THE WALLACE ENTREPRISE, WALLACE, NORTH CAROLINA

She had talked to him, too, of

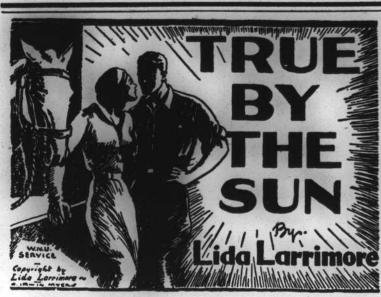
Herbert, the sandy young man in

"Herb wants me to marry him,"

she had said, quite casually one evening as they sat in a lumpy

couch hammock on the porch of the

small frame house. "His uncle has



ing aloud to you."

respect.

him.'

Parker.

taken a fancy to you-'

"I know that," Jim said.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued -13-

"Are you angry?" he asked. The surge of passion receded, leaving only gentleness. "Have I hurt you, dear?

She shook her head. "You're weeping."

"That's only because I'm sorry."

"Never mind." "And because I'm afraid it's-my fault."

"It isn't. It's my fault entirely." She stood looking down, twisting the wisp of handkerchief in her hands. "I've deliberately made men love me," she said with characteristic candor. "I didn't do that with you. I was only grateful-I-" "I know."

She raised her head. Tears glittered on her lashes.

"Maybe it isn't real," she said slowly, considering each word. "Maybe it's just the moonlight, this dress, the pink punch, the music." "It's real, Cecily."

"I hope you're mistaken. I do hope that, Jim. Of course, in a way, I can't help being glad. That's only the silly vain part of me. I know how it feels to love somebody terribly. I don't want you to love me like that. I'd have you on my conscience-"

CHAPTER IX

Jeremy Clyde was at "Meadowbrook." Cecily made a decided pcint of introducing him to Jim. "Jim, this is Jerry," she said, way-laying him early one evening when Jim came to the house for a

conference with Mr. Vaughn. "How do you do."

"How are you?"

They clasped hands briefly. There was a moment of silence.

"Jim has heard a great deal about you, Jerry," Cecily said in a light quick voice. "I've talked to him about you for hours and hours." "A dull subject, I'm afraid," Jer-

ry said, engagingly modest. "You must have been awfully bored."

"Not at all," Jim protested politely. He felt that the Clyde was taking his measure, looking him over with something guarded in his eyes. His manner was agreeable. He was good-looking.

The meeting between Jim and meant so little to her, so terribly Jeremy Clyde ended in an exchange much to him. of polite amenities. Jim was glad to escape. He had tried to con-

closing time was near, Dolly con- Ross. Joey would be a big-timer tinued to drive with him. More if he could get a break. Joey Quinn. often he only talked to her, drink- That would be a good radio name, ing orangeade at the fountain, diwouldn't it? Sort of cute and Irish." verted, for a time, by her pert Dolly's family, in Dolly's anec-dotes and observations, amused and gaiety. One evening, when there were no interested Jim. Actually, they ther customers in the store, she were a commonplace assortment. eaned across the counter and asked Dolly was the smart one. Dolly had personality and spunk and en-dearing charm. "The family" was him a question.

"What's the matter, Mister?" a dragging anchor, a millstone "Matter?" "Are you rushing me or somearound her neck. thing?" "Why?" the drug-store. "You've been dropping in pretty

often.' "I have a secret passion for orangeade." "Apple-sauce!" She looked at him shrewdly, her elbows propped on the fountain, her chin resting on her folded hands. "You look like

you did the first day you came in here." "I'll confess that I am agreeably "How was that?" Jim tinkled the surprised," Mr. Vaughn continued. ice in his glass.

"I had expected something worse. "Sunk." "Cecily has given me her word "Oh, yes. I was playing 'Hamlet'" not to do anything foolish. No elope-

ments or anything of the kind. I "You aren't playing now. It's a can trust Cecily. She's never broken natural expression. The Vaughns a promise. The boy is intelligent. have company, haven't they?" "Dolly," Jim said evenly, "how Good manners. Respectable fami-

ly. I don't suppose he'd ever be well do you know him?" "Him?" He saw that she regretable to support her. Still-" Mr.

Vaughn smiled in a shame-faced ted making the statement. Her exfashion. "You aren't interested in all this," he said apologetically. pression, all at once, was too innocent, too bland. "You mean-Jerry "I've gotten into the habit of think-Clyde?" "Miss Innocence! You know I do."

