

Golden Dawn

By Peter B. Kyne

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Theodore Gatlin decided to adopt a baby in a final effort to solve his matrimonial troubles. But all his love for their foster daughter could not shelter her childhood from the hatred of his wife, who had never wanted her. Their affairs ended in the divorce court but the child, Penelope, was given into the keeping of Mrs. Gatlin, except for two Sunday afternoons a month. On their first day together they set out joyfully to a baseball game. A ball hit into the bleachers, struck Penelope on the nose and the neurotic Mrs. Gatlin removed her from the hospital to which her former husband had hurried her. Doctor Burt, an expert testimony in court. Even Lanny, the doctor's faithful office nurse, was won over to her cause despite Nance's hard-boiled exterior.

CHAPTER II—Some ten years later, in San Francisco, Stephen Burt, a rising young psychiatrist, was presented by San Quentin chief of police, with a new patient—Nance Belden, a girl whose terrible childhood had left her with a dual personality, for which her "saddle nose" was in part responsible. McNamara did not think she was a responsible criminal, but Burt's expert testimony in court. Even Lanny, the doctor's faithful office nurse, was won over to her cause despite Nance's hard-boiled exterior.

CHAPTER III—Nance's criminal record outweighed Doctor Burt's clear explanation of her case and she was sent to San Quentin for two years. Lanny visited her and Nance persuaded her to smuggle her belongings out of a confederate stole from her handbag outside the prison walls.

CHAPTER IV—Nance escaped, although shot by swimming out to a speed-boat manned by friends and went to Lanny's apartment. Lanny told her to bring Nance to his apartment and phoned for Doctor Burt.

CHAPTER V—One of the men in the boat on which Nance escaped—two of them ex-convicts, the other a bootlegger—was wounded and they went to Burt's office, where McNamara found them. The bootlegger he let go and he took the others to his home, ordering the injured one to care for Nance and his pal. From them he learned that Nance's real name was Penelope Gatlin. Detective Sergeant Flynn and Angellotti, seeking the reward offered for Nance's apprehension, went to Lanny's apartment in search of Nance. Looking over her San Quentin cell, McNamara found a blank check on a San Jose bank.

CHAPTER VI—From the San Jose banker McNamara learned that the girl he knew as Nance Belden was Penelope Gatlin, heiress to \$750,000. The banker did not know Penelope's whereabouts. Mrs. Gatlin was now the wife of a man named Merton. McNamara ordered Detective Sergeant Flynn and Angellotti to "find Lanny, whom they suspected of harboring Nance.

CHAPTER VII—When Lanny got home one evening she found Nance sound asleep, curled up on her guest-room bed. Several days later the harbored Nance suddenly vanished and the girl became the refined Penelope Gatlin. Her partying, rascally memory led her to call Lanny of her wealthy father, Theodore Gatlin, and of her girlhood in France.

Following some discussion of the report, McNamara dismissed him, and sat down to decide what to do with Nance Belden. That Flynn and Angellotti were keeping his house under surveillance he knew now; undoubtedly they would enter his house at the earliest favorable opportunity.

The chief wondered what he would do if he stood in the shoes of his two detectives. "I'd wait for a night when I wouldn't be disturbed for a couple of hours," he decided. "What night would that be? Why, Thursday night, when the board of police commissioners meet and I am in attendance there. Stephen will make his usual early evening call—and as soon as he leaves the house those two will slip into it. The cellar door, of course. I'll make it easy for them. I'll leave the door unlocked."

He concluded that until then, Nance would be safe at Lanny's house. In the meantime, however, he must arrange to get her out of the city at an early date. The detectives were both absolutely satisfied Lanny had once given Nance sanctuary for a brief period; trust them, therefore, to keep an eye on Lanny's house.

He had in his office a telephone line that did not connect with the private exchange system in the central station, so he called Lanny on his phone at Doctor Burt's office now.

"Dan speaking, Lanny. Tomorrow morning you had better buy our pet nuisance a lot of clothes, so she'll be all ready to get out of town when I send for her. I think I'll have to fly her out and down to Tia Juana, Lower California."

"I'll think that Tia Juana stinks over," Lanny decided. "It has possibilities. Is there a good hospital there?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"You dumbkull! Dan McNamara! We have to find a quiet hospital where we can have her poor nose operated on."

"Well, if we can get her better restored and change that black blot of hers to a movie-tone gold, she could take Flynn and Angellotti out to dinner and they'd never suspect her."

