

ROULETTE of LOVE by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER IV

"I ask what is the meaning of this new arrival in a voice. Her gaze went from her son, then rested consciously for the fraction of a second on the fragments of a bottle of pungent Scotch on the table. What sort of orgy is this in the middle of the night, Carter? Why do you choose your father's house to stage it in?"

Lucinda stood like an image that neither power of speech nor thought could draw a swift breath. As he was in this really appalling dilemma. Lucinda noticed he kept his poise—nor did he though he were ashamed of it. She was glad of that.

"I'm dreadfully sorry for waking Mother. May I present Lucinda to you, and explain? It was this, you see—"

"There can be no explanation of Carter." The regal figure in velvet and orchid peignoir stiffened even more formidably. "I have thought you would have respect for your father and not than to bring this—this person—her cold eyes drooped and she looked down at the slender nose of the slender boy in her son's pajamas—"into her home."

"You don't understand." He took a quick step towards Lucinda, though chivalrously to protect her. "Let me explain the situation—tell you how this happened—"

"Your cold eyes widened as a thought struck her. Designing common this girl must be, or would she have forced her into the boy's home . . . were married?"

"And, socially ambitious as she thought that would be perhaps the best way to show that Mrs. Jeremy Chalchould suffer."

"It were true—if he had really roped in while his mind was reeling by alcoholic libations—this girl must be paid off and rid of! Jeremy would see to that."

"A state of anger came into the eyes as they rested on unfortunate Lucinda Stanford in her son's sitting-room at half past ten in the morning, pajama-clad, as if for this intruder to do the bidding, Carter. In my day, there were only two kinds of women. The right—and the wrong. It seems obvious to me to class this—this person—because that, an answering flame kindled in Lucinda's very blue eyes. She found her tongue.

"You are entirely wrong! You found me—fainting with exhaustion and wet through—right at the gates of this house. He was enough to bring me in and—send me these pajamas. He—was an angel to me. Nothing but way wrong had happened!"

"Cold, incredulous smile twisted Chalchould's pale lips at this transposition of the impasse. In her, however, she was mightily pleased that there was no kind of ties in the case. . .

"—you pick up stray women in the lead of night? Am I really to see that, Carter?"

"The truth." His lips had hardened into a hard line. Although in a way he understood his son's outraged feeling, he hated cold, cutting phrasing that the situation even more

awkward for him and this unlucky child.

"Then where, may I ask, are the clothes you have discarded?" continued the level voice. "Would it not be natural to attempt to dry them? Or were you planning to remain here for the rest of the night?"

Lucinda turned scarlet. "I—I hadn't any clothes. I mean—I left them in the bathroom—"

Without a word, but with a look on her face that expressed disgust, Mrs. Chalchould stepped into the black marble, orange-lit room, to return in a moment holding at arm's length the old gunny-sack, which she had found soaking wet, on the floor.

"Can it be possible that this is yours?"

Before she could speak—and indeed Lucinda was so embarrassed that speech was impossible—young Carter Chalchould broke in with a "Let me explain, Mother—"

"That apparently you picked up a tramp? That you found this woman lying by the roadside dressed in nothing but this old piece of gunny sacking?"

Lucinda, hysterical, intervened with a shrill: "Yes, it's true! I was at a picnic in a barn and they poured water on me—a trick, you know. I changed my clothes in the hay—and put on this funny old sack—I'd nothing else to wear—and then I fell asleep—and the others, thinking I'd gone ahead, left for New York. Then I woke up, and a tramp was in the hay, close by me, and I ran for miles in the pouring rain, and then I could run no longer and—and your son found me!"

"Then you will kindly leave this house at once. My chauffeur will drive you back to town." And with the air of an outraged queen, Mrs. Chalchould moved to the fire place and flung the despised old sack into the flames, where it made a great hissing.

Before Carter could say a word Lucinda blazed out in anger.

"I don't need your chauffeur! I don't need anything from anybody! I'm going! I have been insulted enough!"

