

LIBELLED LADY

ADAPTED BY HERBERT MITCHELL

from the METRO GOLDWIN MAYER picture

STORY — Bill Chandler, Nobel man on the Evening Star, is rebuffed by Warren Haggerty, who had fired him, when the paper draws a \$5,000,000 damage suit for Connie Allenbury, to frame Connie so she can be sued for husband-stealing — the offense she was charged with in the libelous story. Chandler is not married and needs a wife to use for alienation of affections. Haggerty prevails upon his fiancée, Gladys Foster, to marry Bill and then get a divorce after Connie's suit has been withdrawn or quashed. Bill goes to England, contrives to render a service to Connie as she boards the boat for home and to get them to have dinner with him.



Chapter Five ONE FISH ESCAPES!

They had trout for dinner and Chandler seized upon that fact to talk fishing with Mr. Allenbury and succeeded not only in gaining his attention but in making a distinct impression. Connie was so obviously bored that, when the band struck up, Chandler asked her to dance. Bill was but a fair dancer while Connie was a magnificent one.

"I'm afraid I'm not a very good dancer," he said, turning on all his Irish charm.

"So I see," she replied coolly.

"I'll be frank, too. You dance superbly."

"I was expecting something original."

Chandler gave a mock sigh. "Life is so full of disappointments . . . Your perfume — it's exquisite!"

"I never use any."

"Oh," said Bill, taken aback and stumbling a little. "Sorry."

"Don't resent it. Must have been a lurch of the boat."

a brilliant notion to finish our book. He wants me right away — we'll have to work all evening. How's that?" Her apparent acceptance relieved him. "Then that's settled! Cocktails in my stateroom at seven!"

Connie's eyes narrowed. "Where did you say?"

"In my stateroom — the bar's too near the dining room."

"Oh, I see!" There was a mean twinkle in Connie's eyes. "Splendid!"

"Thanks. Good of you," murmured Bill, touched by her cap and left her.

Some time later, while Bill was leaning against a steel upright on the other side of the deck, the private detective leaned against its other side, his back to Chandler.

"Seven o'clock," said Bill, barely above his breath. "She'll be alone in my stateroom. Give us about ten minutes."

"Well," said the man out of the corner of his mouth. "How did you manage it?"

"She thinks I've invited a lot of other people . . ."

Bill grinned with satisfaction as



"I'm beginning to think Mr. Chandler is quite an angler!" said Connie.

"As a matter of fact, it was your eyes," said Bill, with a straight face. "I was so near I wasn't concentrating on my feet."

"You concentrated on mine?"

He used it in silence. "That's a job," Mr. Chandler, and calls for a polite chuckle.

"Your eyes," mused Bill dreamily. "They remind me of something."

"I knew that was coming! The sparkle of a diamond, perhaps the blue of a turquoise?"

"Neither — they remind me of angry marbles!" He was giving her one of his fondest looks when a hand reached out from a table and grasped Connie's arm.

"Connie, my dear!" exclaimed the exclamatory Mrs. Van Arsdale. "See how away from us for dinner tonight, but I'm expecting you tomorrow."

Connie was trapped. "But I'm afraid —" she started lamely, stopped. Chandler rushed into the breach with his quick thinking.

"Awfully kind of you, Mrs. Van Arsdale, but we couldn't possibly work on our book without Connie. She's our inspiration."

Connie, amazed at his effrontery, let him take her in his arms again and dance away.

"I thought I was rather clever," beamed Chandler.

"Yes, I thought you thought so."

"Don't I get a vote of thanks?"

"Oh, by all means. I love being your inspiration."

Back at their table, Chandler and Mr. Allenbury resumed their exchange of fishing lore. "I've decided you're an angler, all right. Mr. Chandler," said the older man, "and I've decided you're a fisherman. You've been good one, too I'll wager."

"I'm beginning to think Mr. Chandler is quite an angler!" said Connie, and got quickly to her feet.

"Now, if you'll both excuse me, I'm quite tired."

