THE DANGEROUS ROAD

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

THE STORY THUS FAR:

When Joyce Avery was quarantine at home waging a successful battle against small daughter, Jeannie, small daughter, Jeannie, her husband, Cliff, was carrying on an affair with Ellen Hamlin, a stenographer. Joyce later hears of the affair and in a fury leaves the house. Cliff is unhappy because he is not engaged in architecture, as he studied to be, but sells real estate. Joyce, determined on enforced separation, she writes Jeannie's father, with whom she has quite a quarrel, and Cliff to stay at home with Jeannie to act as nurse. Joyce, Cliff's dress designs, although very good, are unmarketable, but she fortunately gains a position in the advertising office of a large department store.

Joyce finds living quarters with an old Irish landlady.

Cliff finds home a lonely place without Joyce, up against it, calls Cliff up and agrees to

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 27

Marjorie joined Joyce at the breakfast table, though she had eaten early with Joe, before he took a morning train out of town. Jeannie, after the excitement of the preceding evening, was sleeping later than usual, and Joyce had slipped out without disturbing her.

"You know, there's a hitch in this job," Joyce said as she lingered over her second cup of coffee. "I didn't think much of it at the time, but the man I see is Mr. Cornell—the manager—" She found herself unaccountably stumbling. "I called you Miss Avery. He doesn't know I'm married."

"Well, what of it? It isn't any concern of his, is it?"

"Lots of times won't employ married women, unless they're widows or their husbands are crippled or something. I oughtn't to let them—think—"

"Joyce Avery!" Marjorie vehemently pushed her cup from her. "If you let this job slip through your fingers on account of a darn quixotic notion like that—. What business is it of theirs? What right have they to decide your life for you? They hired you because they liked your work, didn't they?"

"Yes," Joyce admitted feebly.

"Well, then!" Marjorie thrust the prong of a fork ferociously into the table cloth. "They don't ask a man, before they hire him, if he has a wife rich enough to support him, or an income from bonds, do they? I don't want to talk like a blooming feminist meeting, but if you lose out on this Joyce, I—I couldn't bear it."

"We needn't cross any bridges," Joyce said soothingly. "I think you're right, on general principles. Probably I'd better just say nothing about it."

"I wouldn't take any risks, anyhow. Now you run along. I'll let Jeannie sleep till the last possible moment, and then nip her off to school."

Joyce was glad of the opportunity to walk to the store. She told herself that she needed the exercise made possible by the extra half hour, but what she really wanted was time—time to think.

Marjorie was right; she didn't want to lose the job—she couldn't lose it! At the very thought her hands quivered at her sides. Saturday it had been a compromise, almost a disappointment. But it had somehow become overwhelmingly important. Could she accept a lie, to save her skin? Marjorie was right—if men tried to make women's whole lives over to fit what, women were justified in getting around them when they could. Perhaps the store people wouldn't mind, after all. But suppose they did. They'd have the whip hand; she would be in no position to argue with them. They could enforce their principles, and if hers differed, they could simply go by the board, even though she was the one directly concerned. What cowardice to decline to hit your head against a stone wall? If she lost this chance, she suddenly felt, she would be hurled back into nothingness, an utter void of failure. She would not have the faintest idea what to do next.

Still in a whirl of conflicting arguments, she hung her hat and coat in the locker assigned her, and sat down on a chair in a room with "Advertising" marked in black letters on the ground glass door. Somehow she had expected that the laconic Mr. Grainge would be immediately visible. He wasn't; and as she listened to the click of typewriters around her she felt very much an outsider. The machinery whirled around her, and she had no more part in it than a floating grain of dust.

"Mr. Grainge would like to see you now, please."

Joyce had not heard the approach of the messenger. She started violently at the sound of his voice at her elbow. Then she found herself inside the door of a private office, and heard the click of the latch behind her as the messenger girl withdrew. She was looking into the face of her dream. To her annoyance and surprise, she felt her cheeks bush hotly with embarrassment. She had no right to know how that dark, reserved young face looked when he smiled her. It was as if she had inadvertently spied upon him.

"I will first outline the main features of our style show to you," he was saying in the low, penetrating voice he remembered so vividly. "Then our buyer, Miss Server, will show you the models which we would like to feature in your drawings. Er—I beg your pardon; I ought to have said good morning, Miss Avery."

Joyce felt the corners of her lips twitch. She had an almost uncontrollable impulse to laugh and tell him that he need not be extravagant with words on her account, since he seemed to dislike speaking them unnecessarily—but that would certainly not be a proper speech from an employee.