"Steve says her nose must be operated on first. Her present state of dissociated personality probably started in an inferiority complex, and the inferiority complex probably arose out of the knowledge that her nose made her unlovely. When it's safe to bring her back to this city, Steve will take her nose out and look at it, and if it's not so bad and do a little Jack Horner."

"Can he do that? McNamara's heavy nose was frightened with you."

"He can, provided he can find a

starting point for his investigation into her past life. There is always a reason for a dissociated personality. The ground for the mental shock that causes it is usually prepared long before the psychosis occurs. Rebellious thoughts, unhappiness, brooding—all these eventually have a serious effect upon sensitive and highly intelligent people and particularly, women of the hysterical type."

"All women are hysterical," McNamara said with conviction.

"You're a dear booby, Dan. Eight women out of ten can throw a fit of hysterics as easily as you'd break an egg, particularly if there is a man to be impressed. They never simulate hysterics to impress a woman, however, because they know better."

"Well, you got our girl a trousseau and warn her to keep away from the window and not to answer the doorbell, or do any telephoning, or leave the house until she has my permission. I don't expect she'll obey, so tonight when you go home have some hysterics to impress her."

"Dan, dear, I couldn't. I'm hard as a picnic egg. Did you stage your little comedy after leaving us last night?"

"I did—and it worked out exactly."

"Good gracious. Well, I'm busy. Good-by."

Nance Belden's personalities were a source of keen professional interest to Lanny, who regretted that for the present Doctor Burt was unable to share her observations with her. She had, as yet, had no opportunity for ascertaining anything regarding the girl's past history, but she had a suspicion that Nance had had advantages superior to most girls.

Her hands were the very first thing (with the exception of her poor wrecked nose) that Lanny had noticed. They were soft, shapely, small and well kept, decidedly not the hands of a factory girl. While her vocabulary was a trifle "salty," running at times to the idiom of the ill bred and ignorant, her voice was soft, with well bred intonations. Her clothing, on the occasion of her visit to Stephen Burt's office, had been, in Lanny's judgment, in splendid taste; rich but not flashy, up to the mode but not beyond it. Then, too, Nance had a slow, leisurely walk, she knew how to enter a room, she was sure of herself at all times without display of assurance.

Thus far Lanny had observed the girl only in this show-off phase of her personality. She was amazed, therefore, on coming home from the office after her conversation with McNamara, to find her a complete changeling. As she entered the house she caught the odor of cooking, and going into the kitchen, she discovered Nance, with one of Lanny's kitchen aprons on her, preparing dinner.

"Good evening, Lanny dear," she saluted her hostess. "It occurred to me it must be a very great trial to you, coming home night after night from the office, tired, and having to prepare dinner for yourself. I'm sure you're too tired most of the time to prepare more than a very sketchy meal, and that isn't good for you." She smiled. "So I thought I'd have a nice dinner for you."

"Now, I call that real sweet, Nance."

"My name isn't Nance, Lanny. It's Penelope."

"Penelope what?"

"Penelope Gatlin. Silly old Lanny, how could you forget?"

"You've placed your finger on my dread secret, Penelope. When I'm tired my memory fails me."

Lanny knew that during the day a psychological door had opened and Nance Belden, otherwise personality B, the abnormal, had walked through it and emerged Penelope Gatlin, or personality A, the normal. Also, she knew now that Penelope Gatlin probably had more or less amnesia for her former personality as Nance Belden. Lanny had heard Doctor Burt discuss such rare cases and she glowed with pride in the knowledge that at last he had secured a perfect specimen.

"I decided we wouldn't have broiled lamb chops, Lanny," the girl went on brightly, "so I've made a ragout."

"You mean, in good old Americanese, you've concocted an Irish stew."

"You're so amusing, Lanny. A stew, of course. The difference between a stew and a ragout is entirely geographic. A ragout in France, a Irish stew in the United States."

"Have you lived in France?"

"Eight years, Lanny. Went to school in Switzerland and learned French there."

"Are your people French?"

"I think I was there alone." The girl appeared puzzled. "I don't remember my mother, but I had a father. He was such a dear, but he's dead."

"Were you happy there?"

"No, I was perfectly miserable."

"Why?"

"Because my father wasn't with me. He'd been such a pale."

"But you must have lived with somebody."

"There was Laurette, the cook, and Robert, the maid."

"Did you graduate?"

