### Tuesday, October 3, 1922.



She lifted her eyes, met his own, held them. "There's such a lovely, lovely sacred song here," she suggested, and looked down.

"You like sacred music?" She turned to him her pure profile, her eyellds fluttering up, and said: "I love it."

"That's it. So do I. Nothing like a nice sacred piece," Cornish declared. Bobby Larkin, at the end of the piano, looked directly into DI's face.

"Give me ragtime," he said now, with the effect of bursting out of somewhere, "Don't you like ragtime?" he put it to her directly.

Di's eyes danced into his, they sparkled for him, her smile was a smile for him alone, all their store of common memories was in their look.

"Let's try 'My Rock, My Refuge,'" Cornish suggested. "That's got up real attractive,"

Di's profile again, and her pleased voice saying that this was the very one site had been hoping to hear him sing.

They gathered for "My Rock, My Refuge.'

"Oh," cried Ina, at the conclusion of this number, "I'm having such a perfectly beautiful time. Isn't everybody?" everybody's hosters put it.

"Lulu is," said Dwight, and added softly to Lulu: "She don't have to hear herself sing."

It was incredible. He was like a bad boy with a frog. About that photograph of Ninian he found a dozen ways to torture her, called attention to it, showed it to Cornish, set it on the plano facing them all. Everybody must have understood -excepting the Plows. These two gentle souls sang placidly through the Album of Old Favorites, and at the melodies smiled happily upon each other with an air from another world. Always it was as if the Plows walked some fair, inter-penetrating plane, from which they looked out as do other things not quite of earth, say, flowers and fire and music.

Strolling home that night, the Plows were overtaken by some one who ran badly, and as if she were unaccustomed to running.

"Mis' Plow, Mis' Plow!" this one called, and Lulu stood beside them. "Say !" she said. "Do you know of

any job that I could get me? I mean alive and lucid nights. She was there. that I'd know how to do? A job for She sat in Dwight's chair and Lulu money. . . . I mean a job. . . .

"What next do you say?" he asked. | Monona's handkerchief-the child will never take a clean one if I'm not here to tell her.

She breathed injunctions to the very step of the 'bus.

In the 'bus Dwight leaned forward: "See that you play post office squarely, Lulu!" he called, and threw back his head and lifted his evebrows. In the train he turned tragic eyes to his wfie.

"Ina," he said. "It's ma. And she's going to die. It can't be. . . Ina said: "But you're going to help her, Dwight, just being there with

her.' It was true that the mere presence of the man would bring a kind of fresh life to that worn frame. Tact and wisdom and love would speak through him and minister.

Toward the end of their week's absence the letter from Ninian came. Lulu took it from the post office

when she went for the mail that evening, dressed in her dark red gown. There was no other letter, and she carried that one letter in her hand all through the streets. She passed those who were surmising what her story might be, who were telling one another what they had heard. But she knew hardly more than they. She passed

Cornish in the doorway of his little music shop, and spoke with him; and there was the letter. It was so that Dwight's foster mother's postal card might have looked on its way to be

mailed. Cornish stepped down and overtook her.

"Oh, Miss Lulu. I've got a new song qr two--"

She said abstractedly: "Do, Any night. Tomorrow night-could you-" It was as if Lulu were too proceupled. to remember to be ill at ease.

Cornish flushed with pleasure, said that he could indeed. "Come for supper," Lulu said.

Oh. could he? Wouldn't that be . . Well, say! Such was his acceptance.

He came for supper. And Di was not at home. She had gone off in the country with Jenny and Bobby, and they merely did not return.

Mrs. Bett and Lulu and Cornish and Monoma supped alone. All were at ease, now that they were alone. Especially Mrs. Bett was at ease. It became one of her young nights, her sat in Ina's chair. Lulu had picked

### YDREVILLE ENQUIRER. TIL

at her mistakes her head dipped and strove to make all right. Her foot continuously touched the loud pedal-the blurred sound seemed to accomplish more. So she played "How Can I Leave Thee," and they managed to sing it. So she played "Long, Long Ago," and "Little Nell of Narragansett Bay." Beyond open doors, Mrs.