It was the last day of the voyage to New York before Chandler saw Connie Allenbury again. She was in a deck chair on the windy side of a companionway, wearing an ugly hat and a pair of glasses. Bill walked quickly towards her as though unaware of her presence, stopped in front of her chair and spoke without a glance towards her. "The disguise is perfect, but I'd know that ankle anywhere." She removed her dark glasses with a resigned sigh. "Remember me? Bill Chandler? I hope you're catching up with your reading."

"Thank you. I just left father on the sun-deck. He's waiting for you. Don't let me detain you."

"Good-bye," said Bill, and sank into the chair beside her. "If I hadn't spotted that shapely ankle I was going to send you a note."

"About fishing?" she asked sweetly.

"No, seriously, I'm in a bit of a jam and need your help. I spend my days discussing fishing with your father and my evenings trying to avoid the Van Arsdales. Tonight I'm covered for dinner with them and just can't face it."

"So you'd like to rope father and me in, too?"

"Yes and no. I helped you out once, now it's your turn to come through for me. I'm going to tell them that you and your father will also join me for cocktails before dinner."

"Mr. Chandler, you think of the sweetest things."

"Wait a minute! When the Van Arsdales arrive, you can be with your father."

"Father gets all the breaks!"

"And announce," continued Chandler, "that your father has just had

there came a knock at the door of his cabin, looked hastily around the curtains were drawn, cocktail shaker and glasses on the table, the roses conspicuously arranged. He opened the door and his smile faded at sight of Mrs. Van Arsdale and Bill.

"I hope we are not late," gushed Mrs. Van Arsdale, entering. "It was sweet of you to send a message to Connie asking us to have cocktails with you. She isn't coming — she has another headache."

"She asked you to . . ." Bill recovered from his bewilderment. "How stupid of Miss Allenbury — that was tomorrow night!"

When he at length succeeded in breaking away from his uninvited guests, the disgruntled Bill had dinner by himself, went up on deck an hour or so later, and there found Connie in a deck chair enjoying the moonlight. He was embarrassed but quickly recovered his aplomb.

"The ubiquitous Mr. Chandler!" said Connie with an amused air. "How was the cocktail party?"

"Delightful — just right! Charming people, the Van Arsdales. I was very glad you didn't come."

"Oh, were you?" Surprise tinged with resentment colored her voice.

"Yes, I admit my plan was to get you there alone — and you knew it."

"Ah, you are a mind-reader! . . . So am I. . . I saw your room at seven o'clock, just as though I were in it, shades drawn, subdued lights . . ."

"Practically semi-darkness," concurred Bill. "Gypsy music —"

"The wine was drugged, of course!"

"Not a bit of drugged wine on the boat. I shopped every place."

"You mean you were going to depend on your sheer personality?"

"Strange as it may seem, I didn't try to get you to my stateroom for the reason you think. I know I drove you to your cabin for three days. I wanted to know why. I've had my face smacked, been called choice four-word names, but up to now I'd never lost out to a circulating library. I was curious to know the reason."

"And now you know?"

"Now I don't care. I ceased caring two hours ago. I'm truly grateful to you for not falling in with my plan."

"And what caused your change of heart?" Connie was interested now.

"You're too fragile."

She sat up, amazed, on the defensive. "Fragile? Me?"

"Yes — you damage too easily."

She gasped: "Damage?"

"It fascinates me," mused Bill. "Buses for five million dollars. . . . asks damages for five million dollars."

"Oh, so the Van Arsdales told you."

"In passing . . . And a reputation worth five million dollars is a little too precious. In fact, I think any girl who puts that valuation on her reputation should be kept in a glass house."

Connie got quickly to her feet with a surprised: "Mr. Chandler?"

Bill drew hastily away. "Sorry — I'd rather not get too near you!"

She looked at him for a moment in sheer amazement, checked by a new and growing interest. Then she turned on her heel and walked away.

Bill's eyes followed her, the corners of his mouth twisted into a smile of anticipatory expectancy.

IN WASHINGTON WHAT IS TAKING PLACE BY Rufus R. Rindley UNITED STATES SENATOR

Development of the Shenandoah and Great Smoky Mountains National Parks, connected by a great 500-mile highway which will be perhaps the outstanding scenic route of the world, is more evidence of the determined drive to give to all our people a broader and more enjoyable life. These acres of natural beauties and scenic wonders, reserved for the public in a country which has shown too little regard for preserving its soil, its forests and its streams, is a fresh reminder that we must not only utilize the resources that are ours, but must guard carefully these resources for future generations.

