Chapter One

Striding to the door of the accounting room, Schani threw it open. Then he turned and surveyed the clerks, laboring over their books. A moment before he had been one of them, toiling over dry, stupid bank figures, while music palpitated in his blood, beating in triple time.

Wertheimer, the bank manager, glared at him. "Get out, Johann Strauss. *Be* a musician like your father, if you wish. Join those imbecile revolutionaries in the street. But in any case, get out."

Exultantly, Schani waved the waltz he had just composed behind his ledger. "My dear sir, I leave this den of usury richer than any man in all Vienna."

But once on the street, he walked more slowly, jingling his only material wealth — a few pennies — in his hand. Ten minutes later, he was at the Vogelhuber Bakery Shop. Nodding to Poldi's beaming parents he hurried to the back room.

Poldi's beautiful oval face lighted up. Then she saw his eyes and her spirits sank. He had done it. He had really given up his job to write waltzes for a living. At this rate, he could never ask her to marry him.

Gently, she queried, "What's happened, Schani?"

In a tense voice he told her — explained how the waltzes were always there in his soul and he must write them or die.

"But who will play your music?"

He writhed inwardly. It was incredible that in this civilized year of 1845, people regarded the waltz as crude, barbaric. Three-four tempo? They laughed at it. And all the time, they were shutting their ears to the waltz's delicacy, its frothy, lacy structure of rhythm and grace.

"Who will play them? Why, I — I'll organize my own orchestra. They'll play for me for nothing."

And in a few moments it was done. Kienzl, the baker, readily agreed to bring his violin to rehearsal on Sunday at two o'clock. Not only that, he had a bassoon-playing cousin who worked in a tailor shop. And oh yes, his aunt strummed the harp.

Schani let out a gleeful shout. "Now you see Poldi? There's a true artist for you." Then he added, his voice shaking with passion, "I want to make music, glorious music."

She was wistful. "And enter through back doors? Would you like that Schani? Could you stand it with your nature? Think, Schani. There's your mother. You know you must take care of her."

Stung, he turned away. "I'll take care of her with my music. But if you can't understand that and you can't believe in me — "

Poldi felt tears in back of her eyes. More than anything else in the world he needed someone now to give him courage. What did it matter what he did? The essential thing was Schani himself, his fine, free spirit, his eager, warming zest for life. "I *do* believe in you. Whatever you do will be the finest in the world."

Working with his tatterdemalion crew of men for a solid month, Schani dreamed and hoped. Then came the weary business of begging for a chance. It was Dommayer who finally gave in. One night a huge poster outside his Casino proclaimed that this was the debut of Johann Strauss, Jr. and his World Famous Orchestra.

Schani stood on the conductor's stand and led for all he was worth. One hour passed, two hours. Then it was midnight. His arms were growing heavy with despair. Two hundred tables and only five occupied. At one, sat Poldi, her parents and Schani's mother. Dommayer himself stood at the door, grimly surveying the empty room.

All at once, he addressed the waiters. "Open the windows and start your cleaning." He turned and spoke to the patrons. "Ladies and gentlemen, the performance is over." He was turning up a chair when a party of newcomers entered. One of the men was about forty, and he was escorting a lovely, blonde girl dressed in hunting costume. "I'm sorry but we're forced to close early tonight. The performance is over."

Quite casually, the girl flicked him on the sleeve with her crop. For a steely second, her deep blue eyes held his. "This is Fritz Schiller, first tenor of the Imperial Opera and I am Carla Donner, the soprano and the performance is *not* over."

Dommayer wilted. "The performance is not over," he said sullenly. Then he snarled at the waiters. "What are you doing there? Leave the windows open. The whole neighborhood might as well hear it for nothing."

Leaning on his music stand, Schani watched the newcomers bewilderedly. The whims of society were always unfathomable. Then his breath caught. Of course. That lovely creature was Carla Donner. A flame kindled in his breast as he turned to his men. She must have the best that they could give. They would perform for her alone. "We shall play 'Artist's Life'." He lifted his violin.

Now Schani saw nothing, heard nothing. He felt dizzy and uplifted as if he had been drinking champagne. Music poured from his fingertips and from his soul.

When the waltz had begun Carla had looked at him indifferently. But her gaze remained, his narrow, sharply-defined face attracting her queerly. His eyes were deep and brown. And what long lashes for a man, too.

Suddenly it was twelve-thirty and she rose. "We must go." She had promised to have a late supper with Tony. "Count Hohenfried is probably waiting for me now." Impulsively, she said to Schiller, "We must do something for that young man. Don't forget his name."

