

THERE'S ONLY ONE

By SOPHIE KERR
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CHAPTER IX—Continued

He was tremendously disturbed, his carol mink gone. "It's not hopeless at all. You're doing fine, didn't I tell you so? I didn't intend to speak so severe, Miss Vincent, but I was taken aback, and disappointed! I sized you up to have character! Yeah, character and class! I realize you're not a trained operative, but you got sense! You got a good memory! You know how to get at people. Look at what you've done with that butler and cook in this little time! Don't say you're quitting on me when you're doing so well."

"If you really feel I'm all right, I'll go back, of course." She was glad of the interruption of the telephone bell. Mr. Terriss grabbed his hat. "I'm going along," he said. "You keep right on doing like you've been doing and you'll turn up something before long that'll give us the right steer. I'm certain of it. Let me hear from you as often as you can."

Curt had a suggestion. "We'll go see a news reel and then stop in at a nice little club I know about and have a sandwich and listen to the music, there's a wench there who sings 'Stormy Weather' like nobody's business. I'll be down for you presently."

CHAPTER IX

"But I tell you, Elinor, that if he doesn't enter in February he'll have to wait until next fall." Mr. Cayne had invaded his wife's room and stood, the picture of exasperated powerlessness, reflected by her mirrors in every direction. She was there, too, the indomitable piece of fluff, which does not combat but slips away untouched from strength and force, her peach velvet negligee lay around her shoulders carelessly and she adjusted it into a more becoming line. Rachel, every curl banished, neat as a nun in her gray afternoon taffeta, concentrated on the tiny darn she was placing over a cigarette burn in one of Mrs. Cayne's lace slippers, tried to look as blank as Mr. Terriss and not miss a syllable.

"Do you like this color on me, Peter?" Elinor Cayne asked at last. "We weren't talking about that. Listen, I want Holbrook to enroll in the spring term of the university."

"But I thought this year's classes were all arranged, or enrolled, or whatever they do."

"He can take special work. Better for him than looting and running around to parties with all these crazy kids."

Rachel wondered if Elinor's indifference could be as complete as it seemed. She stitched more slowly, she must know what Mr. Cayne and his wife had to say about Holbrook's friends, for so far she had been able to discover nothing significant about them.

"They're really very sweet, Peter. Of course they're young and thoughtless." Her tone implied: "And you're old and set."

Mr. Cayne caught the implication fully. "Oh, I know you think I'm in my dotage, but that's beside the point. Holbrook must have an education, this is the time of his life when he ought to be studying hard."

"Holbrook would study hard if you'd let him go to school."

"Now, Elinor, look here, I've gone into this art racket thoroughly. What'll it get the boy? He can be an illustrator of stories for magazines, or he can draw pictures to go with advertisements or into catalogues, and unless he's a topnotcher neither one will give him anything but a poor living. If he paints portraits and landscapes and murals—well, my God, think of the square miles of canvas that are cov-



"We Weren't Talking About That."

now I'll have to do my face all over again! It's maddening to cry!" She turned sharply to Rachel, who was still working over her long-finished darn. "Don't sit there like a dummy. Bring me my special cream out of the bathroom—no, bring me a towel wrung out of hot water—and get some ice from Lena—hurry, hurry, I'll be as red as a lobster, and puffy—I could kill Peter Cayne when he's mean and obstinate like this."

Rachel, soon standing ready with lumps of ice wrapped in gauze, trying to look impersonal and yet concerned, was thinking in an odd, lost way: "She loves Holbrook, she loves him in that crazy possessive way I missed in Anne. I wonder why she loves him so much and didn't care enough about me even to try to keep me? I wish I could understand her better. Queer, I've almost stopped thinking about her as my mother, it only comes on now and then." Aloud, "Here's the ice, Mrs. Cayne, if you'll hold it on your eyelids."

"Don't forget—you're dripping it all over me. You are the most awkward girl here, give it to me. Now go and see if Mr. Cayne's gone out. If he has, tell Mr. Holbrook I want to see him. If Mr. Cayne's still here, come back and tell me and don't speak to Mr. Holbrook."

