

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, has the task difficult. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eight-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 called and said and had said: "It's odd your baby died and mine didn't." Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddie, 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. 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. Her desire to see Elinor Cayne increases. Through Oliver Land she meets Louis Vinco, a young friend of Vincent's. 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 Vincent's. At lunch she learns that he is a country newspaper man spending a year in New York, planning to return home later to edit the paper his father left. That evening she receives flowers from Vincent. She phones Mrs. Cayne's home but is rebuffed because she will not give her name. Later Curt reveals that Vinco had received an inquiry from a private detective for a girl to go into a rich family and act as lady's maid to check up on some jewelry thefts. Rachel is amazed when she learns the name is Cayne. She urges Curt to persuade Vincent to let her meet Terriss, the detective, hoping to get the job.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Curt looked at his watch. "You order dessert and I'll go phone to Vinco this minute." "But what do you want for dessert?" "Anything you like, only I want a large cup of coffee." Rachel ordered baked apples and the coffee and then waited, rigid with suspense, until Curt came back. "You were gone an age! What did he say, hurry, tell me?" she begged. "He thinks you're crazy, but he's going to send for the head of the detective agency and talk it over with him. His name's Terriss, by the way, and a very good egg; runs the most reputable business in the city, won't touch scandal-sheet stuff. Baked apples, swell! For such a fussy-looking girl you have nice homely tastes. And listen, we've got to hurry or we'll be late at the auto shop." "When will I see the detective agency man?" "Tomorrow morning, half past nine, at Vinco's. And Vinco says he wants you to finish up your next appointments for him, provided, of course, you land the other job." "Oh, but I will, of course. Oh, it was awfully kind of you, Curt. I'm so grateful." "Wait till you see what happens before you go too grateful. I'm not a bit sure I ought to have done this. You may come up against something pretty disagreeable, but if you do and you need any co-operation, or connivance, you just remember that I'm on the doormat outside waiting for the signal. Now I'll pay the check and we'll push off." "I do wish you'd let me pay for my lunch." "I told you before not to annoy me with such remarks." They had to work late, for the photographer was getting set on making no mistakes this time, so there were takes and retakes and adjustments and checking up on

each detail between poses. She had to change from the light sport costume needed in the picture to her own clothes, but Curt waited for her and was there in the shadows of the studio entrance. "You poor kid, I know you're dead," he said. "I've got to dash uptown or I'd take you home. Are you still set on this housemaid stunt?" "Yes, at least I'm going to find out what it's all about." "Then if you don't mind I'll come round in the morning and join the conference. I want to know what it's all about, too, I feel responsible for getting you into it." "Oh, will you? That makes me feel heaps better—thanks ever so much, Curt! You're a lamb!" By the time she reached home she wasn't so tired, expectation had begun to come back and with Curt to stand by she would be surer of herself. The flat was empty, Pink had left a note saying she had gone to dinner with a man from her office, so Rachel put on house pajamas and foraged for bread and milk and fruit in agreeable solitude. Just as she sat down to eat the doorbell trilled.

"Oh damn!" she said aloud. "Wouldn't you know that would happen!"

It was Genie Moore from across the hall and Genie was in a great rush. "Isn't Pink here?" she asked.



"You Poor Kid, I Know You're Dead," He Said.

"What a nuisance! I wanted to borrow a hat, I've got a swanky date for the theater and Harlem and he said specially not to dress, this frock is all right but I haven't got a thing to put on my head that looks festive or eveningish." "Neither have I," said Rachel, looking coldly at Genie's selfish blonde prettiness, "and I can't lend Pink's things when she's not here." "Oh, that's all right. I'll take what I want. Pink won't mind." She walked into Pink's room and began to rummage, coming out a moment later with Pink's new white beret. "This is just what I want, how lucky she didn't wear it." "Lucky for who?" asked Rachel. Genie laughed. "Lucky for me, sweetness and light. Tell Pink I'll bring it back in the morning." "You can tell her yourself. Pink's not crazy about lending her hats." "She won't mind," said Genie, undisturbed. "I'll tell her." "That'll start another row with Pink, I suppose," thought Rachel, returning to her bread and milk. "She'll think I did it purposely because of my evening dress. A good thing I'm getting out of here. Genie's a horrid little moocher." She ate slowly, thinking of the

morning and her own mother, and with this came thoughts of Anne. How would Anne feel about all this, wouldn't it seem as if Rachel had been ungrateful and deceitful? Anne wouldn't want her to go into Elinor Cayne's house, Rachel was sure of that, and she began to wonder if she could avoid telling Anne. But that would be shameful, cowardly. A second ring of the bell startled her.