"Oh, No," Lulu Disclaimed It. She Looked Up, Flushed, Smiling.

Bett listened, sang, it may be, with them; for when the singers ceased, her voice might be heard still humming a loud closing bar. "Well !" Cornish cried to Lulu; and then, in the formal village phrase:

"You're quite a musician." "Oh, no !" Lulu disclaimed it. She looked up, flushed, smiling. "I've never done this in front of anybody," she owned. "I don't know what Dwight

and Ina'd say. . . ." She drooped. They rested and, miraculously, the air of the place had stirred and quickened, as if the crippled, halting melody hao some power of its own, and

poured this forth, even thus trampled. "I guess you could do 'most anything you set your hand to," said Cornish.

"Oh, no," Lulu said again. "Sing and play and cook-" "But I can't earn anything. I'd like to earn something." But this she had not meant to say. She stopped, rather

frightened. "You would! Why, you have it fine here, I thought." "Oh, fine, yes. Dwight gives me

what I have. And I do their work." "I see," said Cornish. "I never thought of that," he added. She caught his speculative look-he had heard a tale or two concerning her return, as who in Warbleton had not heard?

"You're wondering why I didn't stay with him !" Lulu said recklessly. This was no less than wrung from her,

laxed and into her race came its rare sweetness. "He has written," she said. "The letter's there.

He followed her look, scowled at the two letters.

"What'd he say?" "Dwight don't like me to touch his mail. I'll have to wait till he comes back.

"Lord sakes !" said Cornish.

This time he did rise and walk about. He wanted to say something, wanted it with passion. He paused beside Lulu and stammered : "You-you-you're too nice a girl to

aren't.' To her own complete surprise Lulu's eves filled with tears, and she could not speak. She was by no means above self-sympathy.

"And there ain't," said Cornish sorrowfully, "there ain't a thing I can

And yet he was doing -much. He was gentle, he was listening, and on his face a frown of concern. His face continually surprised her, it was so fine and alive and near, by comparison with Ninian's loose-lipped, ruddy, impersonal look and Dwight's thin, highboned hardness. All the time Cornish gave her something, instead of drawing upon her. Above all, he was there, and she could talk to him.

"It's-it's funny," Lulu said. "I'd be awful glad if I just could know for

abyss

of her.

-if I couldn't know she's dead." This surprising admission Cornish seemed to understand.

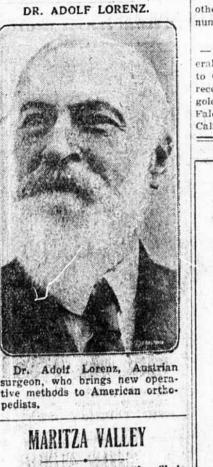
"Cora Waters," Lulu said. "Cora BATTLEGROUND OF THE BALKANS Waters, of San Diego, California. And

Country That is of Small Material Value to Any of the Claimants; But she never heard of me." "No," Cornish admitted. They Postession By One Means Red Rag stared at each other as across some to the Others.

"The Maritza river, the boundary of In the doorway Mrs. Bett appeared. the European territory which the vic-"I scraped up everything," she retorious Turks demanded as soon as marked, "and left the dishes set." "That's right, mamma," Lulu said, they drove the Greeks from Asia Minor, is, like the Rhine, between France Come and 'sit down." Mrs. Bett entered with a leisurely and Germany, a symbol and a bone of air of doing the thing next expected contention among Bulgar, Greek and Turk," says a bulletin of the Nation-"I don't hear any more playin' and al Geographic Society from its Wash-

singin'," she remarked. "It sounded ington, D. C., headquarters. "Each of these three peoples has real nice." claimed the Maritza valley as belong-

(To be Continued). ing to it on ethnic grounds," continues the builetin, "and such is the racial mix-up in Thrace and the portion of KNOCKS OUT CARPENTIER.