Rachel hurried into the library. No sign of Mr. Cayne. Towers was

coming from the drawing room where he had drawn the curtains for the evening. He said yes, Mr. Cayne had left just a minute ago, but he wouldn't be gone long, he had said he was going to walk around the block and buy some cigars. Towers nodded knowingly and whispered, "He's sore as a crab."

So Rachel tapped at Holbrook's door.

"Mrs. Cayne wants to speak to you, Mr. Holbrook," she said, primly.

"Is that you, Rachel?" came the boy's voice. "Wait a minute."

She opened the door and he beckoned her inside. The dimly lit dark green and gold brocade of his lounge suit was a hard contrast for the dimly lit room. "I say, Rachel," he began, "does father pay you by the week?"

Rachel's first impulse was to say, "It's none of your business," but she reflected that this was her first chance to talk to the boy. "Yes, sir," she said, "he pays me by the week."

"Well, look, I'm in an awful jam, my allowance isn't due till the end of the month, couldn't you lend me something till then?"

"How much do you want, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

Rachel seemed to be calculating. "I could let you have five dollars, I guess," she said haltingly.

"Oh, damn, I've got to have more than that. Haven't you got any savings?"

"No, sir—but Towers and Lena have."

"Yes, I know, the swine! They wouldn't let me have a plugged nickel to save my life. Can't you raise more than five dollars? When do you get paid again—Saturday?"

"I might let you have eight dollars, but I need my Saturday's money."

"I need it worse than you do! The end of the month's next week, can't you let me have the eight dollars and the money you get on Saturday—how much is it, anyway?"

"Fifteen dollars," lied Rachel, "but I need that myself. You ask your father, Mr. Holbrook, he's nice and kind, he'll let you have it. Or your mother would."

"Nice and kind like a steel trap when it comes to money! And mother's as hard up as I am. Look here, you put the eight dollars under my pillow when you fix my bed tonight, will you?"

"What'd you need it so bad for?" asked Rachel. "My gracious, you're rich people, I shouldn't think you'd need to borrow anything."

The door was flung open and Mrs. Cayne stood there. "What are you doing in here?" she said savagely to Rachel. "I sent you to tell Mr. Holbrook to come and see me—"

Holbrook broke in. "I asked her to come in and look at the way that dumbbell Rosie did my new shirt. I wanted her to speak to Rosie. I never see her."

"Oh, was that all? Where are the shirts?"

"She just put 'em back in the drawer and was going. I'm sorry I kept you waiting, beautiful. Don't be cross. It spoils you." He lounged over to his mother, put his arm around her neck and winked at Rachel over her shoulder. "Anyway I'm glad you came—what did father say about the school?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about—go ahead, Rachel, attend to your work."

Rachel went out, very straight and tall and angry. Her feelings against these two had darkened and increased. "I don't like them!" she thought with all the ruthlessness of youth. "I don't like them! Mr. Cayne's the only decent person in the family—and he's the only one not any kin to me."

She went back to the kitchen where Lena was preparing dinner. "Can I wash that salad for you?" she asked mechanically.

"I wish you would, I can't see when the stuff's clean any more. My glasses ought to be changed, but I can't seem to get round to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Don't let gladiolus, canna or dahlia roots remain over night after digging. The frost will do them no good. Put them under cover to dry.

Plant annuals this fall for early bloom next year. It is also a good time to start the cutting garden.

Tender annuals can be started this fall in a cold frame or protected seedbed. This is also true of the slow germinating perennials.

A dibber is a good tool for bulb planting. Learn the knack of giving it a swinging twist to make the bottom of the hole round so the bulbs will not be "hung" with air space under them. You will get it with a little practice.

A south wall is the best place to plant your snowdrops. Put them near a window, and you will wake up some sunny February morning and find them in bloom.

Spade the tulip beds early and have the soil ready when the bulbs arrive. Bad weather may set in, which will make digging difficult, and you will have to use speed to get the bulbs in.

Rake bulb beds level after they are planted so there will be no depressions to collect water.

Dig two spades' depths down in preparing a bed for lilies which must be planted deep, particularly the stem rooting types.

Narcissi like to grow among the roots of other plants. For this reason they flourish excellently tucked in among perennials in the garden, or at the base of the shrubby border.

