

There's only ONE

BY SOPHIE KERR

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CHAPTER X—Continued

She told him about Roy Buckingham, and then, "But there's something more."

"What more?" "Mr. Terriss, maybe I'm crazy, maybe I oughtn't even to think of this, but Holbrook tried to borrow money from me a few days ago and Lena tells me he's borrowed money from both her and Towers until they wouldn't lend him anything more."

The answer that came back was so amazing she could scarcely believe her ears.

"Well, at last! I'd been waiting and wondering to see if you'd never catch on! I've been dead certain it was the boy all along. Now we're going places! Come on, give me the whole story, how much did you slip him?"

"I didn't give him anything!" Quickly she described the whole incident, ending with "Why didn't you let me know you suspected the son, I'd have watched him lots more closely."

"On account of Mr. Cayne's attitude—if I'd told you to keep an eye on the kid and you'd spilled it to the old man, then you and I both would have been in a spot. Don't tell me you haven't seen how unreasonable Cayne is about his family!"

"Yes—I've seen. Mr. Terriss, what am I to do? I can't tell him that it might be Holbrook, I can't do it."

"Jeez, no! Don't you peep one word nor bat an eye unless you catch the kid with the goods, and even then, don't you do it. You call me up and I'll get right over there and we'll see the old man together. You've got to have the evidence, evidence he can't go back on, or he'll never believe it."

"But what sort of evidence, what do you mean?"

"Three minutes are up, deposit another nickel, please," warned the operator.

"The kid most likely is hocking that stuff with some crooked pawnbroker. I've watched the police reports on all pawnbrokers and nothing's been turned in, so that proves that whoever's got it is crooked, one of the kind who breaks up jewelry, melts the metal and sells the stones, see? Or else maybe the kid has stolen the stuff to give to a girl, but the operator I've had on him says no."

"You've been having Holbrook followed?"

"Of course I have, ever since the last piece of jewelry was taken, I mean the spoons, just before you went into the house there. Mr. Cayne don't know about it, though."

Rachel was thinking hard. "Mr. Terriss, if Holbrook did it, couldn't you—couldn't you talk to the boy—and warn him—and get him to stop it? And not let Mr. and Mrs. Cayne know? They're so—so fond of him—he's the only child—"

"No, Miss Vincent, that's bad dope. I can't say anything about the mother, because the old man keeps her wrapped in cotton wool, but his father'd have to know it. It's up to him then to take the boy in hand, see? And he can tell his wife or not. But if the boy's the thief, as I've thought all along, bet the old man should learn it now

before the boy starts lifting somebody else's stuff."

"But the boy may not be the thief."

"Don't give me an argument, just search his room like you were hunting for chinchies, Miss Vincent, and report to me soon's you've finished."

Rachel rushed back to the apartment, her head whirling. Mrs. Cayne had come in and was waiting impatiently, so there was no chance to speak to Mr. Cayne, but Rachel took time to write on a piece of paper, "Have notified Terriss," and slipped it under his door as she ran to answer the imperative bell.

"I'm sorry, madame," she excused herself. "I had a stain on my uniform and was changing." She thought grimly, "I'll never believe a servant again on oath after hearing myself tell such slick lies," as she addressed herself to the ritual of getting Mrs. Cayne ready for dinner. This minor drama did not proceed well, Mrs. Cayne was nervous and jerky and waspish and Rachel was absorbed in her own thoughts. She managed to run the bath and perfume it and to lay out the lingerie and slippers without mistake, but at the dress closet she stopped, she could not remember which of the 30 or more gowns had been chosen. Rachel looked at the slippers, they were dark blue satin strapped with gold kid. "Probably that dark blue mousseline," thought Rachel, and arranged it carefully on the bed.

Elinor Cayne came in, warm, rosy, perfumed, pulling about her one of the loose robes of wash velvet she used as bathrobe. She flung it down and Rachel advanced with girde and slip, then dropped on one knee to slip the thinnest of stockings over the brightest of red-enameled toes. Over Rachel's head Elinor noticed the dress and the storm broke.

"I never saw a girl so inattentive and stupid in my life, I tell you over and over again, you simply don't listen—"

Rachel looked up and lightning flashed between the two women. For a moment Rachel thought her mother was going to slap her across the face and she made an involuntary movement to catch and hold that slender little hand, then remembered and drew back. But it was her expression that stopped Elinor. They stared at each other, there was revelation, held immobile for a long shocking instant.

"What is the matter?" asked Rachel, at last, rising.

"That dress isn't the one—I told you the blue and gold brocade with the velvet flowers."

"I'm sorry, madame," said Rachel. She picked up the mousseline and hung it in the closet, laid out the brocade in its place. Still under the spell of that venomous gesture which had been so near, she turned and went out of the room. Dazedly she went back to her own room, closed the door and sat down in the darkness. "She was going to strike me," she thought, over and over, "she was going to strike me. She's my mother. My own mother."

It required all her will to re-enter that room and to her relief Elinor was concentrated on her make-up

and took no notice of her. The silence was ominous, but Rachel preferred it. Rachel put the bathroom in order and returned to lift the brocade and hold it while Elinor stepped into it. The two women avoided looking at one another, but at the last moment, powdered and tinted and resplendent in the rich gown, Elinor flashed a resentful glance at Rachel and said, "I'm going to speak to Mr. Cayne about this," and went out so quickly that Rachel could have smiled. "She's afraid of me," she thought, "she feels something different. And she isn't allowed any freedom with the servants. I suppose," she granted with unwilling justice, "that's enough to make any woman peevish. I oughtn't to blame her too much. Mr. Cayne's sweet, but he's an old tyrant, too. Oh dear, I wish they would be definitely one thing or another, all these shades and varieties are too hard to deal with."