"Oh, not very well." She aban-"It's meant a great deal to me to doned her confiding position, moved have you here this summer." Mr. Vaughn said. "Now if Cecily had a glass, wiped a ring of moisture from the fountain. "He used to meet Miss Vaughn in here and a "Would you have approved?" couple of times-" Her brows drew Jim's slow smile discounted any together in an exaggerated frown. "Who do you think you are, a posuggestion of flippancy or dislice sergeant or one of those guys "Probably not," Mr. Vaughn con-

fessed. "I would probably have discontritely. "That was a personal charged you. But I could have understood the attraction. This Jerquestion. I'm sorry. It doesn't matry, Jeremy-There's a sort of sly-

ness about him. He looks as voice flaunted a sort of mocking though he would slip out of any unpleasant situation, save his own irony, knowing, not unsympathetic. pretty hide, no matter whom he "It doesn't matter to you who visits Miss Waughn. It doesn't matter, might hurt. That's prejudice, probnot any more than losing a leg or ably. But that's my impression of

Mr. Vaughn was prejudiced, Jim thought. Certainly he, Jim, was prejudiced, too. Probably they both don't you." imagined an evasive quality in Jer-

put a finger on in his infrequent encounters with Cecily's guest after with Herb but I'll fix it. You fade the first meeting. Clyde was amiable, devoted to Cecily, deferential to Mr. Vaughn, charming to Miss him my grandmother is sink-

But Dolly was diverting only for a time. Sooner or later Jim's thoughts returned to Cecily. Dolly was a part of those circling thoughts only because she knew, or pretended to know, something about Clyde, Jim could not trick her into telling knew was important. He suspected that she used those vague hints to Cecily hailed him, called him over hold his interest. to them as gaily and naturally as

He was sure of that. He began to have an uneasy suspicion that Dolly was thinking of him too much,

> The small, dimly-lighted theater was well filled when Jim found his seat in the row next to the last.



"Murder on Soochow Creek" By FLOYD GIBBONS **Famous Headline Hunter**

ERE'S a tale from China, where life is cheap. They'll H kill you for your shoes in that desperate, over-crowded, half-starved country. Or they'll kill you for nothing at all. I've seen Chinese killed by the dozen over there for no reason, as far as I could see, but just for the sake of killing. In no country in the world, except possibly revolutionary Spain, is death spread with such a careless hand.

Yes, life is cheap over there in China. Many a man has been killed for something that wasn't worth a Chinese dollar. But our Distinguished Adventurer of the day-Milton Weaver of New York City-saw the time once when his life wasn't worth two cents.

That was in February, 1932. Milt Weaver was in the United States Marine corps then, and the Marines were stationed in Shanghai protecting our nationals and the International Settlement during the fighting that went on between the Chinese and the Japanese.

Along the Shores of Soochow Creek.

Says Milt: "You probably remember the little dug-out we Marines built and all the warlike atmosphere that surrounded us along Soochow creek?" And Milt is right about that. I sure do. I spent a lot of time down there when the fighting was going on over in the Native City, and if I saw Milt I'd probably remember him, too, for I talked with a lot of those boys who garrisoned that dug-out and stood guard along the creek. Milt's adventure, though, is one thing I missed, and I'm glad Milt has given me a second chance at it-a second chance to put in on the wire and tell it to the world.

It was a cold morning—that one in February—and Milt was patrolling his post along Soochow creek. Outside the walls of the International Settlement a furious battle was going on between Japanese troops and Chinese soldiers. Refugees were seeking safety in the Settlement by the thousand, but they weren't allowed to enter at night. The patrols along the boundaries had strict orders not to let anyone enter before six a. m., but all night long terror-stricken Chinese refugees-many of whom couldn't pass the inspection at the bridges-kept trying to force their way through the patrols and get in behind Settlement walls.

At the Mercy of the Chinese.