Watching her as she moved to the door, Schani continued to wave his baton half-heartedly. Now the evening was really finished and Dommayer would go ahead with closing the place. But suddenly a low humming sound came to his ears. He turned around and his eyes widened. The windows were brimming over. People were fighting for places.

His men too, had seen. Now they picked up their lagging tempo. The place was alive with rhythmic melody. And all at once, Schani saw something else — something that caused his scalp to tingle. The doorway was jammed. There were people standing in line. They were *buying tickets.*

A little awed, he faced his orchestra again. He had won. They liked his music. They wanted it. They were willing to pay for it. Excitement mounted within him. Then, waving to Poldi he shouted above the uproar, "And now, you worms, play as you've never played before in your lives. Play for Vienna!"

And so the night and the morning wore on and Schani felt as if he were in a dream — a dream come true at last.

Waking the next morning, it appeared that fancy still spun his brain. Again and again he read the letter from Schiller. His engagement with Dommayer for four weeks had seemed enough of a miracle. And now this. Schiller had actually arranged for him to play at the reception at Count Hohenfried's palace. All society would be there and — Carla Donner would sing one of his songs.

For three days straight he could think of nothing but the great event. Then the evening arrived. Walking into the huge, chandeliered ballroom he felt a twinge of inferiority. Schiller however, immediately took him in tow and put him at his ease. Some of the famous personages were pointed out. Even Hofbauer, the most renowned music publisher in Vienna, was there.

Suddenly, Schani saw her enchanting face and pushed forward. "Oh, Madame Donner," he burst out, "how do you do? I'm so grateful. You were so infinitely kind — to invite me."

She looked at him blankly for a moment, then smiled. "Oh yes, of course. Mr. Strauss, isn't it?" A delicate gesture — well, come along.

Alone with her in the music room, Schani gazed at her adoringly. "Oh Madame," he said, "this isn't the first time I've been alone with you. It's happened a hundred times. At the Opera, the night you sang Leonora. There was nobody else in the house, only you and I." He stopped, terrified of his loquacity.

The marriage was two weeks later.

Carla was looking at him through half-closed eyes. "What a charming young man," she said slowly, then kissed him square on the mouth.

Schani felt something like a rush of wine go through his veins. Transfixed, he watched her as she took up the music. Then the door opened and a tall, distinguished looking man entered whom Carla introduced as their host, Count Hohenfried. How possessively he looks at her, Schani thought. A tremor went over him.

"We were just about to rehearse our song," Carla said brightly. "We're doing a — waltz."

Hohenfried's monocle fell. "You're not serious of course."

Quite pleasantly, they argued back and forth. Hohenfried was horrified, Carla determined. Finally, with a shrug, Hohenfried left to make the announcement.

Carla grasped Schani's hand. "Come, before he changes his mind."

Outside, Schani took his place at the piano. He was a little apprehensive. After all, they hadn't rehearsed. Then his worst fears were realized. It was awful. Every note that came from her lips was cut off, staccato, parodying the melody. No wonder they were all laughing.

He leaned toward her. "Pardon Madame, you can't sing a waltz like that."

Her eyebrows lifted: "Carla Donner can sing anything any way."

The grace notes and flourishes were worse than ever. The crowd was in an uproar. Now Schani understood. This whole business was just a jest. Willful, selfish and spoiled, she was simply out to amuse the crowd, regardless of whether she ruined his music or not. He must manage to bear it until the end.

Murderously, he banged at the keys. Carla's smile was malicious as she condescended to pick up the melody from a pause, elaborately embroidering it as she went along. Now came the finale that called for an echo from the piano. Schani's arms hung like lead beside him.

Unperturbed, Carla walked to the piano, motioned him aside and played the concluding chords. The ovation was like a roll of thunder.

Schani had had enough. Jumping up he stalked off the platform.

Then, as he stood to one side, a fury mounted within him. Everyone was congratulating Carla on her "stunt," speaking quite loftily of this "lower class" music.

He plunged into their midst. "Perhaps this is not music to your ears," he shouted, "but look at yourselves with open eyes, your silly quadrilles, your minuets, your gavottes. You presume to *despise* waltzes but they're warm and beautiful like the women we love, like Vienna—" He broke off. "Good-night," he said harshly and made for the door.

Outside, he careened crazily down the street. Suddenly however, he saw a figure in the lamplight. "Poldi! What are *you* doing here?"

Her laugh was tremulous. "Please Schani don't be cross but somehow tonight there was a stab in my heart and I felt you were in danger—"

He looked down at her. Her eyes were two dark pools of adoration and suddenly he found that this was what he wanted most in the world. Poldi — a home — peace. His arms went around her. "Poldi my dear," he said tenderly, "we must be married as soon as possible."

Yes, he thought firmly, as her lips touched his, women like Carla were for the Count Hohenfrieds. It was Poldi who really counted in this cruel, artificial world.