"No, I left school when father died. He was killed in a motor accident enroute to Europe. I've always had a feeling he was coming over to see his Penelope. He loved me very much, Lanny. He was so good. He used to tell me that I was all that made his life bearable. Somebody—I forgot who—told me he wasn't my real father, that I was a foundling he adopted. I wouldn't believe that at first, but when I read his will I knew it was so."

"What sort of woman was his wife—or did he have one?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, but I remember she will stated very positively that he had settled with

her, that she had accepted the settlement in full satisfaction of her dower rights, and he made my income from the trust just sufficient to support me decently until I should come of age. He said in his will that he did this not because of any lack of affection for me, but because if he made me an excessive allowance, his divorced wife would have control of it during my minority. He must have despised her."

"Well, if she could have control of your income during your minority, she must have been your adopted mother," the practical Lanny reasoned. "And you must have lived with her following the divorce. That's why you didn't see your father in Europe. Do you remember everything that has happened to you since that day Dan McNamara brought you to Doctor Burt's office?"

"Perfectly."

"Ever had funny thoughts about it?"

"The girl stared at her shrewdly. "How strange that you should ask that question, Lanny. I do have funny thoughts. Sometimes I'm horrified at the memory and could die of shame; at other times it seems perfectly all right, but those are the times when I've been nervous and sleepless; sometimes I think there's something wrong with me, because people often refer to me as Nance Belden and to things I've done and which I know very well I haven't done. And yet it seems to me sometimes as if I had—just a wrath of memory, like an old dream. But still I'm strong and healthy."

"But a little given to spells of nervousness?"

"I'm moody." The girl seemed interested in herself to an unusual degree. "Some days I like to do things that are perfectly intolerable to me on other days." She sighed and turned to inspect her savory ragout. "I wish I knew what I wanted in life and I wish I knew somebody that wanted me. For course I can pay my way through life, but it's terrible to be lonely, Lanny."

"Listen here, Penny, my dear. You aren't the only lonely woman in this world. Believe it or not, the first spring buttercup isn't a bit more welcome in old lady Lanning's house than you are."

"The lost one beamed upon her. "I believe that, Lanny. Oh Lanny, when I'm happy I'm so happy and when I'm wretched I'm so wretched."

"You think too much about that nose of yours, my poor child."

"The girl's hand flew to that organ (automatically, Lanny thought) as if she would hide it. "Isn't it terrible?" she quavered. "I'm so ugly nobody can ever love me."

"Quit that," Lanny commanded in her most ferocious manner. "If I hadn't found you lovable I wouldn't have you in my house this minute. I'd turn you over to Flynn and Angellotti. By the way," she continued, "how did you get that sock on the beazer?"

"Father took me to a baseball game and a long drive flew into the bleachers and struck me on the nose. Lanny, you mustn't use slang. It isn't polite."

"I wrap myself around a high ball when I'm tired or want to be sociable, and I smoke cigar, tes," Lanny protested. "I suppose a perfect lady wouldn't do those things, either?"

"A perfect lady may without marring her perfection, old fuss-budget. That's a matter of personal liberty, and only becomes distressing when carried to excess. But there's no excuse for a highly intelligent and cultured woman to employ the language of the streets."

"I have my human moments," Lanny excused herself meekly.

"I'll get the table in the dining room. Won't you order some flowers? And Lanny—I'll do something for you some day."

"For instance?"

"Well, have you ever been to Europe?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I'll take you."

"I accept the nomination. In return I'll do something else for you. I'll have that nose of yours split open, the shattered bone of the bridge scraped out and a cute little piece of pliable cartilage whittled off off of your spare ribs, and grated into your funny nose to form a new bridge. Then the doctor will sew your nose together again over it."

"What's the difference between having a nose like a pekinese and a makeshift with a big scar on it. I'd like to know?"

(To Be Continued)

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent abdomen and at the same time make your skin so clear and clear that it will compel admiration?

