

THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"All right by me, but we can't go any place very smart, if we take them. Rhoda's getups are too weird."

"Then we'll go to Lori's. The food's good and they're accustomed to fannies of every description." While Rachel was changing her dress she heard a wail from Pink's room: "My white beret's gone! Have you got it?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Genie borrowed it last night, she came in here and grabbed it, literally. I told her you'd not like it, but she went right in and took it."

As Rachel finished her toilet, there was an ominous silence, then the outer door slammed and Rachel heard Pink in the hall hammering at Genie's door. Presently she heard the door again but she didn't look out. When she was ready Rachel came into the living room and a moment later Pink entered too, scarlet spots on her cheeks, her lips compressed and not wearing the white beret. "She stretched it, her head's bigger than mine," she said shortly. "I hate lending hats, they always get spoiled."

Rachel said nothing. As they walked down the stairs Pink added: "You're right, Rachel, she's a little grafter. I'm sorry about your dress. We won't either of us lend her anything again, even if she has to go out like a fan dancer."

"I'm sorry about the hat," Rachel said. "She really did grab it. We had quite an argument about it." "Yes, she told me," Pink looked up and laughed. "We're a pair of nuts," she said, and the reconciliation was complete.

The dinner at Lori's was great fun, Rhoda was amazing in a red upholster plush and earrings of three-inch copper discs, but at Lori's this was not conspicuous. She was sweet and kind, as always, and so was Tom, and delighted to hear that Rachel had a new job.

Back at the apartment Rachel was more frank with Pink about her work, there was no difficulty in that for the name of Peter Cayne meant no more to Pink than it had to Rachel six months before, and it was necessary that Pink should know where she was going and what her position there would be. Pink thought it all a great adventure and wished that the advertising business offered equal thrills. But at last Rachel had to her room and read letters.

Bob's written receipt which was full of all gossip, the eerie white kittens of Mrs. Terriss, the books Bob had read—mostly trash, he confessed—the progress of the carved room, the breakdown of the furnace in the Congregational church.

Rachel put the letter down with relief that he hadn't asked her again to marry him or even made love to her. She didn't want to feel anything more. And Anne's letters were waiting. She opened them reluctantly, arranged them according to date and began to read the first one. It was not very long. Tante Helene, it seemed, had a persistent bronchitis and Anne was busy nursing her and running the house and property as well. Rachel could feel Anne's fatigue and her patience. "The servants have been here a long time and they don't want to make the least change in their ways and I'm sure they believe I'm only here to get hold of Tante Helene's money. The man on the farm is amiable because he's due to make a new lease and he thinks I'm going to be easy. They all have to be treated like difficult children. Tante Helene herself is difficult enough, she lies in her huge bed swathed in woolen shawls and blankets of every color of the rain-

bow and her sharp little voice clacks all day long except when she is coughing or when the doctor has the thermometer under her tongue. She considers illness a cruel and unjust penance for sins she never committed. She won't have a nurse, so Marie, her maid, and I wait on her, I try to carry out the doctor's orders and Marie paying no attention to them or to anything but the old lady's whims. It will be a miracle if she gets well."

Rachel felt a moment of panic. If Tante Helene should die and Anne came sailing back to America while she was at the Caynes', what a mess that would be! She opened the other letter in haste, it had been written nearly a week later. And at once she breathed more easily, for Tante Helene was better, Anne had the household more in hand, even the dreary winter rain of the valley had given way to cold but bright sunshine. As she read Rachel could see Anne gently, expertly managing one person after another, placating but passing over no faults, running her own white line of order and system and justice through petty obstacles and slipshod customs. And for the first time she had a sense of Anne's spirit transferred to her in her own struggle to see her own mother. "We're alike," she thought, "Anne and I, we want something and we work to get it. But Anne's the best, she only wants what's right. I'm not sure that what I want is right but I want it just the same."



Rachel Heard Pink in the Hall Hammering at Genie's Door.

It was all right now, she could go ahead and not worry about being disloyal to Anne. Anne would understand, Anne would know what had pushed her on so urgently. But she wouldn't tell Anne just yet, she'd write tomorrow, before she started in at the Caynes', and say nothing about it, she'd write a long letter and tell about Pink and Genie Moore and the Steeles and Curt Elton. Anne would like Curt Elton. It was strange, she thought, how these letters communicated the very essence of Anne, the calmness, the steadiness, the power to resolve chaos into clarity. It was exactly what she needed. She dropped off to sleep thinking gratefully and lovingly of Anne.

