

# HER HIGHNESS

by JOHN A. MOROSO

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**CHAPTER VII**

Mr. Wessel was just saying that father wanted to put Minnie in private school up on the hill," said.

"Make a swell out of Min?" young lady's training," stressed.

"The bologny. We can teach well enough down here."

Of course, Mr. Duffy, you are familiar with the Wessel family—came from the young lawyer. So, that's right, Mr. Wessel. I know 'em socially. But I do the likes of Pop Dolan and Fogarty's, a few Duffeys and Legans, and—oil and water mix. Am I right?"

Perhaps Minnie will have something to say about it," remarked.

"The don't have nothing to say at it," said Bill with rising anger. "Until she grows up she belongs to me and Pop and I'm waiting for her. I promised her I'd wait for what, Mr. Duffy? I understand."

"To be married, of course."

"That's all settled, then?"

"You're right about that."

"What do you say, Minnie?"

Bill turned to the queen. Bill perspiring frightfully and his hands sought his collar. Minnie not answer. Finally she murmured, "I have the dishes to do," and was gone from the room.

Most imperceptibly Minnie was edged from her throne in the place of Pilsner and Wurzbarger.

Elder Wessel had called and led it over from every angle.

Pop. Later his daughters had been taken her away for an afternoon, returning her toward him, simply but beautifully clad in head to toe, her eyes agleam, pretty head crowded with stores of her charming adventures.

It is not as if there were danger Minnie's simple nature being led by a change," Mr. Wessel argued. "People of German action don't go in for the wild when they get rich. My girls study more domestic science than of literature and languages. Her of them can hold her own in any housewife in this part of."

Your son might fall in love with," said Pop frankly.

And that might be a blessing I not look for, Mr. Dolan."

A tenement house girl for a

daughter-in-law?"

"Well, my mother was born among the hard-working Germans who settled in the Yorkville section. With a little ill luck in her family she might have had to make her living as a servant girl."

So "Her Highness" would be made ready to take her place in the world as—possibly, the wife of the chief heir of the Wessel millions. That was it. And there was sense to it, Pop had to admit. Had he been given the job of the good Lord himself for a day, parceling out the destinies of people, Pop could not have arranged matters better for the child he loved. He and Terry would have to stand aside. They would have glimpses of her, of course. If the rheumatism should hit him again badly she might even come and nurse him through it. At any rate he could buy some real good clothes and every afternoon walk with Terry and Minnie the short distance from Miss Blanding's School for Young Ladies to the splendid entrance of the big apartment house on Sutton Place. She would not be without her old guards.

"And you'll always be welcome—you and Terry—in my home," added Mr. Wessel. "We do not belong to what is called high society. The Social Register wouldn't have us because our money was made out of beer, you see."

About a month later, Pop and Terry began their afternoon climb up Beekman Hill to solace themselves with the little walks from school with "Her Highness"; Pop dressed up in a neat business suit, sand hat and shoes that hurt; Terry, white as marble, with a soft leather terrier collar and leash.

Neither Pop, Min, or the Wessels had thought of the other Fogarty's—Danny in and out of jail, heading surely for the electric chair or permanent incarceration; the two younger brothers in reformatory. The two girls in the Florence Crittenden Home to check their waywardness.

The late Spring was made more beautiful for Minnie than any of her happiest dreams woven on the loom of her imagination at the deep window overlooking the river. There were special matinees at the opera—"Haensel and Gretel," La Coq d'Or," Romeo and Juliet" and young people's symphonies at Carnegie Hall; riding lessons and parties, parties, parties.

With the coming of Summer, the Wessels took Minnie to their big Long Island place for golf and polo

and yachting; garden parties, etc.

In the Gas House district, Danny—rejoined by his bride from old Blackwell's Island—laughed uproariously in their hall bedroom.

"We're going to wear diamonds, Lizzie," he confided. "I was following Dolan and trying to make up my mind how to begin bleeding him on that still layout in the old brewery. You see if he don't pay me I go straight to the Children's Society and Minnie is put away. They don't let bootleggers have custody of orphans. And today he leads me to a swell school for young ladies. Sweet papa! Nobody but the rich Wessel family is educating her. And they've got regular money!"

"Boy, you got brains!" said Lizzie, sampling some alleged gin.

"I kept snooping then," he went on, "and there's the young Wessel. They're bringin' up Min for him."

"Nerts!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"But it'll cut out the heart of that dumb dick, Duffy, Liz. And ain't I sad over that?" Danny took a swig and let out another shout of delight. "They transferred him to headquarters, Liz. Every crook in the district knows him and his fancy duds. He couldn't catch a whale in a bath tub, that guy. Now he works all night down at headquarters, like a filing clerk."

"He knows about Min and the swells?"

"Sure!"

"Would he help us frame her for a hold-up, Danny?"

"Gee, I never thought of that. . . Maybe he . . ."

They needed a manager, Danny and Lizzie, and so they sought Attorney Maxie Greenblum in his warren, a room in what had been a residence, a rather dirty but still dignified three-story and basement house close to the Yorkville Court.