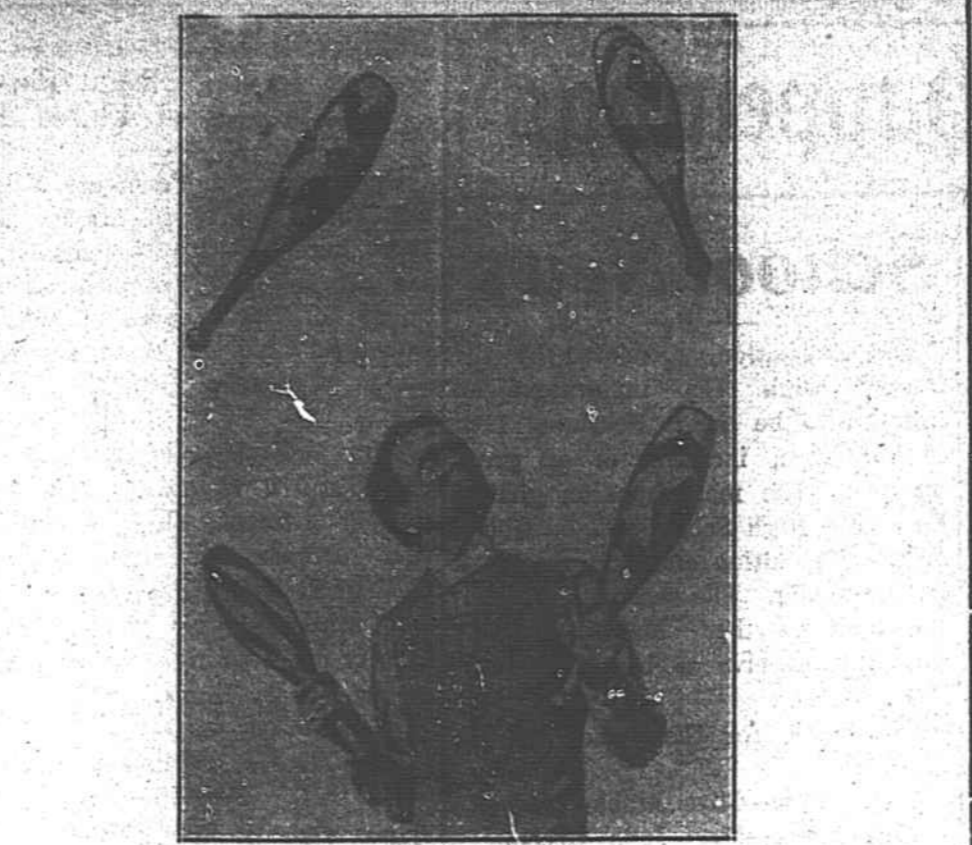
Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you four weeks. Take one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

After that you'll want to walk around and say to your friends— "A quarter pound jar of Kruschen Salts is worth one hundred dollars of any fat person's money."

Leading druggists America over all Kruschen Salts—You can always get it at Wholesale Drug Co.

Easy Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

Now is a good time to re-new your subscription.



NOVELTY STEVENS
One of the many features at the Rotary Club Exposition and Auto Show and Fair at Monk's Warehouse here Week of Feb. 11th. Hal Thurston and his Orchestra will also be one of the feature acts.

Quality Of Cotton Seed Reported Bad

Indications are that North Carolina's cotton planting seed for this year is very poor, warns P. H. Kime, plant breeder at the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station.

Some lots of seed are germinating less than 50 per cent, especially in the coastal plain area, according to reports from tests made recently. The damaged seed in the Piedmont area is not quite as bad, Kime says. The poor condition of the seed is due largely to the wet weather last September. Where cotton was open at that time some of the seed rotted and some sprouted in the lock. Considerable damage also occurred while the damp seed was in storage.

Planting seed of low germination results in uneven stands and low yields, he warns, and growers whose seed is bad should arrange to buy good seed of the standard varieties known to do well in this State.

Those who have not given their seed the germination test should do so at once, he urges, so that if necessary they may be able to get good seed in plenty of time for planting.

Maximum Cotton Reduction Urged

Since the Bankhead allotments for 1935 will be only a little larger than last year, Charles A. Sheffield, of State College, recommends that all cotton growers sign adjustment contracts and reduce their crop by the maximum amount.

The Bankhead allotments will approximate 65 per cent of the base production, he explained, and any amount sold beyond this percentage will be subject to the tax.

The contracts permit a production of 75 per cent of the base acreage, but provide for larger rental payments to those who produce only 65 per cent, Sheffield added.

Thus, the grower who produces 75 per cent will have to pay tax on the additional 10 per cent and at the same time he will lose part of the rental payment which he otherwise would get.

In the long run, Sheffield pointed out, the grower might lose more in this way than he would gain by the sale of the extra cotton.

However, exact figures cannot be given now, he went on, for they depend upon the price of cotton next fall and the yield per acre this year.

