

# THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"I notice that neither your appearance nor your ego has suffered. Apparently you're the belle of the servants' hall. So why all that wall about returning to sanity and a strange household?"

Rachel armed herself with caution. "Maybe you're right about my never having had much experience. And then maybe it's because I'm looking at the Cayne family from within and beneath. But they're all wrong. The son wants to be an artist and his father won't hear of it. The mother sides with the son and what I've noticed is that they don't sit down and drag all their thoughts and feeling to the surface the way my mother—and I always did; they hide them and fight subterraneanly, scoring infinitesimal points, or else they have raging arguments—and—oh well, it seems so petty and so unnecessary. And it gets them nowhere."

"It's a very usual situation. I should say. You're taking it too seriously. You're there to find out who stole the cigarette box and Mrs. Cayne's ring and not to practice amateur psychiatry. Why bother about the family quarrels?"

She turned the matter away lightly. "I don't really take it very seriously, Curt, but I'm there under their roof and Towers and his wife talk about them all the time and it does seem a pity."

"Lots of things are a pity. It's a great pity you won't have dinner and go to a show with me—there's something I could weep about."

"Go ahead and weep. I am sorry, but Pink and I are having dinner together and afterwards Terriss is coming so that I can report to him fully—"

Curt chuckled. "You sound so important and Sherlockish! A full report oughtn't to take so long. How about it if I call up a little after nine? We could take in a late movie and split a herring at a night club. Don't you realize how much I've missed you?"

"How you flatter, mister! I'd love to gad around a bit, but there again—suppose I run into my esteemed employers and they see I'm leading a double life? Not so good."

"I'll call up anyway. You haven't any other date?"

"No." She knew he was thinking of the man she had talked of wanting to evade. She had not seen Oliver Land nor heard from him since the night he had staged his trick to get money from her and she wondered what Curt would say if she told him about that.

He began to talk about other things and kept it up all the way down to the apartment. "Remember, I'll call you up about nine-thirty," he said as he left her, "and I'll find some place not infested with Caynes for us to go."

Pink had just come in, she was on the crest of the wave, her immediate superior in her department was about to be transferred and Pink was heading for his place through a dire mesh of office politics and intrigue. She was far too absorbed in her own affairs to want to know about Rachel's and Rachel was glad enough of this, for Pink's curiosity once aroused was as far-reaching and thorough as her enthusiasms and her opinions.

Rachel sat still and seemed to listen while Pink sparkled and gestured, but she was busy with her own thoughts. The apartment's studied bareness and simple old furniture had never looked so good to her. "I had to learn that by contrast," she thought. "I took it for granted before. Like simple food and Pink's table manners and no heavy perfume about and Pink, even when she's raging, isn't thoughtless of other people's feelings. It all belongs together. Curt belongs, too. But most of all Anne. Curt was right, I've had no variety

of experience. Well, I'm getting it now."

Terriss was in time, dry and blank as before. Pink gave him one look and came to instant decision. "I'm going over to the Steeles," she said. "Back about half past ten. What time do you have to check in at your job, Rachel?"

"Before twelve. But Curt Elton—"

"Oh—a date with Curt! Well, phone me at the Steeles and say good-by."

A gleam in interest showed in Terriss' eyes as Pink departed. "That young lady is very full of pep," he commented; then recalling himself to business: "Go ahead, Miss Vincent, give me a general outline and I'll take up special points as they come along. Don't tell me what you think, but what you've actually seen and heard. You said over the phone the other day that the butler and cook both have bank accounts. How do you know?"

"Lena showed me their books. They're in the Bowery Savings bank. He has eight thousand and she has over six thousand. They've each got five thousand dollars' worth of government bonds; I saw those, too. They save practically



"Why Bother About Family Quarrels?"

all their wages. They each carry a thousand dollars' worth of straight life insurance to have real nice funerals, Lena said. I wrote down the numbers of the bank books after I'd seen them."

"Have they talked about the thefts?"

"Towers not at all, Lena very little and when she does it's in hints about the disgrace of being wrongly suspected and how, if it wasn't for Mr. Cayne, they'd find another place. They simply worship Mr. Cayne. That I'm sure of."

"But they don't care so much for the missis, hey?"

"No—I don't believe they do."

"She's sharp with them, makes them stand around?"

Rachel chose her words. "She requires a great deal of service and she doesn't realize how much work a few extra orders can make."

Terriss frowned. "Mr. Cayne may be easy for his help to work for, but he makes it hard enough for me. He wouldn't let me crack down on the servants, and he's never let me say a word to Mrs. Cayne nor the young man. Either of them ever speak of the thefts before you?"

"No, not a word. Mrs. Cayne is very careless with her jewelry, she has a great deal of it and leaves it about where anyone could pick up a piece or two. The little safe where it's supposed to be kept isn't

locked half the time. Mr. Cayne showed it to me one day when she was out. It's a joke, you could open it with a bent pin."

"Do you think Mrs. Cayne even knows about the thefts? I asked Mr. Cayne, but he made me an answer that was neither yes or no, and showed that he didn't like the question. So I was stopped there."

"Why, I don't know, Mr. Terriss, I never thought but that Mrs. Cayne knew about them, but it's true—she might not. You know how the apartment is simply jammed with expensive things, and she has so many rings and bracelets and brooches, and as for the table silver, it would take a day to count it."

"Has the son any intimate friends, any young fellow he pals around with who's at the house very often? Or has Mrs. Cayne got any of these female hangers-on that most rich women have, in and out, familiar, getting presents of her old dresses and the like?"

"Not that I've seen. The son's had young people in twice for cocktails, in the afternoon before his father got home. Mrs. Cayne goes out a good bit, but it's usually to some big beauty establishment, she's—she's awfully interested in keeping fit."

