

THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter, Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell her about her real mother, Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Tragic and pitiful. You must remember this of your mother, Rachel; she was very young and had married where she had no chance of being happy, not even ordinarily."

"You're apologizing for not apologizing, but I want you to understand her. I'll go on. They were married in June, 1915, and they stuck it out through the summer. Then Elinor discovered that you were coming and she was so frightened and her mother so angry that your father—you see, he was young too and not the sort to face anything hard and difficult, so—he ran away."

"Deserted her! But that was foul!"

"I think it was the best thing he could have done, he wasn't her kind, there was no way to work it out and—well, anyway he went. Like a good many other unsettled young men he went over to France—this was before America went into the war, remember—but he found a place as orderly in one of the hospitals and in January he came down with pneumonia. Edwin Malloy died in France and you weren't yet born. So there was poor little scared Elinor and her mother struggling along with hardly any money, anxious and not very well, not knowing what in the world they'd do with a child to bring up—it was desperate for them all."

"I can see why I wasn't welcome."

Anne disregarded this. "And when at last—no, I must put in a little here about Harry and me. I had gone to the hospital a few weeks before Elinor did, of course I knew nothing about her then, I'd never even heard of her. My baby died as soon as it was born, Rachel, and one of my nurses inadvertently let me know that I could never have a child. I was very ill, I tried to get Harry, he was so sorry, he put aside all his business, just took care of me. When Elinor was brought in I didn't see her, she was put into a ward and I was in a private room, but we both had Dr. Ayres; he'd known Mrs. Rhodes in her prosperous days and she had gone to him and begged him to take care of Elinor and poured out her troubles, so then, do you see, with my disappointment and grief for my baby and this lovely healthy child—you—"

"Who wasn't wanted," put in Rachel.

"—who couldn't be cared for, he, I mean Dr. Ayres, talked to Harry—and then one day they brought you in and put you in my arms and you—you went into my heart, too, my darling, you were my own. You've been my own ever since. Harry loved you, too, in the same way. We asked about adopting you, there wasn't any great difficulty, and so we did it, legally of course, and in the other way too—I mean we adopted you into our thoughts and—hopes and plans and, most of all, into our love."

"Now one more thing, Rachel. I've never brought you to the attention of your mother in any way, I've never even seen her except for our one talk when I left the hospital. I know that she married Peter Cayne, I saw that in the papers, and

I know her mother, Mrs. Rhodes, died a little later. Dr. Ayres told me when we were arranging the adoption that Mrs. Rhodes was incurably sick and couldn't live long. So there was one reason why she was so insistent that Elinor give up the child."

"But, mother, didn't Elinor herself mind? Didn't she want to keep me?"

"Rachel, you seem to have a sentimental streak I never noticed before. Darling, physical motherhood is a normal process of nature but it doesn't inevitably carry affection and solicitude with it. Elinor married when she was nothing but a child, her mother drilled and hammered into her all the disadvantages of her marriage and had made you seem a frightful care and handicap. Don't you see? Under other circumstances she might have clung to you through everything."

"How soon did she marry again?"

"That same year, in September."

"Has she any children by that marriage?"

"I believe there's a son."

"She's never asked to see me or tried to—to get in touch with you—to know about me, mother? Never once?"

"There was a shake of fear in Anne's voice though she tried to keep it calm and even. "No, Rachel. I think she must have accepted the adoption as final, just as Harry and I did. She may have seen you secretly, I don't know. But once you were mine, you were mine, and I no more would have brought you to her attention than I would if you had been born to me. Our ways don't cross. Mr. Cayne has a great deal of money and they figure more or less in the kind of society that newspapers feature. I mean she's always a patroness for some of the big balls and they go to the Riviera or Egypt or Palm Beach in winter, and have a country place in Connecticut, they're not the top, as you young ones call it, but I'd call them fairly prominent. Mr. Cayne's in some sort of machinery business."

Anne suppressed a tremulous sigh, it had been so different, so much harder than she had ever imagined. The way Rachel had listened, the questions she had asked and their implications—all these stirred Anne with apprehension. What was behind all this? What was going on in Rachel's mind? How far away and strange the girl seemed. It wasn't much more than a week ago that Rachel had suddenly begun to inquire about her parents, the people of her own blood, and had insisted on knowing the truth about them, not much more than a week, and at the very time when their usual easy summer round had been broken into by preparations for leaving the cottage and for Anne's journey to France and the separation it entailed from her daughter.

"It seems to me I've told you all I know, Rachel," she said, dully. "I've tried not to impute motives or make guesses appear as facts."

"I wish you'd tell me again how she looked when you saw her. And I'd like to know what she said, and what you said—exactly."

"I don't know if I can remember exactly what we said, but I'll try. They put me in a wheeled chair because I was still weak, and the nurse wheeled me into the ward. She was sitting up in bed, she had on the high-necked common hospital gown and a blue dressing gown over it, cheap woolly stuff but a lovely color, like her eyes. Her hair was loose, very dark against the pillow. She—she looked at me with a good bit of curiosity and she smiled. She looked like a child! But what we said was so trivial—"

"Can't you recall any of it?"

