



Chapter Three

Benumbed, Erich watched over Pat as she lay on the bed, a pack of cracked ice in a towel over her chest. The doctor had ordered him to summon Doctor Feiler Jaffe. Erich glanced at his watch. Even now, Koster was on the road with the great specialist, racing him here in "Baby," so that Pat might be saved. The minutes dragged by, lengthened. One hour, an hour and a half, two hours. There came the sound of a roaring motor.

Then, a few moments later, as Jaffe was making his examination, Erich faced Koster. "She never told me Otto, not a word." She had never thought of herself just of making him happy. His eyes drew out his hands like one seeking help. "Otto, nothing can ever happen to a girl like that."

Then the doctor was outside the door with some reassuring words. He motioned Erich to go into the bedroom.

"Very serious?" Koster asked the physician. "I'll know more when she gets back to town. One thing is certain. She must go to a sanitarium in the Fall. By mid-October at the latest. Koster nodded grimly. "She'll go. No need for Erich to know though, until the time came. There were enough shadows over the city now."

And as if all the love and faith around her were a life-giving draught Pat fought her way back within a month. Summer grew hotter and even the boys seemed to wilt. Then, with the first tang of autumn air, terror struck at Pat's heart. Any day now she would have to go. She was sitting at the dinner table one night, finishing her coffee. During the meal, the boys had regaled her with an account of a street brawl they had been drawn into that had all come about over a towing job. The owner had put his car in their hands when along had come the Vogt Brothers who had demanded the job for themselves. The episode was typical of the gangster methods of business that had sprung up all over the city lately.

Her eyes were shadowed as she watched Lenz and Erich depart for the shop. Then she turned to Koster despairingly. "And all that—fighting, danger—for one hundred marks. And what do I give? What do I ever give?"

He covered her hands with his. "Just being here, that's what. Where you walk, we walk beside you." He rose to catch up with the others. "Just remember that, Pat. Always."

Striding along the winding street the three men found themselves in a vicious gale. They halted however, as they came abreast of a warehouse where a speaker was addressing a large crowd.

"There is a madness abroad in the land," he was thundering. "It is entering your home like a thief in the night, to steal away your honor and your liberty. It is a tyranny born of the arrogance of ignorance and hysteria—a tyranny so ghastly that it will compel you eventually to surrender all your rights as human beings."

The speaker was Dr. Becker. Lenz felt shame lance through him that he was not standing there beside his old friend. Suddenly, from around the corner, came some three hundred semi-uniformed men. A concerted cry went up. Plainly seen, a uniformed hand hurled a rock. It glanced off the brow of the speaker, bringing a trickle of blood.

Erich heard a smothered oath and the next second Lenz had broken away and plunged into the mass of milling rioters. From the center of the crowd Becker made a gesture to his followers. Lenz was in their midst as they dashed to the warehouse and looked the door.

Koster and Erich looked at each other, stunned. "It had all happened in the twinkling of an eye. To reach Lenz now was impossible. The hoodlums were solidly blocking the way before the warehouse door. They would have to bide

their time. Lendany, Erich returned home and made of his face a blank as Pat met him in the front hall. He was holding her close as the telephone rang. It was Doctor Jaffe. "How did she stand the trip?" Erich repeated after him in amazement. "What trip?"

"The trip to the sanitarium. She knew she was supposed to go a week ago. If you want to keep that girl alive, you send her off right away, Herr Lohkamp. Don't forget. Right away."

"Clammy with fear, Erich said, 'she'll go tomorrow, Doctor. Without fail.' There was rain in the morning and Erich had a dreary sense of the fitness of things. Lenz trapped like a rat in a warehouse; Pat leaving for the loneliness of a sanitarium. He was standing with her in the vestibule of the train when Koster suddenly appeared with a bouquet of flowers.

"These are from Lenz with his regrets and his love." "I hope he's not in trouble," Pat said quickly. "All this fighting in the streets—those crowds." The whistle blew and she kissed each

do with this. They haven't lost a friend. We have."