"I suppose Genie's come back for slippers and an evening coat," she thought, as she opened the door. But Genie was not there, it was someone below at the street entrance who was ringing. Rachel pressed the electric opening button and then went out on the landing to discover Oliver Land coming up.

"I was near by and thought I'd take a chance," he said. "It's been a grief's age since I saw you. Where's the girl friend—out? That's good; I always have a feeling she'd like to spit on me. Those are smart pajamas, very becoming—and look at you, sitting here alone eating bread and milk, funny!"

"What's funny about it?" "The most beautiful model in the city ought to be out whooping it up." His face was white, his queer gray eyes were bright and malicious and he didn't seem quite steady on his feet.

"Sit down and stop staring at me," said Rachel. "I'm going to finish my humble meal. I'm hungry."

"I'm hungry, too," said Oliver. "It's quite a while since I ate." He sat down suddenly, folding up, thin and broken.

Rachel was terrified, but she ran to his aid, pulled him back in the chair, held salts under his nose and as he stirred and coughed, she brought a glass of sherry, the only liquor in the apartment, and this she dribbled into his slack, half-open mouth. As she did it she noticed how very thin he was, his collar loose on his neck, his arm a bone in a flapping sleeve. "He's starving," she thought. "He's starving!" She tried to lift him farther up in the chair, but he came alive and pushed her away.

"Sorry," he murmured apologetically. "I'm making a nuisance of myself. Don't bother—"

"Lie down on the sofa," begged Rachel. "I'll help you. Come along, it'll be better for you to lie down and I'll get you something hot to drink."

He staggered to his feet and with Rachel helping managed the half dozen steps to the sofa. "It's my head," he whispered, "it's queer."

She left him and ran to the kitchen. Thank goodness she hadn't used all the milk. As soon as it was hot enough she brought him a cup of it. "Now try to drink this," she coaxed. "It's just what you need. Wait, let me hold it." She supported his head and he sipped the milk.

"I'm sorry," he said again, weakly. "I ought not to have come."

"But what's the matter? Are you sick? Where's Bill? You two are so—"

Oliver was sitting up now. "I oughtn't to have come, I tell you. Bill and I've been thrown out of the hotel, we haven't been able to pay our room rent for three weeks and we're both down to carfare and we've been trying to find somebody who'd tide us over, just a loan, things are bound to break better for us soon, and—there it is. Forget it, Rachel. I'll be all right in a minute or two."

"But you said you were hungry. Oliver, that you hadn't eaten for a long time."

"Did I say that? I'm a fool! When did I say it?"

"Just before you fainted. Is it true, are you hungry?" "Not any hungrier than usual. I had coffee this morning, and a roll, the maid on our floor sneaked them off somebody else's tray. She's a good old scout."

Rachel looked about her distractedly. "There's almost nothing in the house to eat, but I can phone to that little restaurant across the street and get them to send something."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

lovely arrangements of mixed autumn flowers. A beautiful bride's cake topped with a miniature bride and bridegroom was cut. Miss Frances Lister cut the button, Mrs. Percy Jennings, the ring, Mrs. Walter E. Berry, the thimble, Mrs. Cartwright, the pin, and Mrs. Sara Pritchard, the money.

Games were played during the evening with Mrs. Miles Scott, Mrs. Jarvis Scott and Mrs. George A. Halstead winning prizes.

The hostesses served delicious ice cream and cake.

Mrs. Jennings was the recipient of many lovely and useful gifts.

The guests included Mesdames G. M. Williams, G. D. Brickwood, B. H. Ward, J. H. Barkwell, Clyde Small, Pritchard, Sara Pritchard, Glenn Pendleton, Ivey Wilson, Jarvis Scott, Lloyd Halstead, Selma James, Ida Huller, Wilma Ives, Dempsey Morrisette, Ada Trueblood, C. J. Morse, Bennie James, W. C. Morse, M. L. Palmer, William Jennings, U. P. Ives, M. C. Stanley, Leroy Markham, George O. Halstead, James Cullipher, J. G. Brown, Alvin Hawkins, M. L. Scott, George Markham, Edward Ives, G. R. Markham, G. E. Small, George Scott, George Fletcher, W. L. Thompson, A. A. Meads, Elizabeth F. Jennings, Theodore Fletcher, Marvin Lister, Johnnie Fletcher, Walter E. Berry, Cecil Everett, J. G. Jennings, Grace Cartwright, John Corbett, Willie Ives, Lucy Haste, Willie J. Ives, Julian Cartwright, W. F. Berry, W. A. Turner, Alice Wilcox, Walter Markham, Percy Jennings, Miles Scott, Sam Cartwright, Willard Markham, Misses Gladys Ward, Bessie J. Ward, Ruth Bateman, Hilda Clontz, Nola Walters, Clara Deese, Marjorie James, Doris Wilcox, Alice Markham, Gertrude Thompson, Annie Marie Jackson, Lois Herring, Isabelle Cartwright, and Annie B. Jennings; Messrs. B. H. Ward, Ellis Jones and Roy Ward.

