

LIBELED LADY

ADAPTED BY LESLIE MITCHELL

From the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



SYNOPSIS — In carrying out the very handsome bargain he had exacted from Warren Haggerty, managing editor of the New York Star, to quash the libel suit for \$5,000,000 brought against the paper by Connie Allensbury, Bill Chandler (after marrying Haggerty's fiancée as a temporary thing) he could see Connie for alliteration of alliteration) goes to London to return home on the same ship with the Allensburys. He tries to get another wire saying everything's all right. He could find them alone there, but Connie sends some one else. Bill begins to arouse her interest when he tells her he is glad she did not come — a girl so fragile that her reputation is worth five million should be kept in a glass house.

Chapter Six THE BRIDE IS SURPRISED.

Chandler arrived at his hotel apartment where he had left his two-hour bride, to find Warren Haggerty awaiting him and demanding an explanation.

"First you wire us that everything's jake — she's coming to your cabin for cocktails; then we get another wire saying everything's all right. What happened?"

"The wonder boy laid an egg!" cooed Gladys.

"She never stirred from her cabin for three days," explained Chandler, ignoring Gladys's miscreant. "Then when I had everything arranged for her to come to my room for cocktails she didn't show."

"What is this fatal fascination you have for women?" simpered Gladys. "For two weeks I've been planning my big scene — giving myself to art just sitting here alone, in solitary confinement, I even had my ticket to Reno, hotel reservation and a lawyer engaged and for what?"

"All right."

"Who's phoning at this hour?" demanded Gladys. "For me?"

"Flowers for you on the way up. I've got to hide the bed clothes before the boy comes up. Open the door."

After a moment's frantic search, Gladys cried: "I've lost the key!"

"You would!" Chandler threw down the bedclothes, took the key from the front door and unlocked the door to the bedroom. Gladys confronted him in the doorway.

"Where did you get the key?"

"The front door key always fits both doors," he told her.

"You mean the key was there all night?" she asked, disbelievingly.

"Where did you expect it to be?" he replied off-handedly as there came a knock at the door. He threw the quilts and pillow into the bedroom, opened the door and took the box of flowers.

"For me, dear?" asked Gladys, taking an alluring pose in the doorway.

"Yes, darling." While he tipped the bellboy, she opened the box and read the card.

"I didn't send those flowers. Hag-



"I'll have a fishing coach here in the morning," said Haggerty, "he'll teach you."

"Is a million to one you'll never see those people again," said Haggerty dejectedly.

"I'm seeing old man Allensbury tomorrow. I'm leaving town with him for his lodge in the Adirondacks — a week-end of fishing."

"Why, that's fine, Bill! Great! Is Connie —"

"No, she won't be with us, but it's a perfect in. After a week-end with him there it's a cinch to draw an invitation to his Long Island manor."

"Perfect!" jubilated Haggerty. "It's an even better set-up than the boat. Don't you think so, Gladys?"

"As a Romeo I still insist that you're a washout!"

"Will you close up, Gladys? Bill's done good work. But up to a minute ago I was plenty worried."

"Where you stop worrying, I begin," said Bill. "I'm going trout fishing tomorrow and I've never held a rod in my hand. I told Allensbury fish tales that would curl your hair — enthralled, fascinated him. Now, I've got to deliver or he'll know I'm a liar. And then he'll begin to wonder why I lied."

"That's not so good," hemmed Haggerty, then snapped his fingers. "I'll have a fishing coach here in the morning. He'll teach you."

"In the morning? Him? Here?" demanded Gladys. "Where am I supposed to go?"

"You stay here of course. Remember, you're married."

"If I could only forget it!" Bill started for the bedroom and she demanded belligerently: "Hey! Where are you going?"

"To make up my bed — here in the living room." He went into the bedroom, and Gladys appealed desperately to Haggerty:

"Why can't you stay here? There's two beds."

"The three of us? Be reasonable! Would that look married?"

"You mean you're willing to leave me, your fiancée, here alone with that guy?"

"Bill's my friend. I trust him like a brother. Why, he won't know you are in the place!"

"Are you trying to tell me that I could be alone with a man and he wouldn't know I was around?"

