

COCKTAIL GRIL

by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER V
 with great amusement
 to this. At the turn
 of the road he met Virginia, her
 cavalier tightly clutch-
 ing an immaculate white linen
 from behind.
 He gave her a blithe greeting,
 explaining the pres-
 ence of the little negro, saying that
 he had abandoned him, the bigger
 immediately give him
 again! Henry's al-
 ways feeling for her was
 by her kindness and
 Forgetting all
 the little cavalier, they rode
 together.
 were enchanted moments,
 in the bright sunshine, the
 of the woods in their nostrils,
 of the smell of flowering
 about them, they seemed
 to Nature and to
 her.
 they neared the house,
 came out to greet them and
 man took their horses.
 Virginia had dismounted and
 on the porch steps to
 quick change for luncheon
 having accepted an invi-
 stay—Chotty went into
 laughter over the imprint
 tiny black hands on the
 Virginia's breeches! So
 had she been in Henry
 had quite forgotten her
 companion on the horse. He
 standing shyly behind the
 who—on her orders—took
 to kitchen premises, for
 the next few days, which
 on golden wings, Henry
 innumerable pretexts to be

with Virginia. The attraction be-
 tween them developed with great
 rapidity. He was like a schoolboy
 in his eagerness over this girl. Ut-
 terly different to the New York
 type of his particular "set," her
 freshness of viewpoint and her un-
 sullied charm opened a new per-
 spective to him.
 His friend George was divided
 between sympathy for Henry's
 feeling—and natural caution.
 These sudden affairs seldom lasted.
 Their roots didn't go deep enough.
 Cautious bachelor that he was, he
 had no belief in love-at-first-sight.
 He had seen too many heartaches,
 too many marriages go on the
 rocks, to be anything but sceptical.
 Yet he envied Henry his roman-
 tic dream—even as he cautioned
 him.
 On the fifth evening after their
 arrival, Henry and Virginia stroll-
 ed down the path through the rose
 garden, when the birds were mak-
 ing their last sleepy twittering in
 the tall old trees, and the perfume
 of thyme and rosemary and a my-
 riad flowers and herbs mingled
 with the roses in one fragrant bou-
 quet.
 The young moon hung frailly in
 the sky. It was a night for love.
 From the dark quarters came
 faint strains of music.
 Silence was on the pair. As with
 one accord they stopped at the far
 end of the garden, leaning over a
 wicket gate. Virginia had plucked
 a beautiful white rose. Her eyes
 were downcast as she nervously
 pulled at its petals.
 Came the voice of Henry in her
 ear, as each petal fell to the
 ground: "He loves me! He loves

me not! He loves me!"...very tend-
 erly.
 Her heart raced. Her breath
 caught. She felt as though she
 were fainting with happiness. As
 the last white petal fell, the young
 man took Virginia in his arms, tilt-
 ed her face up, and reverently kiss-
 ed her. Higher and higher, as
 though wafted on waves of en-
 chanted sound that was a benedic-
 tion, the music from the dark
 quarters increased in volume.
 Words were unnecessary between
 these two. He held her tighter,
 when the final note of the music
 died away, he loosed his grasp,
 looked into her lovely eyes, and
 said very simply: "I must go to
 Europe very shortly. Will you be
 ready to go with me, Virginia?"
 She gave a little breathless gasp.
 She said: "Oh—anywhere you say
 —oh, Henry—I love you—"
 Gravely, from his pocketbook he
 took out a tissue-wrapped ring. It
 was his mother's. Ever since her
 death, twelve years ago, he had car-
 ried it with him as a talisman.
 He slipped it on the third finger of
 Virginia's left hand now, telling
 her that no other hands than his in
 all those years had touched it.
 "You'll wear it until I place an-
 other one on that finger, darling,
 won't you?" he asked her, very ten-
 derly.
 Silent and serious was Virginia's
 father when Henry sought him out
 in his library to tell him of his feel-
 ing for his daughter. The news
 was not precisely a shock to him,
 for the change in Virginia since
 the advent of this young man had
 been obvious to all. Henry was a
 personable and likeable young fel-
 low, it was true, and from many
 things that George and Lefty had
 casually let drop, he had learned
 that Henry's social background was
 unquestionable, and that he had a
 sound financial position.
 But his wish for an almost im-
 mediate marriage was something
 of a shock, not only because of los-
 ing his daughter so suddenly. Was
 it expedient for two young people
 to take such a serious step on such
 a brief acquaintance?
 On the other hand, hadn't Vir-
 ginia's own mother defied her par-
 ents when they had assumed a like
 cautious attitude, declaring that
 she would go with her lover—would
 marry him and follow him bare-
 foot to the ends of the earth, even
 if he hadn't got a nickel!
 John Randolph told Henry of the
 privations and trials he and his
 girl's mother suffered in their
 early married life through the in-
 tolerance and antagonism of her
 parents.
 "Virginia is like her mother," he
 said gently, "and I do not want you
 to make any of the blunders which
 I made in the early stages of our
 marriage. Virginia can be reached
 only through her affections. She
 has a heart of gold. The key to
 her character is love. She can be
 led, but not driven! She is high-
 spirited and impulsive. She in-
 herits her mother's sensitiveness
 and imagination. The little things

Allis-Chalmers Strike Peace



Agreement reached for men to return to work in the Allis-Chalmers plant at Milwaukee. Max Babb (left) president of the company, shakes hands with Harold Christoffel, union executive, in the offices of William H. Davis, chairman of the mediation board panel, in Washington. Agreement provided for selection of a referee to rule on all controversial matters.

count largely with Virginia. She
 can surmount the big things—she
 can rise to any difficulties, but
 where her affections are involved,
 she is sensitive to an extreme. Some
 little slight from one she loves may
 become a tragedy in her eyes.
 Radiant with happiness, Henry
 at the time was so carried away
 that he barely took in the import
 of this speech.
 But later on, those words of John
 Randolph were to come back to
 Henry Van Tyle like warning and
 prophetic bells.