The next day she went to see Terriss, who offered practical counsel. "You've got some sort of plain dress to wear up there, I suppose, and plain clothes to take," he said. "Mrs. Cayne will go through the motions of engaging you herself, but that's all hokey. Mr. Cayne runs the house and has ever since they

were married. If she asks you for a reference you tell her it's your first job of this kind and give her your friend Miss Matthews' name and phone number—she won't call up."

"But what about uniforms? Ought I to have some?"

"No, the Caynes supply those. The thing is this, Miss Vincent: Mrs. Cayne is going to take you without any questions because her husband really runs that house and he's told her that he's getting her a maid. See? The servants have got to be satisfied with you, that's very important, they've got to think you one of themselves. You'll have to wear plain clothes and take plain clothes with you, and they oughtn't to be too new, either."

"I've got an old knitted suit and a plain storm coat. What about silk stockings?"

"They're all right, every girl in America with a nickel in her pocket wears silk stockings."

He droned on and on, describing the apartment, the servants, the stolen articles and how they had disappeared, detailing methods of observation, time for reports, but Rachel did not hear much of what he said, her thoughts were racing on to her own special hopes and expectations. At last Terriss paused in exasperation and a note of feeling raised his colorless voice. "Damn it all, Miss Vincent, the more I consider this the more I know I'm a sap ever to let an amateur like you go on this job. It was that fellow Cayne pounding at me, he got me to overstep my judgment."

Rachel was abruptly conscious of her inattention, shocked into dismay.

"Mr. Terriss, I'll try awfully hard, indeed I will."

"I don't doubt that. But I do wish you weren't so green. This isn't the way I like to run my business, I tell you. Well, it's all in a lifetime, I suppose. You're to go up there then late tomorrow afternoon. You all set for that?"

"Yes, I'll go up there about four o'clock. I've a morning's work for Mr. Vinco, then I go home and pack."

"Luck go with you," said Mr. Terriss, fervently but hopelessly. "We need it, you and me both."

It was all unreal, what she was doing, all of her thoughts were in a fever of impatience, she had to force herself to the routine of her preparations.

She lunched with Curt and seemed to listen to his advice, but she didn't really hear much of it. She was annoyed with herself that she should be so wildly excited, and was afraid that she would reveal it, so she made a great effort to be casual. Only his last words came through to her distinctly: "When you don't know what to say, keep still, and don't forget I'll be on the first look-out post, ready to come if you whistle."

"When you don't know what to say, keep still," Rachel thought of that while she packed a shabby suitcase with her shabbiest clothes, slicked down her hair, rubbed her nose shiny and wiped off her lip rouge, then dressed in a faded green knitted suit which she had meant to throw away. She had decided against wearing the spectacles Mr. Terriss had suggested, she felt they would only bother her. When she was ready she looked at herself in the glass and thought she made a very good likeness of a neat respectable housemaid.

On her way uptown her excitement changed and cooled and, oddly, she found herself thinking of Anne with a sense of comfort and support. No matter what happened there was Anne in the background, loving, understanding. Then she began to think of the woman she would see in a few moments, her own mother who had brought her into the world, given her life and being, a heart to beat, blood to demand its own blood kinship. And she felt an immense overwhelming certainty that her own mother would somehow recognize this kinship and respond to it. Perhaps not at once, perhaps only vaguely—but yet, surely, unmistakably.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

article of food in the rural districts, increased consumption of this home-grown vegetable in the cities and towns of the South in place of imported foods will keep a lot of dollars circulating locally, and this is what we need in the South for the balance of trade is too largely against us at present to make for the most satisfactory economic conditions.

If we want to eat our cake and have it too, we can sell our No. 1 potatoes to buyers who have been successful in establishing a good trade in Eastern and Central Western cities, and at the same time we could use No. 2's and Jumbos in the South, for Southern people are well acquainted with sweet potatoes and know that No. 2's and frequently Jumbos are just as good as No. 1 potatoes.