"Go ahead! Run along!" said Gladys, her vanity piqued. "But when he comes tapping at my door I'm going to telephone you and you come and get me. And, unless you cuckoo, you'll hear from me before midnight!"

Haggerty seized on the dismissal to make a quick get away. Chandler returned from the bedroom, his arms filled with quilts and a pillow. Gladys ostentatiously examined the lock on the bedroom door. She took the key and put it in the lock on the inside.

"This door doesn't look very strong."

"I'll have a bolt put on it in the morning," said Bill.

"On my side," said Gladys quickly.

"I'll make it both sides."

She locked herself in the bedroom, put the key under the pillow, but remained undressed, waiting for Chandler to ask admittance. Then she fell asleep in her chair. It was not long after midnight that she heard a knock.

party sent them and signed my name. Just part of the game."

She was miffed. "Oh, I suppose you wouldn't send a girl flowers."

"I've kept more florists shops alive than any man in town. I give orchids away like five-cent cigars."

"But you wouldn't send them to me? Is that it?" She tapped the floor angrily with her toes.

Bill was puzzled. "Not unless Haggerty or the paper paid for them. Now if you don't mind I've got to get dressed and go out for breakfast."

"I don't think you should go out," said Gladys, thinking fast. "Aren't we supposed to have breakfast together? The plan, I mean. Besides, the fish-man is coming."

When there came a knock on the door he started to rise.

"Oh, don't you bother," she said domestically. "I'll go."

It was Evans, the fish instructor whom Haggerty had engaged to give Bill his lessons in fishing.

"I've brought everything, sir — a complete outfit," said the instructor. "You'll have no trouble learning with this equipment."

They moved the furniture out of the way so Bill would have free space in which to practice casting. Bill proved an inept pupil — the worst Evans had ever had, but the instructor moved about patiently and painfully at his coaching job. Gladys watched from a corner of the room.

"No, no, sir!" cried the coach as Bill prepared for another cast. "Keep the elbow low and close! Muscle has nothing to do with it; it's the natural spring in the rod."

Bill let it spring and again caught the hook in the already torn curtains. "Too bad I'm not going fishing for curtains!" he said in disgust. "I'd be a sensation!"

Gladys dislodged the hook. "Maybe if you broke the leg and had to stay home —"

"Now that's what I call constructive!" cried Bill, glaring at her. He cast again. The hook caught in a brass plate on the wall.

"But's eyes!" cried Gladys as the plate rang. "Give the gentleman a cigar!"

The instructor stepped back to lay out a ground plan. "Pretend, sir, there's a five-pound beauty in the pool yonder behind that boulder."

"Mrs. Chandler is the boulder. Would you mind bending forward, Mrs. Chandler? I'm a tall tree just behind you. Don't forget your wrist."

Bill got the rod in position, reeled in the line, then tripped with his wrist. "I think I'll use the catapult switch on this."

Gladys rubbed her hands together like a ball-player. "Remember, there's a man on second!"

Suddenly Bill's wrist stiffened. "It's no use," he raised in self-disgust. "I know the words and I know the theory, but I'm just not meant for an angler. The only way I can do it is like this."

He flung the rod in a curious underhand stroke that landed the hook on the rear of the sitting boulder, which was Gladys. She uttered a surprised scream, while the instructor cried wildly: "You did it! You did it! Not one angler in fifty can master that underhand stroke."

Hints for Homemakers

By Jane Rogers



TAKE advantage of a cherished secret of Hawaiian cookery the next time you want your green vegetables to taste especially delicious. Instead of cooking in plain water use one-third natural, unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice and two-thirds water. You'll be delighted with the added tenderness and zest the vegetables acquire.

A discarded, but still firm-on-its-legs table can frequently be converted into a serviceable piece of furniture for the game room by adding a new top of wood fibre insulation, or tempered pressed wood. If the top is to be covered with cloth, the wood fibre insulation should be used, and the cloth laid over it without glue. It can then be drawn tightly and fastened at the sides with large brass-headed upholstery nails. If the table is to be used for beverage glasses, etc., the uncovered, tempered pressed wood is suggested.

