THE BEACON, PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Joseph Greer and His Daughter

VIOLET-REVEALED

SYNOPSIS. - Joseph Greer, a black-bearded pirate of fifty, having discovered a process of extracting fiber from flax straw, is made director of a big corpo-For years distrusting ration. men of affairs. Greer has played a lone hand. Now holding what he considers the winning cards, he is willing to sublet his wits to wealth. To protect his own interests, Joe has foisted his own secretary, Jennie MacArthur, upon the company. Henry Craven, a bank clerk related to John Williamson, the millionaire backof Greer's new company, is offered by Williamson the position of treasurer of the new company, with the generally understood purpose of watching Greet. Craven accepts. Joe tells Jennie about his wife, and his nineteendaughter, Beatrice, year-old whom he has never seen. He is planning to force the daughter into Chicago society. Joe goes to a week-end party at Williamson's house, where he meets Violet. John's wife, and is strongly drawn to her. He fascinates her. Beatrice arrives and father and daughter get acquainted. Bea-trice proves to be handsome, self-witted and lacking social polish.

CHAPTER V-Continued. -7-

She didn't feel at all sure she liked the taste of Joe. She found his realistic moments unpleasantly acrid; his egotism, naive; and his prudery-for she'd been aware that she'd sometimes shocked him-ridiculous. She admitted the attractiveness of his looks, his surprisingly good speech, his vigor and freshness, and the queer miscellany that formed his background: the jungle, and the musical-comedy stage; that he bought pictures, and had never been to Europe, and knew Sorolla. This was how her palate reported itabout as a boy's palate reports his first taste of strong drink. She didn't reckon on anything in her, behind her palate and capable of overruling its report, being concerned in the matter. But, even on that first morning, she'd been forced to ignore as irrelevant some rather queer sensations and impulses she'd had.

It annoyed her to learn that Joe was a married man with a grown daughter; she lost her temper with John, who told her about it. "He's probably got five or six wives," she rapped out. "One in every port, like a sailor. I suppose one of them is trying to put him in jail and he's come to you-And I'd bet you've said you'd help him out!"

She would barely listen to John's detailed explanation that Greer's matrimonial difficulties were, comparatively speaking, respectable, and it did not in the least placate her when she heard. "Respectable!" she fumed. might as well know." "That's the beastly second-rate vul-

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As a possibility, anyhow. After all, how do you know it isn't true?" "I met her last night," Margaret said.

'We had dinner there, Henry and I. She happens to look like him, in the first place. He had a photograph of her before she came; you could even tell from that- So, if you want a looked at him, let alone lifted a finger, story," she went on, after a breathless | Margaret would attribute the probable pause, "you'd better make it that she's failure of her project (for what seriillegitimate. It isn't likely that she brought her mother's marriage certificate with her."

To Violet the purport of this was as plain as it was astonishing. If Mar- her conduct, act most unreasonably garet had said, in so many words, "I think of marrying this man. I've made a start toward getting him. So, if you nothing to do with Joe-for the preswant to play fair, you'll let him alone" -she couldn't have made it clearer. As a decent, married, middle-aged member of society Violet had to acknowledge the reasonableness of this request. In some moods she even accorded a tentative half approval of the plan. If Joe was in the way to having three or four things she wanted make a serious fortune out of this linen process that looked so good to John, he'd be a pretty good matrimonial risk-as good as Margaret would ever get a chance to take.

Violet wanted her married. She was still a social asset, for a difficult dinner or a week-end party; but ten years from now-a little tighter drawn, her wit oftener mordant than refreshingly acidulous, one wouldn't know what to do with her. In such a marriage, Margaret, fastidious as she was, would, of course, loathe the man himself. Her first unguarded comments upon him had really been funny. It wasn't likely the instinct of a lifetime could have changed enough in two or three months to make him seem, personally, desirable. It was that prospective fortune Margaret was banking on, a line of reasoning which justified Violet, the first chance she got, in putting the project before John.