If a drought or other handicap should reduce the yield to far below normal, the grower would be better off with as large an acreage as possible, Sheffield said, for even then he might not produce the full amount of his Bankhead allotment.

Or if the grower has a number of surplus tax-exemption certificates left over from last year, he may use these to advantage in selling any cotton he may produce in excess of this year's allotment.

But if the yield in 1935 is anything like it was in 1934, with prices remaining about the same, indications are that the grower will do best by limiting his acreage to 65 per cent of his base, Sheffield stated.

50 COMICS IN THE BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN

Something to cheer about! Beginning February 3 the Baltimore Sunday American will print 50 or more different comics each Sunday. Besides the comic Weekly will appear in new easy-to-read size. Order your copy of the Baltimore Sunday American, printed for the people of the South.

Black-Draught For Dizziness, Headache Due To Constipation

"I have used Theford's Black-Draught several years and find it splendid," writes Mr. G. W. Holley, of St. Paul, Va. "I take it for dizziness or headaches (due to constipation). I have never found anything better. A short while ago, we began giving our children Syrup of Black-Draught as a laxative for colds and little stomach ailments, and have found it very satisfactory. . . . Millions of packages of Theford's Black-Draught are required to satisfy the demand for this popular, old reliable, purely vegetable laxative. 25¢ a package. Children like the Syrup."

Stars of New "Voice of Firestone" Series



A most significant honor has been awarded to the "Voice of Firestone" radio program in its award of five stars by the National Board of Review of RADIO STARS Magazine. This Board is composed of twenty-two of the leading radio editors located from coast to coast, and their judgment is based upon the program in its entirety—entertainment, advertising, balance, popular appeal and good taste. The only other all-musical program to receive this highest award was the Metropolitan Opera, and only one other program of any kind has ever received it. It is an interesting fact that only six programs out of both the C. and G.B.S. rate four stars or more in this latest review.

The "Voice of Firestone" new winter series starting November 12, stars Richard Crooks, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, Gladys Swarthout, leading mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera and Nelson Eddy, nationally known baritone of the concert stage. Mr. Eddy is now in Hollywood at work upon a new motion picture—"Naughty Marietta," to be released early next year.

Another feature of the new program series is a "Rhythmic Chorus" of eighteen voices selected from among the finest choral singers in the country. William Daly's symphonic string orchestra has been greatly augmented, and he will continue to give listeners the orchestration and arrangements for which he is so famous.

After the opening program, November 12, featuring all of the stars, they will alternate, one singing each week.

The program is each Monday at 8:30 p. m. E.S.T. over the N.B.C. coast-to-coast red network and supplementary stations.

FOR RESULTS ADVERTISE IN THE ENTERPRISE

NOTICE TO CREDITORS OF THE CITIZENS BANK OF FARMVILLE, N. C.