# other non-Moslem peoples greatly out- that on January 28, 1844, he was oblig-

numbering the Moslems."

- Cannon balls, abandoned by General John C. Fremont in his expedition were discovered. It is supposed Gento California in 1844, were uncovered eral Fremont abandoned his howitzer

ed to leave his howitzer at a point in Deep Creek. This is eight miles north of the point where the cannon balls

recently by a prospector searching for ammunition as of no further use. gold in a small ravine not far from Fales Hot Springs in Mono county, diff New Jersey spends \$28,000,000 a California. Fremont's diary records year keeping down its mosquitoes.

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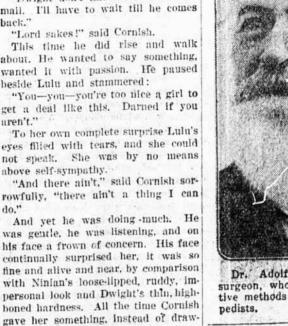
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Page Seven

5t



Macedonia which adjoins it, that each

has at least some excuse for its claims.

Thrace-and indeed all of Rumelia or

Rumili, as the Turks called the por-

tions of Europe which their swords

conquered-has for five hundred years

been in the anomalous condition of

being Turkish territory, yet more

Christian than Mohammedan, more

alien than Turk. Moreover, the non-

Turks-non-Mohammedans were more

intelligent and more industrious than

the Moslems, a fact which has height-

ened the non-Turkish aspect of the

country in spite of the burden of heavy

taxation, persecution and massacre

which the non-Turks have had placed

European Turkey Was "Occupied

"More or less unconsciously the

Turks seem, throughout their tenure

of half a millennium in Europe to

military occupation. In the trade

Territory."

on their shoulders.

sure that the other woman was alive Troublous Bone Between the Christian and the Turk.

She burst into passionate crying. They drew her home with them. . . . .

Lying awake sometime after midnight, Lulu heard the telephone ring. She heard Dwight's concerned "Is that so?" And his cheerful "Be right there.

Grandma Gates was sick, she heard him tell Ina. In a few moments he ran down the stairs. Next day they told how Dwight had sat for hours that night, holding Grandma Gates so that her back would rest easily and she could fight for her faint breath. The kind fellow had only about two hours of sleep the whole night long.

Next day there came a message from that woman who had brought up Dwight-"made him what he was," he often complacently accused her. It was a note on a postal card-she had often written a few lines on a postal card to say that she had sent the maple sugar, or could Ina get her some samples. Now she wrote a few lines on a postal card to say that she was going to die with cancer. Could Dwight and Ina come to her while she was still able to visit? If he was not too busy. . . .

Nebody saw the pity and the terror of that postal card. They stuck it up by the kitchen clock to read over from | Bett cleared the table and Lulu and time to time, and before they left. Dwight lifted the griddle of the cooking-stove and burned the postal card. And before they left Lulu said:

"Dwight-you can't tell how long you'll be gone?"

"Of course not, How should I tell?" "No. And that letter might come while you're away."

"Conceivably. Letters do come while a man's away!' "Dwight-I thought if you wouldn't

mind if I opened it-" "Opened it?"

"Yes. You see, it'll be about me mostly-"

"I should have said that it'll be about my brother mostly." "Bui you know what I mean. You

wouldn't mind if I did open it?" "But you say you know what'll be

in it." "So I did know-till you-I've got to see that letter, Dwight."

"And so you shall. But not till I show it to you. My dear Lulu, you know how I hate having my mail interfered with."

She might have said: "Small souls always make a point of that." She said nothing. She watched them set off, and kept her mind on Ina's thousand injunctions.