With a swift rush, she was out into the corridor and down the main staircase and across the wide, paved hall and through the front door out into the night.

The rain had stopped now. Dawn was almost breaking. The soft air of June, fragrant with flowers and drenched foliage, yet with a tang of the nearby ocean, fanned her hot cheeks.

She had barely made a hundred yards on the highway, from the gates of his home, when she was overtaken by Carter's big car.

He drew it up alongside her. He said, succinctly: "Hop in."

She had a mind to refuse, but certainly where could one go, clad only in a suit of men's pajamas that were much too big for her, and without the proverbial nickel?"

Lucinda got in. He had his coat ready again. He wrapped it about her.

"Now you'd better have a good cry—or a good laugh. I'd prefer the laugh myself. Let's both try it, Lucinda."

She was in his arms—crying on his shoulder—and he was comforting her.

The clock on the big church on Riverside Drive was striking the hour of seven A. M., on Sunday morning when Carter's car swung from Broadway into 98th Street,

and drew up outside the modest building where Lucinda shared a tiny flat with her sister.

"I dare say she'll be awfully worried about you," suggested the young man. "I'd better come in and explain."

Lucinda grinned at him, happily. The drive had been so utterly enchanting from Long Island, and so well had he succeeded in diverting her mind from the contretemps with his mother, that Lucinda was almost her old self again.

"Oh, Bubbles isn't worrying. She's not the worrying kind. I'll bet she's even missed me. But I'd like you to come up and say hello to her, and see our little place. It's so very wee, you'll laugh."

It was a walk-up. Five flights "Good for the figure," Lucinda encouraged him.

They arrived at the door Lucinda had painted a gay green, with the two tiny fir-trees set in tubs outside, which Lucinda had cherished tenderly since last Christmas.

Jumping Jehosaphat! I've left my latch-key in my pocketbook in that darned old barn! They rang the bell, several times, and knocked but there was no answer.

"D'you suppose she's still sleeping after the festivities?" Carter inquired.

"No. She's a light sleeper. She'd have heard us. She's probably made a night of it with the gang, and they're all around at Howard's studio."

"Who's Howard?"

"Oh, just an artist friend of mine." Lucinda tried to make her voice sound casual. It was maddening that she still had an irritating trick of blushing. Bubbles, the hard-boiled, often kidded her about that childish trait.

"So? A heavy beau? You often go to his place?"

Her heart leaped as she realized there was a tinge of jealousy in this handsome young man's voice.

"When there isn't any place better to go to," said Lucinda jauntily. "As a matter of fact, now I have come to think of it, he always does have a crowd for breakfast Sunday morning. It's the last part of call, as it were. We've a standing invitation."

"Well, I can't leave you here with the morning milk, so we'd better toddle around to the paint splasher's. But what about our garb, Lucinda? Isn't it a bit informal?"

"Not at all," she laughed. "The morning after the night before, they usually do turn up in pajamas!"

"Then that's okay." But as he handed her back into his car, young Carter Chalchould gave Lucinda rather a long, sharp look. She was lovely and sweet, it's true. But somewhat Bohemian, maybe? Or perhaps it was just some of his mother's words that stuck in his mind uncomfortably.

When they arrived, the party at Howard Scott's shabby old studio on West Ninth Street was going with a bang.

Lucinda was greeted with shrieks of excitement and delight. Howard, the only person in the gang given to worrying, and who was more or less responsible for Lucinda's whereabouts at the picnic, had "passed out," directly after their return.

"Therefore it was presumed that either Lucinda was with someone else, or had returned to her own apartment for a snooze."

"Welcome home, sister! To what base length didst thou go to gain these splendid pajamas?" carolled Bubbles on their arrival.

"This is my sister. This is Carter," said Lucinda rather shyly.

"So you found an Adonis, you sly puss! And as for you, young fellow, when our alcoholic host wakes up and finds you, he'll knife you," giggled Bubbles.

She rolled her eyes at this handsome boy, for as inevitable as a retriever scents a bird, or a cat a canary, Bubbles had a nose for money.