November . . . December . . . Christmas Eve. Erich sat at a table in Alfons' café. His haggard face was too old and too young. Pat, a million miles away. Lenz gone. Koster prowling up alleys and dirty holes-in-the-wall, looking for Lenz's murderer. The thought was like a summons, for Koster stepped into the room.

"It's over. I trapped him up a blind alley."

"Anybody see you?"

"No. He fired first anyway. It was self defense. Here. Open your telegram. It was at the house."

Twice, thrice, Erich read the printed message. "Come soon, darling. Pat." Two minutes later he had her on the telephone and was asking questions.

"They want me to rest up," she was saying lightly. "You see, I—I have a little operation next week. Seems I don't need so many ribs. But—the merest brack, 'I wanted to talk to you. I wanted to hear your voice."

He moistened his dry lips. Dear-est, fragile Pat. "Sweet, I'm coming. Koster and I will start to-

and tripped.

She laughed. How blessedly good to be able to laugh and joke about silly, foolish things. "I'd never want to dance with anyone else."

The two weeks had come and gone and now here was Pat back from the operation mending slowly, inch by inch. Erich was in the village getting flowers when Koster paid her his first visit during her convalescence.

She wiggled one finger at him as he came in. "Otto, my dear. Then, slowly, she rolled her head. "Do you think it was worth it? Selling 'Baby' I mean, to pay for my operation? A grand racing car like that—"

His lips trembled. "The important thing is, how do you feel?"

A flash of the old smile. "I think they took my backbone out by mistake." Then she allowed very hard. "I can't understand it, Otto, she said quietly, impersonally, "why two people should love like Erich and me—and yet, one die."

He shook his head vigorously. "You're a long way from that."

"I don't know. Lying here for so many hours alone I've figured it out. If you eat less I can live, a few weeks longer. If you starve yourself, that might mean a few more months. And all so that I could still breathe a little, my heart still beat—for what?"

"For us," Koster said thickly. "Happiness I never thought I'd know. A new world to live in, for Erich."

The door opened and her husband came into the room. He and Koster would be leaving in a few minutes. The latter slipped away so that they might have this last space of time for themselves.

Erich kissed her hand. "In a month you'll be walking around with no fever. In three months you'll be out of here, back to the city and Spring."

Her eyes glistened. "Oh Erich let's not go back to the city. Let's go to South America and roll down to Rio. Down with all the mess and coffee." Her body was burning, parched, aching for the cool touch of shade and water.

"In the Spring."

"No, now. We're on the deck of a boat in the morning. No, it's night and we're sliding into a scented, dark harbor."

He laughed encouragingly. "I'm making eyes at the native girls and you're getting mad."

"And always I'll be very strong and never tired. I'll never sleep because life will be too good to sleep away."

He nodded, kissed her lightly and started from the room. "Now darling, I'm going to pretend I'm not really leaving. Then pretty soon I'll be back."

She was supposed to lie quite still. She was supposed to lie very still or she would die, the Doctor had said. But Lenz had died because it was honorable. He had died bravely and proudly.

Panting a little she struggled from the bed and approached the window. Then, bracing herself, she stood erect. Erich and Koster were at the stables. They looked up and suddenly she stretched her arms in a wide, passionate movement toward Erich, knowing, with the fiery pain, that she was breaking the chain of love and her honor.

There was a gay wave from Erich. Then, as horrible realization hit him he dashed in and up the stairs. As he held her crumpled form, her smile became tenuous, half over the border already. "It's happened. That was his secret. It helped. "South America's so very far away," he said quietly. "I wish they were going with us."

Side by side he and Koster walked up the path. But as they moved along, they were suddenly four and Erich knew all at once with a wave of exaltation, that those shadowy figures of Pat and Lenz, grave and tender, would always walk beside them toward whatever lay ahead.

THE END.



Pat looked young and chic in a blue snow suit.

one in turn. "Don't look please—either of you."

The engine throbbed, chugged, made a great to-do and then Pat was gone. Erich stood like a man turned to stone until the last coach was out of sight. Finally he turned to Koster. "What's happened to Lenz?"