Anne hesitated, because she must tell Rachel a lie. "I believe she said you were healthy and I—well—"

ed on Mr. and Mrs. Claude Winslow Sunday evening.

Arthur Chappell, of Portsmouth, Va., and Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Winslow, of Whiteston, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Winslow Saturday.

Mrs. Oliver Winslow and Mrs. Claude Winslow and son, Donald, visited Mrs. Wheeler Williams Monday.

Mrs. T. R. Winslow, Mrs. S. M. Winslow and Miss Mary Elizabeth called on Mrs. Ira Winslow, Miss Emma White and Rev. and Mrs. John Trivette Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. L. N. Howell and Mrs. C. W. White, of Hertford, visited Mrs. George Nowell Sunday evening.

Miss Carmen Morgan left Monday for Meredith College, where she will attend school this year.

Mrs. Effie Miller, Misses Mary Elizabeth White and Katherine Perry, and Ervin Perry and George White went to Manteo and Fort Raleigh Sunday and attended the pageant Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Roach, and Mr. and Mrs. George Roach spent Sunday afternoon in Suffolk with Mrs. Brady Hare, who is a patient in Lake View Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Perry spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barber at Winfall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hurdle, Miss Ruth Hurdle and Billy Hurdle attended the pageant at Fort Raleigh Wednesday night.

Miss Katherine Perry has accepted a position to teach at Bethel this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stallings and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stallings at Parkville Sunday afternoon.

Miss Esther Perry spent Sunday with Miss Celesta Godwin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hollowell and children, Bernice and Minnie Lee, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Madrey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Roach, Mrs. George Roach, Miss Beulah Roach, of Norfolk spent last Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Brady Hare near Edenton.

Mrs. Susan Etheridge and Mrs. C. L. Godwin spent Saturday afternoon at Winfall with Mrs. D. L. Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Davenport of Elizabeth City visited Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Godwin Monday afternoon.

said something about wanting you very much and that I'd take care of you. I told her that I wanted to leave the hospital within the week and hoped that everything could be arranged before I went, and she said her mother would know about that. All the time I was there I was thinking of her beauty, it was so arresting and so—complete. We shook hands when I left and her hand was soft and delicate, yet very alive."

Rachel was gazing down at her own hands, long and strong and brown. "I don't want to know anything more right now," she said. "Mother darling, you were sweet to be so patient. I didn't realize it would be so hard for you."

"She knows more of what's going on in me than I do about her," thought Anne. Then, aloud: "It wasn't so very hard, Rachel. You had to hear it some day, I suppose. She rose and brushed the sand from her skirt. "I'm going back and finish up the bills and tell Mr. Kreel he can use the radio this winter. Coming along?"

"Not right yet. If Bob comes back we might go out and fish a little before dinnertime."

Anne walked back alone over the dunes remembering what Rachel's mother had said that she would not tell Rachel. The little creature had been self-possessed and callous.

"It's odd," she had said, "that your baby died and mine didn't. It ought to have been the other way round." Even now Anne could not recall that cool smiling speech without a stab of angry loathing.

CHAPTER II

Rachel sat still after Anne had left her, she was stirred and excited, she hoped that Anne didn't know how much nor how strangely.

A faraway hail brought her back to the day and the hour. A little one-lunged boat was put-putting into the bay and Bob Eddie's red sweater identified it. "Hey," he called, "hey, Rache, over here—" waving his arm toward the side of the beach where landing was easiest. Rachel leaped up and ran to meet him, her white scarf flying behind her like a banner, then, as he steered in close, she snatched off her shoes, waded barelegged through the shoal water and climbed expertly over the side.

"You looked comic running along," said Bob, swinging the boat around. "Your legs are as brown as the sand so your white shoes seemed to be going all by themselves."

"And so what? You need a shave and your sweater's foul and your pants are a disgrace to the whole pant world. Are we going fishing?"

"If you want. I've got bait and tackle."

"How's the engine doing?"

"Terrible, but I guess she'll last the trip."

"Don't let's go out too far. Mother and I have to finish packing this evening."

Bob frowned at this. "Wish you weren't going."

"Wish you'd show some sense and give up your idea of wintering here, like a woodchuck. You could get a job in New York."

"I've got a job here. New York's jammed to the gunnels with bright young men hunting for jobs. I did three months of that last winter and never again, so help me. Set the lines out, we can troll right off the lighthouse and if the engine goes dead they'll see us."

With Rachel intent on the lines and bait Bob could watch her openly and his too-thin, too-old face took on a young and telltale softness. "She's gorgeous like that," he thought, "one long curving line as clear and clean as marble." Aloud he asked, "What's on your alleged mind?"

"Nothing," said Rachel, twitching at a hook.

"Go on, I know better. What's it all about?"

"Mother and I were talking."

"Your mother's swell, she's grand, plus ultra. If she was bawling you out I'm with her, a hundred per cent."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPANOKE NEWS

Mrs. Cecil Garrett and children spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Daisy Perry.