Uncle Jim Says



Increasing the acreage of meadow crops, pasturage, and trees will aid in the increase of desirable game and song birds.

ATTENDED CONFERENCE

Among the Perquimans people who attended the Methodist Conference at Raleigh were Mrs. George Feilds and her daughter, Jeannette, of Hertford; Mrs. W. R. Perry, Mrs. John Symons and Mrs. Will Elliott, of Chapanoke. They were in Raleigh for the Sunday services.

JOHN, YOUR HAIR IS A FRIGHT HERE, USE MY FOM-OL!



Wives, mothers, sisters—they're often forced to point the way to hair health to their men folk! For women know that a healthy head produces handsome hair! And that's why women everywhere are pointing to Fom-ol, the remarkable foaming oil shampoo which first nourishes the scalp, then takes the dull, parched hair and brings it back to glowing health. Fom-ol is so economical; a little goes a long way. Ask your druggist for the regular 50c size. Or, write for a generous trial bottle, enclosing 10c to cover packing and postage.

FOM-OL More than a shampoo—a treatment!

CLAIROL, Inc. 132 West 46th St., New York
I enclose 10c for one trial size bottle of Fom-ol.
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Everyone who has read the book will want to see it and those who haven't read the book will want to see it, too. Frank Capra's direction is flawless and Robert Riskin's adaptation of the novel fully merited the praise given to it by Mr. Hilton himself. Nor is this surprising when one recalls the past triumphs of this writing-directing combination. In "Lost Horizon," however, the men who gave us "Mr. Deeds" and "It Happened One Night"—to name only two—have scored what is even a greater triumph.

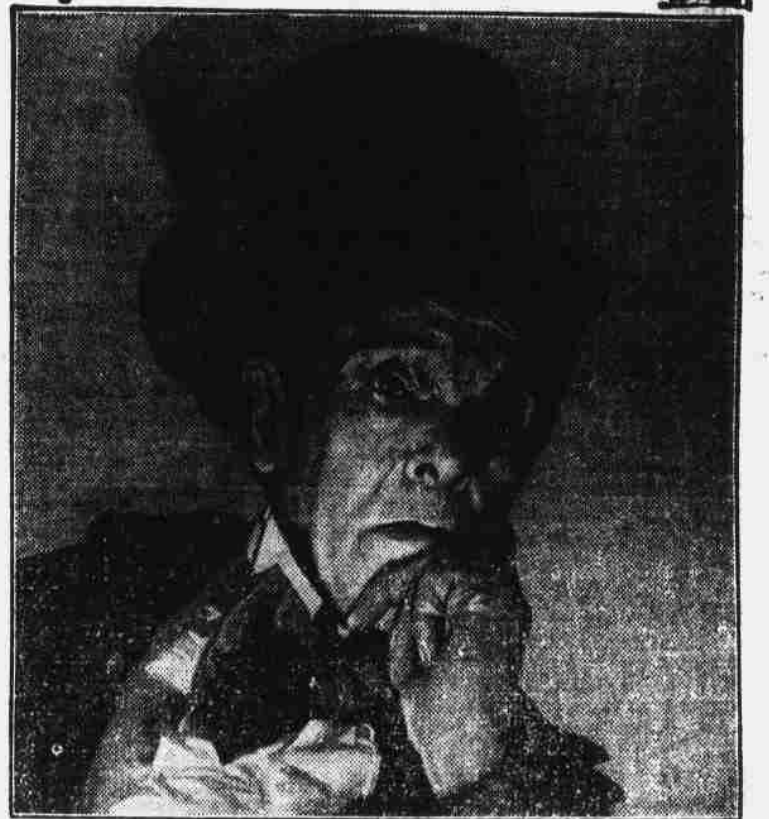
PERQUIMANS BRIDE HONORED Mesdames J. G. Jennings, Willard Markham, William Jennings and Walter E. Berry complimented Mrs. Ernest Jennings, of Elizabeth City, at a miscellaneous shower on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. J. G. Jennings, at Wecksville. Mrs. Jennings was before her marriage Miss Ruth Ward, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Ward, of Winfall.

A color scheme of orange and black was carried out in the decorations, the house being decorated with

666 CHECKS Colds and Fever FIRST DAY SALVE, SORE THROAT HEADACHE, 30 MINUTES

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

LEARN YOUR LIGHTING



Careful lighting, low and to one side, gives this "character portrait" its unusual firelight effect.

