

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

by Temple Bailey



CHAPTER V

Anne, dressing for Betty Lanvale's party, thought of Charles. He had not been to his room, but she had read his letter again and again, and as she read, the things her mother had said had lost their sting.

Marion, the maid, was holding out an ethereal frock of flounced tulle. "You're like a picture," she said.

Anne, looking into the mirror, shed she might show herself to Charles. A little later, as she went along the hall, she hesitated at the door of the guest room. It was open, but a screen had been set in front of it. She peeped around the screen and said, "Charles is alone and reading, and I got your letter."

"I shouldn't have written it." "I'm glad you did."

"Why?"

"Because now I shall never see the things they are saying at you."

"Other people believe them."

"What do I care about other people?" She was flaming with the championship of him, and she said, "You are perfect in dress. And now you will go dance with Garry?"

"Yes. But I shan't marry Garry."

"I'm going away."

"I'm going away? Where?"

"To France. Mother and I."

"You are going with your mother?"

"I don't know."

"Then Vicky rounded the corner of the screen."

"Oh, here you are, Anne! Garry is waiting for you."

"When she had gone Charles to Vicky, "She must not go to dance with her daughter."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"I don't know," she said, white-faced, and he told her.

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There was a breathless silence, after which Elinor said with elaborate carelessness, "Who was it, Vicky?"

"I think I must ask you that."

Elinor's head went up. "Well, if you knew, why didn't you tell Francis?"

"I preferred to tell you first."

"Why?"

"So that you might put them back."

Elinor reached for her wrap. "Vicky, do you know what you are saying? I won't stand everything."

"I'm not asking you to stand anything. I am only asking what we can both do about it."

It seemed to Elinor's excited imagination as if Vicky, still and composed, was like a marble statue, against which she would be shattered. "What can I do?" she asked sullenly.

"You can tell me what you have done with them."

"Well, if you must have it"—Elinor's eyes did not meet Vicky's—"I took them this afternoon to Baltimore. I didn't dare take anything of my own. There's that diplomatic dinner next week and Francis would have a fit if I didn't deck myself in all the family jewels. If Francis weren't such a pig I wouldn't be driven to do such things. But I had promised Lucien that money today and I had to get it."

"You pawned them?"

"Yes."

"Have you the ticket?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me."

"But what good will that do when I haven't the money?"

"How much?"

Elinor named a sum that seemed to Vicky astounding. "I've paid all my debts and I bought these crystals."

"And you have none left?"

"Not a penny."

"Then I must get it from my bank as soon as possible."

Elinor clutched Vicky's arm. "You're going to get them back?"

"I'll do my best."

Anne was having a wonderful time at Betty Lanvale's party. She was young and she loved to dance and men flocked about her.

When the music stopped the couples began to drift toward the dining room. Garry guided Anne through the crowd. There was a hall to cross before they reached the dining room—a great vaulted hall, hung with tapestries and portraits of dead and gone Lanvales. Set out in stone urns were orange trees, heavy with fruit, and it was against the background of green and glossy leaves and golden globes that Anne saw her mother.

As Anne came up Elinor said hurriedly, "I was looking for you, Anne. David and I are going over to the club with the Dorsays for bridge. We're fed up. Garry will drive you home."

"But, Mother!"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." Anne didn't want to go with Garry, but her mother wouldn't understand. There really wasn't any reason except that he'd try to make love to her. And how could she tell her mother that?

Elinor opened her bag and took out an envelope. "I want you to give this to Vicky as soon as you get home. Even if she's asleep. I want her to have it tonight."

Just then David came up and Elinor went with him, her head high, her frowns trailing. The look in her mother's eyes and the whiteness of her face had frightened Anne. What was in that letter to Vicky?

When at last she started home with Garry the rain was coming down heavily.

"Gee," Garry said, "This is something like it, Anne, isn't it?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, don't begin by asking questions." He laughed a little and leaned down to her. "I've got you alone at last, my darling."

Dead silence, except for a swish of wet leaves as they passed a great tree by the gate.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you answer?"

"Because I'm not your darling!"

The rain was beating now against the windshield, a cloudburst that impeded their progress and obscured Garry's view. At last they stopped with a sudden jerk. Garry opened the door and got out, and then came back to get Anne, and then came back to get Anne, and then came back to get Anne.

who had arrived before midnight to meet the detectives. She had waylaid him in the hall and had asked for a few moments alone with him.

