



JEZEBEL

A Warner Bros. Picture starring BETTE DAVIS as "JEZEBEL" with HENRY FONDA, GEORGE BRENT, MARGAREE LINDAY, DONALD CRISP, FAY BURNETT, RICHARD CROWDLEY, HENRY O'NEILL, SPRING BYINGTON, JOHN LITEL, A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION, Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abner Finkel and John Huston; From the Stage Play by Owen Davis, Sr., Fictitious by Harry Lee

THE STORY THUS FAR: Miss Julie Marsden, beautiful and wilful ward of General Bogardus, gives a reception at her home during Mardi Gras week to announce her engagement to Pres Dillard, a young banker. She does many things to anger him and to shock society. He refuses to take her to the Proteus Hall dressed in red and she tries to get Buck Cantrell—a former suitor who has just fought a duel for her sake—to take her, but he refuses. She goes to the ball with Pres and afterward so infuriates him that he leaves town. He comes back in a year when yellow fever is raging in New Orleans. Julie rushes to him to beg his forgiveness but he introduces the wife he has brought from the North. Outwardly calm, Julie decides, by fair means or foul, to win back his love.

CHAPTER VI

"Good morning, ladies! What got you up so early?"

Julie burst radiantly into the drawing room where Aunt Belle and Amy waited so anxiously. She wore an attractive gown and carried flower shears and a basket of roses, and Zette, the mulatto girl, followed her.

"Julie," said Aunt Belle, "the men went out before sunrise!"

"Really?" She spoke casually as she arranged the roses.

"And you well know why they went out!" exclaimed Amy.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Dillard, I do! They went out for a meeting—a silly custom to you, no doubt—but a part of what we Southerners call our chivalry!"

Suddenly she faced Amy with glittering eyes.

"Do you know sometimes I envy them—to face what you hate—to kill or be killed—to battle something! We can't do that, we women!"

"And it doesn't mean anything else to you?"

"Why should it?"

Young Ted Dillard suddenly stood in the doorway, staring with grim accusation at Julie, the dueling pistol still in his hand. Behind him loomed General Bogardus, and Dick, one of the guests.

Amy ran to the lad crying out his name, and he gripped her arm reassuringly for a moment, and then crossing to Julie, tossed the gun on the table before her.

"Buck's dead," he said with dull bitterness. "I . . . I never saw a man die before. He knew what you'd done. Before he died . . . he . . . told me so . . ." Then, with quivering lips, "Julie, you're a . . . a . . ." He choked up and hurried from the room. It was General Bogardus who broke the painful silence.

"Mis' Amy, we're leaving. If you'll get ready . . ."

"But Uncle Thee," said Julie, attempting to brazen it out, "my invitation was for the week-end . . ."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered gravely, "but we're going."

"Very well, I quite understand."

"I aim to be sure you understand, Julie, you've done as you pleased, at any cost to yourself, or to anyone else, but last night you went beyond yourself. You put yourself beyond the pale. I'll arrange to turn my guardianship over to the bank. My respects, ma'am." He bowed, offered his arm to Amy and they went out.

Noticing Aunt Belle's troubled face, Julie asked harshly, "Well, what are you thinking? Say it!"

"I am thinking of 'a woman called Jezebel who did evil in the sight of God.'"

As Aunt Belle left the room to pack for the trip back to New Orleans, Julie stared at the pistol, with strange fascination.

Suddenly there were shotgun blasts and the muffled shouting of men. Hurrying to the door Julie saw a man face downward on the driveway. Several hound dogs were circling the body barking at it furiously. "Another one to bury, boys," said the Sheriff to his helpers.

"Sorry, General," he went on, "case of had to. We're bound to keep the Yellow Jack under this

time. He was just crazy enough to try sneakin' past the fever line!"

"Has it spread . . . this far?" asked Ted, hollowly.

"Spreadin' like a cane fire all along the river, young fella! Folks is gettin' panicky! That's why we're scoppin' all of 'em, comin' and goin'!"

"You mean no one can get down the river to the City?"

"Not a one, General! That's the law and I can't change it 'cept on a written order from the Guv'ner, and he's goin' to need a powerful lot of persuadin'! Come on, boys!"

