

TRUE BY THE SUN

BY Lida Larrimore

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CHAPTER XV—Continued

"I'll do my best," Jim promised. "After all I'm only repaying a debt. You sent me out to the Vaughns."

"I did, didn't I?" The thought seemed to give her pleasure. "Jim," she said hesitatingly, "are you—? Is Cecily—?"

"I'm not and she isn't," Jim replied. "She's going to Bermuda with her father."

"Then she hasn't good sense!" Dolly said warmly. Jim smiled.

"You're prejudiced. You like me," he said. "Oh, I do." She slipped her engagement ring on and off her finger.

"I hope she'll come back from Bermuda," she said. "I hope you'll get what you want. You've been swell to me."

Miss Penny opened the door. "Time's up!" she called brightly. "Go away, Penny," Dolly said.

Jim rose from his chair beside the bed. "Miss Penny is right," he said. "You must not get tired. I'm going now."

"Okay, Mister. Good-by. Thanks for coming. Thanks for the orchid and Joey's job. Thanks for everything."

"You're more than welcome. Good-by."

He walked to the door, turned to look at her again. Her eyes, following him, were wistful. One hand lay against the orchid at her breast.

Jim smiled. She returned the smile, her eyes narrowing and crinkling in the way he remembered.

"Look, Penny," she said distinctly. "You didn't know I was engaged, did you? To the Prince of Wales. See this. It's one of the crown jewels off Queen Mary's hat. Yes, I'm sleepy. Here, don't touch that. It's the only orchid I've ever had and I'm not going to let it get away from me."

Jim walked slowly down the corridor. Bravery and bravado. Dolly, too, had her share of them. Absurd to feel a lump in his throat. No, it wasn't absurd. He had just said farewell to . . .

Wasn't the elevator somewhere in this direction? Never mind, he'd walk . . .

"And the dressing-case and the camera," Miss Parker said, checking the list in her hand. "Cecily, is that all?"

"You've forgotten Father's walking-stick," Cecily teased, "and my purse and this book Jim gave me which I mean, absolutely, to read."

Miss Parker smiled abstractedly. "I know you think I'm a fuss-budget," she said. "But with all this—"

Her sweeping gesture included the luggage in the center of the living-room floor and the trunks standing in the hall. "You can't possibly be sure you have everything unless you keep this list. Last year when the Beaches went abroad, one trunk followed them all over Europe."

"How awful!" Cecily laughed. "Imagine being pursued all over Europe by a trunk. Can you think of anything worse, Jim? Especially one of the Beaches' trunks, that Saratoga, for instance."

Jim, attaching printed tags to the luggage, looked up and smiled. Cecily was thinner, he thought. Or perhaps that was the effect of the dark wool suit she wore with a bright scarf knotted under her chin and a small dark hat tilted rakishly over one eye. No, she was really thinner. Her eyes were too large, now, for the slender oval of her face.

He looked down at the inscription on the tag—"Queen of Bermuda"—hating the ship that would take her away from him over so many miles of salt gray-green water.

"The trunks, Jim?" Miss Parker worried. "Have you tagged them?" "He's tagged everything except me," Cecily's color was high, un-naturally so, Jim thought. She had been excitedly gay since she had come up to the house an hour ago. But she had not looked at him directly. Her eyes, whenever he had attempted to hold them for an instant, had danced away from him, errand an unspoken question or reply. What was she thinking? Was she glad to go?

"Here's a tag for you," he said. "Where is the proper place to tag a lady?" "Keep it for whatever we've forgotten. I want to say good-by to 'Lady.' Will you come with me, Jim?"

"We're going to fish," Cecily said, still carefully avoiding a direct glance at Jim. He saw her in shorts and a spreading straw hat, fishing. "Not for the rainbow-colored ones," he said. "They're only to be looked at through a glass bottomed boat."

"Have you been to Bermuda, Jim?" "Once or twice." He thought of the evenings there, the stars hanging low in a deep sapphire sky—

"I've told every little star 'Just how sweet I think you are.' 'I've never been there,' Cecily said. 'There are lilies, aren't there?'"

"Onions," Jim said, "at this season. Do you like onions?" "I adore them." She went into the stable, walking ahead of him. He could not see her eyes. They stood beside "Lady's" stall.

"I always hate to leave 'Lady.'" Cecily stroked the mare's soft nose, fed her a lump of sugar. "You'll take care of her for me, Jim?" She looked up at Jim. He was looking at her.

