is in the hotel garage, out of commission."

"Listen!" he commanded sharply. "Run along the shore road where I got that little clump of birch bark for you yesterday. Hide among the trees until you see a car coming. I'll blow a signal on the horn—one long and one short honk. Understand?"

"But where will you get the car?" Vee-Vee protested, seizing his arm as he was starting down the steps.

"Steal it and notify the hotel in the morning where they can pick it up," Schuyler retorted grimly. "I'm not going to let anything stand in my way. That scoundrel Thurston had my car tampered with, and I'll take his car to get away in if I can find it. He usually keeps it waiting at the rear entrance. Now—run along and be sure it's me before you run out into the road. Darling! Kiss me, so that I'll know it's real—that we're actually going to be married."

"No! We—must hurry!"

While she waited in the shelter of the little clump of birches near the lake shore road, her heart was beating so fast with excitement that she could not think. She could only pray wordlessly, pray that Schuyler would not repudiate her as an imposter and a love-thief.

A roadster which she recognized as belonging to Thurston, the hotel manager, came suddenly into view around the curve of the road. Vee-Vee crouched behind a tree until the reassuring signal came—one long hoot of the horn, followed by a short one. She scurried across the road, and was in the car before it had come to a full stop.

"Got it—Thurston's car!" Schuyler exclaimed. "I should have taken a closer car if one had been handy. Fortunately for me, Thurston leaves his keys in his car. I warned him once that it was dangerous business, but he laughed at me, said there were no thieves at the Minnetonka. He'll laugh on the other side of his mouth, until he hears from me in the morning. Do him good to carry a little," he added, with a short laugh that jangled on Vee-Vee's overwrought nerves.

She said nothing, but huddled low in her half of the seat, wringing the white Spanish shawl about her head and shoulders, to protect the carefully set wave in her copper-colored hair from the menace of the wind.

"I believe we're being followed," Schuyler said suddenly, after a pause during which he had increased the speed of the car to 40 miles an hour. "Look over your shoulder, darling."

Vee-Vee obeyed. "There's a car behind us, but of course they may not be following us," she reported, trying to keep panic out of her voice.

"I'll lose them, whoever they are," Schuyler promised her grimly.

The speedometer climbed from 40 to 45, hung there a moment then wavered drunkenly to 50. Vee-Vee glanced over her shoulder fearfully, as the car swung at a perilous angle in taking the turn from the lake road to the state highway.

"I think we've lost them. If they were following us," she cried to Schuyler above the whistle of the wind and the hum of the motor. "Where are you taking me?"

"As far as I can drive before nine o'clock in the morning," Schuyler answered. "I'll try to make Connecticut—easier to get



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a marriage license in that state than in New York State.

"Schuyler," she began, desperately taking her courage into her hands, "I've got something to tell you. Please slow down! I can't talk against the noise and the wind."

"Afraid of me?" She could see his smile in the light from the tiny electric globe set in the dashboard.

"Yes," she answered, shivering. "Won't you please turn into the first lane that we come to, so that we can talk unobserved? Please, Schuyler! It's vitally important."

"If you're going to ask me to take you back to that hotel, where those d—detectives are waiting to take you home, I can tell you now that I won't do it!" Schuyler shouted at her. "I love you and you love me, and nothing is going to come between us again. Do you hear?"

"Are you trying to prove that you are a masterful man?" she laughed shakily. "I don't want you to take me back to the hotel. I want to get as far away as I can, but first I have to tell you—the truth. Then, if you still want me, I shall be happy to marry you."

"Nothing you can tell me can make me change my mind," Schuyler assured her, but he slowed the car to a bare 15 miles

an hour, leaning out to search for a lane turning off the main road.

"There's a farmhouse ahead. See the lights?" Vee-Vee pointed to the right. "There must be a private

road leading to it. Yes, here it is. Please turn in."

"I fall to see why we should waste time in talk, when it is of such vital importance to get

clear away," Schuyler grumbled as he obeyed. "See any car down the road?"

"No," Vee-Vee shook her head. "There's a car going toward Minnetonka but none coming from it."