But her trick availed little in this instance. The newcomer seemed entirely taken up with Lucinda.

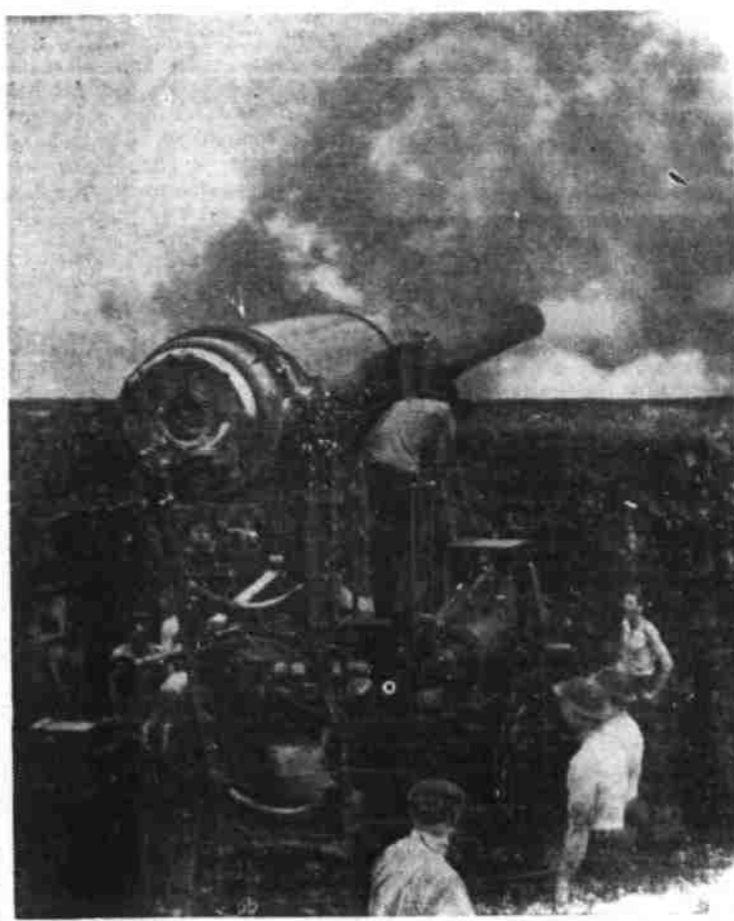
"Sort of a mad-house, isn't it?" the latter said, as young men and girls in varying amusing outfits seemed to whirl like dervishes about the place, and in and out of the shabby rooms. "We all know each other very well. They're good scouts. Howard's asleep just now. They'll wake him presently. He likes us all to make ourselves at home."

With that, she went into the kitchen, accompanied by Carter.

"Make way, everybody." She shooed people out of her way, and raided the ice-box. "I'm starving," she said plaintively as she cooked eggs and bacon and sausages while the coffee was "perking." She made Carter cut the bread and toast it. She was back on her own ground here. He noted—and in this jazzy crowd it added to his admiration of the girl—that she was capable in domestic matters as well as being ornamental.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Loud Voice for U.S. Defense



A ten-inch coastal defense gun speaks its piece during practice at Hancock, N. J., one of the strongholds that defend New York harbor. Practice firing was at a target seven miles at sea, although the actual range of the guns is much greater. Shells weigh 600 pounds, cost approximately \$200.

TWO HAYWOOD MEN LOSE THEIR LICENSE

Drivers license were revoked this week from Wade Burnett, of Route 2, Canton, and James Calvin Smith, of Canton. Both were convicted of driving drunk. Burnett was tried in the Canton police court, and Smith in superior court in Bryson City.

As of July 3, there have been 28,396 licenses revoked.

Gasoline and kerosene should be kept in plainly marked containers and kept a safe distance from all farm buildings.