Question: What is the best variety of Ilex for the best winter color?

Answer: There is very little to choose between the Kobs and the Tennessee 76 varieties as tests conducted in 22 different localities show a difference between the two. An experiment conducted at the Branch

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Return to Asheville

Mrs. Frank Young and her daughter, Katherine, have returned to their home in Asheville, after spending the holidays with Mrs. Young's sisters, Mrs. A. W. Hefren and Mrs. John Chalk.

Visiting in Edenton

Mrs. T. B. Walters, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Chappell and their daughter, Mary Thad, Mrs. Jenkins Walters and Miss Leta Spivey spent Sunday in Edenton visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Griffin.

Question: What is the earliest date that vegetables can be planted in the field in eastern Carolina?

Answer: Hardy vegetables, such as cabbage, collards, kale, lettuce, musty, onions, spinach, and smooth-seeded garden peas may be planted in the open as early as January 15 in the extreme eastern portion. Plantings are gradually advanced by fifteen-day intervals for the half-hardy and sixty-day intervals for the tender crops. A general rule is to plant the half-hardy crops such as asparagus, beets, Irish potatoes, radishes, and turnips about three or four weeks before the date of the last killing frost. Warm season vegetables should not be planted until all danger of frost is past.

Question: How can I bring my laying pullets, that have gone into a neck molt, back into production?

Timely Questions On Farm Answered

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PENDER ROAD NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lane and son, of Buxton, have returned home, after visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ed Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stallings, of Washington, D. C., and Raleigh Perry, of Quantico, Va., have returned to their respective homes, after spending the holidays with their mother, Mrs. E. A. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hanbury and daughter, Betty Lee, of Norfolk, Va., were recent visitors of Mrs. Hanbury's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Proctor.

Roscoe Lane, of Morganton, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Umphlett and two children, of Winfall, and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Goodwin visited their mother, Mrs. G. W. Umphlett, Sunday.

Mrs. S. I. Cullipher is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Remson, in Norfolk, Va.

Willie Lane spent a few days recently in Plymouth with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Remson.

Miss Virginia Umphlett spent Sunday at Winfall with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Char-ly Umphlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Spruell and son, James, have moved to Driven, Virginia.

RYLAND

Mrs. H. N. Ward spent Tuesday with Mrs. N. E. Jordan. Mrs. D. T. Ward and daughter, Miss Daphne, called in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. McEhrie Jordan have moved to Hurdletown, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leroy Byrum and little son are occupying the house they vacated.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Ward visited Mrs. and Mrs. Joe Byrum, near Cannon's Ferry, a short while Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks were in Edenton Saturday evening.

Mrs. C. W. Ward and Mrs. W. E. Copeland spent a day recently with Mrs. Roy Parks.

Lehman Ward spent Friday night and Saturday in Edenton with George Ward.

Miss Gertrude Jackson called on Mrs. Beatrice Byrum Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Harriett Parks visited Mrs. Louise Ward Sunday afternoon.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

Miss Bessie Nixon entertained at a miscellaneous shower at her home in the Oak Grove section, Chowan County, on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Selby Byrum, who were recently married.

The entire lower floor was decorated in holiday decorations with one color scheme of pink and white paper decorating in the dining room. Gay

festoons of pink and white hung from the ceiling to the place cards at the table, which was lovely with tall candelabra and gleaming candles.

Refreshments consisting of fruits, ice cream and cake were served.

Contests and games added to the pleasure of the evening, contest winners being presented comical prizes.

Assisting Miss Bessie Nixon in the direction of the contests and games were Mrs. C. C. Nixon and Mrs. J. E. Peole.

As the guests arrived they were requested to write a wish for the bride. Later in the evening they were asked to write a rule on "How to Manage a Husband." These wishes and rules proved highly amusing when read by the bride, the former Miss Hettie Nixon.

About sixty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrum received a large number of useful and lovely gifts.

Mrs. Mollie Returns

Mrs. E. E. Mollie has returned from Bethlehem, Pa., where she spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Filby, who accompanied Mrs. Mollie on the train and spent the week-end in

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