"It's about Anne's pearls," she said. "I know who took them, but I'd rather not tell you. I wish you'd trust me to get them back and not push the matter further."

"If it were anyone but you, Vicky," he had said, "I wouldn't listen for a moment. But you must have your reasons, and good ones."

"Please," she had implored. "Send the men away before Anne comes. Say that it was all a mistake and that the pearls have been found."

"But they are not found."

"You shall have them tomorrow."

He had then dismissed the detectives, and, coming back to Vicky, had talked of other things. Through it all Vicky realized his thoughts were turning and twisting in dark channels. At last he had said, "I spoke to Anne about going with her mother, but I'm not keen about it."

"Why not?"

"She still needs you. She's just a child."

"I know." Vicky was staring into the fire.

Francis, leaning forward, had said, "You've been more than a mother to her, Vicky, and you mustn't desert her now."

"I'm not deserting her, and I have thought of this. If you can spare her, I'll take her home with me and we'll spend Thanksgiving with my people. She needs to be away from Garry—from everything."

It had been late when Francis left her, and now Vicky was waiting. She went to the telephone and called up the Lanvale residence. A servant reported that Miss Ordway had driven away an hour ago with Mr. Brooks. Mrs. Ordway had gone on to the club.

So that was that. As she wondered whether she should tell Francis there came, suddenly, the sound of a motor. She flung open the door to find Garry stumbling through the storm with Anne in his arms.

"She's half frozen," he said. "Who ever heard of such weather at this time of year? My car stalled and I had to wait until someone came along."

Vicky interposed, "Who found you?"

"Elinor and David. Coming back from the club."

"Elinor?" Vicky's voice was startled. "Where is she?"

"Out there in the car."

But Elinor was not in the car. She was standing in the hall.

"Where's David?" Garry asked.

"He's gone." She came forward, more like a wraith than a real presence. It's an awful night," she said in a toneless voice. "Has Francis come in?"

"Yes." It was Vicky who answered.

"Well, I'm going up," Elinor said presently. "You'd better get Anne to bed, Vicky, and send Garry home."

"That sounds as if I were in disgrace," Garry protested, "and nothing is really my fault. Blame it all on Anne. I asked her to marry me and she wouldn't so I ran the car off the road and asked her all over again."

He was trying to carry off the situation lightly, but only he and Anne knew that there was no lightness in him. For in that hour of darkness Anne had definitely defined her position. "I can't marry you, Garry, and I won't." And something remote and resolute in her manner had at last convinced him.

Yet now when he left her, he lifted her hand to his lips. "This isn't the end, Anne." But it was said as one who, with his back to the wall, cherished a forlorn hope.

Anne smiled and then forgot him. "Here's a letter Mother gave me for you, Vicky." She was glad to get rid of it. Now that her mother was safely at home the letter no longer worried her.

(To Be Continued)

A HELPING HAND FOR ALL



American Red Cross Roll Call Poster for 1939.

Today and Tomorrow

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

WALKERS . . . hazard

People walking on the highways account for more than 39 percent of all motor fatalities, the National Safety Council has concluded after three years of study of the facts and figures. Last year 12,500 pedestrians were killed by automobiles in the United States.

We hear a lot about drunken drivers, but 13 percent of the roadwalkers killed had been drinking, as compared with 9 percent of the drivers who suffered a similar fate.

Children running into the street, and old people who became confused in traffic, figured largely in the year's motor deaths.

Most of that sort of accidents occur in the cities, where more cars are passing and more people are trying to cross streets. Where the police have adopted effective measures to regulate pedestrians at crossings, as in Washington, the toll of motor deaths dropped rapidly.

The proposal to place all walkers under the same sort of control as drivers is gaining adherents everywhere.

DUCKS . . . stop

Driving down the four-lane Taconic Parkway a few miles north of New York City on a recent Sunday, I saw the car ahead of me come to a sudden stop. The driver signalled, and I drew up alongside of him and stopped, too. At the same instant two cars coming in the opposite direction stopped a few feet ahead of us. In a couple of minutes there were a hundred or so cars lined up, honking their horns impatiently.

