

Duane agreed politely. for the book, my dear. As for your night to meet another man." driving, I am sure that it is better "Mother." There was a no

"Oh, I know Kennedy looks wick-I think he isn't used to this nary statement." kind of work, and taking orders from women makes him sulky. I for yourself." think he'll soon be settled down, for "Nancy and he seems to be very much interested in one of your maids. I'm sure I caught sight of him waiting outside when I came tonight."

"I must look into that." Mrs. Duane's voice was edged.

"What's the use? They'll only deny it." Cleo shrugged lazily. 'Dear me, I believe we're going to see the clandestine meeting. How

exciting.' Down the shadowed path a girl's figure moved quickly. She skirted the far end of the garden and went

with slower steps toward the hedge. The hedge was lower at that end of the garden. On the other side of it a man nodded slightly and sauntered along toward the rear gate. The girl in the garden followed him. Cleo was on her feet, breathing

"Oh, Mrs. Duane, please forgive I didn't dream—I didn't mean to intrude like this. I'll never forgive myself. . . . I'll go now.'

"My dear Cleo, you have not intruded in the least. I shall speak to Bertha, of course."

Grey-faced in the darkness, Mrs. Duane held her head high. No one not even Cleo Pendleton, should be allowed to discuss this shameful thing with her.

Cleo grimaced slightly, unseen. The lights flashed on. But after Cleo had gone she plunged the room into darkness again and stood rigidly unyielding.

"My son's wife." Her face was white in the darkness. Barry was reading when his mother entered the library.

"Still up? But I suppose you had callers."

"It was Cleo," said his mother "Barry, I wish you come with me to my rooms. Quick-

"Of course, I will. Anything wrong there?"
"Everything is wrong," said Mrs.

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Duane bitterly. "I have had the hu- for yourself?" "Certainly, if you wish." Mrs. miliation of seeing my son's wife uane agreed politely. "Thank you steal out through the garden at"

"Mother." There was a note in than having no one with you but Barry's voice that she had never that new chaffeur. I don't like his heard before. "I am afraid," he looks, Cleo." ask you to explain that—extraordi-

"I have told you. Come and see

"Nancy and I don't spy on each other. Besides, she went to her room with a headache. Why do you assume that it was she?"

"Our maids do not appear in evening dress."

"Nancy gave Bertha one of hers last week. Someone had spilled coffee on it.'

"It was not Bertha," said Mrs. Duane coldly. "I know it was Anne. The man was obviously waiting for her. I did not see his face, but I have the unpleasant knowledge that a common chaffeur—that insolent creature who drives Cleo-was hanging around outside only a little while before.

"You didn't even see them meet?" He laid a pleading hand on her arm. Mother, why can't you be kinder to Nancy? Do you think that it has been pleasant for me to see that my mother refuses to accept my wife as her daughter?"

"Do you think that it is pleasant for your mother to know that this place is buzzing with sordid innuendo because Barry Duane's wife never refers to a single day of her life before she came to that barbarous place where you met her?"

"And who has been spreading stain. such gossip as that?" The moment of pleading was gone. For the first time Mrs. Duane was afraid of the thing she had done.

"I overheard it," she said with dignity. "The very way it was said ter?" showed that it was common gossip." "Who said it?" His eyes were blazing.

"How should I know? It is enough that it could be said at all." He did not answer immediately. "I suppose it is impossible to es-

cape the malice of other women's

tongues." "It is useless to argue with you. But I know what I have heard and what I have seen tonight. more, Barry, will you come and see

"I will not."

Mrs. Duane went stiffly back to the door.

"You are your own master, and am only your mother, pushed aside for a woman you scarcely know. But the time will come when your eyes will be opened. And you will regret this night as long as you live.'

For several minutes after his left him Barry paced mother gloomily up and down the library. The whole thing was sickening, and that his mother should have been the one to bring this precious story to him had left him worried and lepressed. Why were women so hard Ma'am, lookin' as pretty as a pitcher on each other? Even his mother . .

The trouble probably was at the recollection. So Nancy's name was being bandied about like A whispering devil of sus-thing I can do, Ma'am?" picion slyly jogged his elbow and was thrust out of the way.

He could easily settle this. All he had to do was to go upstairs and look in at Nancy. He smiled to himself and swung quickly toward the stairs.

Barry let himself in quietly. Anne was not there. He turned toward the door, blind-

There was the slight sound of its opening. Anne stood there, staring at him.

"Oh-Barry!" She said it breathlessly. "You startled me."

His eyes swept over her swiftly, suspiciously, and dropped to the slim perfection of her slippers. On the side of one of them, marring its delicate sheen, was a long earth

The blood sang in his ears again. so that he scarcely heard his own "Anne, where have you been?

"Why, Barry, what is the mat-"Where have you been at this hour of the night?"

"At this our? Why, it isn't late." "I've been in the garden. Barry,

what is the matter?' "Within the past half hour have had to listen to a sickening story that you were meeting somebody's chauffeur out in the garden.'