DO YOU KNOW—



That the father of jazz—the peculiar syncopated rhythm that is the minut of today — was a man named Razz, who first started playing it with "drum and bones" in New Orleans. Others soon took it up and changed the name from Razz to Jazz.

Uncle Jim Says



Lime and legumes build up the land, boost crop yields, and cut production costs. Are you building up your farm?

RALEIGH VISITOR
Shelton White, of Raleigh, spent several days in Hertford this week, visiting his mother, Mrs. R. T. White.

WOMAN'S CLUB MEETS
Mrs. W. W. Steinmates, of Elizabeth City, President of the Sixteenth District of Woman's Clubs, will speak at the meeting of the Hertford Woman's Club on Thursday afternoon of next week.

The meeting will be held in the club rooms at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon and the program will be in charge of Mrs. R. T. White, who is chairman of the civics department of the club.

Mrs. R. T. Clarke, newly elected president, will preside at this meeting.

VISITING IN GREENSBORO
Mrs. C. T. Skinner is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Winslow, in Greensboro.

CIRCLE NO. 2 TO MEET
Circle No. 2 of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Hertford Baptist Church will meet Monday night at 7:30 o'clock in the Men's Bible Class room of the church, with Mrs. George Chappell as hostess. All members are urged to attend.

MR. WHITE SICK
J. Oliver White has been quite sick at his home in Hertford for the past week.

VISITING BLANCHARDS
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Blanchard have as guests this week Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rudderham, of Shirley, Mass.

MRS. SMITH ILL
Mrs. Ray Smith, prominent resident of the Bagleys Swamp community is very sick.

MR. LONG IN TOWN
Horace Long, Bagleys Swamp farmer, made a business trip to Hertford on Tuesday.

VISITED DAUGHTER
Mrs. B. G. Koonce is expected to return today from Greensboro, where she visited her daughter, Miss Mary Wood Koonce, who is a student at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.

RICHARD FUTRELL ILL
Little Richard Futrell, of Rich Square, is sick with flu at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Elliott. The little fellow came over with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Futrell, for a week-end visit and was taken sick on Sunday.

UMPHLETTS HERE
Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle Umphlett, of Hopewell, Va., spent the week-end with Mrs. Umphlett's mother, Mrs. T. J. Nixon, Sr.

HOLLOWELL NIXON IMPROVES
The condition of Hollowell Nixon, who has been sick with flu, is improving.

MRS. HARDCASTLE RETURNS
Mrs. W. H. Hardcastle has returned from a visit to her aunt, Mrs. M. J. Eborn, at Seawarner, N. J.

RETURN TO PLYMOUTH
Mr. and Mrs. T. P. White have returned to their home at Plymouth after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutton, near Hertford.

MRS. PERRY HERE
Mrs. John Lewis Perry, of Windsor, is spending this week in Hertford with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Riddick.

DANCE EASTER MONDAY NIGHT
Morgan Walker, who recently has conducted dances at regular two weeks intervals, on Friday nights, has announced that the dance scheduled for next week will not be held, as it falls on Good Friday. No dance will be held during Holy Week. There will be a dance on Monday night following, and Mr. Walker is expecting the usual good attendance. These dances have become very popular and the Hertford folks who dance have turned out in big numbers.

CIRCLE THREE TO MEET
Circle No. Three of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Hertford Baptist Church will meet on Monday night at the home of Miss Helen Morgan. All members are invited to be present.

ATTENDS CHEVROLET MEETING
L. N. Hollowell attended a meeting of Chevrolet dealers in Rocky Mount on Thursday.

ENTERTAIN BOOK CLUB
Mrs. V. N. Darden and Mrs. J. C. Blanchard were joint hostesses at the home of Mrs. Darden, to the members of the Book Club on Tuesday afternoon. The rooms were decorated with many beautiful flowers, and after the program the hostess served a dainty sweet course.

The program was in charge of Mrs. J. O. Felton, and those taking part were Mrs. Charles Wheeler and Miss Mae Wood Winslow.

Those present included Messrs. C. P. Morris, C. W. White, Charles Wheeler, I. A. Ward, J. E. White, E. W. Lordley, L. W. Anderson, R. L. Knowles, Oscar Felton, and Misses Mary Sumner and Mae Wood Winslow.



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