Creation of these two great National Parks on land that is not carved from the public domain, as in the case in the West, but purchased by a combination of public and private interests gives new hope that we of today appreciate our responsibility.

They are hopeful signs in our national life, signs that our people are beginning again to want something more than is offered in the toil and routine of this mass-production age. They are also signs that we are becoming conscious of the fact that because men have the happy faculty of gathering to themselves large sums of money and great power, it does not mean that they are wise leaders or that their philosophies are sound. Our new dreams are not the products of individuals. They come from the hearts of our millions.

There is no more fitting time to recall that since the days the Indians roamed the hills and valleys that will soon resound to the purr of motor cars, the screech of horns and voices of happy people, we have been writing new chapters in a history of a great struggle—the conflict between the rights of the people and the Lord Proprietors of wealth. The effort of today to guard carefully and preserve the preeminent rights of the people is fresh hope that gains have been made.

The preparations we are making for a new future for the South as a mecca for vacationing millions clearly indicates that we must meet the shining motor age with ideals that are in accord with the day—not attempt to meet it with wagon-road ideals, however proud we may be of the part they played in our early history.

For untold years there has been a constant struggle between the three branches of our government—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial branches. The responsibility of the legislative branch is to interpret the will of the people in writing the laws that affect their social and economic welfare; the responsibility of the executive branch is to faithfully execute, not dictate those laws, and the judicial branch is charged with seeing that the rights of our people are not infringed by the laws placed on the statute books.

We have come to look upon our courts as the last resort of the people. They should ever be that. They should never be the first resort of private interests seeking to circumvent the rights of the majority of our citizens. If Congress fails to correctly interpret the legislative will of our people, they have a medium for the quick removal of faithless public servants.

There is some merit in the argument that the Constitution provides for amendments and that this is the proper course for meeting new conditions. However, we must not be unmindful of this process is slow. Under it a few states can delay and postpone the desires of the people in a greater number of states. The child labor amendment is an example. While everyone knows that the child labor problem—profit at the expense of unfortunate children of tender years—is a blot on our whole national existence, we have had a proposed amendment to the Constitution pending for thirteen long years.

IN MEMORIAM

Gone, but sweetly remembered. In memory of Edward and Laura Layden. Our hearts are crushed with grief and pain, Since thou hast gone away, And home is but a lonely place, Its sun has set for aye.

Oh! could we have thee back again, As in the days of yore, But oh! 'tis not the Father's will, Thou shalt return no more.

We'll ne'er forget thy gentle voice, Thy words of hope and cheer, For thou wast good and kind to all, Unselfish ones so dear.

The sun shine dim, the days are sad, Our happiness gone, But trusting God we'll bravely wait Reunion's cloudless dawn.

—Emma Layden and Maggie Layden

Classified Legals

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Fannie Butt, 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., Route 3, on or before the 27th day of February, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 27th day of February, 1937.
CHESTER A. BUTT
Administrator of Mrs. Fannie Butt
mar 5, 12, 19, 26 april 2, 9

Farmers Are Sowing Permanent Pastures

The practice of stretching two strands of wire around some scrubby or grullied land and sowing it a pasture, is rapidly disappearing under the Soil Conservation Service program in Rockingham County.

Thirty-nine cooperators have sown or agreed to sow 202 acres to permanent pasture this spring. Nearly every farmer cooperating the Soil Conservation Service and State College Extension Service program is sowing some of his land to new pasture to control erosion.

Realizing that good grass is one of the best and cheapest foods for

cows as well as one of the best agents for erosion control, Zeb Williams, one of the cooperators near Madison, retired 10 acres of tobacco land to permanent pasture. He now has an acre of grass for each cow and mule on his farm and has a good sod on his pasture land to control erosion.

The ground retired to pasture was in a good state of cultivation before it was seeded, thoroughly broken and disked. All corn and tobacco stalks were plowed under. A ton of lime, 400 pounds of fertilizer, and 40 pounds of pasture mixture per acre were applied on the field.