Her opening startled him, for she began by asking if the linen business was really a frightfully good thing, and he jumped to the surmise that Joe was trying to unload his stock on some of her friends. It took a minute or two to get him back on the rails. "It's him I want to know about," she insisted. "Whether he's going to get frightfully rich out of it or not. Because Margaret means to marry him." Again it took her a few minutes to

get him calmed to the listening-point. Margaret wasn't eloping with him

this afterncon; she wasn't even engaged to him. "I didn't say she was going to marry him; I said she meant to, when the time came. It's a plan of hers, that's all. Only I thought you

Let down, he swung the other way garity of it. Why do you think they and treated the idea jocularly, as an-

By Henry Kitchell Webster | time. The thing he'd said that had given Violet most food for thought was that broken sentence, "Of course, if he married Margaret-" Had he meant that this would bring Joe, somehow, within the pale? Afford him the protection of another code, so that he'd be allowed to get rich, after all?"

Anyhow, the thing for Violet to do for the next few months-was to let Joe Greer alone. If she as much as ous attraction could a cold, finicky person like Margaret effectively exert upon this genial freebooter?) to her,

and, judging by the latest sample of about it. Luckily, it mattered very little to Violet herself; she'd have ent, anyhow,

She kept this resolution scrupulously for a little less than a week; then, on the afternoon of Margaret's lunch for Beatrice, as a result of a chance encounter with him, she broke it rather badly. She'd motored in with Dorothy. to do in town-the most important of these being a call on Eileen Corbett, Gregory's wife, who was at the Presbyterian hospital, having her appendix removed. It was around five o'clock when she left the hospital. She hadn't gone more than a block or two when her chauffeur ran over a jagged fragment of a broken milk-bottle and blew a tire. He trundled over to the curb, stopped behind a car that was parked there-it had, she thought at the time, a faintly famillar look-and went to work, in the disgustingly deliberate manner characteristic of chauffeurs, putting on a spare.

It was the hottest part of what had turned out to be a remorselessly hot day, and this particular spot was, she was sure, the hottest in Chicago. The prospect of a fifteen or twenty minutes' walt was irksome. But before the first of them had passed, Joe appeared, amazingly, descending in the freight elevator from the very building opposite which they'd stopped.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" she cried at sight of him. She cared nothing about an answer; the question was galvanic. All she was aware of was a tingling sensation from the brilliant look he gave her and the feel of the hand which met the one she'd stretched out to him.

But his answer was not perfunctory. This is the last place I'd expect you to come to," he said. "Even your husband's never paid us a visit here." Then, perceiving the chauffeur's occupation and, in the same instant, interpreting her puzzled frown, he explained, "Why, this is our laboratory. I thought, for a minute, you'd come out to see what our linen process was like."

"I didn't even know you had a labtory," she said. "What is it like? A laboratory always sounds exciting.' "This one isn't," he told her derisively.

He held the door while she instruct- easier," said Dodo, dispassionately, "but I'll do my best, Mother."

swim.

Sunday at the Williamsons' went

off, Joe decided, very well. There was

to suggest that Beatrice was being

taken as a cannibal princess. She

seemed, whenever his eyes fell upon

her, to be having not only a jolly time,

but to be making, especially with the

boys, a reul success. She was in the

pool, most of the time before lunch,

getting taught, enthusiastically, to

a while, but she turned up, just as he

was beginning to wonder about her in

the company of a white-flanneled

youngster with whom she seemed on

very good terms. He had dark-red

curly hair; his features, without being

insignificant, were small and fine, so

Joe heard him call her Trixie, and

"He's Lansing Ware," she told him,

but stopped at that, short of giving

Joe asked if he'd been wounded in

"He was in the air service," she said.

'He got that stiff ankle in an accident

at his training-camp, quite early. I

Joe asked no more questions about

his daughter's cavalier. The boy was

placed, implicitly, as one of the "regu-

The Only Thing to Be Watchful of

lar" people he wanted her to know.

and that "Trixie," along with his

rather intimate way with her, was, as

far as he could see, merely part and

parcel of the manners current here.

a Bad Influence on Dorothy.

Was the Possibility of Her Having

don't know exactly what it was."

the war, and noted a momentary hesi-

took his first opportunity to ask, not

of the girl herself, who he was. His

informant was Mrs. Hugh Corbett.

him any further details.

tation about her reply.

