

# There's only ONE

BY SOPHIE KERR

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**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, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish and had said: "It's odd your baby died and mine didn't." Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him, instead of going to New York. Departing the next morning, they leave the keys with Mr. Kreef, a henpecked neighbor, so he can enjoy the radio. Reviewing the situation between Rachel and herself, Anne is confirmed in her belief that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job.

**CHAPTER III—Continued**

Anne opened her lips to say "Best take your bags to Pink's so they don't have to be moved twice," but she changed it to "Very well," remembering that Rachel must now make her own decisions, however small. She added gratefully, "It'll be a big help to have you with me."

"That's a joke, you know Grable does everything. All you need is a couple of frocks and a visa on your passport. Poor old Grable, what'll he do with his Philharmonic tickets this year?"

"You might go with him."

Rachel laughed. "And have him tell me all about Brahms? That would be a thrill! All the same I mean to cultivate Grable a little, he might find me a job just for your sake."

With hesitation, because she had so determinedly kept her hands off this most important matter, Anne asked, "Rachel, are you any nearer knowing what kind of a job you'll look for?"

"No, not a bit. Pink will probably think up something and force me into it. And I'll hate it."

"I thought—from what you said to Bob last night—that you had something definite in mind."

Rachel replied with ostentatious carelessness: "Oh, that—that was on the side."

Anne decided to make a joke of it. "You and your secrets!" she said, smiling. "All right—keep out of jail, that's all I ask." And she would not notice that Rachel's smile was a little forced and anxious. "Would you like to ask Pink to dinner tonight if she hasn't a date?" she went on.

Yes, Rachel would like that. And for the rest of the trip if they talked at all it was of nothing with special meaning.

Pink, it appeared, could come to dinner and at seven; before they were ready, she came bounding into Rachel's room at the hotel without a sign of her day's work about her. Pink was small and thin as a toothpick, her nose turned up, her skin was pleasantly freckled, her hair shoe-polish black. She hailed from Baltimore and was unlike the

Southern belle of song and story in every possible way. She did not even have a Southern accent and she was 100 per cent unromantic. Her brain was keen and violent, she spoke her opinions instantly and acted on them as soon as made, and she was quick to be kind and tolerant and also to be sharp and hard, but she couldn't cherish a grudge.

Anne heard her speaking to Rachel and in another moment Pink tapped at her door, popped inside, hugged and kissed her and said how grand it was to see her, all in one motion.

"You're coming to dinner with us," Rachel called in, "and we're going somewhere swank. I'll get enough cheap Italian dumps this winter and don't I know it."

"I'm not dressed for a swell place and we haven't any man. Or have we?"

"No, we haven't," said Anne, "but I don't think it matters, it's early and you have me for chaperon."

The talk went on after they had reached the roof garden which Rachel selected as their dining place. Anne listened, amused, as the two girls chattered.

"I tell you," said Pink, "this is the women's day and the men's depression. It's the women who've scrambled around and found some sort of jobs when the men couldn't find any. My part-time maid tells me that practically every woman she knows is supporting a husband or a brother or a father. And coming into the white-collar class it's the women who've kept the home fires burning, they've made new jobs when they couldn't find old ones. Two big women's clubs have built and furnished clubhouses, though building is practically dead, and they've financed them soundly, too. Ladies, someone said the other day, have found out they can work. So here's the town, Rachel, you can take your pick."

"Are you calling me a lady?"

"Not offensively."

"It's just what Rachel needs," thought Anne, watching the two girls. "She sharpens and comes more alive with Pink. It's much better for me to leave her for awhile." It hurt her unbelievably to admit it, all the more because she was sure Rachel was glad of the coming separation. She felt a lapse or change in Rachel's affection, that talk yesterday (heavens, was that only yesterday!) had defined and marked it out. "Somehow she resents being my child," she thought. "I feel as though I'd been walking along confidently and suddenly stepped off into space. It must be my fault, part of it." She tried to remember, to analyze.