It was about five in the morning when Milt saw a sampan, loaded with Chinese, making its way across the creek. Immediately Milt shouted to them to go back, but on they came until the nose of the boat touched the shore. Then Milt saw he was in for an argument-maybe even a little trouble. But if he'd known how much trouble it was going to be, he'd have sounded the alarm and called out the guard before he tried to do anything else about

As the boat touched shore Milt stepped aboard and began telling the coolie who ran it to turn around and go back. "I had to do this in sign language," Milt says, "because the coolie, apparently, didn't understand English. The coolie appeared to be doing what I told him. He was trying to swing the boat around when a small tugboat came along and rammed into his sampan. At the same time it pushed the sampan out into the middle of the stream, making it impossible for me to jump ashore again."

And then, all of a sudden, the demeanor of the Chinese in the boat changed. A few seconds before Milt had represented authority, with a guard of soldiers at his call. Now, out there in the middle of the stream he was alone-helpless-and darned well those Chinese knew it. They began swarming toward him, babbling, gesticulating, threatening.

Milt saw what was coming-saw that he had one chance to get away, and that was to jump aboard the tugboat. He turned toward it, and then a thing happened that put him completely at the mercy of the occupants of the sampan.

As he turned toward the tug, a puff of smoke, full of fine bits

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Pattern 5801.

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To obtain this pattern send 1 cents in stamps or coins (coin preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

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Foe's Anger

The anger of an enemy represents our faults or admonishes us of the duty with more heartiness than the kindness of a friend.-Taylor.

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"I'm Keeping Herb for a Rainy. Day."

a drug-store in a town with a funny name up near Scranton somewhere. Herb's going into business with him." "Are you going to marry him,

Dolly?" an eye.' "Think you're pretty shrewd, Herb for a rainy day. He's smart and steady, but not much fun. He's "Oh, no!" She was smiling again, swell to me, though, and I treat

him like dirt." joking him out of the doldrums. "My emy Clyde. Nothing that Jim could disposition is soured from shaking yourself." up lemon phosphates. Let's go for a ride or something? I have a date ought to. Only Scranton's so far away. I'd like to see the kids get away and I'll meet you. I'll tell a break. And-Oh, I don't know." Her voice was wistful. "I can think

ing again." Jim resolved to keep away from "Meadowbrook." In spite of Mrs. MacPherson's protests, he carried a lunch to the riding academy and returned to the estate for supper at half past six. Usually, then, he caught a glimpse of Cecily and her guest, walking about the grounds in him. He doubted whether what she the half hour before the family dinner at seven o'clock. Sometimes

> She wanted to hold his interest. falling a little in love with him.

was giving the last performance of the season. Jim, in the brief intervals of con-Small things made him aware of her increasing interest, a sudden unvey, in answer to Cecily's question- ed to maintain the same natural natural reticence, moments of silence, an expression, a question. "How long will you be here,

from Scotland Yard?" "Excuse me, Dolly." Jim smiled ter." "Oh, no, it doesn't matter!" Her

ing glance, that, to a certain extent at least, he shared her en- Cecily established. He found it difthusiasm for Jeremy. He knew that he had not convinced her. She had looked a little hurt, a little disappointed. Her manner became distant. Her hand resting upon Jeremy's arm, was tenderly protective.

It was a relief to discuss business affairs with Mr. Vaughn. Checking itemized bills, tracing a voucher that had gone astray, adjusting the weekly payroll. Jim was able to forget, in a measure, the way Jeremy Clyde had looked at Cecily, the happiness in her voice, the intimacy which had excluded him.

Work! It would be less difficult after a time. He would keep away from "Meadowbrook." Sleep at the riding academy. Not in the house. He would see Cecily, there, as she had been that rainy day, interested. friendly, aware of him. In the office adjoining the stable. Get a cot and a kerosene stove-until cold weather, at least. She would have returned to the city then. The Mac-Phersons would wonder. Let them-

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Wool - gathering, Jim?" Mr. Vaughn settled back in his chair, a signal that the conference, so far as business details were concerned,

was at an end. "I'm sorry." Jim produced a convincing yawn. "Sleepy, I guess. We finished the fencing today."

"Good! Smoke, if you like." Mr. Vaughn selected a cigar from the box on his desk.

"I'd like to have the place in good shape before you return to the city," Jim said.

"You probably will. I've decided not to open the city house until after Christmas. Susan is going to hoarding-school. Tommy will be in school, too, if he works off those conditions. Cecily and I will stay here for the hunting in November. I'll put up at the club when I go to town. The doctors seem to think that three or four more months in the country won't do me any harm."