After lunch he lost sight of her for

ed her chauffeur. "Come to Astor street for me, Jeffrey," she said. "But you'd better get a new spare tire first." Joe showed no sign of noting that this nothing, even in the smell of the air, order of hers substantially protracted the time she'd have to wait. It really meant nothing to him, of course, because she hadn't the least idea of asking him to wait with her.

He kept her wondering about him all the way home. He drove fast but with unexpected care. And he made no effort to talk to her. As they turned

into Chicago avenue he nodded toward a plain brick building and told her it was another laboratory, Hugh Corbett's. "There's one of your bunch I'd like to really know," he said; and when she asked, with a laugh, "The only one?" he let the question go with no more answer than an unsmiling look.

that he'd have made an unusually She had to direct him to her house, pretty girl, though his build was sturdy enough. He walked with a welland something about his smile, when marked limp. she commented on the oddity of his

not knowing where she lived, decided her to invite him in. There was a dash of mischief about it, too, for she saw he didn't know how much or how little she meant by it. "Oh, come in," she insisted. "You deserve a chance to get cool after rescuing me like that; and it's only for a few minutes." But not even the drink she provided put him at ease.

Experimentally, with the rewarded purpose of surprising him, she spoke of his daughter, whom he, apparently, had no intention of mentioning. "Margaret's been telling me how nice she s- Why have you kept her dark?" But the surprise proved a boomerang. After his first start he took time to frame a deliberate answer which left her gasping.

"It wasn't because I was ashamed of her. It was because I don't know where you and I stand. I don't care what you take me for, a pirate or a annibal-anything you like." There was nothing humorous about this; his tone was almost menacing. "But she's no-cannibal princess! And if I can help it, she isn't going to be taken that way."

He began with a disarming apology for having startled her. He'd spoken out more plainly than she was used to, but he hadn't done it wantonly. There was something he wanted her to understand.

"I've always been a law unto myself," he said. "That's the only kind of person I could be. If you're like that, you've got to make up your mind not to care a d-n what anyone else thinks of you or of the things you do. It's the only possible line to take, if you stop to think. But that doesn't mean that I've been satisfied with everything I've done. I've done some things that were pretty low-down. I've treated some people that way. One of them was my wife. I deserted her before Beatrice was born. Before I knew she was going to be born. She was almost a year old before I knew I had a daughter- Well, I can't make anything up to my wife. She hates

"We had to enter Dorothy at Thorny-

croft years before she was ready to

go. Everybody does- I suppose

that's why you thought you didn't

know where you-stood; as you said,

"The trouble with you is," she went

on after a silence, "that you think

"And are you telling me I'm not?"

She laughed. "Trust your friends,

anyhow," she said, adding, after an-

other pause, "And don't let Margaret

Craven monopolize that nice daughter

of yours. Bring her up to see us Sun-

day morning. Everybody comes, more

or less, to swim and play tennis, and

so on, and stays to lunch." She added

a final touch. "I'll see that Margaret's

He made, in words, no reply to this,

but his look took hold of her again and

for a good long moment held her tight,

so that, once more, she felt the blood

burn in her face. She'd been kissed

with a good deal less intimacy than

that came to. He didn't offer even the

formal contact of a handshake; mere-

ly nodded at her and went away, wear-

The only thing to be watchful of

was the possibility of her having a bad

influence on Dorothy. (Violet had con-

vulsive moments of taking the respon-

sibilities of motherhood very seriously

indeed.) But Dorothy's report of the

Sylvia, had forgotten all about the girl.

she's all right. I think she means us

to understand from something she said

while Margaret was out of the room,

that she means to vamp Henry-

father must be rather a lark."

ing up Sunday," she added.

Shouldn't wonder if she could, too. She

cause he won't have it. They're com-

"Oh, at Margaret's lunch! Why,

he asked. "Shall I begin trusting ev-

you're still in the jungle."

there-for you," she said.

ing his most brilliant grin."

with me.

erybody?"

Driving home with her that afterme; always did. I'm the last sort of noon, after a few miles of thoughtful man in the world for her to have silence, he told her she needn't, unle



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have to marry those people?"