Koster's words were terse but enough. "Come on."

The streets were crowded with a milling tide of political partisans. Then, just as they reached the warehouse, a dreadful scene met their eyes. The place was being besieged by a crowd of hoodlums.

Erich tensed. From a side entrance of the building a sortie of twenty defenders was emerging and advancing on the attackers with revolver and rifle. Lenz was at the head of the men.

Suddenly Koster gripped Erich's arm. On a balcony, a youthful sniper stood poised, his rifle aimed at Lenz. He fired and Lenz clutched his heart and sank to the ground. It was as preposterously simple as that.

As Erich and Koster pushed forward, the battle became a hand-to-hand encounter, moving away from their fallen comrade. Koster knelt beside him and held him in his arms. "Lenz. It's Otto. Can you hear me?"

Lenz's eyes opened for the last time. He smiled feebly. "I took a long time—but I finally made up my mind."

Snow came that night to blanket Lenz's grave. In the light of the dawn, Erich said hopelessly, "maybe we should have told the police."

Koster's lip drew back from his teeth. "The police have nothing to

night. We'll drive up in 'Baby.' We'll be there tomorrow."

She was waiting for them on the front steps of the place as they rounded the mountain bend next morning. She looked young and chic in a blue snow suit. Then Erich folded her into his great coat and Koster was squeezing her hand and nobody said anything important but everyone said it at once.

Pat had gone to change from her snowsuit into a dress. Dazedly, Erich stared at the figures for the cost of the operation that Dr. Plauten had handed him. "Over a thousand marks. What'll we do, Otto? We've got to raise it—but how?"

Koster rubbed his chin. "There's a full moon tonight. I can make the city by tomorrow."

Erich gripped his arm. "How are you going to get the money?"

A luminous light glowed in Koster's eyes. "I'll get it. You forget about it. Forget everything except Pat tonight."

The enchantment of mountain dusk had fallen as Pat descended the stairs that evening all in silver radiance. Erich stood back, awed.

"The silver dress, Pat, you've turned on the magic again."

She laughed and courtseyed. "Would Herr Lohkamp dance with me then?"

"With pleasure." He bowed. "My wife gave me some dancing lessons. I'd love to try them out on you."

As they glided over the floor, she looked at him impulsively. "You know, I adore your wife. How'd she ever happen to marry you?" Erich managed a particularly intricate step. "But you're wonderful, darling."

"I'm not bad," he agreed smugly

the lives of individual families.

Although these few pages can not picture the families one by one, a careful study of the whole group, as found in county supervisors' records from the 470 counties in the region, shows that progress has been made:

1. Families are repaying their loans.

2. They are worth more than when they came on.

3. They need less credit than when they started.

4. They are making a better living.

Families Pay Back Their Loans

There are 38,392 farm families, or about 230,000 men, women and children, farming under the Rural Rehabilitation program of the FSA in the region. To December 31, 1937,

the sum of \$14,286,000 had been lent. Repayments are spread over periods ranging up to five years. On December 31, \$4,726,000 had been repaid.

Families Are Worth More

The 38,392 regular rehabilitation families are worth \$10,000,000 more than they were when they started to farm under this program. The average rehabilitation farmer is worth, over and above all indebtedness, \$262 more now than when he started. This increase in net worth did not just happen. It is the result, not of better credit alone, but of better planning and farming methods. Each farmer follows a plan, worked out with the aid of the county super-

Rural Rehabilitation - Loans - Accomplishments

GUY A. CARDWELL, General Agricultural Agent

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co.

In continuation of my article of last week, I would advise that the Farm Security Administration make three kinds of loans, rehabilitation loans, group loans and tenant purchase loans.

Rehabilitation Loans are made to farmers, whether owners or tenants, who are on land that will produce a reasonable living. The loan usually is enough for making a crop and buying the needed livestock, farm tools and jars and cookers for home canning. The interest rate is 5 per cent, and farmers have from 2 to 5 years in which to pay the loans.