She felt suddenly sick and tired Barry's mother must have seen her and carried the story to him in bitter triumph. Who else hated her

enough to do that? She wanted to is someone in Granleigh whose prestell him the whole hateful story, ence is going to bring danger ut she must not.

"Somebody must have been willing of mine. Some day there will be a but she must not. to carry tales about me to have scandal, and she will be forced uickly leave in disgrace. It would be bet-but ter for everybody concerned if she hurried the news to you as quickly as that." She saw him flush, she went on bitterly. "And whether went away quietly, before her-her

I won't talk past became known.' I was there or not, about it! I won't! I'll say things that we'll both be sorry for." Her wife out of the wayhands went up to her throbbing tem-They really did throb now. "Ring for Bertha, please. And stay her look at them.
until she comes."

He looked at her uneasily. He rang hastily and came back to her.
"I'm sorry if you're not well," he said jerkily. "Perhaps I'd better send for Dr. Carmichael.'

"No. please. It's only my head." They waited for Bertha in uncomfortable silence. There was a tap on the door, but it was Ellen's broad face which appeared.

"I rang for Bertha. Isn't she here? Ellen was a new maid. She grin-

ned companionably.
"Yes'm, in a way, She's been to a party, in the grand dress ye give her, and that this good half hour she's ancorous gossip. He flushed darkly standin' at the end of the drive sayin' good-night to the young felly

from Quinn's Garage. Is there any-"Bring me some ice cubes, Ellen. 've a headache." The door closed on Ellen. Anne

scarcely breathed. "Nancy, forgive me. I've been a brute and I ought to be kicked for

He drew her around with coax-

ing hands. "Don't you know I love you, Barry? There isn't anybody else but

ou. There couldn't be."
"I know," he muttered. "It's because you're so much to me, Nancy . . . I think I'd go mad if you ever let me down."

She tried not to shiver, quaking a little at the narowness of escape.

Luck had been kind to Cleo. Mrs. Duane, outraged and bitter, would go straight to Barry with her story. Cleo felt brightly contented as she snuggled down behind the wheel.

The driveway wound toward the end of the grounds in a double curve. The lights of the roadster swung around and picked up two startled figures, hastily backing out of their flaring range. One of them

"Alibi." Cleo said under her breath. "Damn!"

It was close to midnight when Kennedy strolled back to that smaller chateau which housed the Pendleton fleet of cars and their attendants and was met by a message that Miss Cleo wanted to see him. nedy was half sulky about it. Some deviltry, or he missed his guess

Cleo received him in the Chinese

"I'm thinking of getting a new car, Kennedy. Do you know anything about racing cars."

"A little." Kennedy's eyes narrowed slightly. He hesitated, and the desire to show that he had not always been at an employer's beck and call was too much for him. "I know their points pretty well," added carelessly. "I've driven my own now and then. "Really?" Cleo smiled encourag-

ingly. "That was before you—er—gave up the Forty-Ninth Street house, wasn't it?" All the lines of Kennedy's face

sharpened. "About that time," he said briefly. 'So you've been looking up my re-

"It wasn't necessary, Kennedy. You're quite well known." He stared back at her suspicious nd half truculent. "Well, you

and half truculent.

know I didn't try to get the under an assumed name, anyway. "Oh yes, I'm perfectly satisfied. Kennedy. But of course I know that a man of your experience isn't taking a chauffeur's position except for some special reason. Does John Cage

know that you are in Granleigh?" It must have been a sharp folt for Kennedy, but this time his face the gambler's face, after all—was absolutely expressionless.

"That's too deep for me," he answere indifferently. "If you mean the big fellow, I don't know what he knows. I've never met him."

"Not even that night last May, when this happened?" Cleo's hand rested for a moment against the filmy turquoise of her gown, just below her heart.

'You've had a busy day," he said

"Things have a habit of coming my way, Kennedy. And I know you went out tonight to keep an appointment with Mrs. Barry Duane and just where you met her . . and by the way, how very much she looks like Miss Curtis. You're a wonderful driver, Kennedy, but you haven't any intention of staying on here as a chauffeur. You're here for money, Kennedy, big money. afraid the courts would call it black-

Kennedy listened, outwardly unmoved but taking lively account of this new situation. 'What's your game?" he asked

bluntly. "I'm not playing, Kennedy." Kennedy took the hint.

"My error." He temporized as-itely. "But I got the idea that you wanted me to do something for you." "Perhaps you could." She sidered him thoughtfully.

"You want me to get Duane's He had an unpleasant way

stripping facts naked and making

"I wish her to go away. Alone. "Reno, or a Mexican divorce?" CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Human rights have taken first place over property rights in the New Deal and all that it portends.

### Carter Reunion

The fifth annual Carter reunion will be held Sunday, September 23, at Pleasant Ridge church, in Wilkes county, four miles north of Elkin.

All relatives and friends are requested to attend and bring wellfilled baskets.

### KIDNAPERS GET LIFE

For kidnaping, robbing and mal-treating Mr. and Mrs. John Jeske, egatees of the late Lon Chaney, noted screen actor, a woman and four men Friday were given sentences in Los Angeles court designed to keep them in prison the rest of their

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