"Good morning," she said inanely. Then, clutching the back of a chair with tense fingers, she knew that she must tell this man at once that she was married. It was no use before Mr. Cornell," he said. He scorned the insipidity of the words. Cornell would ask all sorts of questions. He'd never keep her when she exposed her private affairs and proved to him that it was absolutely necessary for her to earn her living. Maybe it was, but it would be humiliating to a girl like that, with pride in the very curve of her nostrils, to be put through such a cross-examination. "I'll take the responsibility," he said firmly. "But, if you don't mind, I think you'd better keep to the Miss for office purposes. It will save comment. We'll keep it as a secret between us."

He had not meant to say that last sentence. It had sprung from his lips without warning. It established a bond between them, a subtle, personal bond. And her eyes—why, they weren't plain gray at all! They were shot through with gleams of golden light, like the flecks in certain kinds of sealing wax. What an absurd comparison! He caught himself smiling. She must not think he was laughing at her. But she didn't. She was smiling back.

"If that's settled, then—?"

Settled? At that moment Robert Grainge felt more unsettled than he had ever been in his life. He, who was always decisive, found himself murmuring a vague longer a question of honor or risk. It was a blind reaching out for safety—safety from what, she could not stop to think.

"I've got to tell you that it's Mrs., not Miss, Avery," she said rapidly. "I hope it won't make any difference. But I had to let you know." Her voice in her own ears sounded throaty and queer.

Grainge stared up at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. Her eyes had turned gray-dark as winter water, under brows drawn together in an anxious frown. He had hardly noticed her the other day, but he found himself noting how the sensitive responsiveness of her lips warred with the firm determination of her chin. A face for trouble—but one not easily vanquished. What was the color of hair like that? Some was hard and metallic. It was—he groped in memory—it was just the color of fallen birch leaves.

He roused himself with an effort. She wanted the job, did she? Perhaps she had married a rotter. It didn't matter. He'd do what he could. And she was not appealing. There was no flinching and whining about her. He splintered the heavy silence of the room.

"I don't think we need lay it 'Yes.'"

"Then bring on your buyer!" There was a lilt in her voice, a mingled tremor of fear, excitement, and an altogether unreasonable gaiety.

Decidedly, the interview had not closed on the note of a new employee receiving directions from her superior.

CHAPTER 28

Robert Grainge had reached the age of twenty-five without ever failing in love. In fact, he had thrown out a protective wall of reserve in order to guard against any such contingency. He couldn't afford it. Except for one woman, women had been definitely excluded from his life by the explosion of a pistol nine years ago.

The pistol had been held in the hand of Robert's father, and no one had heard the shot, for it was fired late one rainy night in a public park. His sodden body was found by a policeman the next morning. It was a sixteen-year-old boy who was called to the morgue by telephone, to certify the identification made by papers in the dead man's pocket, and who, bewildered with horror, had gone home to tell his mother. That pistol shot had not only killed Grainge, senior. It had also killed his son's boyhood.

The Grainges had lived with a casual, open-handed affluence, on which Mrs. Grainge's connection with money affairs was limited to the signing of occasional papers.

"Right here, dear," her husband would say, placing the pen in her hand and pointing to a blank line at the end of a printed sheet whose technical phrases Mrs. Grainge would not have understood, even if she had read them—which she never did. Even the household bills were mailed to his office address. The checking account was in his name, and one of the papers which he brought her to sign was a power of attorney. He had told her what it was, and she had said, "All right, darling. Don't you think it would be nice to get one of those new Victrolas for Robert? The master at his school tells me that he has a real appreciation of music." She thought a power of attorney had something to do with hiring the services of a lawyer.

"Sure. Go ahead," Vincent Grainge had agreed largely, and kissed her as he took th pen from her fingers.

Vincent Grainge was a natural plunger. The long end of a chance had an irresistible appeal to him. He bought largely of real estate in a town where a huge power dam, replacing the old locks of the river rapids, was to bring huge industrial advancement. The dam was built, but in the distribution of power the boom failed to materialize, and the land, bought in a rising market, had eventually to be sold for a fraction of its purchase price. He assumed a half interest in the building of a large new hotel, suitable for convention purposes, far in advance of the ordinary needs of the town. It was the finest hotel for a town of its size in the middle west. But the glory, as well as the hotel, was empty.