When she heard about Beatrice, and Joe's wish to enter her in a smart school, preferably Thornycroft, where Dorothy was, she fairly boiled over. What affair was it of his, or his daughter's, where Dodo went to school? How did he even know of the school unless John had been babbling about it? But of course John had been! Given the man all the details, no doubt; Miss Hood's address, himself as a reference, everything!

"What's the harm if I did?" he school in a hundred years-not in ten, as if she meant something? And if anyhow. And next year's all that matters to us." It wasn't this argument, however, that had the effect of pulling his wife up short; it was his look of curiosity at her. What was there for her to be so disturbed about?

She, herself, couldn't understand why she'd been so bitter about it nor why she went on thinking and feeling that way. She tried to make out that she was angry with herself for being angry, but the intricacies of this abstraction were a little beyond her. Preposterously, what warmed her into a friendlier feeling for the man was the outrageous surmise that the girl mightn't be his daughter, after all, but some little fluff he was trying to palm off upon them, under a cloak no one would think to look beneath. She found this notion rather entertaining, though she didn't take it seriously-Well, she didn't take him seriously, either!

She didn't pass it on to John, for she had a clear premonition that he wouldn't think it funny. She didn't suppose Margaret Craven would think it funny, either, but this didn't prevent her mentioning it to Margaret, experimentally.

Margaret took it in the most surprising way; fairly flew at her over it.

"That's like you, Violet," she said when, after a tight silence, she spoke at all. Her voice was brittle with anger, and her eyes were dry with it. did marry him-" He relapsed into "How long have you been telling that sweet little story?"

The mere impact of the charge took Violet's breath. "I haven't been telling it at all," she protested. "I only just thought of it. It struck me as amus ing, and I said it."

"It will be frightfully amusing for her, won't it?" There was no quality of reflection in Margaret's voice, not even the thinnest veneer to give it a surface. "To find a story like that going round! A young girl, alone as she is: even her father a stranger to

"It isn't going around," Violet reiterated. Then, with a short laugh. as she recovered her balance: "Oh, if think of, who knows what he's like. number of things could happen in that place there is."

other of her numerous mares' nests. "How did you find out about it? Did she tell you herself?"

"Practically," Violet asserted, and went on with confirmatory details. Margaret had been seeing quite a lot of him; she'd known about his daughter before any of the rest of thembefore the girl came on at all; had seen a photograph of her; they'd dined there again last night, she and Henry, to meet her. "She says the girl's rather nice and she's going to take her

up. She's asking Dodo for a lunch asked. "He couldn't get her into that for her next week. Doesn't that look he's going to be really rich"-Violet watched her husband intently as she ventured this-"it might not be such a bad thing for her."

She could see that he was upset by

the idea, though he went on proclaiming his total disbelief in it. A finegrained girl like Margaret couldn't be considering Joe Greer as a husband; a man of rough manners, no morals, a brutal temper, not even divorced yet, and fifty years old. And, on top of it all, a mere adventurer, anyhow, "His age wouldn't bother anybody," she remarked dryly. "And he won't go on being an adventurer, if this linen business makes him rich-really rich,

I mean." "Well, if that's what she's counting on," he grumbled, "she'll wait a while. If she takes my advice she will." "Why?" Violet demanded. "Don't you think it's a good thing?"

"Of course I do. Wouldn't have put money into it if I didn't. But that doesn't mean necessarily that he'll get rich over it."

He went on, in response to a rather startled look she shot him, to explain. He didn't mean anything sinister by that. Only, with a fellow like Greer, you never could tell. He might fly off the handle any time. "He isn't the sort that naturally gets rich. Sooner or later he's likely to bite off more

than he can chew. Of course, if she an abstracted silence and took two or three drafts on his cigar. "She won't,

though, I don't believe," he concluded. He hadn't taken the idea as hard as he might have been expected to, for the amount he'd done for Margaret, all these years, had made him a bit romantic about her, and he liked having her around, just as she was: at home in his house, on call. He might have vetoed the thing summarily, and ordered it broken up; given his wife carte blanche to see that it went no

further. Distinctly, he hadn't done that. Margaret had better go slowthis was all his advice came to: and she'd have to do that, anyhow. Even

if the man were divorced today, she

"It's so beastly hot right here," she began, "that almost anything-" "It's hotter up there," he broke in. "And it stinks to heaven. I wish there was some place-" The roar of a passing elevated train checked his speech, but he went on staring at her thoughtfully until it passed. "-I wish there were some cool, quiet place that I could take you to, and make you comfortable, and give you a drink-or a cup of tea. But if there's such a place within a mile of here, I don't

know it." She agreed with him about the frightfulness of the West Side, and then told him idly that her father-in-