Mrs. Pattie White is spending a few days with Mrs. Addie Bright at Parksville.

Mrs. J. P. Elliott and daughter, Minnie, were in Elizabeth City Friday.

Mrs. Daisy Perry, Mrs. Irma D'Orsey, Misses Doris Evans and Wavely D'Orsey and Walter Symons were in Elizabeth City Sunday.

Mrs. John Asbell and children have returned from a visit with Mrs. Asbell's mother, Mrs. Woodley in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Waverly D'Orsey, will leave soon for E. C. T. C. College, Greenville.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott spent Monday at Nags Head.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson spent Monday afternoon in Elizabeth City.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Alexander were visitors in Elizabeth City Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. P. L. Whitehead, and daughter, Miss Al Whitehead, left Monday for Norfolk, Va., where they will visit friends and relatives till Thursday.

Miss Eunice Ricks and mother, of Norfolk, Va., have returned after a delightful visit with Mrs. John Symons.

Mrs. Claude Fields has returned to her home in Hertford after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Perry.

Mrs. Robert Chamber spent Sunday with her mother.

Mrs. Walter Deal spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. Abe Godfrey, near Woodville.

The W. M. S. of Woodville Church will meet Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.

Mrs. Gibson, of New Hope, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. C. West.

Miss Louise Wilson left Tuesday for New Hope where she has been elected teacher for the coming year.

Mrs. P. L. Whitehead had as her guests Sunday her father, W. H. Howell and sisters, Misses Sybil and Alma Howell.

Misses Lonnie and Ruth R. Wilson were visitors in Hertford Tuesday.

Because she backed through a second-floor window in a department store in St. Louis while trying on a pair of beach pajamas, Mrs. Charles Heiss won a \$12,500 damage suit.

BIBLE CLASS MEETS

The Judson Memorial Sunday School class of the Hertford Baptist Church met Tuesday night at the church with Mrs. Sidney Layden and Miss Edna Layden as joint hostesses. Mrs. Charles Johnson presided and a program prepared by Miss Katherine Campen was rendered, with several taking part. At the business meeting which followed the devotional exercise and program, it was announced that the class will sell waxed paper, the proceeds to go to the building fund of the church.

Refreshments were served during

the social hour.

Those present included Mesdames Charles Johnson, Sidney Layden, Josiah Elliott, Martha Tilly, Charlie Elliott, William Boyce, James Copeland, B. S. Hoskins, G. R. Anderson and Mrs. Tommy Miller, Misses Katherine Campen, Edna Layden, Mattie Lou Lane, Hazel Mayes, Marion Raper and Margaret Madre.

Two visitors Mrs. Dallas White and Miss Louise Payne.

October meeting will be with Miss Margaret Madre.

The first Pullman dining car was constructed in 1868.

PAINTING

OR Remodeling?



It will be worth your time to come in and get our prices on Athey's Paints

Roof Coating and Cements... and our Builders' Hardware and Building Material

Hertford Hardware & Supply Co.

"Trade Here and Bank the Difference" HERTFORD, N. C.

MORGAN'S

September Food Specials

Compound Cooking	By the Tin	12 1/2c
LARD	In Bulk	2 lbs. 27c
SPECIAL PRICES—Famo, Obelisk, Gold Medal		
FLOUR	12 Lb. Bag	55c
BEST AMERICAN Aged Mild Cured		
CHEESE	1b.	23c

Chase & Sanborn's	For Ice Cream	Package
Coffee	Junket	Fluffo
Pound	Pkg.	4 Lbs.
25c	10c	55c
Sliced or Crushed	Special	Canned Ripe
PINEAPPLE	TOMATO JUICE	TOMATOES
Can	Can	4 Cans
10c	5c	25c
Half Gallon	10-Quart	1,000 Sheet
Fruit Jars	Galvanized Bucket	Toilet Tissue
Dozen	Each	4 Rolls
\$1.00	19c	19c

CUMBERLAND

Mrs. Jesse Osborne and son, Jesse, Jr., of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winslow, of Whiteston, Mrs. Wayland White and daughters, Dorothy, Evelyn, Margie and Jewel and son, Wayland, Jr., Mrs. D. P. Layden and daughter, Velma, Mrs. Norman Winslow and son, Bobby Ray, of Belvidere and Miss Bertha Mae White of Hertford, visited Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Winslow Wednesday.

Mrs. Walter Chappell, Mrs. Pervis Chappell and son, Harvey, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Oliver Winslow.

Mrs. T. R. Winslow and Mrs. Vick Stallings visited Mrs. Wheeler Williams Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. N. O. Chappell and daughter, Eunice, and Mrs. Ashby Jordan spent Thursday with Mrs. Claude Winslow.

Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. L. M. Winslow were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver White, of Hertford, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Winslow and son, of Winfall, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Winslow and son, of Belvidere.

Miss Elizabeth Nowell, of Norfolk, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stallings and son called on Mrs. Vick Stallings Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Winslow visited Mrs. Sarah E. Layden at Belvidere Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Chappell called