"Cecily—" he said softly. "I know." Dark lashes curtained her eyes. "I feel that way, too." "How?"

"As though this moment was the end of the world. We've so many



"I'd No Idea How Much I Cared for You."

things to say and so little time. I feel shy with you, Jim. That's odd, isn't it? I've never felt shy with you before?"

"You've never considered me as a person before. I've been an attendant, a shoulder to weep on, an extra man in and about the house."

"Something is different." She leaned against "Lady's" stall, still absently stroking the mare's quivering nose. "Everything. But this time I must be sure. I loved Jerry. Perhaps I still love him. I don't know."

"I love you, Cecily. It's a relief to say it openly. I could keep on telling you indefinitely." His arms were around her, holding her close, his lips were against her cheek.

"Don't go to Bermuda. Stay here and help me run the riding academy. We'll make the house into a home for us. We'll—" He broke off. "I'm crazy, I guess."

She drew away from him. "I must go, Jim," she said slowly. "I think I know, but I must be sure. Do you remember what you told me that evening at Dutch's, that things which seemed true and charming in a shadowy place—"

"I remember. Did you understand? I wasn't sure."

She nodded. "I hated myself for being critical of Jerry. Unconsciously, I suppose, I was comparing

him with you. I'd no idea how much I cared for you—not even that night in the garden, until—" "When?" Jim asked. "Can you tell me?"

"The night of Marjory's wedding," she said, "when I first suspected that Jerry was responsible for the Quinn girl's being hurt. It was a question of Jerry or you, of Jerry or you, and it didn't occur to me to doubt the truth of your story. That night, lying awake, thinking of it, I wanted your story to be true."

"Cecily—Darling—" "It's so confusing," she said slowly. "I don't know whether I love you or not, Jim. There's lots of sun in Bermuda. Perhaps I'll find out."

She laughed shakily. "You're making love to me in the stable, Jim. Or am I making love to you?" "Appropriate, isn't it?" he asked. "The first time I saw you, you were riding 'Lady.' Cecily darling, I do love you so. That evening in the garden—the things I said were mere bragging. I'm not going to get over you. I'm not going to forget which song it is that makes me sad. I—"

A shadow darkened the doorway. "Cecily!" Mr. Vaughn called. "We've got to get started. The steamer won't wait for us. She sails at half-past five." He disappeared abruptly.

Cecily moved away from the stall. Jim followed her. They went out into the sunlight, into the clear sparkling air.

"Cecily, aren't you sure now?" Jim asked. "Must you go?" "Yes," she said firmly. "Father is taking this trip for me. He's been so fine about everything. I'm going fishing with him."

"You'll write to me?" "I'll send you postcards," she promised. "Those bright colored ones with heavenly blue water and flowers as big as cabbages."

Nearing the group about the sedan, they walked more slowly. "Don't go, Cecily," Jim said. "You might fall off a bicycle or get eaten by a shark or meet a charming Englishman with a title."

She smiled. "You talk so persuasively, Jim." "Hurry!" Mr. Vaughn called, standing beside the sedan, his watch in his hand.

They joined the group about the car, Miss Parker, Nora, MacPherson. Their hands met and parted. "Good-by, Cecily." "Good-by, Jim."

Mr. Vaughn cleared his throat. "Get in here, Jim," he said brusquely. "You'd better drive over to New York with us so we'll stand a chance of catching the boat."

Jim saw Mr. Vaughn's half grave, half smiling expression, saw the shining expectancy in Cecily's dark golden eyes. He shook his head. "No thank you," he said. "I'd rather meet you at the dock when you return. I don't like farewells."

There was a chorus of good-bys, parting instructions, Miss Parker's warning not to lose the luggage list, Nora's importuning all the saints in the calendar for a safe and pleasant voyage, MacPherson's quiet "God's speed." The sedan moved slowly along the drive, picked up speed, disappeared around the curve between the dark hemlocks. Miss Parker and Nora went into the house. MacPherson touched Jim's arm.

"Don't look so forlorn, lad," he said, his eyes twinkling under the shaggy brows. "I'm thinking the trip will be a short one."

Jim's eyes turned from the winding drive between the hemlocks. He smiled at his old friend. "I think so, too," he said confidently. "Think?" The smile deepened, shone in his eyes, banished the lines of strain and fatigue. "I'm sure. I'll meet her on a dock in New York three—perhaps two—weeks from today."