The next morning Anne had a talk with Hobart Grable while Rachel took her passport for the necessary visa. Hobart was gloomy and annoyed about her going away for the winter. He twisted his kindly features into frowning disapproval. "It's ridiculous to let that old haridan work on your feelings," he said, "and it's worse than ridiculous to let Rachel live down in the Village and hunt for a job. She won't find one, the town's full of girls looking for work, trained girls, smart girls. Rachel's neither trained nor smart. I don't understand your persistence in doing this. Anne, at

all. You don't know what might happen to Rachel."

"I depend on you to look after her," said Anne, with mild malice. "Every month when you pay her allowance you must go and call on her and her friend Pink. It'll do you good, Hobart, to find out what the young moderns are thinking."

"I wouldn't go near 'em on a bet. Anne, it's unkind of you to go away this particular winter. I've taken season tickets for the opera, Lily Pons is coming back and there's a new dramatic soprano from Norway who's the greatest Isolda living today. Lotte Lehmann is going to sing the Marschallin, too. I was counting on you to go with me, as well as to the Philharmonic. You never consider me. I wish I could stop hoping you might."

When she came away Anne wondered if in the end she might be driven to the shelter of Hobart Grable's unchanging loyalty just because it was unchanging. But presently she forgot him in meeting Rachel and trying once more to discover, in the short time left, what all had risen between them. It was all as usual on the surface. They shopped together, Anne bought the blue and chartreuse suit Rachel selected, though she would have preferred black with white, and she gave away, under protest, to the red lace dinner dress with velvet jacket.

Finally the moment of sailing arrived. Pink got leave from the office and came down to the boat with them. Hobart Grable was there, he had filled Anne's cabin with flowers and fruit and candy and books, there were telegrams and letters and the usual grist of useless bon voyage gifts. They had purposely come on board at the last minute to shorten the stupid wait before sailing, and Grable left first; he had, he said, an appointment which dragged him off. Then, as the warning gong rang out, Anne kissed Pink and Rachel and told them to go along, there was no point of their standing on the pier to wave goodbye. She caught Rachel back for a moment, hugged her hard. "Darling child, I hope you have a wonderful winter. Keep safe and well, my dear. I'll be thinking about you."

The two girls made their way down the staircase and the gangplank out across the pier. "I can't help wondering," said Pink gravely, "what was the matter with your mother. I never saw her look like that before."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Rachel. "I didn't notice anything."

"You didn't notice anything! You didn't notice she was crying fit to break her heart?"

"Pink, you're crazy—"

"I may be crazy, but I'm not blind."

Rachel was intent on something else. "Look, Pink, I want to stop for a minute at this phone booth, I want to look up an address. I waited until mother was actually gone but I don't need to wait any longer." She seized the battered dog-eared volume chained to the desk outside the booth and ran it through with rising impatience: "F—E—D—C—L—C—Ca—C—Canon—Carstairs—Cay—Here it is—Cayne, P.H.—P.H., that'd be Peter Holbrook—residence—643 Park avenue—"

**CHAPTER IV**

"If you're going to do any prolonged phoning I'll leave you," said Pink, "I'm due back at the office."

"I just want to get an address, I'm not going to phone." Rachel was scribbling it down. "I wanted to find out if these people were real—or made up. Where would six-four-three Park avenue be, do you think?—these numbers run so irregularly."

"Let me see—in the Sixties, I think, probably about Sixty fifth or sixth."

"It's an odd number on the right."

"Oh, Rachel, I must dash along. I'm working on some stuff for a big soap account. Will you be moved in when I get home tonight?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**BAGLEY SWAMP**

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Winslow and Miss Mary Elizabeth motored to Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday.

Miss Thelma Baccus spent Wednesday with Mrs. Oliver Winslow.