With the remnant of a once comfortable fortune, he moved his family to the city, seeking larger opportunities. They were not hard to find. In fact, opportunities were so large and so numerous that they speedily engulfed the remainder of his resources. He was by no means a fool, and his judgment was not intrinsically bad. But he was temperamentally incapable of taking an interest in small profits. He could point to men who had succeeded by taking risks of greater than his. But he was one of the larger, though less spectacular, number of men whom such methods crushed under an accumulating avalanche of failure. In the end, when he had exchanged the last of his wife's government bonds for stock in a new automobile company which was frozen out a few months later, he tipped his last taxi driver at the entrance to the park, and, when the sound of the returning cab had merged in the distant blur of the night traffic, put a pistol to his head.

The boy of sixteen was taken out of school and spent several days in conference with a lawyer who had been his father's friend. He was so ignorant of business that he did not even appreciate the generosity with which the lawyer proffered his services without fee. But he knew what it meant when it was found that even the payments on his father's life insurance had lapsed. In the first paid of long trousers he had ever owned, he took the job which the lawyer, by the exercise of more personal influence than the boy guessed, secured for him.

He stopped his mother's charge accounts when he found that the line between necessity and luxury was one which she could not, at her age, move about two hundred degrees down the scale. He bought everything himself. She was a brave woman in her way. She did not complain, and it wrung his heart the more to see her, without comprehension but without protest, do without things that were essential to her conception of civilized life.

Robert combined something of his father's enterprise with a hard-schooled cynicism, towards phenomenal opportunities. Slight-handed, he had supported his mother until her death a year ago—he was glad that she had lived to have many of her old comforts restored to her. But from the day when he had drawn down the coarse sheet and gazed at his father's distorted face on the tilted slab in the morgue, he had armored himself against emotion. When the biting urge of youth raced through his veins, he clamped down upon it, first by long and striding walks through the city streets after working hours, and later, when a dollar or two could be spared without upsetting the rigid weekly budget, by attending concerts.

It did not occur to him now that he was in any sense in love with Joyce Avery. He had definitely made up his mind that Joyce's husband was a rotter, without suspecting that desire had anything to do with establishing the details of the picture. He found himself taking a day by day interest in the style show far beyond his usual conscientiousness. She had talent, that fact. She was a woman who had to be a drafted private in the dull and apparently unending war with poverty. He wanted her to succeed! She was a hard-working girl.

He developed the habit of glancing into the art room a few minutes after closing time. If he saw Joyces' head bent over her drawing board, he would suddenly recall certain letters that he might as well get out of the way without waiting till morning. There was nothing to go home to, anyway, nothing but the empty flat which he had not the heart to leave after his mother's death. The vast building, with its shrouded forms and draped counters, was utterly quiet; even the elevators had stopped running. He felt her presence, something sharp and stinging, through the dark silence. They two alone, in a world of grotesque, inanimate shapes, a world as cut off from ordinary day time life as the sleeping castle of a fairytale.

Joyce grew accustomed to seeing a line of light under the door marked "Advertising" when she closed the art-room door behind her and stepped her way to the back stairs leading through the night watchman's room to the street. Always the light was snapped off before she reached it.

"Late again, too?" said the low, vigrant voice, as he guided her down the winding stairs.

Joyce wondered if she should say something. It would be too silly if she assumed that he was waiting for her when he was only working late himself. That was the mistake of a romantic school girl, always looking for a personal interest in the most commonplace accidents. Still, for a mere coincidence, it was becoming extremely regular.

"Look here," she burst out when they had turned the corner in a silence which Grainge showed no intention of breaking, "I hope you don't just wait to see me out of the building. I'm not a bit afraid, you know."

"I know you're not," was the somewhat inconclusive reply.

Grainge never offered to accompany her farther than the street corner where he turned off to his own flat. She did not remember that she had told her about his dead mother—and she was far from knowing that she was the first person to whom he had spoken about his personal life in years. Yet as she walked on alone, she found herself trembling. It was not a tremor of cold or weakness—it was rather as if her whole body vibrated with a terrifying exhilaration.

"But this is absurd!" she heard herself say aloud. "I'll ask Marjorie to invite him to the house. I'll have a new Jeannie." Insincerely, she flung the child between them as a safeguard.

"I'd like to have my boss over some evening," she said casually to Marjorie, when Jeannie, after a wide-eyed rehearsal of a visit to the zoo, had quieted down at last. "He's a very silent young man who has lived all alone since his mother died. I don't think he goes about much. He'll probably enjoy a little social diversion." Why did she go on and on like that? She was explaining far more than there was any need.