The bride and groom explained and haggled and finally Maxie the Mouthpiece undertook the "bleeding" contract on a thirty per cent commission. "If necessary," declared Counsellor Greenblum, a look of determination on his fat and dark face, "we will go to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to protect your rights. Your beautiful little sister is an infant in the eyes of the law. Her parents are dead. Blood is thicker than water and you, Denny, and you, Mrs. Fogarty, are responsible for her welfare."

Counsellor Maxie, striding up and down the office, continued: "If these rich people think that they can just reach out into the crowds of happy little children playing on the sidewalks of our great city and pluck the fairest flower for their own amusement they will be disappointed. In my time I seen many strange things happen in this town but nothing like this. It's insulting to the intelligent, cruel, er—er—what's that word Counsellor O'Reilly used to use so much? Er, yes—wanton. It's wanton!"

"Wanton? What's it mean?" asked Lizzie, apparently dazed by the learning of their legal adviser, but the query was ignored.

"To avoid having this innocent little one taken into the sheltering arms of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children," continued Greenblum, "Mr. Wessel will have to make definite arrangements with me as your representative. He will have to provide for the support of the other innocent, poverty-stricken Fogarty children."

"But the girls have been sent away," suggested Danny.

"Leave that to me," mused the mouthpiece.

"Danny says this millionaire is e-jicatin' Min for his son," added Lizzie, jittering in her chair.

"Is that so?" Counsellor Maxie's black eyes popped with delight. "Then we'll go slow. The time to strike for the big money would be just before the wedding. In the meanwhile if we can get just

## Nazi Ace in U. S. After Escape



Baron Frans von Werra (right), Nazi Messerschmitt squadron leader, is pictured with Chief of Police Herbert S. Myers in Ogdensburg, N. Y., where he was picked up for vagrancy after escaping from a prisoners' train in Quebec, and swimming the St. Lawrence River. The Nazi airman, credited with shooting down forty enemy planes, was released on bail furnished by the German consulate in New York.

enough for a reasonable income on the grounds of poverty, we'll skate along on that. But a hundred thousand dollars won't be too much if we wait until everything is ready for a swell wedding."

"And there's Dolan," reminded Danny. "Him and his still. What chance has he got if he claims the right to protect Min? If I give the tip-off on his still . . ." A kick on

## Pioneer Worker Of Farm Women "Woman Of Year"

Dr. Jane S. McKimmon, assistant director of the State College Extension Service has been nominated by the Progressive Farmer magazine as "1940 Woman of the Year" in agriculture.

Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the Greater University of North Carolina, was the Progressive Farmer's nominee for "1940 day."

"Or yesterday either," added Danny. "Just think of the breaks we get. Minnie riding around in a fancy car and her own brother without the price of a ham sandwich for his wife."

Lizzie burst into loud sobs. The injustice and the ingratitude loose in the world was too much for her. (To be continued)

Man of the Year" in agriculture in the state.

Dr. McKimmon was one of the five original state home demonstration agents in the United States. She first entered the service of the farm people of North Carolina as director of Women's institutes in 1908 and carried on that pioneer effort until 1911. In that year she became state home agent. In 1922 she was appointed an assistant director of extension. In 1937 she resigned her administrative duties, retaining her position as assistant extension director, and has devoted her time since to preparing a history of home demonstration work in North Carolina.

Mrs. McKimmon was born in Raleigh, and received her education at Peace Junior College, and the North Carolina State College. In 1934 she was awarded the L.L.D. by the University of North Carolina.

During 1939, the United States produced 185,000 short tons of cherries.

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## FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF Haywood County

As of December 31, 1940

AS SUBMITTED TO LOCAL GOVERNMENT COMMISSION

Population of County—1940 Census, 34,719.

Assessed Property Valuation for Taxation—1940	\$23,574,257.00
Assessed Property Valuation for Taxation—1939	\$23,461,817.00
Assessed Property Valuation for Taxation—1938	\$23,592,205.00

1940 Tax Rate is divided as follows:

Debt Service .\$.07601; General Fund \$.015; Other Purposes .\$.06599

Fiscal Year	Tax Rate	Tax Levy	Uncollected to date
1940-41	\$1.57	\$379,993.85	\$176,120.04
1939-40	\$1.57	\$379,806.54	\$26,946.50
1938-39	\$1.64	\$397,722.17	\$22,179.80
1937-38	\$1.33	\$335,339.96	\$21,713.66

Uncollected Taxes for all Prior Years \$130,750.28

**Outstanding Debt:** Bonds and State School Loans \$1,448,553.83  
 Bonds Anticipations Notes None  
 Revenue Anticipation Notes None  
**TOTAL DEBT \$1,448,553.83**

Sufficient Taxes Were Levied for Debt Service for the Fiscal Year 1940-41.

County has Sinking Fund Bonds outstanding in the amount of \$102,500.00

Sinking Fund Cash on Hand \$71,426.78

Sinking Fund Investments Held \$9,210.00

Cash now available for payment of Bond Principal and Interest \$20,900.00

Default Record—No County-Wide or District Bonds are in default either on Principal or Interest.

The foregoing is a true statement according to the records for the above named County.

T. J. CATHEY, County Auditor.

This January 10, 1941.