

MIRIAM HORN
EDW. C. ROBINSON
JOEL McCREA

CHAPTER 4

WEAS HAS GOWN BARRON

A lady known as Swan to the chief attraction at the Bella Donna, worst gambling den on San Francisco's Barbary Coast, during the Gold Rush days. Swan, who was the former Mary Rutledge, of Gramercy Park, New York City, meets and falls in love with Jim Carmichael, a young prospector. She conceals her true identity from him. A wager, protecting the crooked tables at the Bella Donna, is shot and killed. The better citizens are up in arms.

THE SIREN

Swan walked glumly up to the bar at the Bella Donna. "Hey, Dirty," she yelled to the bartender. "I want a drink. A big one." "Where were you all this time?" Chamalis demanded. "I was worried about you." Swan stared into her glass. "I was riding—in Gramercy Park." "What are you talking about?" "There ain't no Gramercy Park around here." "I guess you're right," Swan sighed. "Say, what's the matter with you? What happened?" "Horse ran away. Got soaked. Walked back a thousand miles—to you." "You're lying," Chamalis snarled. "Not very much," she answered. Chamalis caught her wrist. "I promised you lyn'—you and your white grin. Don't grin at me like

UNITED ARTISTS

Atrocious, "but if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." "Place your bets, gentlemen," Swan called out. "Place your bets." And addressing herself to Jim, who was still laughing, she said: "Had enough, you?" Jim laughed more loudly than ever and flung his whole pile on the table. "Two on the black." The ball rolled its fateful course. "Two on the red," Swan called out. Jim had lost all. He raised his glass. "Here you are, to Madam Swan and to Galahad, the pure in heart. Some day the black will win and the hapless will weep." Knuckles moved forward and placed his hand on Jim's arm. "Don't get excited, feller," he warned. "Let him talk," said Swan with a tigerish expression that was almost a snarl. "The customer's always right!" Overcome with liquor, Jim slumped to the ground. "Take him away," said Chamalis. And with the help of Old Atrocious Knuckles hauled the victim unceremoniously out of the room. Swan hardly glanced in their direction. "Make your play, gentlemen," she said quietly to the other players. "make your play." Swan drank heavily that night. She was still drinking in her dressing room when Chamalis entered to congratulate her on the night's play. "You did yourself proud tonight," Chamalis said. "Nearly a hundred thousand. Anything particular you want to buy?" "Yes," Swan answered without turning. "Horses that won't run away." Chamalis shook his head.



"You're lying to me. What are you hiding?"

that. You're lying to me. I can see it. What are you hiding?" Swan crossed the back of his head. "Nothing—very much. I've had a lovely, innocent little day, Louis; riding in the rain—thinking about you." And she turned away to the bartender. "Send a bottle to my room," she said. "Meanwhile, Jim had made his way to the wharf, and now stood peering into the fog at the Flying Cloud, barely visible, which was to carry him and his fortune back to New York, to Gramercy Park, to the "lamb kidneys with wine sauce for breakfast." A sea-faring man accosted him. It was the Captain of the "Flying Cloud," with the information that the vessel would not sail for several days because of the fog. There was nothing for Jim to do but to seek lodging and diversion until the ship should be ready to sail. The ever-present Old Atrocious volunteered to take him to a place where he could get a good meal. The place was the Bella Donna. As usual, Swan's table was the center of attraction, with drunken prospectors crowding and fighting for the privilege of losing their money to her blue eyes. It was this scene that confronted Jim as he entered. "What is she doing here?" he demanded of Old Atrocious. "Lady known as Swan," Old Atrocious chuckled. "Brought her here myself, about a year ago. Mr. Chamalis won her exclusive services for the Bella Donna." Jim gulped his drink hastily. "Did she ever live on a ranch?" Old Atrocious roared. Jim poured another drink. "Well," he said, "I guess the joke is on me." And he yelled at the top of his lungs: "Hey, waiter, fill that up again! Can you see from here whether she has snakes in her hair?"

"I don't like to see you drink." "Oh, you don't?" Swan answered and poured herself another drink. When Chamalis offered her her share of the night's winnings she rejected it violently. "What's it all about, Swan?" Chamalis asked. "It's about a willow tree and a hoop," Swan said. "You been drinking the wrong liquor, honey. You don't make sense." Swan turned to him with a scream. "Get out! I don't want to talk to you, or anybody else! Let me alone. Get out and take your money with you!" Chamalis scratched his head and picked up the money. Swan had completely collapsed. "I don't argue with ladies when they're drunk," Chamalis said, in complete confusion. "They get too foolish. . . ."

No Complaints . . . It was early dawn at the Bella Donna. The gambling hall was empty. Menials were at work cleaning out the place. On the floor near the kitchen, Jim lay outstretched, sleeping off the effects of last night's liquor. He awoke to find Chamalis, Knuckles and Old Atrocious regarding him contemptuously. Knuckles prodded him with his foot, and he rose to his feet unsteadily. "Are my burros outside?" he asked. "No, they ran away," Old Atrocious answered. "Jim groaned. "Very interesting city." He examined his feet with mock surprise. "Oho! I still have my shoes! How did that happen?" Knuckles towered over him. "Any complaints?" Jim beamed. "No, no. No complaints. Wisdom was never bought at so cheap a price." He bowed expansively at his audience. "Gentlemen, I don't want to depress you with my problems, but is there any way for the shorn lamb to earn enough money for his passage home? A shorn lamb of infinite accomplishments—and a man of great personal charm." His gray mustache caught the fancy of Chamalis. "I like the way he talks," he said to Knuckles. "I don't," Knuckles said scowling. "Nobody asked you. Give him something to do." And he walked away. Knuckles, who was less than charmed, turned a fierce face to the shorn prospector. He pointed to a row of cushions in front of the bar. "Get busy with those," he barked. "You mean those cushions?" Jim inquired, staring. "We call them spittoons, and we like them only."