Mrs. S. M. Winslow visited Mrs. T. R. Winslow Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Winslow and son, Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Winslow and Willie Winslow visited Mrs. Sarah E. Layden, at Belvidere, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Thelma Baccus and Mrs. Oliver Winslow visited Mrs. Claude Winslow Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilder visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilder Sunday.

Mrs. Oliver Winslow spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hendren.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Winslow visited Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Winslow, near Hertford, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Vick Stallings spent Thursday with her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Stallings, and attended the Missionary meeting at Mt. Sinai in the afternoon.

**CELEBRATES 80th BIRTHDAY**

A birthday dinner was given in honor of Mrs. Ella White's 80th birthday Sunday at the home of her son, C. E. White, near Winfall. A beautiful dinner was served, catered by the

In the afternoon picture were

taken, and an old-fashioned gathering was enjoyed by the friends and relatives.

The honoree received many useful gifts.

Those calling at the home during the day were: Mrs. Ella White, honoree; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. White and children, George, Benton and Mary Elizabeth; Mrs. W. H. Pierce and children, James, Leonard, Clarence, and Onella; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Pierce and baby, Willie Curtis; Mrs. Beulah Sawyer and daughter, Eleanor; Mrs. Nina Pierce and daughter, Selma; Mr. and Mrs. Marvin White and children, Marvenia, Bobby and Celia Margaret; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pike and daughter, Marilyn Lee; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wood and children, Orville, Elizabeth, Glennabelle and Ralph; Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie White and children, James and Johnnie; Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey White and children, D. J., Juanita, Myrtle Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Kader White and children, Sallie and Kader Franklin; Mr. and Mrs. Otho Garrett and children, Gilbert, James, Billy and Robert; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hurdle, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nixon and son, Hilary; Mrs. E. N. Miller and daughter, Doris; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bundy and children, Ethel, Flora and Victor; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Miller, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Garland Baker and children, Dickie and Billy; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Chappell, Mrs. Herbert Hurdle, Mrs. J. A. Gregory, Mrs. Ella Miller, Mrs.

Lillie Mae White, Misses Ruth Hurdle, Lorraine Baker, Celesta Godwin, Laura Belle Cartwright, Hazel Mae Smith; Ervin Perry and Matthew Smith. Out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bagley and children, James, Robert, Jeanne, Gladys and Katie; Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe White and baby, Jay Winslow; Misses Lois Howell and Elsie Boyce, Paul Jones, Joseph Raper, Charlie Smith, and Claude Hobbs, all of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gilbert, of Hampton, Va.; Mrs. Margaret Roberts and son, Bennie, of Portsmouth, Virginia.

**Janeiro, January**

Janeiro in Portuguese means January. The water around Rio de Janeiro (River of January) is so called because it was discovered in January and was thought to be the mouth of a river. The city is the most spectacularly laid out metropolises in the world.

**LEGALS**

**NOTICE OF SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY**

Under and by virtue of the authority therein granted to the undersigned Trustee in that certain Deed of Trust dated the — day of March, 1930, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office in Perquimans County, North Carolina, in Book 17, Page 385, and signed by Llewellyn Bemby and wife, Ruth, default having been made

in the terms of the said Deed of Trust, the undersigned will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door in Perquimans County on November 4th, 1937, at noon, all that tract or parcel of land described in the said Deed of Trust, to-wit:

All of the tract or parcel of land lying and being in Bethel Township, Perquimans County, North Carolina, beginning on the road from Hertford Road (at Delight Nixon Fork) leading to Bethel at William Madre's corner near Llewellyn Bemby's house, thence along the Madre line N 51 deg. E. 63.25 chains to an oak, the P. H. Small line S. 34 deg. 30' W. about 15 chains to a gum; thence S 63 deg. W. about 34 chains to a point at the edge of the field; thence S 48 deg. W. about 30 chains to aforesaid road from Hertford Road to Bethel; thence N. 34 Deg. 30' W. 9.5 chains along the road to the Madre corner, the place of beginning, containing 61 acres more or less and being the northern half of the land conveyed to Richard and Matthew Bemby by N. C. Privott and wife March 19, 1908, and the interest of Richard Bemby and wife to Llewellyn Bemby by deed dated December 18, 1911, and registered in Book 9, Page 317, reference to which is hereby made.