As a further aid in controlling erosion, contour furrows were constructed with a two-horse plow. The furrows will retain in the pasture a large portion of the rain water, which will be absorbed into the ground. The increased moisture will produce a better growth of pasture grass.

The new pasture area will be fenced this spring, but grazing will not be permitted until a good sod has become established.

H. M. SAWYER
Administrator of Lina Sawyer Jackson.
Feb. 12, 19, 26, Mar. 5, 12, 19

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of William Felton, 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 on or before the 9th day of February, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 9th day of February, 1937.
J. R. STOKES,
Administrator of William Felton.
Feb. 12, 19, 26, Mar. 5, 12, 19

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Moses White, 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 Belvidere, N. C., Route 1, on or before the 15th day of February, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 15th day of February, 1937.
G. R. RIDDICK,
Administrator of Moses White.
Feb. 19, 26, Mar. 5, 12, 19, 26

North Carolina, In the Perquimans County Superior Court Before the Clerk

Arabella Morgan and husband, E. W. Morgan, Elizabeth Britt and husband, J. T. Britt, Adelaide Gregory and husband, J. A. Gregory, heirs-at-law of Henry Elliott, dec'd., Eddie Harrell and wife, Selma, and Noah Bright, husband of Mary Jane Bright, dec'd.

vs.

Viola Mae Bright, daughter of Mary Jane Bright, daughter of Henry Elliott, dec'd. and Ralph Odell Bright, son of Miola Mae Bright, defendants.

NOTICE OF SALE
Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court made and entered on the 23rd day of February, 1937, in the above entitled cause, the undersigned commissioner will on Saturday the 27th day of March, 1937, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the Courthouse door in Hertford, N. C., offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate belonging to the late Henry Elliott, deceased, viz:

Beginning at Newby, Winslow, and Long corner N. 46 deg. E. 13.80 chs.,

thence S. 53 deg. E. 4.60 chs., thence N. 62 1/2 deg. E. 33.75 chs., thence N. 43 1/2 deg. W. 15.30 chs., thence N. 54 deg. E. 14.60 chs., thence S. 53 deg. 8.80 chs., thence N. 36 1/2 deg. W. 7.40 chs., thence S. 49 1/2 deg. W. 72.10 chs., to swamp to a post, thence N. 38 1/2 deg. E. 1 1/4 chs., thence S. 48 deg. E. 7.15 chs., to the point of beginning containing 101 acres, be the same more or less.

Said sale is made for the purpose of dividing said land and the proceeds therefrom among the lawful heirs of Henry Elliott, deceased.

A deposit of five per cent of the amount bid will be required of the successful bidder immediately after the sale.

The right is reserved by the court to reject any or all bids.

Dated and posted this 24th day of February, 1937.
C. K. HOLMES,
Commissioner.
Feb. 26, Mar. 5, 12, 19

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Fannie Butt, 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., Route 3, on or before the 27th day of February, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 27th day of February, 1937.
CHESTER A. BUTT
Administrator of Mrs. Fannie Butt
mar 5, 12, 19, 26 april 2, 9

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This 1st day of February, 1937.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Lina Sawyer Jackson, 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 Durants Neck, N. C., on or before the 27th day of February, 1937, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

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This 1st day of February, 1937.

YOUNG Mules And Horses Well Broken

TERMS: CASH OR CREDIT

We Guarantee As Represented

WILSON MULE EXCHANGE
HERTFORD, N. C.
T. W. Wilson Frank M. Wilson

NOTICE

Will begin shelling April 3rd. In 1935 shelled 700 bags of seed peanuts. Last year 1,441 for 228 farmers in seven counties in North Carolina and one in Virginia. We expect to shell 2,500 bags this season. We are equipped to shell large or small peanuts.

WINFALL PEANUT CO.

PHONE 5164 WINFALL, N. C.

To Our Farmer Friends

FOR BIGGER YIELDS FROM YOUR FIELDS

INVEST YOUR MONEY IN

SCO-CO

High Quality Fertilizers

The Southern Cotton Oil Company
HERTFORD, N. C.
A Neighboring Institution