THE END

Science Advances in Telepathy Tests; University Man Gives Much Information

Is telepathy, mongrelized by years of vaudeville trickery, at the threshold of becoming a science? Astonishing experiments have progressed to a point where private home tests are invited. With them goes the candid warning that, despite the fun of using the mind as a messenger boy, there is hazard, perhaps tragedy, as a possible reward for psychic tinkering.

The man who took telepathy out of the laboratory and put it into the laboratory is slim, youthful, impetuous and mop-haired, a rapt believer in the theory that the human mind is, to more or less degree, a sensitive broadcasting station with messages for those with minds capable of tuning in the right wavelength, says the Literary Digest.

He is Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, whose experiments at Duke university keep people awake nightly from North Carolina to California. Mainly, success depends, he says, on possession of the "gift" to some extent, favorable mental conditions to a large extent. Then: "First, a genuine interest is required. Preferably a fresh spontaneous curiosity to see if you can do it."

be found in "Man, the Unknown," the recent book by Dr. Alexis Carrel, who wrote: "Those endowed with this power grasp the secret thought of other individuals without using their sense organs. They also perceive events more or less remote in space and time. This quality is exceptional. It develops in only a small number of human beings. . . Clairvoyance appears quite commonplace to those who have it. It brings them knowledge which is more certain than that gained through the sense organs."

Dr. Rhine experimented with children, then college students. The results were dismaying. Then he tried hypnotized subjects, and finally the key to science, specially gifted students. Results followed impressively.

He is careful to distinguish between clairvoyance and telepathy. Clairvoyance, he says, is perception, such as symbols on the cards. Telepathy is "mind-reading." Persons gifted with one ordinarily possess the other.

Distance, he holds, makes no difference. Indeed, better results are obtained when test objects are separated by rooms. High scores obtain when several miles intervene. Remarkable results were obtained at a distance of 100 miles. "With all its dangers it is, I believe, the greatest field for intellectual adventure that the student has before him today," says Dr. Rhine. "The perils add to the zest, and the size of the gains is unequalled."

Current Wit and Humor

SO HE WAS

A collection manager for a Boston business house was criticizing a certain European country's credit. "That country's credit," he said, "reminds me of an anecdote. 'A young man in a restaurant ordered an expensive dinner with champagne, and the girl who was with him remarked: 'Gee, you're flush.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I borrowed a hundred last night from Jagers.' 'From Jagers! But I thought Jagers was so tight.' 'He was.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Knowing Him Like a Book "He has a title!" remarked Miss Cayenne inquiringly. "Yes," replied the young woman. "Have you learned all about his personal history?" "I don't think I have." "Well, I should advise you to do so. In my reading I have found that a very charming title may go with a highly unsatisfactory story."

Incapable Mrs. Buggins—How long has your husband been working at the brewery, Mrs. Huggins? Mrs. Huggins—He'll have been there five months tomorrow. Mrs. Buggins—And how does he like his job? Mrs. Huggins—Very well, I think. He's not been able to tell me yet.

FIRE! FIRE!



"I understand the speaker delivers his talk with burning eloquence." "Well, the one I heard yesterday was incendiary."

Picked Up Panda—That's a good-looking overcoat, old bean. Where did you get it? Monium—Oh, I picked it up at Blank's. Panda—Blank's? I didn't know there was a restaurant in town by that name.

Really "Yes, lady," said the sailor, relating his experiences. "I was once shipwrecked in the Atlantic and I lived for a week on a tin of cardines." "Dear me," cried the old lady, "weren't you afraid of falling off?"

And Smarter, Too The teacher had been giving a lesson on modern inventions to his class. "Can any of you boys," he said, "tell me of anything of importance which did not exist fifty years ago?" "Me!" exclaimed one of them.

Wishful Waiting Husband—Why does a woman say she has been shopping when she hasn't bought a thing? Wife—Why does a man say he's been fishing when he hasn't caught anything?—Pathfinder Magazine.

New Experience "Where are you going for the summer this year?" "I'm looking forward to a new and interesting experience," said Miss Cayenne. "The family is going to remain at home."

Her Harbor Traffic Cop (to woman motorist in difficulties)—Hey, don't you know this is a safety zone? Motorist—Of course! That's why I drove in here.—Our Paper

MUST BE TRUE



"I suppose Jane's going to wear men's clothes now." "What makes you think that?" "I hear she's accepted Paul's suit."

Busy "My husband seldom gets a day off." "Why is that?" "He works in the weather bureau. People must have weather."

Referred to the Committee Bells—Your Mr. Robinson is good looking, but I don't care for his ways. Phylis—Never mind his ways, my dear—think of his means.