"Probably not." Jim's heart leapt and sank at the thought of Cecily staying on through the fall. Unless she married Clyde-Unless-

"Have you met our guest?" Mr. Vaughn asked, changing the subject.

"Yes," Jim said. "This evening." "What do you think of him?"

"I haven't thought-especially." Jim lit a cigarette. "He seems

tact with Cecily and Clyde, attemptgaiety and casual friendliness which ficult, especially since he was usually in his working clothes, grimy and weary and needing a shave. At such times, he resented Jeremy's fresh flannels, his tubbed and laundered look, his smoothly rippled hair. Jeremy's suave appearance roused primitive emotions in Jim. He wanted to fight the fel-

though the moment beside the foun-

tain had never existed. It had

low, muss him up, snatch Cecily and carry her away. He laughed himself away from violence and capture by force.

He resolved to keep away from "Meadcwbrook."

No amount of resolution, however, could keep him from thinking of Cecily, could prevent continued conjecture concerning Jeremy



"I Know How it Feels to Love Someone Terribly."

Clyde. Too restless in the evening to read or to play checkers with MacPherson, too restless to sit on the cottage veranda, listening, through Mrs. MacPherson's conversation, through the shrill piping of tree toads in the orchard, for sounds from the house, he fell into the habit of driving the second-hand roadster to the v'lage, along the country roads. Usually he stopped pleasant enough. Very handsome." in at the drug-store. Sometimes, if

Jim?" "I don't know."

"Leaving soon?" A sharply indrawn breath. Hands with nails painted raspberry red pleating her apron, twisting a button, drumming a silent tune on the fountain, a table, the door of the second-hand roadster.

"I don't know that either. Look here! Why, Dolly? Haven't I an-

swered that question before?" "Nothing." A toss of her golden head, blue eyes glinting and yet with shyness in their depths. "Nothing. I was just wondering when I'd have a free evening. Rudy Vallee

wants a date." Jim realized, then, that he had spent with Dolly a part of seven evenings in a row, a part of every erning since Jeremy Clyde had come to "Meadowbrook." The discovery surprised him. His visits to the drug-store, to the small frame house with the sagging porch, had been casual, never pre-arranged, just something that happened, a way of getting through the mild September evenings, brilliant with starlight, nostalgic with summer's lingering farewell. Obviously, seven evenings in a row meant something special to Dolly. Jim made another resolve. "Wire Rudy," he said lightly,

smilingly, "I'm signing off after tonight." "Why?" A startled expression

flared, for a moment, in her eyes. "I've been drifting," he said. Drinking too many orangeades. I've got to get to work."

"Home-work?" "Reading," Jim explained. "There's so much that I don't know about horses. I have a room full of Breeders' Gazettes that I've got to absorb."

Perhaps his suspicions had been without foundation, Jim thought, with a feeling of relief. Dolly seemed gay enough. He liked her. She appealed to his sympathies. He inferred from bits of information she had given him, that she had a pretty thin time of it at home.

She criticized her father and her step-mother indulgently, as though they were children. She was loyal to her brothers and sisters, proud of them, not discriminating against the "steps."

"You think I can sing! You ought to hear Joey. He can warble rings around Morton Downey or Lanny

Cecily was there. She sat at the side, near the front, alone apparently, wearing some sort of soft brown dress with a scarf knotted under her chin. He had an excellent view of her profile against a background of rough, smoke-colored wall.

"Sometime, maybe. I'm keeping

"You ought to be ashamed of

"I am. Honestly, Jim. I guess

of things so much more fun than

CHAPTER X

Jim parked his car in the en-

closure at the side of the Cherry

Hollow theater. Cecily's fawn-col-

ored roadster was already there.

Jim wondered whether or not Ce-

cily would be in the audience. Jere-

my Clyde frequently used her car to

drive to the theater. She was prob-

ably here this evening, though. To-

night the Cherry Hollow company

marrying Herb."

What was she thinking? She sat so quietly, looking down at something in her lap. Was she happy? Her expression was pensive, a little sad. New arrivals blocked his view of

her. Jim's glance settled upon the deep blue curtain with a roughly stenciled border design of acorns and leaves. He was curious to see Jeremy on the stage. He had a compelling desire to find out all that he could about him, to discover, if possible, whether or not there was anything under his surface charm and romantic good looks. That, he told himself, was the reason he had come to the theater tonight. Was it actually, though? Or had his presence there a morbid aspect-like the irresistible desire to prod a wound or bite on an aching tooth? . . .