The Kentucky Derby presented a
 scene of unrivalled gaiety and
 beauty. Virginia—a radiant vision
 in a pale blue gown and hat that
 set off her slender figure and col-
 oring to perfection—clung to Hen-
 ry's arm, her feet on air, her spir-
 its bubbling.
 She was engaged! To the hand-
 somest, most adorable man in the
 world—and soon she would be
 his wife—on her way to Europe
 for a honeymoon!

Chotty, who was with George,
 was generously elated with her
 friend's good luck, though her
 loud-voiced congratulations had not
 been entirely unselfish! If Vir-
 ginia could do so well, why couldn't
 she? Immediately she had heard
 the great news, Chotty had exact-
 ed a promise then and there that
 Virginia would invite her for an
 indefinite stay in New York where
 —on Park Avenue (that Gold
 Coast! thought Chotty) — she
 would meet similarly fascinating
 young millionaires among Henry's
 associates.

Meantime, she was getting the
 kick of her life at the Derby over
 what appeared to be a happy fore-
 runner of what life would be like

in the Big City! All those well-
 dressed, good-looking men, many
 of whom Henry nodded to! Chot-
 ty saw herself in town, grabbing
 off the best of them! She was
 thrilled to the marrow.
 Virginia herself was surprised
 at the number of smart people who
 greeted Henry as an old acquaint-
 ance. She couldn't help a tiny
 twinge—no, it wasn't jealousy—at
 cordial greetings and bright
 glances flung from gloriously
 dressed women in Henry's direc-
 tion.

Of course he was so handsome,
 so debonair, everyone must admire
 him. And he was hers—all hers!
 Her heart glowed proudly, posses-
 sively.
 After the first couple of races,
 she happened to find herself with
 George, and went to place a bet.
 Chotty, laughing and chatting

N. C. to Purchase 600 School Buses

RALEIGH—The State School
 Commission plans to purchase 600
 new school buses at an estimated
 cost of \$600,000, according to Lloyd
 Griffin, Commission secretary.
 The 600 buses will be used as an-
 nual replacements for the state's
 fleet of 4,900 carriers. Griffin said
 that, because of defense orders, "we
 have no idea when we may expect
 delivery."

with Henry at the moment, was
 observed by a well-known New
 York gossip nicknamed Daffodil.

Daffodil approached Chotty and
 Henry, and was introduced casual-
 ly by the latter. Chotty was at
 once deeply interested in and di-
 verted by the newcomer. Never
 had she met a type like this before!
 She started her "line" immediately.
 Just as well get into practice!

Daffodil's "ultra" air, his queer
 slang, his odd mannerisms, and
 above all, his appearance with the
 waxen tiny mustache above a pout-
 ing upper lip that was much too
 small, thoroughly amused Chotty.

Daffodil had seen Julie Trevor
 in New York at a party but a day
 or two before, and Julie had anx-
 iously asked of him if he'd any
 idea of Henry's whereabouts? Cur-
 iosity had now made him approach
 the pair, for already at the Derby
 he had heard rumors that Henry
 Van Tyle had fallen for a South-
 ern damsel. . . .

As Chotty's jokes fell on Daffo-
 dil's ears, he became annoyed with
 her. He moved away, remarking
 sotto voce to a companion: "My
 dear, she ought to get the first
 bronze medal for nitwits!"
 (To Be Continued)

Recognition Won By Town of Canton On Traffic Record

Canton enjoys the distinction of
 being one of the two towns in
 North Carolina with a population
 of between 5,000 and 10,000 receiv-
 ing a safety certificate from the
 National Traffic Safety Council.

This is the second consecutive
 year that Canton has won this rec-
 ognition, which is given to towns
 having no traffic fatalities during
 the period. Tarboro in the east-
 ern section of the state was the
 other town making a similar record.
 The certificate was received in
 Canton on Thursday by Chief of
 Police W. N. Stroup.

Refused Chance; Gets 8-Year Term

Chief Judge Samuel G. Dennis,
 sitting in the Criminal Court shut
 off the pleas of a prisoner for "one
 more chance" with a curt
 "Listen—you should have been
 hanged. I waited for weeks before
 sentencing you until I could cool
 off."

The prisoner, Joseph Zubrowski,
 thirty-two, had been convicted on
 a statutory charge. Judge Dennis
 sentenced him to eight years in the
 Maryland Penitentiary.

Japan's shortage of mining
 equipment is reported to be delay-
 ing its efforts to increase iron and
 production.

Norway is reported to be feed-
 ing woodpulp to cattle for fodder
 with herring fish and fish meal ad-
 ded to give the essentials of albu-
 men, vitamins, and minerals.

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