"Well, that sounds like a kindly act," Marjorie answered calmly. "Why not?"

Marjorie's tranquil common

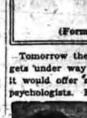
(Continued in Tomorrow's Daily Press.)

Nervous Player Often Capable of Rising to Great Occasions

By GENE SARAZEN

(Former Open and Present Metropolitan Champion)

Tomorrow the National Amateur gets under way and in a measure it would offer a curious study for psychologists. Most fans have the feeling that it will be that golfer who is unaffected inwardly by the greatness of the affair who will have the best chance of winning. I have felt from time to time that if I could but repress a nervous feeling when I first lined up for the tee shot that would start officially my entrance into the tournament, I would be much better off. Of late however I have come to realize that a touch of a nervous temperament much more than formerly. It is my conviction that it is just this sort of golfer that proves most dangerous when his back is to the wall. The rather placid player who performs in his easy way is often the easiest player to beat. Never, it seems, is he aroused to a pitch where he can play beyond himself, or rise immediately to a drastic occasion.



In this National Amateur there is certain to be a sprinkling of both extremes of these two natures. Perhaps an over abundance of one is as bad as too much of the other. But I would say it is better to have a portion of this nervous temperament on hand to be affected by the fortunes of the golf links than to have none at all.

There are quite a few golfers who no doubt think that Jones himself is not given to nervousness. Therein they are wrong for though Jones does play with a machine like consistency there perhaps is no more nervous golfer on the field than this same player. Constant tournament play has given him the capacity to conceal this tension, but it is underneath always, driving Jones to greater deeds and once leading never for eminence relaxing. There are times when the worry and strain of a championship match will remove a total of eight ten pounds from Bobby's frame. It is an easy matter to fall into a don't care attitude when the game seems all wrong but the Joneses of this golfing firmament never do.

Hagen Needs Inspiration To Play Best

There are many golfers of the nervous type who on the other hand can never seem to get going unless the scene is conducive to a great anxiety. Perhaps in this category we may list Hagen. At all times he seems a cool, calculating player but those who have followed his career know that he always plays best in keen competition. In practice the Hague seldom plays well and this is also often the case in matches where there is nothing at stake. Let a tournament occur where there is something to fight for, one that inspires him and he is likely to leave the rest of the field way behind.

As I mentioned above there is certain to be more than a sprinkling of both in the field of battle tomorrow. Jones, Von Elm and Sweetser I know belong in the nervous type category and fight most desperately when the tide seems against them. Perhaps one of them will win the title. Then again may be some bitterto unknown who will be aroused to such a fighting nervous pitch that he will gallop headlong through the field shooting golf that he never thought possible and will probably never again shoot up tournament ty.

Park Commission Rev Boosted by Good Weather, Expected to Exceed Expenses

Receipts Surpass Estimates Made In January; Total Income May Aggregate $1,500,000.

Receipts of the Westchester County Park Commission from Playland and the three county golf courses and other income-producing parks have already passed the 1929 estimated revenues and there is every indication that before the close of the season the revenues will be considerably in excess of the operation and maintenance costs, Jay Downer, chief engineer of the Park Commission, states.

The main of $1,344,000 for estimated revenues for 1929 was passed on Labor Day, said Downer, and with Playland and the golf courses open until around the first of October there is every indication that sufficient additional funds will be received to cover the additional $200,000 appropriation made by the supervisors in the county budget last January for the net cost of operation and maintenance over estimated income.

At present, said the chief engineer, only about $150,000 is needed to make up this appropriation in addition to the total budget for operations mentioned above and with good weather this mark is expected to be reached, making the total income from the parks more than $1,500,000.

The estimated revenue from the parks for this year was, in round figures, $1,344,000. Revenues reported by the Park Commission as a result of the season's operations, plus, are $1,376,336.

The total budget for the year for operation and maintenance is $1,460,000, representing the estimated revenues and the difference of around $200,000, for which an appropriation was made in the county budget by the supervisors.

The income reported represents the largest total ever received by the park commission and is said to be due largely to the expansion of recreational facilities at Playland and to the warm weather of the past summer. Record breaking crowds were reported on all holidays at the Rye Beach resort as well as at the golf courses at Saxonhanse, Maplemoor, and Sprain Brook, the last named in Yonkers having been opened only in the middle of the season.

The $200,000 appropriation made in January by the supervisors for the Park Commission was a working fund to give the commission funds with which to operate until the gates were opened in the spring. Its patronage must be repaid to the county out of the earnings.