Terriss looked at Rachel with curiosity. "Does she and Mr. Cayne get alone pretty good?" he asked.

"They don't agree about the son, but I only get this second hand, Mr. Terriss, from what Towers and Lena say."

Terriss considered. "The son don't go to school?"

"That's the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Cayne. Mr. Cayne wants him to go to college or at least to a business school and he wants to go to an art school and his mother sides with him, so this winter he's gone nowhere. He's awfully spoiled."

"A rich brat, hey?" Terriss considered again. "If I could only talk plain man-to-man stuff with Mr. Cayne! But he won't stand for it. You're doing all right, Miss Vincent, you're not half as dumb as I'd expected. Now you fly at it for another week and concentrate on the family's friends, specially the boys. Get their names and addresses if you can, the names anyway. Don't let up on the servants either; they may be slicker than I think, and their having bankbooks don't prove anything. Ask 'em about pawnshops, tell 'em you've got something you want to hock, show 'em an old piece of jewelry or something to back it up. If they give you any names slip right out and phone me what they say. Ask the chauffeur and the laundress too. The whole four may be in cahoots. See if they've got any private phone numbers written down anywhere and copy 'em for me."

Then Rachel said something she had not meant to say, but which she knew, now, had underlain all her answers to his questions. "I don't like doing this, Mr. Terriss. I wish I needn't go back."

"That's what I've been expecting," said Terriss, slowly and gloomily. "I guessed all along it was just a kind of a whim. Young people nowadays got no guts, they don't want to do a job through. Any little fancy they take it's a reason for quitting and letting you all down. I've been leery of you all along, Miss Vincent, I didn't believe you could stand the gaff. But I did think you'd last longer than three weeks."

"I'm sorry—" she began, but he waved his hand and went on talking.

"When I was young a job of work you undertook had to be finished, whether it was fun or not. Fun! I'm sick of the word. You thought all this would be a great big lot of fun and now you see there's some actual labor and thinking involved and that scares you. Okay, you can quit right now, in fact you'd better quit if you're that way."

"I didn't mean that," said Rachel, "I only meant—I wasn't looking for fun, and well—I've tried honestly to do what you want, but I don't think I'm any good at it, it seems so hopeless—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Lime And Phosphate Are Aid To Orchard

A good use for lime and acid phosphate in orchard management has been reported by H. R. Niswonger, extension horticulturist at State College.

A Yadkin County farmer had been trying to rid his apple orchard of broom sedge and get lespedeza to grow in the orchard as a soil-building crop. But the results were discouraging.

Lespedeza was sown on the orchard in 1935 as a cover crop. In 1936 it was obvious that the broom sedge was crowding out the lespedeza.

Then the grower applied lime and triple superphosphate to the land at the rate of 200 pounds per acre. These materials, however, did not reach all the way under the trees.

This year, the limed and phosphated area showed a good growth of lespedeza that had conquered the broom sedge.

But under the trees where there was no lime or phosphate, the broom sedge was still growing vigorously and all the lespedeza had been killed

out. Lespedeza makes a good cover crop for an orchard, Niswonger pointed out, because it helps the soil absorb and hold rain-water, and when plowed under, adds nitrogen and organic matter to the soil.

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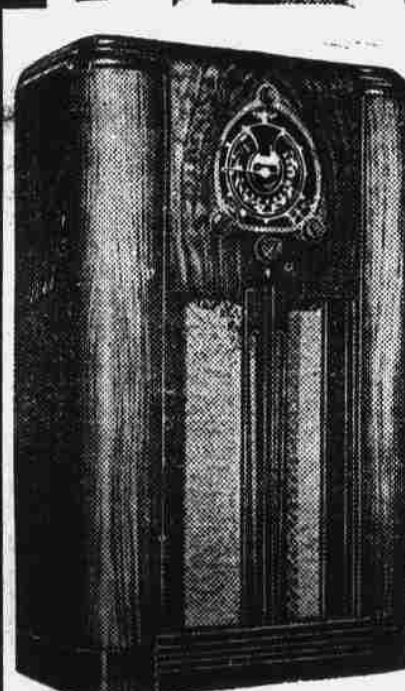
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## New Miracles Of The Photoelectric Cell

By James D. Purdy  
Director, Schools of Electrical Engineering, International Correspondence Schools

TRANSFERENCE of light impulses into electrical impulses through the medium of a photoelectric cell is the basis of a newly invented method for the transmission of color photographs over long distance telephone circuits. In a recent demonstration of the method a three-color photograph was transmitted by telephone from Chicago to New York.

The United States Bureau of Standards has developed a balloon device to determine the safe flying ceiling during foggy weather. As the balloon ascends a photoelectric cell measures the light at different levels. Varying brightness of the light causes a change in the pitch of a radio signal which the device transmits to the recorder on the ground.

A new photoelectric device is now available for measuring light reflected from a wall or other flat surface. A hollow metal sphere is brought into position with its opening against the surface to be tested. Light is directed into the sphere through a tubular arm. An electric cell measures the amount of light reflected from the surface.

The milk to measure wine stains, before the stains until they are gone.

# NEW YORK FAIR MALL TO COST \$60,000,000



NEW YORK—Sixty million dollars will be spent to make the mile-long Central Mall of New York World's Fair 1939 the greatest artistic project in the history of expositions. The location of the mall is shown above in a scale model. The tree-lined esplanade (left to right) the largest hall and tallest triangular spire ever built by man-

kind, the highest sundial, the biggest portrait statue of modern times, honoring George Washington, and four statues dedicated to freedom of press, religion, speech and assembly. Literally scores of fountains, five waterfalls, hundreds of trees and more than a million plants will add to its dignified beauty.