

The PENNY PRINCESS

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., transforms Vera Cameron, his plain secretary, into a beauty by using the company cosmetics. The beauty specialist in refashioning Vera, copies a picture Jerry finds in his desk, an uncaptioned colored picture of a lovely woman.

Jerry falls in love with Vera, also known as Vee-Vee, and his love persists even after he learns she has fallen in love with a man who ignores her.

Vera goes to Lake Minnetonka for her vacation because the man, Schuyler Smythe, is there. Smythe and other guests mistake her for Vivian Crandall, ex-princess who after a Paris divorce is in hiding. Vera tries to convince everyone of her true identity but is not believed. When she realizes Schuyler is in love with the girl he thinks she is, she finds further confession difficult.

Guests returning to the city apparently notify the Crandalls of the Minnetonka and detectives are sent to find her. Vera learns that the detectives are there while she and Schuyler are alone at midnight on the pier and they steal a car and flee.

Schuyler tells her she must marry him immediately. Believing that he will love her for herself alone, Vera tells him the truth, substantiating her identity with Jerry's letter. Schuyler is furious, then wondering if this is just a scheme of the wily princess to ditch him, he tries to retrieve and insists they be married at once. They are stopped by two masked men who take Vera with them.

Schuyler returns to the hotel and tells what has happened. Vera meantime is whisked away in an airplane. When the airplane lands, Vera is surprised to find the men have brought a bag with her clothes in it, apparently packed by some accomplice of theirs in the hotel. They take her to a shack near where Prince Ivan Polaski, Vivian's ex-husband, meets them. Vera and Ivan are terrified when the kidnapers announce the prince's fee is not enough and that they shall lock the two in the shack until the Crandalls produce a sizeable ransom. The prince is furious when he discovers Vera's true identity but she convinces him they must play the part lest these men murder them on finding she is not the princess but a penniless nobody.

When the prince learns Vera's true identity, he is violently angry but she convinces him they must play the part, otherwise these men will murder them. Meantime Jerry Macklyn in New York reads an account of what has happened. When he reaches his office, he is greeted by Rosemary Fitch, who stuns him with the announcement she has seen Vera that very morning.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVI
Jerry Macklyn knew then how a condemned man feels when he is reprieved. He literally collapsed into his chair.

"Say that over again and say it slowly. Remember I'm a weak man, Rosemary," he begged, grinning wanly at her.
"I said," Rosemary laughed, "that I saw Vee-Vee Cameron this morning. I was in the Bronx subway. We were just pulling into the Seventy-Second street station when the train stalled in the tunnel for a minute. You know how it is—to let another train pass," she explained breathlessly.
"Yes, yes, go on," Jerry urged her impatiently. His brain was whirling. So Vee-Vee had escaped somehow. God bless her! She was in the city, would be here any minute—but that, on the face of it, was ridiculous, unless the kidnapers had returned her to New York. All of his hideous worry for nothing! But oh, the relief!

"I saw a girl pushing her way to the doors to get out at Seventy-second. She had on glasses, Mr. Macklyn, like she used to wear, but I saw right away it was Vee-Vee. I had just been reading in the paper where this Vivian Crandall had been kidnaped and that she'd been using Vera's name and I didn't know what in the world to make of it. You know, for a minute I had the wild idea that it was our Vee-Vee that had been kidnaped, and I tell you I was scared."

"That was a wild idea!" Jerry agreed weakly, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. "What did you say to her?"
"I didn't have time to say much," Rosemary rushed on. "It was a funny thing, Mr. Macklyn, but I had one of those booklets in my hand—you know, 'The Modern Story of an Ugly Duckling,' and I'd been comparing Vee-Vee's picture with that Vivian Crandall's in the paper."
"I thought I told you not to let anyone at all see those booklets."



"Mr. Macklyn" a low, pleasant voice came over the phone.

that they were not to go out of this office!"
"I know, Mr. Macklyn," Rosemary flushed. "But I'd just taken it home for mother to see. Surely mother doesn't matter. And anyway what harm can it do for Vee-Vee to have one of them? The story's about her—"

"You gave Vee-Vee one of those booklets?" Jerry demanded.
"Yes, I did," Rosemary burst into tears. "I don't see what you're so sore about! I was just saying to her, 'Vee-Vee,' I said, 'I've just been reading the papers about Vivian Crandall and I was scared to death it was you. I never was so glad to see anyone in my life,' I said."

"And what did she say?" Jerry urged her, weakly collapsing again and closing his eyes.
"She didn't answer me. She was just looking at the booklet I held in my hand, open to her picture. She said, 'Let me see that please,' as if she was startled. I remembered what you'd said about Vee-Vee not wanting the booklets to be sent out, because she didn't want everyone to be calling her 'The Peach Bloom Girl' and I said, 'Oh, we're not sending them out, Vee-Vee, until you come back from your vacation. I just took this one home to show mother. Here, you can have it.' I said, and she took it, and just then the train jerked into the Seventy-Second street station and Vee-Vee pushed her way on out of the car."

"I didn't have a chance to say anything else and neither did she, but she turned at the door and smiled at me and waved. Gee, I was glad to see her. But what I can't figure out is why that Vivian Crandall used Vera's name, unless they were friends or something and—why, Jerry, is that why Vee-Vee had herself all fixed up to look just like Vivian Crandall? We girls have all been talking about it—how much our Vee-Vee looks like Vivian Crandall. Do you suppose she did it on purpose, so that heiresses could use her name and pretend to be Vee-Vee, just to fool people and

get a rest from the reporters and everything?"
"I imagine you are right, Rosemary," Jerry pounced upon her explanation. "I bet those two girls have been having a lark," he chuckled. "But the lark hasn't turned out so well for the poor little rich girl who wanted to be just common folks, has it? She couldn't put it over, poor kid! And now she's Heaven knows where, at the mercy of kidnapers. But I suppose the Crandall millions will get her out of it, all right."