The betrothal was short, for once Schani had made up his mind that a thing must be done, then it must. Excitedly, Poldi gathered her trousseau together and just a few weeks later, a quiet marriage ceremony took place in the rear of the bakery shop.

"Surely," Poldi told herself, "no one has ever been so happy before." It was wonderful to tend house — her own house — and listen to the faint tinkle of the piano as Schani worked over his music. He was gaining fame too, for Hofbauer was actually publishing his works.

She was in the kitchen one morning when there came the sounds of marching and shouting. Her heart turned over. There were the revolutionaries again, waving their flags and banners. And Schani had left the house. He would be hurt, killed.

Snatching up a cloak, she ran out, not stopping until she reached Hofbauer's music store. "Is my husband here?" she cried, bursting in.

The door opened and there was Schani, his face alight. "I've been in the streets Poldi, in the streets with all those people. They're wonderful." He went to the piano. "They inspire me. Listen to this. It's a march. A revolutionary march."

Hofbauer began to yell. "A march! And where is the waltz I've promised my salesmen? Why do you want to write songs about those crazy people outside — "

"Crazy people!" Schani flamed. "Those are *my* people, my friends. The ones who believed in my music first. And I'm going out with them, out there in the streets. They need me."

Stooping to Poldi he gave her a light kiss and was gone.

(Now Schani has allied himself with the revolutionists. Will he bring forth more music from the dangers which confront him? In the next episode he again meets Carla Donner under strange circumstances. Be sure to read it.)

Printed in

December, 1938, and answer or demur to the complaint, or special proceeding in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint or special proceeding.

W. H. PITT,
Clerk of the Superior Court,
Perquimans County.
This 4th day of November, 1938.
Walter G. Edwards,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Nov.11,18,25,Dec.2

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having qualified as executors of the estate of Chas. Johnson, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., on or before the 25 day of November, 1939, or this notice will pe pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 25 day of November, 1938.
CHAS. E. JOHNSON,
LILLIE H. JOHNSON,
Executors of Chas. Johnson.
Dec.2,9,16,23,30,Jan.6

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Mrs. Kate M. Blanchard, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Caroline, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., on or before the 20 day of October, 1939, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 20th day of October, 1938.
KATE M. BLANCHARD,
Administratrix of Mrs. Kate M. Blanchard.
Oct.28,Nov.4,11,18,25,Dec.2

NOTICE

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Thomas L. Jessup for certain purposes therein mentioned, which said deed of trust bears date 10th day of February, 1931, and is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Perquimans County in M. D. Book 17, page 550, at the request of the holder of the notes secured thereby, I shall on Wednesday, the 21st day of December, 1938, at 11:30 A. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Hertford, Perquimans County, N. C., the lands conveyed to me in said deed of trust:

Those certain lands in Parkville Township, Perquimans County, North Carolina, designated as follows: Three certain parcels of land first known as the Hunter tract, second as the Ellis tract, and third one acre reserved in sale of lands to J. E. Hurst by W. L. Jessup, and being the same conveyed to Thomas L. Jessup by Kate B. Jessup on June 19, 1926, and recorded in Book 16, page 542 in Register of Deeds office of Perquimans County, for which see further description.

This November 19th, 1938.
J. C. BLANCHARD,
Trustee.
Nov.25,Dec.2,9,16

NOTICE

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by J. J. Fleetwood and wife for certain purposes therein mentioned which said deed of trust bears date of February 24th, 1928, and is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Perquimans County in Book D 17, page 68, I shall, at the request of the holder of the notes secured thereby, on Monday, the 19th day of December, 1938, at 11:30 A. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Hertford, Perquimans County, part of the property conveyed in said deed of trust as follows:

That certain tract of land in Bethel Township, Perquimans County, N. C., adjoining the lands of Major A. Loomis Co., the I. N. White land, the Gatling heirs land and others and known as the R. B. Cox pocosin lands containing 378½ acres, and being same tract conveyed to J. J. Fleetwood by P. H. Small and wife by deed duly recorded in Book 11, page 336, Perquimans County records and being designated as 2nd tract in said deed of trust.

This November 16th, 1938.
CHAS. WHEDBEE,
Trustee.
Nov.25,Dec.2,9,16.

NEW HOPE NEWS

Miss Celia Blanche Dail, a student at E. C. T. C., Greenville, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dail.

Mrs. Pearl Gregory, her daughter, Miss Virgilia, and son, Harry, spent the week-end with Mrs. Gregory's sister, Mrs. C. W. Griffin, and friends.

Miss Rebecca Webb, of the Robersonville school faculty, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Webb.

