

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, 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 plan to stay in Rockport and marry him, instead of going to New York. Anne and Rachel depart the next morning. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job. After Anne sails, Rachel, bent on seeing her real mother, looks up Elinor Cayne's number. Rachel learns the Caynes are not yet in town. Pink takes Rachel to dinner at Tom and Rhoda Steele's where she meets Oliver Land, a shabby genteel young man out of work, who suggests that she apply for a job as a photographer's model for advertising illustrations. He agrees to introduce her to the head of an agency, Rhoda tells Rachel never to lend Oliver any money. Rachel is not entirely happy with Pink Matthews. Her desire to see Elinor Cayne increases. Through Oliver Land she meets Louis Vinco, is hired as a photographer's model and succeeds on her first assignment. Oliver makes her feel her indebtedness to him. On an assignment, Rachel meets Curt Elton, a young friend of Vinco's. At lunch she learns that he is a country newspaper man spending a year in New York. For experience he takes a number of different jobs, planning to return home later to edit the paper his father left. That evening she receives flowers from him.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

At the side of the theater foyer a telephone caught her eye. With sudden resolution she went in and dialed a number she knew by heart: R-E-4-5674, and as she heard the click of the connection and the far muffled ringing of the bell her heart began to swell and hammer painfully. A man's voice answered, a servant: "Yes, this is Mr. Peter Cayne's apartment. . . . You wish to speak to Mrs. Cayne. . . . What is the name, please, I will see if Mrs. Cayne is at home—" "I'm sorry," she murmured painfully: "I wish to give my name—" "Cayne it is?" "It's a long time since I've heard of that name, please, I will see if she is at home—" "I wish to speak to—" she used to— "to know me—" begged Rachel. There was a pause, and then, "Mrs. Cayne will speak to no one who does not give a name," and the receiver was hung up. The shock of the rebuff cleared up a little of Rachel's disordered emotions. She walked home slowly, thinking that she had been incredibly absurd. When she got back to the apartment Pink had washed the dishes—whether as a rebuke or a peace gesture, Rachel did not know—and shut herself in her room. As she dashed around trying to dress and make coffee at the same time, the next morning, Rachel realized that Pink was still angry. She had not fixed any orange juice for Rachel or even cut the extra slice of bread ready for toasting, which the first one up usually left to help the later riser on her way. And yet Pink knew Vinco's stiffness about punctuality. Rachel hurried and burnt her fingers and cracked a glass and spilled the cream in the tiny refrigerator. At last she was ready but she had to take a taxi to the office, which was an extravagance. But when she came in, feel-

ing bothered and fussed, there was Curt Elton talking to Mr. Vinco and his smile and greeting made her feel better. "Oh, those flowers!" she said. "They were so lovely. I can't tell you—" "Never mind trying. Listen, I've had good news for me. All those auto pictures have to be made over, the photographer, poor nut, used the wrong plates or the wrong lens or something. I'm going to pin a medal on him." "It's true, Miss Vincent," said Vinco. "You have to go back there as soon as you're through with one other appointment. You've got to model an evening wrap for a fur catalogue, but that's all." Miss Dean was writing down the first appointment on a card and while she did it Rachel heard Vinco going on with his talk to Curt. "I can get almost anyone for anything, but this stumps me. It's a ticklish proposition, the girl's got to act the part perfectly and not let the other servants get on to her—don't lose any time, Miss Vincent, please—" Rachel seized the card and her make-up bag and turned to go, but Curt ran after her. "Will you meet me for a bite of lunch before we go to the auto place? Where we had tea yesterday is handy—I'll be waiting." Rachel nodded and almost ran out, for Vinco was looking at her sternly. He didn't, she knew, encourage friendships between his men and girl models, saying he'd prefer they hated one another. But she supposed Curt, as an old friend, had certain privileges. After work he was waiting, as he had said he would be. "You were awfully nice to come," he said. "I went round to Vinco's early hoping I'd see you, but I didn't know I had such a friend in that photographer. A swell guy, that." "I was glad to come," said Rachel. "I've been so bothered and worried about such a lot of things I need to be with somebody who can get along as easily as you do. But listen here—we must go Dutch on this lunch. We're both working people, it's not fair to—"

"To what? I asked you to lunch, didn't I? And I'm going to pay for it." "But I mean—that's just a social convention—it really isn't fair." "I'll discuss that with you some other time. My Lord, do I look like the kind who invites a girl to lunch and tells her to pay her check? Don't annoy me, Rachel. You don't mind if I call you Rachel, do you? Because I'm going to do it whether you mind it or not. Here, what are you going to eat? Let's have minute steak and some mixed salad, and please don't tell me you're dieting, for if you do I'll order the biggest baked potato in the world and force it down your throat." "I'd like a minute steak. I didn't get any breakfast to speak of this morning and I'm worn out wearing ermines." "That's the girl." He gave the order and put his elbows on the table and looked over at her straight. "What's bothering you? A man?" "A man, g other things, but he's not the chief bother. Don't let's talk about it, I might cry, I feel so sorry for myself." "All right. But if I can do anything, here I am and I mean it." "You can't do anything." "No, it's an eternal truth of this crazy world that we've got to get ourselves out of our own jams." He dropped the subject there. "Vinco was telling me a queer thing this morning when you came in. One of the big private detectives asked him to find a girl who could go into a rich family as a maid to get some dope on what's going on in it. It's this way. Somebody in the house is stealing the mis-