Should the revenues for 1929 be sufficient, as now appears, it is predicted that there will be no need next year for any operating appropriation to be made for the Park Commission by the Supervisors and there is confidence expressed that within a few years the parks will have built up a working fund sufficient for all expansion needs.

Plans are now under way, it is definitely known, to enlarge Playland, the principal addition being the new $600,000 casino, the object being through this and other similar buildings to keep that resort on a revenue-producing basis the year around, so that the entire year instead of only in the summer season as at present.

SHOWERS GIVE SOME RELIEF

Temperature Drops But Rain Has Slight Effect on Dry Timber Lands

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 6.—While occasional light showers brought relief from the heat wave which had sent thermometers soaring into the 90's for three successive days, the rain had little effect in checking the fire hazard which threatens the forests, a survey indicated today.

Gustave S. Lindgren, government weather forecaster, said he hoped for a continuation of rain today, but that the scattered showers which sprinkled the state yesterday had no visible effect on the six hundred woodlands.

Reports to the state water supply commission indicated diminishing water supplies in additional cities. Many already have felt the pinch of the arid spell. Oneonta, a city of 12,000 reported scarcely an inch of water in the main reservoir and nearly 75 per cent of the reserve supply used up. State Health Department experts are surveying the Susquehanna River and Otsego Creek as possible emergency sources.

A forest fire raging near the New York-Vermon border yesterday threatened the main power line of the Twin Cities light and Power Corporation, which runs between Hoosick Falls, N. Y. and Bennington, Vt.

POSTPONED

Fairview Taxpayers Association Will Hold Meeting Next Thursday, President Announces

Another postponement of the scheduled meeting of the Fairview Taxpayer's Association occurred last night when, on account of small attendance, it was decided to put off the meeting one week. It was so announced by President Hoag.

The association will meet next Thursday night at the Fairview Fire House, Greenburgh, and at that time will appoint committees and discuss a tentative program to be followed during the coming season.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

DOBBS FERRY WINS PAVING BLOCK FIGHT

County Engineer Agrees to Substitution When Village Bears Burden of Cost

Feeling that the county would in no wise be burdened by the offer of the Village of Dobbs Ferry to have one section of the paving now under way at that village on the Albany Post road done with asphalt blocks, the budget and appropriation committee agreed to recommend this to the Board of Supervisors on Monday.

County Engineer Charles MacDonald appeared before the committee today to point out that recently the village has felt that it would be for the best interests of traffic to have the hill portion of Broadway running through the village paved with the asphalt block instead of concrete.

He said that this would cost an additional $10,000 to $12,000, but that inasmuch as the village was willing to bear the added cost of the repair to the road, he recommended it to the committee.

The move to change the paving on this strip was regarded as an "affront" to the county engineer, in the opinion of members of the village board at a recent meeting, and an attempt was made to rescind the motion last week. Voting on it was withheld until Mayor Warren Benedict could consult with the county engineer. The county is at work widening and repairing the roadway through the village of Dobbs Ferry and Hastings.

PETITION

Residents of East Irvington, Greenburgh, presented a petition to the Town Board yesterday, asking that their territory be included in a new fire district.

The petition, similar to one presented by residents of the unincorporated sections of Elmsford some time ago, asks that a contract be entered into by the town and the village of Irvington for the purpose of assuring these residents of proper fire protection.

The petition was referred to the Board of Assessors and the town counsel.

MAKE YOUR HOUSE BRIGHT AS A NEW DOLLAR

by giving it a couple of coats of paint.

Freshening up with paint not only adds to your house's looks but increases its value and protects it against the weather.

We handle a complete line, including the well known

UZAR BEST PREPARED HOUSE PAINT

MADE IN 24 SHADES

White Plains 42 Main St. Tel. W. P. 2936 — NEVIUS PAINT STORE — New Rochelle 51 Lawton St. Tel. N. R. 4341

We are only voicing the expressions of hundreds who have visited our salon when we say that the new Cord is the sensation of the year. We cannot urge you too strongly to visit this display and see for yourself the truth of this statement.

ANTONIO DI SCALA
ANTONIO BELLANTONI

THE NEW CORD

A FRONT DRIVE AUTOMOBILE

NOW ON EXHIBITION

Auburn Clarion Co., Inc.

DI SCALA & BELLANTONI, Inc

56 MAMARONECK AVENUE

TELEPHONE WHITE PLAINS 2614

(Copyright, 1929, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)