She had a moment of revolt. "I'm getting old too fast, I shouldn't be so reasonable about these people. I'm as tolerant as Anne, it's not like me!" And then, thankfully, soberly, "If I only could be like Anne! If I needn't be a bit like this—this mother I wanted so much!" More soberly still, "I must stop wallowing in these hysterical ideas and make up my mind what I ought to do."

This was not easy, she found herself pulled in too many directions. To follow Terriss' instructions and search Holbrook's room, and then, if the boy was guilty, to reveal it—she didn't want to do it, she had too profound a conviction that Holbrook was guilty. When his father knew, how it would beat down his pride and affection! Yet perhaps Terriss was right, to know it now might save knowing worse later. But she didn't want to stick her unpracticed hand into human lives with a chance of marring them. It was too much responsibility. Better, perhaps, to walk out of the house and never come back, she could take a boat and go to Anne, she could cut the whole tangled miserable business away from herself. Yet that would be shirking, too. And then the thought of Curt Elton came to her, there was the one person who might be told and who would understand and advise. Tomorrow was Thursday, her day out. She would tell Terriss she had had no opportunity to search Holbrook's room until after she had talked to Curt.

CHAPTER XI

They lingered over dinner together in the quiet restaurant where they had lunched the first time and he had brought Rachel a quaint round bouquet of red and yellow carnations set in circles, spicy sweet.

"I couldn't afford orchids, and anyway these look like you," he had said.

"I like these better than orchids," Rachel replied. "They're fascinating."

She laid the flowers at the side of her plate and now and then, as all flowers do, they drew her eyes and attention. They helped to normalize her strained and acid thoughts. Curt's presence helped much more.

Once more she told all except the essential fact of her relationship to Elinor. He sided with Terriss.

"But, Curt," she objected, "I have this awful hunch that it's Holbrook and if I find it out his father has to be told. It will be horrible, Mr. Cayne'll suffer so."

"You're too sensitive and your imagination's running wild. Look at it from the other end—if you can prove Holbrook didn't do it, then you've freed Mr. Cayne forever from the danger of having a criminal child. What you tell me about the boy sounds as if he was spoiled and silly and effeminate, but he doesn't sound exactly like a crook."

"All right, all right, maybe not, but what does he do with his allowance? Lena says he gets at least a hundred and fifty a month."

It required all her will to re-enter that room and to her relief Elinor was concentrated on her make-up

recovery, while the government will continue work relief to take up the slack of the unemployed.

The drive against monopolies may drift into revision of the anti-trust laws and strengthening of the Federal Trade Commission. Some distinction may be made as between various types of holding companies.

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You are invited to Listen to our Radio Program Over Station WEED at Rocky Mount, N. C. Every day at 1:45 p. m. Sundays, 2:45 p. m.

Largest Engineering Fair



Air View of the Leipzig Fair

THE airplane view above enables one to look down on part of the largest and oldest industrial exchange in the world. Here are displayed thousands of the newest inventions from twenty-five countries. The great exhibition halls are the largest ever constructed. Some of those shown in the picture are larger than Madison Square Garden in New York. There are, besides, acres of outdoor exhibits of farming and building machinery. Here are displayed over 3,000 examples of the newest machinery and machine tools.

The great exchange is the Leipzig Trade Fair, organized more than 700 years ago and held without interruption ever since. The next Fair will be the 1978th session of this historic exchange. Just 150 years ago, Benjamin Franklin signed the first treaty enabling American merchants to trade at Leipzig.

In the foreground of the photograph will be seen two radio towers, part of a high powered broadcasting station, which keeps the Fair in touch with the entire world. The Fair grounds occupy the site of the famous Battle of the Nations, where Napoleon met his first defeat.

Only those which mule the public through stock manipulations are expected to draw real fire from the Congress.

One of the most hopeful aspects of the Congressional situation is the evidence of new business cooperation. President Roosevelt has had a series of conferences at the White House with numerous leaders in the various fields of labor, industry and finance in the past ten days. As the result of these heart to heart talks a more conciliatory atmosphere has developed among the different groups who have the power and influence to aid in bringing about a more speedy business recovery, throughout the Nation.

is an informational service and is not legal advice or service. In keeping with Social Security Board policy names will not be published.

Question: I have my Social Security number, which I understand is necessary in order to get unemployment compensation benefits. I lost my job through no fault of my own two weeks ago and have been waiting to receive a check for unemployment compensation, but haven't to

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 employers, employees, 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

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WASHINGTON WHAT IS TAKING PLACE BY

Whatsoever may be the differences of opinion among individual members as to particular legislation or the methods of attaining the higher national income sought by the President, there is general agreement that shortly the Congress will get down to real business. The passage of the so-called anti-trust bill has continued the best work of the year and is expected to let the business community to become more active in the world.

many adjustments, and a report on the measure may be expected very shortly. The Department of Agriculture is pointing out that the delay is harmful to agriculture. Thus the demands of farmers will be quickly placed ahead of the demands of the unsound and unnecessary anti-trust law. Many members of Congress are now realizing that too little attention has been given to agriculture as a real base for recovery.

Equally as important as the farm bill is tax revision. The House is now holding hearings in an effort to adjust tax laws to encourage small business. Indications are that the Senate may go even further than the House in holding out tax relief to business and industry. The many business leaders not connected with "financial powers" are contending that taxes more than anything else are discouraging new capital expenditures and thereby retarding employment.

Clearly, it is generally agreed that business can not be expected to create any too small a margin in two years and bear heavy losses in the next. Capital will not flow into these lines of business. The new tax laws may lead to more careful management of business and also to more Federal funds and other financial aid.