"Now what is this terrible truth that you have to tell me?" Schuyler smiled, as he cut off the engine. "I believe," he laughed exultingly, "that my little princess just wants to be kissed. I'll bet many a girl has been kissed in this lane. My darling!"

"No," Vee-Vee cried out sharply. "Not—yet. Please! Schuyler—her hand went to her throat—I've tried to tell you so many times, but you wouldn't listen. Tonight, dear, I asked you if you wouldn't be glad if the girl you love came to you as poor as you are so that you could work together."

"Do you mean," he interrupted her sharply, "that you've let that d—prince get hold of all your money? The papers said your father had protected your money when the marriage settlement was made."

"Oh, you make it so hard!" she wailed. "I don't know where to begin or how to convince you."

She beat upon her breast with a clenched hand—and received the answer, for the crackle of folded paper came to her faintly, Jerry's letter! The letter that explained the whole miserable business was tucked away beneath the tight bodice of her evening dress. She pushed aside the folds of the Spanish shawl and groped for the letter. Her fingers felt icy against the warm flesh of her bosom.

"Have you some idiotic idea of testing my love by telling me that you are poor?" Schuyler demanded in an odd voice. Then he seemed to pull himself together, laughed indulgently. "Darling, I

don't give a d— about your precious money. If you've lost 40 million dollars in four years of being a princess, why, all the better for me. I mean, I can have the pleasure of showing you how the backbone of America lives!" He laughed again, but there seemed to be little genuine pleasure behind it.

"Don't laugh!" she cried out of her pain. "I haven't been trying to tell you that I've lost 40 million dollars, but—"

"I knew you were just trying to test me," he laughed with more assurance. "But I don't think you show much trust of the man who has loved you for five years."

"That's just it!" Vee-Vee cried. "You haven't loved me for five years, for you had never seen me before in your life when I walked into the Minnetonka dining room on Sunday. You did not see me at Palm Beach."

"Are you trying to tell me that you think I made up a fairy story to tickle your vanity and to further my suit with you?" Schuyler Smythe demanded violently. Then, as suddenly as it had happened before, his voice changed, became low and rich with love: "Oh, my darling! Don't let's quarrel now. Just when I have won you. You may think I am a romantic fool to have cherished a dream all these five years, but you can't quarrel with me for that, even if you have forgotten that I danced with you."

"I haven't forgotten, because I was not there. Schuyler, I have never been in Palm Beach in my life. I was not married to Prince Ivan Polaski—"

"Have you gone crazy?" Schuyler demanded, seizing her clenched hands and bending over her.

"Ever since Sunday night I've

felt that either I was crazy or that the guests of the Minnetonka were," Vee-Vee told him. "Schuyler, didn't it occur to you that I might be telling the truth when I said that my name was Vera Victoria Cameron?" It was out at last and she could sink back against the cushions of the car, sobbing with relief as well as fear.

"What do you mean?" Schuyler's hands relaxed, allowed her to drag her own hands away. "Is this another bright scheme to test my love? I've heard that you love dramatics, but this is hardly the time or the place."

"Can't you believe me?" she shrieked at him in desperation. "I tell you I'm not Vivian Crandall! I have never even seen her in my life, had scarcely heard of her name Sunday when you insisted on mistaking me for her."

"I don't believe it!" Schuyler's voice was suddenly shouting in her ear. "I tell you I don't believe it! I'm not such a fool as you think! It's a great scheme to ditch a man you are tired of playing with, but it won't work. Princess Vivian! Just using me as a tool to escape those detectives your parents had put on your trail! Well, I'm not a

man to be trifled with! I'll keep you until you'll be glad to marry me to save your precious reputation."

(To Be Continued)

man to be trifled with! I'll keep you until you'll be glad to marry me to save your precious reputation. (To Be Continued)

Brilliant
quality diamonds set by
Sigmund Traub Orange
Blossom mounting. Wedding
rings to match.

Louis Selig
QUALITY SINCE 1882.