jewelry—a piece now and then, things she doesn't wear much, and occasionally a piece of silver goes, a cigarette box or a candy dish. Her husband wants to plant a servant in the house without his wife knowing anything about it; it seems she's nervous and not very well and he thought a woman would be best. Gee, I wish they wanted a man. I'd hop to it like nobody's business. Wouldn't I make a swanky butler!" He grinned over at her ingratiatingly. "I'm doing the carriage waits. I've a drop more Scotch, milder!" "Who are these people?" asked Rachel. "D'you know their name?" "As a matter of fact, I do, though I don't suppose Vinco would want it noised about. They're fairly hot society numbers, very Park avenue and so forth. The old man's got plenty of what it takes, apparently. Cayne is the name—Peter H. Cayne—why, what's the matter—" "Say that again," cried Rachel. "Say that name again!" Curt looked at her in surprise and did not answer, so she repeated her question: "What was their name—not Peter Holbrook Cayne—the people who live at six-forty-three Park avenue?" "Do you know them?" asked Curt, warily. "No, but I know of them—my mother knows them, at least she used to know Mrs. Cayne." "Damn it, I ought to be kicked. As if I wasn't old enough never to mention names!" Rachel thought fast. She must convince him, but tell nothing. "Don't worry, it's all right. I was just surprised—mother was telling me something about Mrs. Cayne only a little while before she said: 'I won't say anything.'" "I talk too much," said Curt. "Please don't worry. I'll never mention it to a soul. But—I was just thinking—" "So beautiful girls do think! News to me." She wondered what was the best way to approach the sudden thrilling idea that had seized her. "Do you believe—do you think I might take the detective job?" "You! Not a chance! You couldn't make up as a housemaid to save your life! And you—" Curt shook his head and repeated, "Not a chance." "Look here, suppose I tell you something. I'm not so crazy about this modeling stuff and the girl I live with is pretty well fed up with me and I certainly am with her—and—there's a man who, that is, I'd just as soon make it impossible for him to see me—and this would be so exciting! Be sensible. You thought you'd be a good butler, why wouldn't I be a good maid? I know all about housework. Speak to Mr. Vinco, won't you?" "It was plain that this plea moved Curt, but he hesitated. "Yes—but—they'll have to have a girl who knows something about the detective business, they wouldn't take a greenhorn who's simply looking for a little excitement." "You could put it up to Mr. Vinco and let them do the deciding." "He won't want to lose you as a model." "He probably wouldn't mind, temporarily. And he loves feeling he's important and can get anything for anyone who asks him, you know it." "What makes you so anxious? You act as if it was jam on the cake. If it's this fellow that's bothering you, I can tell you a dozen ways to settle him without going to all this trouble." "How very very clever we are with other people's business! Oh, but clever!" "Don't be fresh to your kind of Uncle Curtis. I suppose it would be sort of fun for you, a job like that. I tell you, I'll speak to Vinco, I'll say I spilled the beans to you and you want to try it. I don't think there's a Chinaman's chance you'll land it—" "Don't let's worry about that. Will you speak to Vinco right away, today? Don't dawdle, please, or somebody else will grab it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY

As another service to its readers, The Perquimans Weekly each week will give authoritative answers to questions on the Social Security Law. By special arrangement with Mr. George N. Adams in Rocky Mount, N. C., the Social Security Board has consented to pass on the accuracy of answers to questions on Social Security, which may be asked by employees, employers, and others, through The Perquimans Weekly. Address inquiries to the Editor. Answers will be given here in the order in which questions are received. This is an informational service and is not legal advice or service. In keeping with Social Security Board policy names will not be published. Question: My husband has just died and the undertaker has given me a paper to fill out and told me to file a claim for a payment under the old-age insurance provision of the Social Security Act. Should I do so? Answer: The Social Security Board is making lump sum payments to eligible workers, or to the estates or relatives of deceased eligible workers, under the old age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act. Many undertakers are taking to help

the relatives of deceased workers by calling their attention to the fact that a lump sum payment may be due them under the law. Whether a payment is due to you can not be determined on the basis of the information you have given. Call at, or write to your Social Security Board Field Office for information and assistance. Question: How much does the Federal Government give for one person under the old age assistance program? Answer: The public assistance program is a State-Federal program, administered by the State, in accordance with the State law, which has been approved by the Social Security Board as meeting the requirements of the Social Security Act. The Federal Government makes grants to the State matching dollar for dollar the amount given by the State to a qualified needy aged person, up to a maximum Federal grant of \$15 a month for each such person. Question: Where will I get forms on which to make my monthly Social Security tax returns? Answer: Title VIII of the Social Security Act requires an employer to make monthly tax returns to the Collector of Internal Revenue. These returns are made on Form ss-1. A copy of this form has been sent to you. When you make your return ask the Collector of Internal Revenue to send you additional forms on which