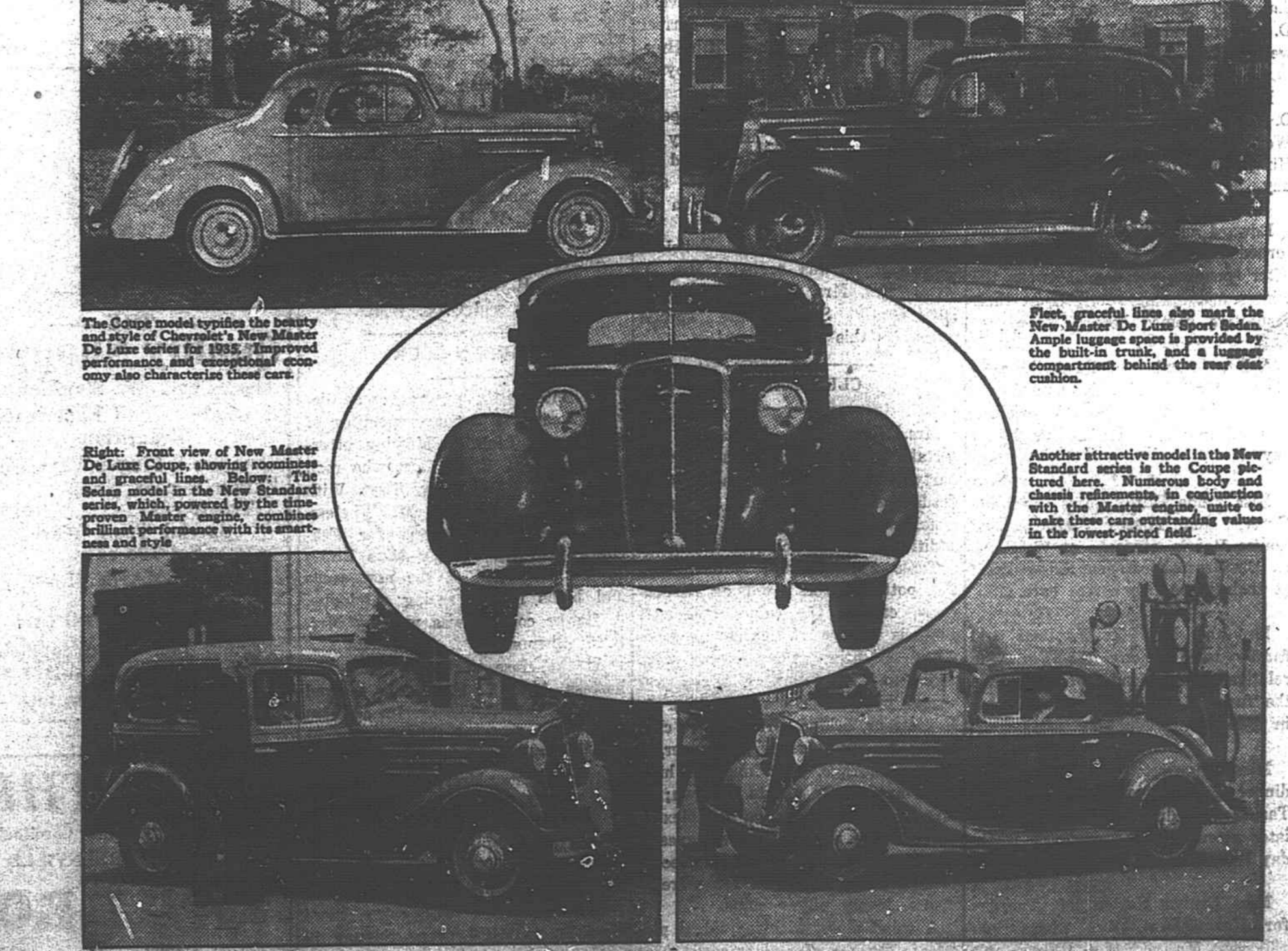
A fund has been paid to the Clerk of Superior Court of Pitt County to cover pro rata dividends on all valid and existing liabilities recognized as such by the Citizens Bank of Farmville, N. C. on the date of its closing and for which no claims have been filed; and to cover prior dividends unpaid on claims filed to late to share in such dividend. The Clerk will hold this fund, together with a list of such creditors, for a period of three months from date of filing the final report of the liquidation of the above trust and such creditors are hereby notified to take action in the premises as are necessary to protect their respective interest.

GURNEY P. HOOD, Commissioner of Banks of North Carolina

FOR RESULTS ADVERTISE IN THE ENTERPRISE

THE FAMOUS PERUVIAN SEABIRD FERTILIZERS WITH THE BIG RED SEABIRD ON EVERY BAG NITRATE OF SODA FERTILIZER MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS For Sale By GEORGE M. SHIRLEY At Knott's Warehouse, Farmville, N. C.

Chevrolet Announces Two New Lines for 1935



The Coupe model typifies the beauty and style of Chevrolet's New Master De Luxe series for 1935. Improved performance, and exceptional economy also characterize these cars.

Right: Front view of New Master De Luxe Coupe, showing roominess and graceful lines. Below: The Sedan model in the New Standard series, which, powered by the time-proven Master engine, combines brilliant performance with its smartness and style.

Flared, graceful lines also mark the New Master De Luxe Sport Sedan. Ample luggage space is provided by the built-in trunk, and a luggage compartment behind the rear seat cushion.

Another attractive model in the New Standard series is the Coupe pictured here. Numerous body and chassis refinements, in conjunction with the Master engine, unite to make these cars outstanding values in the lowest-priced field.

Typical of Chevrolet's two new lines of cars are the models illustrated here. The Master De Luxe series reveals strong emphasis on beauty and style. Mechanically, the Master De Luxe series and the New Standard series have much in common, including the Master engine, in which numerous refinements have been made to enhance performance, durability and economy. As these pictures reveal, the New Master De Luxe departs distinctly from previous Chevrolets in the styling advances which has been made in body design and trim.