McPHERSON BROS.
AUTO SUPPLY CO.
Cor. Colonial Ave & Martin St.
PHONE 1044
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
ALWAYS
replace a Timken with another
TIMKEN
Tapered Roller Bearing
Siberling
ALL-TREAD TIRES

NOTICE!

An Ordinance Regulating Automobile Drivers.

BE IT ORDAINED, that each and every person, living within the Corporate limits of Elizabeth City, or within two hundred yards of the boundaries thereof, desiring to drive a Motor Vehicle of any kind within the said Corporate limits, shall before driving or operating said vehicle within the said City limits, apply to the Auditor of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Elizabeth City to secure an annual Driver's Permit, or License which shall be issued, subject to the rules and regulations prescribed by the said Board of Aldermen, for which applicant shall pay to the said City, the sum of ONE DOLLAR for each Driver's Permit, which he shall keep in his possession at all times for the inspection of the properly constituted officers of the City.

That each owner of a motor vehicle living within the Corporate limits of Elizabeth City, or within two hundred yards of the boundaries thereof, desiring to drive a Motor Vehicle of any kind within the said Corporate limits, shall before driving or operating said vehicle within the said City limits, apply to the Auditor of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Elizabeth City to secure an annual License Tag or Plate, for which he shall pay the sum of ONE DOLLAR and the same shall be displayed at all times on the front of his car.

Said Driver's Permit and License Tag or Plate, shall run like other City Licenses, from September 1st until 31st of the following August of each year; Provided, that any person living outside of the two hundred yard limit, whose business or occupation keeps him or her permanently within the City and who keeps and drives his or her motor vehicle on the streets of Elizabeth City doing business shall be subject to the same rules and regulations and be required to procure same Driver's Permit and License Tag as person living in Elizabeth City; Provided further, that the said Auditor shall not issue a Driver's Permit to any person until he or she has reached his or her sixteenth birthday and shall be otherwise qualified and fit to drive and operate said vehicle; Provided further that in case said Auditor is uncertain about the age of the applicant, he can require him or her to make oath as to his or her age.

Any person violating any provision of this ordinance, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall upon conviction, pay a fine of FIVE DOLLARS for each offense and any person who drives or operates such motor driven vehicle, shall be guilty of a separate offense, for each day or part of day, that he or she drives or operates said vehicle without said Driver's Permit and License Plate.

In force from and after ratification.

Ratified this 15th day of August, 1927.

J. H. SNOWDEN,
City Clerk.

NOTICE!

City License and Automobile Permits Due:

All City automobile licenses will be due on Thursday, September 1st, and to avoid a rush, I shall begin selling same on Wednesday, August 24th. Blanks for making application for other licenses may be obtained at this office. Automobile Owners are reminded that they must procure their driving permits and license plates on September 1st, or before. New permits may be obtained without examination upon presentation of the old ones, together with fee of \$1.00 each.

J. H. SNOWDEN,
City Clerk.

NOTICE!

The butchers' and fish stalls in the City Market will be rented on Monday, August 22nd, at 3 o'clock.

J. H. SNOWDEN,
City Clerk.

Announcement

We will have with us on
Monday, August 20
A salesman from New York City with a Beautiful Line of
Diamonds and Mountings

So before you go away bring us your old jewelry to be turned into a beautiful, modern, artistic piece of jewelry, designed by a master craftsman in the jewelry industry and at a very moderate price. Drop in with these old trinkets Monday and let us tell you just how they may be used in the new design. When you are away you will enjoy the happy anticipation of receiving, upon your return, a modern piece of jewelry that will be the delight and admiration of yourself and friends.

BRIGHT JEWELRY CO.
GILBERT JAMES, Mgr.

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Soothed and healed
by applying gently
VICKS
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and Winsome
The only woman aboard a hellship. And what a motley crew, captained by a brute incarnate with a fiend for a first mate! You'll thrill at the tense, powerful scenes in this sensational drama;

“THE BLOOD SHIP”
The Mightiest of All Sea Dramas. Miss a Meal,
But Not “The Blood Ship.” She will be underway:

WITH
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CAROLINA
“With Comedies N’Everything”

MONDAY
TUESDAY

TODAY
Hoot Gibson
— in —
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