Dated and posted this 4th day of October 1, 1937.

W. H. OAKEY, Jr.  
Trustee.

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION**

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of C. M. Umphlett, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., Route 1, on or before the 23rd day of September, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 23rd day of September, 1937.

MRS. MAGGIE S. UMPHLETT  
Administratrix of C. M. Umphlett  
oct 1 8 15 22 29 nov 5

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION**

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of W. T. Umphlett, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., on or before the 14th day of May, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 14th day of May, 1937.

W. H. OAKEY, JR.  
Administrator of W. T. Umphlett  
oct 1 8 15 22 29 nov 5

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION**

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Charlie W. Chappell, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Belvidere, N. C., on or before the 31st day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 31st day of August, 1937.

MRS. PENNIE CHAPPELL,  
Administrator of Charlie W. Chappell  
sept 3 10 17 24 oct 1 8

**NOTICE OF SALE**

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Perquimans County, made in the special proceeding entitled Pauline B. Madre and husband, W. F. Madre, Jr., Plaintiffs vs Evalena (Eleanor) Hall and hus-

band, Semore Hall, et als, defendants, the same being No. — upon the special proceeding docket of said court, the undersigned commissioner will, on the 23rd day of October, 1937, at 12:00 o'clock Noon, at the courthouse door in Hertford, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash that certain tract of land lying and being in Hertford Township, Perquimans County, N. C., adjoining the lands of W. F. Madre, Sr., and others, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First Tract: Bounded on the north by lands belonging to W. F. Madre, Sr., and T. E. Madre, on the east by lands belonging to H. C. Stokes, on the south by lands belonging to J. A. Madre and W. F. Madre, Jr., on the west by the Norfolk & Southern Railroad, containing — acres, more or less. For further description see reference below.

Second Tract: Bounded on the north by lands belonging to J. A. Madre and W. F. Madre, Jr., on the east by the Norfolk & Southern Railroad, on the south by — and on the west by lands belonging to Henry Blanchard, containing — acres, more or less. See reference below.

The above described two tracts of land is the same property as shown by plat, said property being marked No. 1 in deed of division between George Ballard and L. E. Taylor, be-

ing L. E. Taylor's part of the division, and registered in Public Registry of Perquimans County, N. C., in Deed Book 9, page 115, which see for further description.

This the 23rd day of September, 1937.

CHAS. E. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner.

Sept. 24, Oct. 1, 8, 15

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION**

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of J. H. Copeland, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., Route 2, on or before the 30th day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 30th day of August, 1937.

F. M. COPELAND,  
Administrator of J. H. Copeland.  
sept 3 10 17 25 oct 1 8

**666**

CHECKS Malaria IN 3 DAYS Colds

LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS

FIRST DAY HEADACHE, 30 MINUTES

TRY "RUB-MY-TISH"—WORLD'S BEST LINIMENT

**Attention Farmers And Woodland Owners**

Turn your woodlands into a profitable year around income producing property.

The NORTH CAROLINA PULP COMPANY, located at Plymouth, North Carolina, will be in operation October 15th and is accepting delivery of pulpwood on cars, trucks and barge landings.

We also purchase timber lands in fee and stumpage leases.

Opportunity now available for producers to establish themselves in pulpwood business in virgin territories.

Write or phone our representative, Mr. H. F. Schaub, 716 West Main Street, Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Phone 657-W, who will gladly furnish full information and help you get started, or contact us direct.

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PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA

**NOTICE!**

All 1936 Taxes Will Be Advertised For Sale On

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

Pay Your Taxes Now and Save Money

**J. E. Winslow**

Sheriff of Perquimans County