When they had talked a few minutes longer, Rosemary suddenly developed an urgent necessity to communicate her news to a new audience. Jerry watched her trip out of the office on a pretext, and wished that he could help her do it. Within half an hour every employe of the Peach Bloom Company would be told that Rosemary Fitch had seen Vera Cameron. Fitch had talked with her and knew to a certainty that it was the real Vivian Crandall who had been staying at the Minnetonka, using Vee-Vee's name and getting herself kidnaped.

Jerry Macklyn held himself rigidly to his desk all that day, not even leaving his office for lunch lest a telephone call which

he was more than half expecting and ardently praying for would come and find him gone. It came at four o'clock, when he had almost given up hope. Rosemary was out of the office, as she had been most of the day, gossiping with other employes about the sensational kidnaping of Vivian Crandall, who had so strangely used Vera Cameron's name, so Jerry answered the phone himself.
"Mr. Macklyn?" a low, pleasant voice—the voice of a cultured woman—came clearly over the wire.
"Yes, this is Mr. Macklyn," Jerry answered, his heart knocking against his ribs.
"I am calling in reference to an advertising booklet, published by your firm. I was given your name by your switchboard operator as the advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Company," the low voice went on firmly, without a quiver.
"Good girl! A thoroughbred!" Jerry applauded her silently. Then aloud he said, "That is correct. I am the advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Company. Is there anything I can do for you, Miss—?"
"I am going to make a rather extraordinary request of you, Mr. Macklyn," the cool, musical voice went on. "If you are the author of the booklet, 'The Modern Story of an Ugly Duckling,' I feel sure you will understand without any further explanation on my part. My request is that you meet me as quickly as possible in my apartment, No. 4-B, East 181st street, the Bronx, Apartment No. 4-B. Ring the bell three short rings. Do you understand?"
"Perfectly," Jerry assured her, and a click of the receiver at the other end of the line was his answer.
"Whew!" Jerry sank back in his chair. "Jerry, my boy, you've got the biggest job of your life ahead of you! And I don't even know whether it's etiquette to kiss a princess' hand or to smack her on both cheeks, like that Frog general did when he pinned a medal on me in France."

Not a word of the plan. Read the next chapter.

Smith-Patterson
Miss Sarah Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of Thomas Alvin Patterson, and Thomas Dolvin Smith, son of J. Walter Smith, both of Newport News were married at the home of Rev. E. F. Sawyer Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left immediately for a tour of northern cities.

Reed-Horton
Miss Ruby Gertrude Horton daughter of Edward L. Horton and Mr. Shirley Hope Reed, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Reed both of Hilton Village, Virginia, were married Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock by the Rev. E. F. Sawyer at his home on Pearl street.

Leaves For New Bern
Wanchese, Aug. 31.—Miss Kate Hardesty left Monday for New Bern where she will visit her brother until the school at Harker's Island opens, where she is a member of the faculty. While here she was the guest of her brother, Rev. Wm. R. Hardesty. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Hardesty. They will stop at Atlantic for a week. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hardesty are members of the faculty at Harker's Island.

Pierce-White
Miss Lucille Frances White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Francis White of Norfolk, and Mr. Edward Bernard Pierce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Pierce, also of Norfolk were quietly united in marriage Friday at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Rev. E. F. Sawyer, with Rev. Mr. Sawyer officiating. Friends accompanying the party to this city witnessed the ceremony.

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Currituck Plans For Big Day On Saturday

County Board of Agriculture in Charge of Program at Point Harbor; Music, Speakers, Races, Contests, and Plenty of Refreshments

Point Harbor, Aug. 31.—Currituck County is making big preparations to handle the crowd of pleasure seekers expected on Get Together Day at Point Harbor, September 3.
This picnic is under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture, a newly created board in the interest of farmers. Dudley Bagley, of Moyock, John Newbern, of Powell's Point, and Tully Williams, of Currituck represent the agriculture board.
The program follows: 10 a. m.—community singing led by girls club of the county; address of welcome, Captain W. J. Tate;

address, James Gray, North Carolina State College; music, Shawboro quartet; address, Senator Rivers Johnson, 12 a. m.—2 p. m. Dinner served by the Woman's Federation of Home Department Clubs, consisting of fried chicken, barbecue and chicken pan pie dinners. Whole dinner tickets will be issued those desiring them. Sandwiches, cold drinks and ice cream will also be served. 2 p. m.—community singing; address, Mrs. Redfern; horse show contest, 3 p. m.—boat races. Games for the young folks will be in charge of the girls club. Band music will be a special feature of the evening.

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W. H. GAITHER, Treas.
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Announcement!
We have extended our delivery service with an extra truck to take care of Currituck on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and Hertford and Edenton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
We also cover, Sunbury, Gatesville, Hobbville and intermediate points.
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BOB WOLFE KAHN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
If I Had a Lover—Fox Trot (from Padlocks of 1927) With Vocal Refrain
NAT SHULKER AND THE VICTOR ORCHESTRA
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PHONE 165

NOTICE!
Sealed bids will be received until 8:00 P. M., Monday, September 18th, 1927, for the erection of cross-timber bridge over Point-dexter Creek at Water Street, Elizabeth City, N. C., subject to approval of U. S. War Department. Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of City Manager or E. J. Alford, Engineer.
J. H. BROWDEN,
City Clerk

STYLE HEADQUARTERS FOR MEN
D. WALTER HARRIS