To get the best out of the crop we should endeavor to avoid the heavy losses that we have experienced in the past in trying to keep sweet potatoes and should make use of a larger part of the crop, either to bring back dollars from beyond our borders or in supplying this good food to Southern people in cities and towns as well as on the farms, and the unmarketable surplus should be fed to live stock.

George Hennard of Hammond, Ind., was given a jail sentence for neglecting to feed his dog for several days.

While sweet potatoes are a staple

one-half that of peach or pineapple juice.

It is a fairly well known historical fact that General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of Revolutionary fame, and his valiant men sustained life by eating sweet potatoes baked in the ashes of camp fire and served on the bark of trees. They had them for breakfast, dinner and supper, when they were not too busy to eat three meals a day, and they not only sustained life with sweet potatoes but became so filled with strength and courage after eating them that they made sorties from the Carolina swamps and made things lively for King George's more grossly fed men.

In many of the Islands of the Pacific, especially in the Philippines, the sweet potato is the principal vegetable food, at certain seasons being almost the only food available.

If these aborigines can sustain life and maintain themselves in good physical condition on a sweet potato diet, think what this delightful food might mean to the average Southern family when served as a part of a balanced ration.

Many people residing in Eastern and Central cities and in the cities of the Piedmont and Appalachian regions are learning to prefer the moist sweet potato to the dry potato of the Jersey type, but sweet potatoes are still generally grown in Southern territory for home consumption.

While sweet potatoes are a staple

Fair Prices Promote Good Farm Practices

Stabilizing agricultural prices at a "fair level" makes it possible for the farmer to follow a balanced cropping system that conserves the soil.

There is a direct relation between the up and down price of farm commodities and the care that is given the soil, said E. Y. Floyd, of State College.

When prices are ruinously low, he said, farmers tend to grow all the cash they can in an effort to wrest a living from the land. They are virtually forced to keep every possible acre in cash crops.

And under the pinch of low income, few farmers are able to carry out good practices necessary to enrich the soil and conserve it for future years.

Thus low prices work in two ways to force a type of farming that rapidly depletes the soil, Floyd pointed out.

On the other hand, high prices induce farmers to raise all the cash

crops they can in their desire to make money while the making is good. And farmers tend to neglect their soil.

In places, the custom of growing cash crops year after year with few soil-building crops in rotation or as a cover crop has so reduced the fertility of the land that it is impossible to make a decent living farming this land, he continued.

The 1938 agricultural conservation program, he said, is intended to stabilize prices at a level that will encourage farmers to carry out good soil-conserving practices and check the wasteful depletion of the land.

Location of Savannah

Savannah is on the Savannah river, which forms the dividing line between South Carolina and Georgia, and is about 100 miles north of the Florida state line.

Guilt and Chance

It is the inevitable end of guilt that it places its own punishment on a chance which is sure to occur. —L. E. Landon.

DO YOU KNOW—



That the modern custom of placing a horse-shoe over the door for good luck, dates back to the old days when our colonial ancestors nailed up horse-shoes or hung up laurel boughs in their homes as magic charms to protect them from witches.

John F. Cann of Boston won a knitting contest in which nearly 100 women participated.

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Sweet Potatoes—Staple Southern Product

By GUY A. CARDWELL

The sweet potato plant is related to the Morning Glory, Moon Flower and Cypress vines. It is not related to the potato nor to the yam, though often called a yam.

A well-baked, disease free and frost free Porto Rico sweet potato is delicious. It melts in the mouth. It satisfies hunger and at the same time caters to the sweet tooth.

Sweet potatoes are a cheap and substantial food. One pound of sweet potatoes is said to furnish the human body with 447 calories. Its fuel or heating value is 48 percent greater than the Irish potato, which furnishes the human body with only 392 calories of heat per pound. But the food value of sweet potatoes lies largely in the carbohydrates or the starch and sugar. They contain 21.9 percent of carbohydrates.

Chemists of the United States Department of Agriculture have discovered that sweet potatoes are a good source of vitamins. This vegetable contains as much vitamin A (the anti-phthalic vitamin) as leafy vegetables. It contains more vitamin B (the anti-beriberi vitamin) than many other vegetables. As a source of vitamins, sweet potato juice has an equal value to about 100 times as much orange juice and

one-half that of peach or pineapple juice.

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