HAVE you ever tried shooting away a whole roll of film on one subject, not changing its position in the least but merely altering the way the light strikes it?

It may seem foolish and extravagant but it can be one of the most important photographic lessons you ever took.

Try it on this theory: that the objects in a picture have no real interest in themselves but that all the interest is in the way they are lighted—how the light strikes, how shadows are cast. Or, in the words of a great French photographer, that the subject is nothing, the lighting is everything.

Take a photoflood lamp in a reflector and arrange a number of small objects—say some fruit spilling from a bowl—on a white table top. Have enough general room light to give detail in the shadows.

Now set up your camera firmly with the light right beside it, for your first picture. Take another with the light far to the left and high up. Take one with the light directly over the subject. Take one with it behind the subject, shading the bulb so that

no direct light shines into the camera lens.

Try as many positions as the length of the film roll allows. When the pictures are developed and printed, the differences will astonish you. Study them and you will learn what can be done with light when it is properly used.

If you don't like still life, try a series of portraits, using the same person and the same pose but different angles of lighting. From picture to picture, facial expression will vary astonishingly—dead with flat front light, sinister with the light low and directly in front, startled or even terrified with the light low and to one side, and so on.

The same is true of landscapes. With each hour of the day they change, the deep morning shadows dwindling into noon and growing again into the grandeur of evening. Light is the photographer's working material, the plastic clay from which he models his pictures. Study it. Learn what lighting can do and apply your knowledge and you will produce pictures of which you will be proud.

John van Guilder

STATE THEATRE

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Friday, November 26th—

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS in

"THIS WAY PLEASE"

Also March of Time No. 1 - Act - News

Saturday, November 27th—SHOW OPENS AT 1:30 P. M.

THE LAWLESS BITE THE DUST!



with THE THREE MESQUITEERS!

Also Robinson Crusoe No. 10 and Comedy

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

Monday and Tuesday, November 29 and 30—

Frank Capra's **LOST HORIZON** with RONALD COLMAN

Also News

Wednesday, December 1—

PRIZE NIGHT

Ann Sothern Jack Haley Mary Boland Edward Horton

"Danger—Love

At Work"

ALSO Comedy and Act

Thursday, December 2—

Edward Arnold and Shirley Ross

"Blossoms On Broadway"

ALSO

March of Time Act and News

"Lost Horizon" Best Ten Films In One

In book form, "Lost Horizon" wove such a spell around hitherto charm-roof sophisticates that they went by their way to hymn the praises of James Hilton's fantastic story of mystic and forbidden Tibet. As a photoplay, deservedly applauded from coast to coast in its triumphant road-show tour, just concluded, "Lost Horizon" smashes as two or three of the "best ten" films of the year rolled into one.

Scientifically and photographically it is a triumph. The illusion of being in faraway Tibet is retained throughout. The contrast between the ancient East and the modern West is striking but never incongruous. The impact of Occidental upon Oriental has the force of Kipling brought up to date and played against the stark background of an airplane disaster, a Chinese revolution and a breath-taking snowslide.

It is in these snow scenes that the picture attains its greatest photographic beauty. The wide expanses of snow-covered mountain sides, the wind whipping the snow through tortuous mountain passes, the awesome sweep of the avalanche that wipes out an entire party of porters: these are shots that must be seen for they cannot be given their true worth in the printed word.

The lush beauty and the quiet

serenity of the hidden valley of Shangri-la, with its unbelievably beautiful white lamazery, afford marked photographic contrast to the awesome snowscapes at the beginning and end of the picture. It is here that the little band kidnaped from revolution-torn Bakul find romance and high adventure.

The characterization is excellent throughout. Ronald Colman, one of our suavest and most likeable leading men, is the ideal choice for Robert Conway, the "empire-builder" who longs for peace of spirit.

John Howard is equally effective as his impetuous brother. Just the right spicing of comedy is provided by Edward Everett Horton as the absent-minded paleontologist and Thomas Mitchell as the deposed utilities tycoon who is a fugitive from justice. Jane Wyatt brings beauty and romance to Shangri-la as Sondra and Margo and Isabel Jewell fulfill admirably the roles assigned to them. Sam Jaffe as the two-hundred-year-old High Lama has what is probably one of the longest and most difficult speeches ever recorded on a sound track. His appearance in the picture is brief but on his shoulders rests responsibility of bringing credibility to fantasy. That he succeeds in the highest praise one can pay to him, H. B. Warner, too, as the High Lama's able assistant, brings another gem of characterization to the picture.

"Lost Horizon" is a "must" picture.