What had happened. A mother duck had chosen that particular moment to cross the highway with her brood. With a dozen fluffy ducklings trailing in single file behind her she took her own good time, waddling along with an occasional "quack" to her little ones, completely unconcerned with the fact that she was holding up traffic on one of the busiest roads leading out of New York.

The word passed back down the line and scores of people got out of their cars to see the amusing sight of the duck and the ducklings. Everybody was good natured about it all. I have yet to see the motorist who would deliberately run down even such an unimportant and trivial creature as a baby duck.

DARKNESS . . . toll

Most of the animals that are killed on the highways, and a large proportion of the roadwalkers, meet their fate at night. One of the best drivers I ever knew was killed one night a mile or so from my place in the country because he caught the gleam of some animal's eyes reflected by his headlights and swerved too sharply in trying to avoid killing one of God's lesser creatures.

Driving over Stockbridge Mountain in the early morning I often see the pitiful reminders of the night's tragedies. More than

Twin Oaks

Sparta P. O., Nov. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Lon Cox and three small children, of Laurel Springs, are visiting for a few days with Mrs. Cox' sister, Mrs. Joe Bare, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Irwin and son, "Buddie," of Berwyn, Md., stopped with friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brackins, Rising Sun, Md., are visiting relatives in this county.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hash and children, of Ontario, Canada, are visiting relatives here for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hapner spent Sunday with relatives at Scottville.

Miss Madeline Sheppard, student at Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, spent the week-end with home folks at Scottville.

Jack Walsh, Boone, spent Saturday night with friends here.

Several near relatives from High Point attended the funeral of little Patricia Ann Sexton at New Haven Church, Thursday.

Mt. Zion

Piney Creek P. O., Nov. 13.—Mrs. Maude Mason, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Ruth Osborn, of this community, spent a recent night with their sister, Mrs. Flora Moxley, Topia.

Edna Rae and Howard Smith attended the Armistice Day program at Piney Creek Friday night.

Mrs. W. R. Jones and Mrs. Jessie Dow Sumney, of West Jefferson, visited Mrs. Hallie Douglas Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sheets and son, Russel Jones, and Misses Dorothy and Jo Shepherd, of Mt. Carmel attended the song service at Mt. Zion Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallie Douglas

and Dent Pugh were dinner guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Smith Sunday.

Mrs. T. E. Pugh and children, Logene and Fred, visited Mrs. Bell Blevins Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Moxley and daughter, Lorene, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Black.

Mrs. Virgie Pugh visited her uncle, D. E. Douglas, Saturday. Mr. Douglas fell a week-ago and broke his leg.

Frank Perry, Peden, visited George Smith Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. H. Parsons and Mrs. Cole Parsons visited Mrs. R. L. Billings and Mrs. Mary Cox Sunday.

Rev. R. L. Billings and Lee Black attended the quarterly conference at Transou Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bateman visited Mr. and Mrs. Hallie Douglas Saturday night.

Mrs. Elbert Absher and son, Max, visited Mrs. S. E. Smith Thursday.

Among those attending the song service at Mt. Carmel Brethren Church Sunday night were Mr. and Mrs. George Pugh, Mr. and Mrs. Hallie Douglas, H. Clay Smith, Dent Pugh and Miss Edna Rae Smith, Mount Zion.

GEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

"HEROISM"

"All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes."
—Browning.

"If Hero means sincere man, why may not every one of us be a Hero?"
—Carlyle.

"The reformer must be a hero at all points, and he must have conquered himself before he can conquer others."
—Mary Baker Eddy.

"There is no king nor sovereign state
That can fix a hero's rate."
—Emerson.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Executor of the will of W. P. Warden, Deceased, I hereby notify all persons owing said estate to make prompt settlement and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned within twelve months from the date hereof, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

This November 13, 1939.

R. G. WARDEN, Executor of W. P. Warden, Deceased
4tc-7AT

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Bel Air, Md. . . . 6.30
Winston-Salem, N. C. . . . 1.25

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To these millions, the relief obtained by the use of Alka-Seltzer is worth far more than the genuine enjoyment they get from the broadcasts.

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Get Alka-Seltzer the next time you pass a drug store.

Large package 68¢
Small package 38¢

Try a glass of Alka-Seltzer at your Drug Store Soda Fountain.

Alka-Seltzer

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