Was Around Five o'Clock When She Left the Hospital.

luncheon put that misgiving away. law's old house, where John had lived Violet had to ask for it, for Dodo, after until they married, was just round the two days on the Wollaston farm with corner.

"The human animal can change a lot in one generation, can't it?" he observed. "They tell a wonderful lot of stories about old Nick. It's queer to think you must have known him. I expect he was more my kind than your husband is."

He gave her no chance to deal with this, for by now he'd got an idea. There was no need of her sitting here, sweltering. He could take her in his car wherever she had been going, and hers could follow and pick her up as soon as it was in running order.

"I'll tell you what you can do, if you've really time to rescue me; you can take me to our town house. There's it is, it's not my doing. But it's a couldn't marry him, legally, here in no one there but the caretakers, but a natural enough thing for anybody to Illinois, for another year. And any closed-up house is always the coolest

married. You must have seen things she liked to, go to Cape Cod with Marhappen like that yourself. But I can garet-oh, perhaps for a week or two make it up to the girl, and I'm going later.

to do it. She hasn't had much of a The visit had not produced quite the life up to now, but now it's going to sort of step in his acquaintance with begin. The best there is-of every-Violet that he'd looked forward to. thing. It may not be all smooth sail-But Joe hadn't felt slighted. Even her ing at first. I thought I'd put her in unconcern had suggested a certain the same school your daughter goes to, friendliness, and, on the terrace after but they've written to say they're full." lunch, she'd openly made an opportu-His skeptical manner gave her a nity for a talk with him. clue. "I'm sure that's true," she said.

His first sight of her that morning had affected him powerfully, too, renewing the bewildered incredulity, the discover's excitement, and the strong sensuous attraction that he'd felt the morning she appeared at the traps. She was in the pool when he and Beatrice arrived, among the earliest of the day's visitors, and it was literally true that, for :. moment, after she'd climbed the ladder at the deep end and come to greet them, he didn't know her. The tight blue-rubber bathing-cap which

confined her hair, and the clinging wet sheen of the swimming-suit, no more ample than one her daughter would have worn, triumphantly challenged youth itself. She'd smiled at his stare, and laughed at his explanation of it. Dorothy, who had escorted them down from the house, said, dispassionately, to Beatrice, "You see how hopeless it is. Now do you wonder I don't call her mother?"

His vision of Violet-revealed, Diana-like, finer and whiter and silkier than his imagination would have dared pretend, persisted. It was not far in the background of his thoughts while they talked on the terrace. Yet this sensuous appeal was not the only, nor. perhaps, the strongest, she'd made to him. He'd enjoyed the friendly good humor of her ready laugh; her sallies of what might pass, unscrutinized, for wit; her light-handed way of redisposing people when the old groupings were growing a little stale-she took it easier than Margaret and therefore did it better.

"You little wildcat! Stop fighting and I'll let you go."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Maundy Money.

isn't-polsonous, if that's what you A relic of a very curious charity exists in the giving of money to the poor mean," the child assured her. "She's of certain London parishes on Maundy all--right; only not much. It's sort Thursday. Originally this money was of too bad, too, because I think her accompanied by gifts of clothes and provisions, and, strangest of all, by the "Well, it's a case of love me, love washing of poor people's feet by the my dog," Violet remarked. "If you want to get on with him, don't try to king or queen in person. Another curious point about this charity was that treat her like a cannibal princess, bethe number of poor persons entitled to receive it was the exact number of years which the reigning monarch had "If she was anywhere near as amusing as a cannibal princess it would be lived.

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