STRIKES DON'T BOTHER THE SOUTH Not As Much As the North and East, at Any Rate—Dixie Builders to Enjoy Results of Campaign to Attract Industries.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

SPECTACULAR strikes of recent months in the North and East, with their accompanying publicity, have largely obscured from the public consciousness the industrial awakening that is taking place in the South. Yet southern industrial leaders feel that labor troubles outside Dixie will soon be reflected in increased southern migrations as industry spreads out to avoid the difficulties rooted in over-concentration.

Fortunately for the South, which in the last 18 months has pressed a determined campaign to attract new manufacturing plants, its comparatively quiet labor conditions have stood out in serene contrast to the hectic scenes which have filled the northern stage.

Department of Labor reports show that the number of workers involved in strikes steadily increased in both the North and South during the last six months of 1936, the latest period for which official records are available. But the totals are heavily against the North, which suffered 894 strikes, involving 372,495 workers, as compared with 105 strikes, involving 29,134 workers in Dixie. The North had its greatest number of strikes in August and September, with 187 in each month, but 163 strikes in October involved the most workers—95,172. The South had 24 strikes in August, keeping 4,563 from employment, but 11,596 were kept out by 16 strikes in October.

South Is Non-Union. During the six-month period 40 to 60 per cent of all new strikes occurred in four states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and California—with Illinois and Michigan accounting for a sizable portion of the remainder. During the same six months only two important strikes took place in the South—one in the Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies plants at Atlanta, and one in the plant of the Celanese Corporation of America at Cumberland, Md. Both were settled amicably.

Scarcity of strikes of either "sit-down" or "walkout" variety in the South is easily explained. The South is relatively non-union. With industry less concentrated than in eastern or middle western regions, it is less susceptible to strike epidemics. Some industrialists deem it probable that public opinion will have outlawed the "sit-down" before the South can be effectively unionized; if "sit-downs" should appear, state



Contented workers, these! They are enjoying themselves in a recreation hall built by a large paper manufacturer with plants in several southern cities.

centralized industry, would be much more difficult to carry out.

Southern states are now making it easier than ever before for industries to migrate to points within their borders. The first year of Dixie's industrial promotion drive—1936—brought \$322,000,000 in new plants and equipment, the greatest one-year development in history. Leading the pack were paper companies with investments totaling \$60,000,000 in new plants; petroleum refining, with \$50,000,000 in new distributing plants and pipelines, and iron and steel manufacturers with a \$35,000,000 expansion program. During the first quarter of 1937 the pace was maintained, with \$92,964,000 in industrial and engineering construction contracts awarded.

Prominent among the reasons for this sudden metamorphosis of a civilization that seemed destined to remain permanently agricultural, has been the extension of hydro-electric power to the most remote regions, resulting in an abundance of cheap energy in places which had been without it owing to lack of coal for generating or lack of distribution lines from hydro-electric plants. In addition, the South provided a ready market, lower construction and maintenance costs, and plentiful raw materials. Of it, Arthur D. Little, the noted industrial engineer, said, "Nowhere is there likely to be a greater extension of industrial activity."

Now the South has "gone out after the business." States have conducted

heavy industrial taxes, had prevented much industrial growth in the last decade. But when the new governor, Richard W. Leche, was elected he outlined a plan to revive the state industrially.

The plan, which was adopted, repealed the objectionable license tax on manufacturing establishments; effected a more equitable tax on oil refining; encouraged establishment of a livestock industry by removing the tax on cattle, sheep and hogs; created a board of commerce and industry to court industry; appropriated \$100,000 for promotion, and proposed a constitutional amendment giving the governor permission to grant tax exemptions for ten years to new plants and additions to existing plants.

Effects were not long in coming to notice. Building permits soared, so did department store sales, electric power consumption, manufacturing sales, post office receipts, wholesale grocery sales and other indices. Problems of state finance and legislative problems kept Governor Leche from starting his industrial program with the full gusto he would have liked, but his own personal efforts brought into the state 15 new industries ranging in value from \$100,000 to \$5,000,000, employing 3,000 in their construction and giving permanent employment to nearly 8,000.

Mississippi Follows Lead.

Florida is wooing industry with a tax exemption law and is granting municipalities permission to erect buildings for manufacturers. Cities are vying with each other to attract new factories, although insisting that they must be engaged in light manufacturing, such as garments, small housewares, etc.—no plants which emit objectionable fumes need apply.