Something brushed the back of his neck. Jim glanced up and around. Two girls were settling themselves in the seats directly behind him, a tall girl with an olive skin and dark braids bound around her head: a small fair girl with a piquant face and light brown hair cut in a deep bang level with her brows. It was a scarf in the tall girl's hand which had touched Jim

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Quaker Founder

George Fox was nineteen when he felt the call to preach which resulted in his arrest for disturbing the peace and his establishment of the Society of Friends (Quakers). 'Priests, lawyers and soldiers were all obnoxious to him," says a biographer. Consequently, every type of persecution was practiced on the sect in England and the American colonies; for a long time it was a worse crime to be a Quaker than a thief. William Penn was jailed because he was a Quaker; this induced him to come to America. Numbers of Quaker men were put to death in Massachusetts; in New Hampshire Quaker women were stripped and whipped from one town to another, for Quakers were the first to acknowledge the equality of men and women in religion and allow women to reach.

flew straight in his eyes. He was blinded!

It was only for a few moments, but during those few moments of blindness Milt experienced the worst fear of his whole life. The natives, seeing him helpless, rushed him-and a man that gets mobbed by a crowd of Chinese natives has darned little chance of getting out alive.

Desperate Fight on the Sampan.

"They came at me with bamboo sticks," says Milt, "trying to push me overboard into the filthy waters of the creek. I knew I was doomed if I let them get me into the water, for once I was in it they would push me under and hold me there until I drowned. I blew my whistle for help. I had a pistol in a holster at my hip, but I couldn't see to shoot it. But I also carried a baton -like a policeman's nightstick-and I began swinging it around my head as best I could."

Milt says he doesn't know how he managed to stay on his feet all through the hullabaloo. He could feel bamboo poles poking at him, and he could feel that his own stick was doing some damage, too, for every once in a while it came in contact with something that felt like a coolie's head. But little by little he was being forced back toward the edge of the sampan.

Milt was getting desperate. Another step or two and he'd be overboard. He was thinking of drawing his pistol and firing blindly into the mob, when suddenly he heard English voices on the bank, mixed in with the native shouting and cursing.

That stopped the coolies. A minute before, Milt had been a lone, hated foreign devil. Now he was backed by authority again. They put the boat back to shore, and Milt was helped ashore by English policemen and a few of his own pals, the American Marines. They gave Milt first aid treatment for his eyes, and for the cuts and bruises he had received, and Milt says he was mighty doggone glad to get his feet back on the ground of the International Settlement where good old American, British and French law and order were in force and life was worth more than a couple of plugged Chinese pennies.

C-WNU Service.

scene of the murder of Thomas a

most perfectly situated, on an emi-

nence above the old city Winchester

cathedral, in the south of England,

also is one of the earliest. It is

the longest Gothic church in Europe.

Many authorities consider Salis-

architecture, and is remarkable for

sign and its perfect proportions.

Becket in 1170.

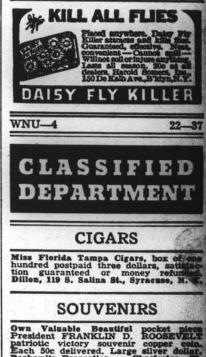
Old English Cathedrals Magnificent Structures

Second only to Canterbury in ec-The medieval cathedrals of Engclesiastical importance is York Minster in the City of York, in land are among the most magnificent in Europe, and among the northern England, the see of the best preserved and most important architecturally. Many of them, says writer in the New York Herald Tribune, while adhering to general Gothic principles, are distinctive in style and preserve some of the best examples of early English architec-

ture. One need not be a student of architecture or a devout churchman to appreciate the beauty of these ancient monuments to man's faith and art and skill. In their majesty they dominate many of the cities of England.

One of the cathedrals is Canterbury, the Metropolitan Church of bury Cathedral the most perfect of the great English churches. It is an England. Canterbury itself is an interesting old city in the County of example of pure early English Kent.

its uniformity and harmony of de-The cathedral is on the site of the church built there by St. Augustine in 603. The present building was in It has the loftiest spire in England. process of construction from the It is unusual among medieval cathe-Eleventh to the Fifteenth century. drals in that it was completed within forty years, from 1220 to 1260. The northwest transept was the



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WOMEN