TO BE CONTINUED

Home Agent Submits Seasonable Recipes

The following old Southern recipes were submitted by Miss Gladys Hamrick, Home Demonstration Agent, who feels that the Fauquiana County housekeepers will be particularly interested in them at this season:

- Cranberry Salad
 - 1 1/2 lbs. gelatin
 - 2 cups cold water
 - 3 cups cranberries
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 2-3 teaspoon salt
 - 2-3 cup diced apples
 - 1 cup celery
 - 1-3 cup nut meats
 - lettuce and mayonnaise
- Softened gelatin in 1/4 cup water for 5 minutes. Cook cranberries in remaining water until tender. Add sugar and cook 5 minutes longer. Dissolve gelatin in the hot cranberries. Add salt, strain and cool. When almost at setting point add apples, celery and nut meats. Place in pan and let harden. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce. Serves eight.
- Peanut Stuffing
 - 2 cups shelled toasted peanuts
 - 2 cups hot milk

- 3/4 cup brown sugar
 - 4 tablespoons melted shortening
 - 2 egg yolks
 - 1 tablespoon salt
 - 1 tablespoon pepper
- Grind the peanuts in a food chopper. Add the hot milk to the bread crumbs. When the milk is absorbed combine with the other ingredients. For a large turkey, 14 to 16 pounds, double this recipe.

- Mints
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 3-4 cups boiling water
 - 1/4 teaspoon vinegar
- Mix thoroughly, stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until firm ball is formed. Pour into buttered plates, leave until cool and pull with fingers. While pulling add peppermint and coloring. Cut with scissors. Put in bowl of powdered sugar and leave until sugary.
- Peanut Brittle
 - 2 cups granulated sugar
 - 2 teaspoons butter
 - 1 cup coarsely chopped peanuts
- Put the sugar into an iron saucepan and let it melt over a moderately hot fire; add the butter and nuts and immediately pour into a well-greased pan. Break into pieces when cool.
- Caramel Frosting
 - 1 1/2 cups brown sugar

- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
 - 1 1/2 cups milk
 - 2 tablespoons butter
- Cooking sugar and milk and bring to a boil. Boil until soft ball forms in cold water. Add the butter and beat until thick enough to stay on the cake.

New Cotton Program To Be More Flexible

The new 1936-39 cotton program, to be administered through cotton adjustment associations in each county, will be more flexible than the old program, according to Dean F. O. Schaub, of State College. The associations, composed of growers, will be in a position to adapt the program to local conditions and the requirements of individual growers, he said. The associations will be organized in the next few weeks. All contracting cotton growers will be eligible for membership. Under the new contracts, growers may adjust their 1936 crops by an amount equal to 30 to 45 per cent of their base acreage, and receive adjustment payments accordingly. The rate of payments will be five

cents a pound on the cotton production of the land which has cotton production. The entire amount of the payment each year will be made at one time. Payments to landlords and tenants will be divided thus: 37 1/2 per cent to the person furnishing the land, 12 1/2 per cent to the person furnishing the workstock and equipment, and the remaining 50 per cent distributed in the same proportion that the cotton or its proceeds is divided. A grower may terminate his contract at the end of any contract year during the 1936-39 period. Landlords signing contracts will be required to keep on their farms the same number of tenants they had in 1935. Acreage withdrawn from cotton cultivation may be used for soil improvement or erosion-preventing crops, pasture, fallow, forest trees, food and feed crops for home consumption, or any other purpose the Secretary of Agriculture may prescribe. The new four-year contracts will be offered the growers shortly, Dean Schaub said. Benefit payments to peanut growers in Bertie County will amount to approximately \$150,000 this year.

Table Suggestions for the Christmas Feast

We want this to be the most thoroughly enjoyable Christmas you ever had! We want it to be crowned with a meal fit for royal palates! We want it to be doubly enjoyable because you are being thrifty when you shop at BLANCHARD'S.



Below You Will Find Just a Few of Our Special Holiday Food Prices

CRANBERRY SAUCE PER CAN 10c and 15c	DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS TIPS 1 Lb. Size—Medium Green PER CAN 20c	NICE BOTTLED CHERRIES PER BOTTLE 10c 15c 20c
Extra Nice Bartlett Pears Large can 22c	Fruit Cocktail Small size can—3 for 25c	Libby's Crushed or Sliced Pineapple—large can 20c
Fruits for Salads Large can 25c	Lord Calvert COFFEE PER POUND 21c	PART-PAK Drinks . . . All Flavors PER BOTTLE 10c
Baker's Chocolate Large cake 19c	Sweet Mixed or Sliced Pickles Quart jar 21c	Borden's Evaporated MILK 3 CANS FOR 19c

WE ARE PREPARED TO FILL YOUR ORDER FOR FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Let Us Supply You With the Proper Ingredients For Your Christmas Fruit Cake The Ideal Dessert For Every Holiday Season Meal

Currants, per pkg.	12 1/2c and 17c	Large Size Pecans, per lb.	25c
Seeded or Seedless Raisins, pkg.	10c	Glaze Pineapple, per lb.	39c
Nice California Figs, pkg.	10c	Cherries, per lb.	49c
Flavoring and Spices, pkg.	10c	Dates, per pkg.	10c and 15c
Brazil Nuts, per lb.	20c	Citron, per lb.	29c
English Walnuts, per lb.	25c	Lemon and Orange Peel, per lb.	29c

103 Years of Service Quality Merchandise Right Prices
J. C. BLANCHARD & CO.
"Blanchard's" Since 1832 Hertford, N. C.