Julie broke the embarrassed silence with icy politeness. "You can bring the baggage back into the house, Uncle Cato," she said.

"I believe my guests have decided to stay a little longer!"

The grim company was at the evening meal when a wildly disheveled negro staggered in to say that Pres had been stricken and that old Dr. Livingstone had taken him to the General's home. The negro had hidden in a cane brake, he said, till nightfall, and made his way down river on a stolen boat.

Giving him only time to take some food, Julie was with him on the perilous way back to New Orleans. The General ordered horses, and trusting to the power of his name, made the attempt to get Amy, Aunt Belle, Ted and Dick back to the doomed city. After many hair-raising experiences they found themselves in the sick-room where Pres lay in a state of wild delirium.

Dr. Livingstone, who loved Pres as a son, had been forced to report the case and it was only a question of time when the patient would be taken to the dread island of the lepers, Lazarette.

Amy was determined to go with him there but Julie pleaded with her.

"Of course it's your right to go, Amy . . . you're his wife . . . but are you fit to go? Do you know the Creole word for feverpowder—for food and drink! Can you make the black boys fear and help you? I know you're not afraid, Amy—but I boldly ask a greater sacrifice than Pres's name—his life! I ask you humbly, for the chance to give proof that I, too, can be brave and strong and unselfish! Oh, help me, Amy, help me! Let me make myself clean again . . . as you are clean . . ."

Day was breaking as they carried Pres from the house to the wagon and the tar barrels flared palely. As the black driver turned toward the docks, Miss Julie was walking beside.

Surely the black-veiled penitent no longer was a Jezebel.

THE END

BETHEL

There has been an abundance of rain in this section for the past few months. A hail storm that swept over the community just west of here one day last week did some damage.

Mr. J. F. Mathis has been confined to his home with illness for the past week, and was taken to a Statesville hospital last Sunday for treatment.

Mrs. G. F. Pardue has had as her guest for a few days her mother, Mrs. Hort Eller, from near West Jefferson.

Several relatives from this place of little Mary Gilliam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gilliam of State Road, visited her at the Hugh Chatham hospital at Elkin, where she is seriously ill with colitis.

Little Betty Jean Durham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Durham of this place, was able to return to her home last Tuesday from Hugh Chatham hospital at Elkin, where she was treated for a serious attack of colitis.

Flake Gilliam is spending some time in Winston-Salem, visiting his aunts, Mesdames J. B. Armstrong and Louis Ferlazzo.

Mrs. C. L. Morrison is visiting relatives at Olin, in Iredell county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones and son, Eugene; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Gilliam and children, attended a singing at Lewis Fork church last Sunday afternoon, and visited awhile with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stroud in Wilkesboro in the late afternoon.

Master Charlie Gilliam III, of State Road, is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Melton.

Mrs. C. W. Gilliam, Sr., was

called to Winston-Salem recently to be at the bedside of her brother, Mr. D. C. Rose, who is critically ill at his home there.

Mrs. Jesse Church and daughter, Margaret, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Burchett, here this week.

Mrs. W. T. Morrison visited her brother, Mr. Jones Mathis and family, at Swan Creek, last Sunday. Mrs. Morrison also went to

see her brother, J. F. Mathis, who was ill.

We regret to hear of the illness of Mrs. Fred McBride of Elkin, and wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Bascom (Jack) Ingram has been suffering much from the effect of a wheat beard he had the misfortune of getting in his throat. He is being treated at a hospital in Winston-Salem.

ROCKFORD

Mrs. J. H. Dobson had as her guest Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Graham and daughter, of Copeland.

The annual Sunday School convention was held at Copeland Baptist church Sunday. There were some very good programs

rendered and a lunch that everybody enjoyed.

Mrs. John Nichols, a native of Yadkin, doesn't show much improvement after her long spell of illness.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCormick, Carolyn Ann, age 7 months, died after a brief illness Monday morning in the city hospital at Winston-Salem, where she was carried af-

ter a short treatment at Roaring Gap.

She is survived by her parents and two sisters.

The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Rockford Baptist church.

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