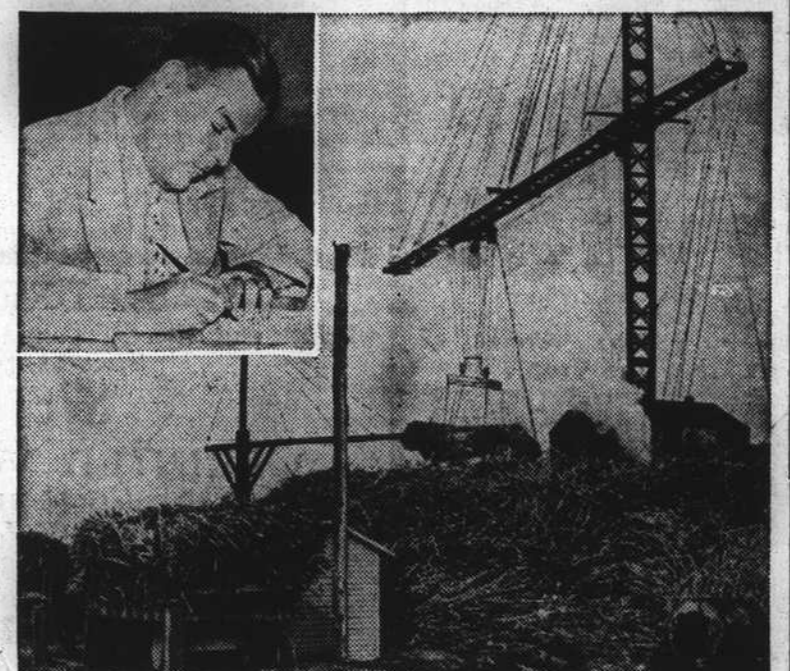
Agricultural Mississippi, eager to replace the lumber mills that have left "ghost towns" along the railroads, has adopted a plan to "balance agriculture with industry," which was sponsored by Gov. Hugh White. In addition to tax exemption for five years, it offers free factories and free factory sites which, if the manufacturer maintains a specified payroll for a stated period of years, become his property in most cases. The factories are built by the municipalities in which they are situated, the cities issuing bonds to cover the cost.

Other states are proceeding along the same lines. Alabama offers ten years of freedom from taxes. Maryland's counties may grant permanent tax exemption on manufacturing machinery. Arkansas, with a population 70 per cent rural, has thrown its working cap in the industrial ring with a large fund to advertise the state's natural resources and manufacturing advantages. North Carolina has just appropriated \$250,000 to herald its attraction as a field for industrial expansion. Texas is now considering an appropriation of \$1,000,000 a year for the next five years to advertise the state's resources.

Southern Markets Grew.

To date efforts have been concentrated upon attracting industries which could process the raw materials of the various regions. Louisiana, with its thousands of acres of rolling pine land, now leads the South in the securing of paper and pulp factories—largely a new southern activity. The textile industry has moved almost en masse to the Carolinas; the South now produces 52 per cent of the nation's textiles, while New England, for more than a century the seat of this industry, now produces only 38 per cent.

As industrial payrolls provide a constant stream of wealth for southern workers, the markets below the Mason and Dixon line are constantly gaining in importance. Advised opinion of many industrialists and economists is that the North and East, as well as the South, will benefit from the greater prosperity of Dixie, with such a portion of the country supporting products it can best produce.



Louisiana is offering manufacturers a new field of industry with recent chemical discoveries of the possibilities of converting sugar cane tops into industrial alcohol. Inset: Gov. Richard W. Leche signing contract to give a container manufacturer ten years tax exemption on addition to plant, to cost \$400,000.

and local governments should profit by the experience of their eastern and middle western neighbors in handling them.

Wages and employment in the South have increased more rapidly than in other sections, while hours have not increased as much, and this undoubtedly has some bearing on the absence of strikes. The wage differential between the South and other sections was approximately 33.5 per cent in 1933; by December, 1936, it had narrowed down to 21.9 per cent. Since the southern worker, according to economists, can maintain the same standard of living as his northern counterpart at 20 per cent less cost, the South may now claim virtual parity as far as real wages are concerned.

Dixie Woos Industry.

It is not hard to see why industry is attracted by the opportunity the South affords for decentralization. For instance, Detroit and Akron could be paralyzed in their production of automobiles and rubber if a single plant gets into difficulties with a vertical union; it would then be within the power of union leaders to call out workers in all plants in a "sympathy" strike. Sympathy strikes, while still possible under de-