Mrs. C. C. Banks and small daughter, Margaret Anne, of Elizabeth City, spent a few days with Mr. Banks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Banks, last week.

The condition of Blakemore Small is somewhat improved. Mr. Small has been very ill at the home of his son-in-law, C. E. Sutton.

Mrs. J. R. Sadler, (formerly Miss Ruby Small) Mrs. Lee Willis and her little daughter, and Miss Florence Small, of Lowland, visited Mrs. Sadler's father, C. W. Small, during the holidays.

Mrs. Percy Webb and daughters, Misses Mary Bland and Joyce Webb, of Norfolk, Va., spent Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. Webb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Webb.

Mrs. Eva Squires, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Josh Food, at Washington, N. C., and Mrs. Jim Outlaw, of Grimesland, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of Suffolk, Va., Mrs. Mattie Simpson, and Mrs. Dan Simpson attended the Bateman-Sawyer wedding at Blackwell Memorial Church in Elizabeth City Saturday afternoon.

Those spending the week of the Methodist conference in Elizabeth City were Mrs. C. W. Griffin, guest of Mrs. Lathan Umphlett; Mrs. Mattie Robbins as the guest of her son, Tom Robbins, and Mrs. S. D. Banks as the guest of Mrs. J. W. Shannonhouse and other friends. Others attending at different sessions were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dail, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Turner, Miss Vida Banks and Mrs. Grace Jackson.

Mrs. Mike Woodard, of Hampton, Va., who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Spivey, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Small, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Small and Mrs. Lessie Small, of Weeksville, visited Blakemore Small Thursday.

Mrs. J. R. Sadler, Mrs. Lee Willis, of Lowland, and Mrs. S. D. Banks visited Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Small and Mrs. Lillie Wilson on Wednesday.

Miss Vida Banks spent Tuesday night with Mrs. Rudolph Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of Suffolk, Va., and Mrs. Pattie Hogar, of Elizabeth City, spent the week-end with Mrs. Mattie Simpson.

Mrs. Rudolph Banks, of Elizabeth City, was the guest of Mrs. S. D. Banks and Miss Vida Banks Saturday afternoon.

WILL LEND 57 CENTS

The November corn estimate of 2,480,958,000 bushels, recently issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, establishes the rate of 57 cents a bushel for loans made on 1938 corn to farmers in commercial corn areas.

NEW TYPE HARVESTER

A new type of bean harvester, found especially useful for small beans, has shown a great deal of promise in California.

CLASSIFIED AND LEGALS

FOR SALE — HUDSON DELUXE 1928 Sedan. Truly a fine driving car, excellent condition, very low mileage, a rare bargain. Apply to Mrs. V. A. Holden, Hertford, N. C.

FOR RENT—ONE 2-HORSE FARM and one 4-horse farm. Both well located. New buildings, good soil and well drained. References required and necessary to apply promptly to Farm Bureau, Hertford, N. C., P. O. Box 128.

FOR RENT—ONE 2-HORSE FARM and one 4-horse farm. Both well located. New buildings, good soil and well drained. References required and necessary to apply promtly to Farm Bureau, Hertford, N. C., P. O. Box 128.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of authority vested in me as County Superintendent of Public Schools, and by order of the board of education, I will offer for sale on Saturday, December 3rd, 1938, at the courthouse door in Hertford, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock, Noon, the following tract of land:

The Beech Spring School site, consisting of two acres. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

F. T. JOHNSON,
Secretary, Board of Education
Nov.11,18,25,Dec.2

FOR SALE — HUDSON DELUXE 1928 sedan. Truly a fine driving car, excellent conditions, very low mileage, a rare bargain. Apply to Mrs. V. A. Holdren, Hertford, N. C.

SOY BEANS—THE BEST PLACE to sell or store. E. L. Reed Warehouse, Hertford, N. C.

North Carolina — In The
Perquimans County — Superior Court
W. F. C. Edwards
Vs.
David Cox, Joseph F. James, Margaret A. Newby, Emily Perry, Ellen Butt, Elizabeth Miller, Ella L. James, Wm. H. James, Emma C. James, Minnie L. Johnson, Anna B. James, Mary I. James, Ambrose E. James, Neppie P. James.

NOTICE

The defendants, David Cox, Joseph F. James, Margaret A. Newby, Emily Perry, Ellen Butt, Elizabeth Miller, Ella L. James, Wm. H. James, Emma C. James, Minnie I. Johnson, Anna B. James, Mary I. James, Ambrose E. James, Neppie P. James, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Perquimans County, North Carolina, to sell for division certain lands situate lying and being in said county, of which the plaintiff and defendants are tenants in common; and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear in the courthouse, in Hertford, North Carolina, on the 9th day of