to make future returns. Make all tax payments to the Collector of Internal Revenue and do not send cash or checks to the Social Security Board. Question: Since last January 1, I have received \$250 a month as an employee in an automobile agency. My sixty-fifth birthday is next November 3. Will I get anything under the old age insurance program. If so, how much? Answer: You will be entitled to a lump sum payment under the old age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act. You should file a claim for the payment which will be due you. Your Social Security Board Field Office will assist you. No fee is charged by the Board for filing a claim. The amount of the lump sum payment will be 8 1/2 percent of your total wages, that is, (\$250 a month for 10 months) \$2,500. The payment will be \$212.50. Question: Does my employer have to give me a receipt for the Social Security taxes he deducts from my wages? Answer: Your employer is required to give you a written statement of the Social Security taxes he deducts from your wages. DELLA SHAMBURGERS TO MEET The Della Shamburger Missionary Society of the Hertford Methodist Church will meet on Monday night at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. D. F. Reed.

CENTER HILL

Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Walston and Miss Marguerite Ward spent Monday in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smithson and daughter, Miss Hattie, of Morehead City, have returned home after visiting Mrs. Smithson's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Ward.

Miss Bonnie Rowe and Mrs. Mattie Pailen spent the week-end at their homes in Elizabeth City.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Furry visited Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dail Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. S. Turner and children and Mrs. J. M. Turner spent Sunday afternoon in Elizabeth City with Mr. and Mrs. Roland Winslow and their infant daughter, Ruth.

Mr. and Mrs. Algie Hollowell and children, of Ryland, visited Mr. and Mrs. Willie Byrum Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Copeland and children and Mrs. Lizzie Copeland, of Belvidere, visited Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Goodwin Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lane and baby, Clara Gay, spent Sunday afternoon in Hertford with Mrs. Eلسbury Lane.

Miss Irene Furry went to Murfreesboro and Fort Monroe, Va., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hollowell and children, of Sunbury, spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Byrum, and baby spent Monday in Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bunch, of Norfolk, Va., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Bunch, Sunday.

Mrs. W. F. Cale and her son visited Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Ward Sunday afternoon.

Rev. R. E. Walston is attending the Methodist conference in Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Parker, of Sunbury, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Boyce.

Mrs. T. H. Byrum has returned home after visiting her son at Colerain.

Miss Garnette Jernigan and Mrs. Eugene Jernigan and daughter, Sylvia, visited Mrs. Joseph Bunch, in Edenton, on Monday.

Misses Myrtle and Gertrude Byrum and Raymond Ward were visitors in Edenton Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Lane received word Tuesday that her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Copeland, of Woodland, was very ill and not expected to live through the day.

Mrs. R. E. Walston is visiting in Reidsville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White, Misses

Lucy Myers and Marion White spent Monday in Suffolk, Va.

Mrs. Rufus Smithson and son, of Edenton, spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lane.

Rev. and Mrs. Trivott, of Friends Church, Belvidere, and Mrs. E. L. Chappell, of Belvidere, visited Mrs. W. H. Lane Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Asbell, of Edenton, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lane.

Miss Wood at Windsor

Miss Gussie Wood spent the week-end at Windsor, the guest of friends.

Attended Game

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pitt attended the Duke-Carolina football game at Durham Saturday.

STATE THEATRE

HERTFORD, N. C.
COMFORTABLE AND ENTERTAINING

Friday, November 19—

MADAME with Gladys George
John Beal
Warren William
M. G. M. PICTURE

Also Comedy and Act

Saturday, November 20—

Admission: Matinee, 10c-20c; Night 10c-25c

WESTERN FURY UNLEASHED!

BOB ALLEN in **"Reckless RANGER"**

Also Robinson Crusoe No. 9 and Comedy

\$10 to Be Given Away at 9 O'clock

Monday and Tuesday, November 22-23—

GARY COOPER · GEORGE RAFT

"SOULS at SEA"

Also News and Act

Wednesday, November 24—

PRIZE NIGHT
POP WANTED TO BE MAYOR

The Jones FAMILY in **"HOT WATER"**

Also Comedy and Act

Thursday, November 25—

Thanksgiving Show
MATINEE AT 3 O'CLOCK
Buddy Rogers
and
Mary Livingstone
—in—
"This Way Please"

Also March of Time No. 1
Comedy and News

MODERN MODE STYLING

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

GENUINE KNEE ACTION

ALL SILENT ALL-STEEL BODIES

VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION

Styling as different as it is beautiful, for the bigger-looking, better-looking low-priced car.

Smooth—powerful—positive... the safe grades for modern travel... giving maximum motoring protection.

(WITH SHOCKPROOF STEERING)

So safe—so comfortable—so different... "the world's finest ride."

(WITH SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND)

Larger interiors—lighter, brighter colors—and United construction, making each body a fortress of safety.

Giving the most efficient combination of power, economy and dependability.

Giving protection against drafts, noise, windblow, dusting, and ensuring each passenger individually controlled ventilation.

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