"Don't let Di see much of Bobby Larkin. And, Lulu-if it occurs to her to have Mr. Cornish come up to sing. of course you ask him. You might er overdo. And, Lulu, now do watch pressed and fingered awkwardly, and . Under this implied belief, she re-

flowers for the table-a task coveted but its utterance occasioned in her an by her but usually performed by Ina. Lulu had now picked Sweet William and had filled a vase of sliver gilt

taken from the parlor. Also, Lulu had made ice cream. "I don't see what Di can be thinking of," Lulu said. "It seems like asking you under false-" She was afraid

stand. of "pretenses" and ended without it. Cornish savored his steaming beef pie, with sage. "Oh, well!" he said, contentedly.

have." "Kind of a relief, I think, to have her gone," said Mrs. Bett, from the fullness of something or other.

"Mother !" Lulu said, twisting her smile "Why, my land, I love her," Mrs.

Bett explained, "but she wiggles and chitters

Cornish never made the slightest effort, at any time, to keep a straight face. The honest fellow now laughed

loudly. "Well!" Lulu thought. "He can't be so very much in love." And again she thought: "He doesn't know anything about the letter. He thinks Nin-ian got tired of me." Deep down in her heart there abode her certainty that this was not so.

self By some etiquette of consent, Mrs. Cornish went into the parlor. There lay the letter on the drop-leaf sidetable, among the shells. Lulu had carried it there, where she need not see it at her work. The letter looked no

stood indifferently fingering both. "Monona," Lulu said sharply, "leave

theni be!" Cornish was displaying his music.

"Got up quite attractive," he said-it was his formula of praise for his music.

"But we can't try it over," Lulu said, "if Di doesn't come."

"Well, say, said Cornish shyly, you know I left that Album' of Old Favorites here. Some of them we know by heart."

Luiu looked. "I'll tell you someshe said; "there's some of thing," these I can play with one hand-by ear. Maybe-

"Why, sure!" said Cornish. Lulu sat at the piano. She had on

the wool chally, long sacred to the nights when she must combine her servant's estate with the quality of being Ina's sister. She wore her coral beads and her cameo cross. In her He thinks he wanted-" Lulu tooked absence she had caught the trick of up at him. "You see," she said, dressing her hair so that it looked even more abundant-but she had not dared to try it so until tonight, when Dwight was gone. Her long to Mr. Deacon here, and tell him the wrist was curved high, her thin hand

unspeakable relief. "Oh, no," Cornish disclaimed, and colored and rocked.

"Yes, you are," she swept on. "The whole town's wondering, Well, I'd like 'em to know, but Dwight won't let me tell."

Cornish frowned, trying to under-

"'Won't let you!'" he repeated. "I should say that was your own affair." "No. Not when Dwight gives me all "Oh, that-" said Cornish. "That's

not right." "No. But there it is. It puts meyou see what it does to me. They think-they all think my-husband left me.'

It was curious to hear her bring out that word-----tentatively, deprecatingly, like some one daring a foreign phrase without warrant.

Cornish said feebly: "Oh, well. Before she willed it, she was telling

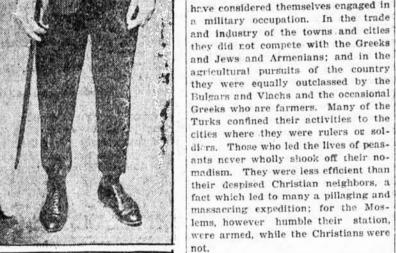
him: "He didn't. He didn't leave me," Bank of England because the old she cried with passion. "He had another wife." Incredibly it was as if she were defending both him and her-

"Lord sakes!" said Cornish. her state where there would be neither rilegious. hardness nor censure.

"We were in Savannah, Georgia." more than the advertisement of dental she said. "We were going to leave for office furniture beneath it. Monona Oregon-going to go through California. We were in the botel, and he was going out to get the thetets. He started to go. Then he came back. I was sitting the same as there. He opened the door again-the same as here. I saw he looked different-and he said quick: 'There's something you'd ought to know before we go.' And, of course, I said, 'What?' And he said it right out-how he was married eighteen years ago and in two years she ran away and she must be dead, but he wasn't sure. He hadn't the proofs. So, of course, I came home. But it wasn't him left me." "No, no. Of course he didn't."