"FIVE LIVES" OF ENGLAND'S MYSTERY GIRL

Strange recollections of a mystic girl who claims she is now enjoying her fifth life on earth. Don't miss this unusual story in the July 14th issue of

The American Weekly

the big magazine distributed with the

BALTIMORE AMERICAN
On Sale at All Newsstands

You Make Your Own Credit Rating

Do you look after your obligations at the local bank?

If for any reason you cannot meet your obligations when they become due it is suggested that you come in before your notes mature and discuss the matter with our officers.

Guard your credit rating, it is a valuable asset.

Always remember that it is easy to do business with

"The Friendly Bank"

First National Bank

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
(\$5,000 Maximum Insurance For Each Depositor)

FEAR is your WORST ENEMY

The worst fear is the growing dread of Sickness or Accident that will terminate your salary, pile up debts and wreck your hopes and plans. One out of every seven is killed or injured annually.

A Hospitalization or Accident and Health Policy Costs very little.

The L. N. Davis Co.

SATISFACTION With SAFETY

Waynesville, N. C.

Phone 77

It's Easy To SAVE The Building & Loan Way

OUR 59rd SERIES OF STOCK OPENED JULY FIRST, SO

NOW Is The Time To Start SAVING MONEY

A Few Shares of Building and Loan Will Start You On The Road To Financial Independence.

CONSULT WITH US ABOUT YOUR HOME OWNING PROBLEMS

HAYWOOD HOME BUILDING AND LOAN ASSO.

Phone 49

Originated in 1918

The Mountaineer Building

R. L. Prevost, president

E. J. Hyatt, Vice President

S. H. Bushnell, Sec-Treas.

Hospital News

Miss Lucile Davis, of Canton, surgical case, is resting more comfortably.

Mrs. Mark Carver, of Waynesville, route 1, medical case, is resting fairly well.

The condition of Miss Pauline Wines, of Canton, route 1, surgical case, is good.

Winfred Phillips, of Hazelwood, operative case, is better.

Miss Nellie Cordell, of Clyde, route 1, surgical case, is improving.

Mrs. Roy Pless, of Waynesville, route 1, surgical case, is resting more comfortably.

Mrs. Homer Platt, of Waynesville, medical case, is improving.

Miss Margaret Perry, of Waynesville, route 2, operative case, is better.

The condition of James Everett Smith, of Waynesville, route 2, surgical case, is good.

Mrs. Jim Knight, of Clyde, medical case, is resting fairly well.

The condition of Miss Wilma Cagle, of Waynesville, surgical case, is good.

Ted Green, of Clyde, surgical case, is better.

W. L. Morrow, of Lake Junaluska, operative case, is resting fairly well.

Mrs. Hubert Plemmons, of Waynesville, route 1, operative case, is better.

Stonewell Rathbone, of Clyde, route 1, operative case, is resting more comfortably.

Miss Polly Francis, of Waynesville, operative case is better.

Bill Platt, of Waynesville, surgical case, is some better.

Phillip Matthews, of Waynesville, surgical case, is resting more comfortably.

Mrs. M. O. Jones, of Clyde, medical case, is improving.

Charles Clark, of Hartford, Tenn., surgical case, is better.

Van Burnett, of Candler, surgical case, is resting well.

Vegetable Laxative Has Important Points

Most people want a laxative to do three things: (1) act punctually, (2) act thoroughly, (3) act gently.

Here's one that usually fills all three requirements when the easy directions are followed. It's an all-vegetable product whose principal ingredient has medical recognition as an "intestinal tonic-laxative."

That's the ingredient which enables BLACK-DRAUGHT to help tone lazy bowel muscles. It is the main reason for the satisfying relief from constipation that generally follows next morning when BLACK-DRAUGHT is taken at bedtime. The millions of packages used are proof of its merit.



WE Sell HEALTH BY THE BUNDLE

Wives—Attention! You no longer need to slave over tub and board! Our family rate permits the most closely budgeted housewives to send the laundry out and enjoy life! Throw away your washtub.

Waynesville Laundry, Inc.

Phone 205

J. W. KILLIAN BOYD AVENUE