Group Loans enable small groups of farmers to buy heavy farm equipment, pure bred sires and other services which the individual farmer could not otherwise buy. Most of these loans are made to one farmer in the group, known as the master borrower, who agrees to rent the service to his neighbors.

Tenant Purchase Loans help farm tenants to become owners. Money is loaned to buy land and build or repair homes. The full value of the farm and improvements may be borrowed. This makes it possible for a hard working, reliable tenant, unable to buy a farm with other credit help, to become an owner. Preference is given to tenants who own their own homes. A county committee of three members picks the applicants most likely to succeed as farm owners and

appraises the farms they want to buy. The borrower agrees to follow good farming practices, and the loans are based upon sound plans figured on the earning capacity of the farmer and his farm. He has 40 years to pay for the farm at 3 per cent interest.

Money to buy farms is limited at present to a few counties in each state, and to not more than 10 tenants in any one county. Congress has authorized larger appropriations for this purpose in the future. About 400 tenants will get land money in this region this year from the first funds voted by Congress. On February 15, less than two months after the first blanks were sent, 4,000 applications had been made.

Progress Made

The best way to measure progress is to see what each borrower has done. FSA supervisors work with families one by one. What is great progress for Jim Jones would hardly be worth counting for Sam Smith. An outdoor sanitary privy may mean more to the Jones family than an up-to-date bathroom to the Smiths. The purchase of a mule means as much to a man who has no workstock as a reaper and binder mean to some other farmer. Fifty dollars in dental work for a mother in bad health can do more for the happiness and success of that family than a much larger loan to some other family. Progress speaks louder when measured by the happiness and hope to carry on which has been built up in

visors to suit his own needs. He and his wife are guided in using the best methods of managing the farm and the home, as proven by the Agricultural Experiment Stations, the Extension Service and practical farmers who have already made a success.

The increase in what the farmer is worth is made up of such things as hogs and cows, canned fruits and vegetables, dried fruits and vegetables, sweet potatoes, molasses and meat saved for home use, better clothing, better workstock, better farm and home equipment. In some cases, the farmer has been able to make payments on his mortgage and owes less on his farm.

Families Need Less Credit

The records show that families farming under rehabilitation loans need less credit as the program advances. During the year 1936, the average rehabilitation loan was \$306. During 1938, the average loan to the same families was only \$146. Under a program planned to suit his needs, the average rehabilitation farmer made more of his food, feed and seed at home during 1936, and did not need to borrow for these purposes in 1937.

Families Are Making A Better Living

There are many ways in which families are making a better living under the rehabilitation program:

1. They have more feed and food.
2. Better gardens.
3. More cows and hogs.
4. More milk and butter.
5. More chickens and eggs.
6. More workstock.
7. More children in school.

T. E. PERRY HONORED

A delightful birthday dinner was given Sunday, June 12th, in honor of T. E. Perry, who celebrated his 75th birthday, at his home near Belvidere. Tables were placed under the shady trees on the lawn, where a picnic dinner was enjoyed. The honoree was seated facing the white birthday cake with its pink candles, after which grace was given by him. After dinner all enjoyed the afternoon together.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Copeland and children, Harold, Delorine, Sherman, R. H., Jr., Anna Faye and Joseph Virgil, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Copeland and children, Elizabeth, Mildred, Willard and Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perry and children, Bessie, Rudolph, Lessie, Viola, T. E. and Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Winslow and children, Oris and Cassie, Mrs. Neppie Perry and son, James, W. J. Winslow and Jesse Winslow, all of Belvidere; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dail, of Rocky Hook; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Perry, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Otha I. Winslow and children, Geraldine and Rachel Rebecca, of Suffolk, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Perry and Nollie Perry, of Frontress, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Winslow and children, of Savage; Mrs. Alice Copeland and Thomas Lamb, of Tyner. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Chappell, of Tyner, called in the afternoon.

All of Mr. Perry's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were present except one granddaughter, Daisy Luay Lamb, of Westchester, Pennsylvania.

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