Cornish said earnestly. "But, Lord's sakes-" he said again. He rose to walk about, found it impracticable and sat down.

"That's what Dwight doa't want me to tell-he thinks it isn't true. He thinks-he didn't have any other wife. "Dwight thinks he didn't want me." "But why don't you make your husband-I mean, why doesn't he write truth-" Cornish burst out.



Battling Siki, the Senegalese pugilist who knocked out Georges Carpentier in the sixth round of cheduled twenty-round battle in Paris. Carpentier loses the heavyweight championship of Europe,

- A project is on foot to rebuild the

NOMINATED.

. since

Alfred E. Smith, former Gov-

ernor who in being nominated

at Syracuse won a decisive vic-

tory over his leading political

William R. Hearst.

foe,

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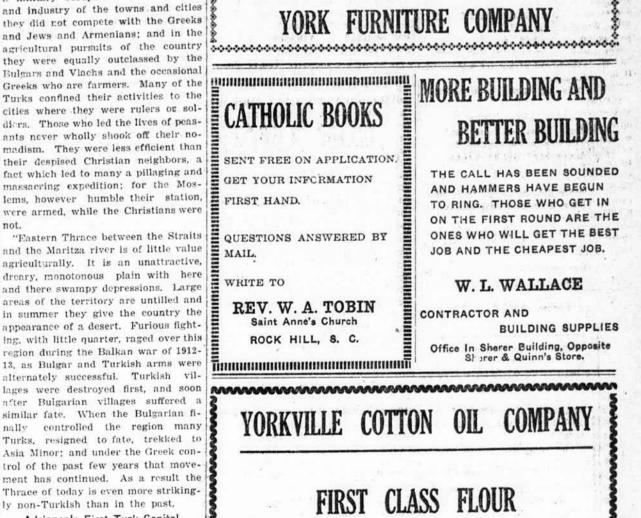
Bulgars and Vlachs and the occasional Greeks who are farmers. Many of the Turks confined their activities to the cities where they were rulers or soldivrs. Those who led the lives of peasants never wholly shook off their nomadism. They were less efficient than their despised Christian neighbors, a fact which led to many a pillaging and massacring expedition; for the Moslems, however humble their station, were armed, while the Christians were not. "Eastern Thrace between the Straits and the Maritza river is of little value agriculturally. It is an unattractive, dreary, monotonous plain with here and there swampy depressions. Large

areas of the territory are untilled and in summer they give the country the appearance of a desert. Furious fighting, with little quarter, raged over this region during the Balkan war of 1912buildings are hopelessly inadequate to 13, as Bulgar and Turkish arms were hold the enormous staff which it now alternately successful. Turkish vilneeds and which is scattered about the lages were destroyed first, and soon city of London. The project is meet- after Buigarian villages suffered a She poured it out, in her passion to ing with much opposition from sentitell some one, to share her news of mentalists who view the move as sac- nally controlled the region many Turks, resigned to fate, trekked to Asia Minor; and under the Greek control of the past few years that movement has continued. As a result the Thrace of today is even more strikingly non-Turkish than in the past.

#### Adrianople First Turk Capital.

"On the Maritza and in Thrace, barely twenty 25 miles from the present Bulgarian border, is Adrianorle, second city of old European Turkey, and a strong sentimental reason for the Turk's desire once more to possess Thrace. Thracian land was the first in Europe to fall under Turkish sway; and while Constantinople still remained Byzantine, Adrianople was the Ottoman capital. From there they crushed the Serbians, and finally, in 1453, seized the great city on the Straits. There, though in ruins, is the first European palace of the Sultans and the grave of the first Sultan, Murad.

"Formerly Adrianople was a thriving centre of trade with the far flung regions of Rumill. But as the European portion of the Ottoman Empire dwindled, and Bucharest, Athens, Belgrade and Sofia, released from Turkish control, grew from dingy mud villages to bustling towns, Adrianople lost ground. The city still contains about 50,000 inhabitants, however, 



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