

## TWO MEN IN HER LIFE

Marie had just ruined a manure changing the typewriter ribbon, and a splinter in the rung of her office chair had started a run in her brand-new stockings. And, to top it all, her telephone rang with a personal call for her.

"This is Private Thomson," a man's voice announced over the wire.

"Private Thomson?" Marie tossed her black hair and blinked her big gray eyes irritably. "I thought you were a corporal when I met you last last night at the dance."

"That was last night!" His gay, jaunty banter didn't fit in with her spirits. Even though she was remembering some things about the handsome, tall, broad-shouldered soldier with the thick blond hair and the dark-brown eyes—remembering a kiss, for instance, after about ten minutes acquaintance, and the way his arms held her during dances, and that dangerous spark in his eyes when he told her that he believed in love at first sight—even so, his call at that particular moment irritated her. "I've lost my stripes, honey. How about dinner tonight with me? I'll tell you all about how I talked back to my sergeant and lost them. What do you say?"

Before she could flash back her acceptance, the door opened and there stood the boss.

"Sorry to interrupt, Miss Anderson, but I wanted to tell you that we'll have to work tonight." Just that and nothing more. He was gone.

Marie choked back her chagrin. There was always the sunny side, of course. She would be with the boss all evening. So what? The gloomy side showed up again. His well-groomed person, perfect manners, fine features and serious dark eyes, always gave her a thrill. But to what did that add up. After four months of working for him, she was exactly where she started with, terrible goodlooking stenographer's dream.

"Say, honey, are you still on the wire?" Private Thomson demanded from his end.

Marie's cheeks burned with disappointment as she answered:

"Yes, I'm here, but I can't make

## Second A.E.F. Has First Gunnery Drill



Banging away at an unseen target, members of the second American Expeditionary Force in North Ireland sharpen up their shooting eyes with British artillery guns. Obscured by the dense smoke is Major-General Russell P. Hartle, his aide, Captain William O. Darby, and his staff.

(Central Press)

it tonight, Tommy. Have to work."

"Oh, gosh!" His voice fell. "Will I see you at the dance tomorrow night?"

"Sure, if I don't have to work late."

"If you do, honey, I'll be over with my rifle and fell that old dictator where to get off."

A few seconds later, Marie's fingers were back at her typing, but not her thoughts. Tonight would be just like all those other nights she had worked late. Dinner would be brought in from a cafe—a bang-up meal from crab cocktail to peach parfait. Then she would be sent home in one of the boss' cars along with the chauffeur. Dull, and getting her no place.

The door opened again.

"Oh, Miss Anderson," the boss again. This time he seemed to hesitate, as if for the first time he was noting the brilliant glory of her hair, the stunning whiteness of her skin, the vivid gray of her eyes, the soft curve of her throat above the collar of her trim tailored blouse.

"Yes, Mr. Mawden."

"I've decided that we'll work over at my house this evening. We can have dinner there."

Perhaps he said more. Marie did not hear. Somehow, his eyes seemed to be burning into hers. Or did she only imagine such nonsense? Walter Hawden couldn't be in love with her. Mentally, she did some mathematics. She had done the same problem for four months. He was forty. She was twenty-two. Could she love a man old enough to be her father, a man rich enough to own a string of cars, a crew of servants, a town house, and a country estate? That shouldn't be a hard quiz in any man's language. Of course she could, and would, if she had the chance. It wasn't any fun being poor.

But later, alone in the dressing room of the office, putting on fresh lipstick and dabbing her flushed face with powder, her thoughts went back to Private Thomson, lingered on that little-boy look in his eyes, despite the determined slant to his chin. But she pushed them aside to tell herself that Walter Hawden was worth trying for and that money outlasted love.

(The story will continue in next week's paper. Read what happens to Marie.)

The white population increased faster than the non-whites only in the southern and Pacific states, comparison of the 1930 and 1940 census records reveals. In all other sections of the country, the non-whites were gaining. The census bureau says this indicates a large-scale migration of non-whites from the southern to the northern and mid-western states.

Military writers refer to the infantry as the "queen of battles." What they mean, of course, is that in war the infantry is the ace of trump, king-size.

## Negro Arrested On Theft Charge

Harvey Dick, 27-year-old Negro of 1117 Archer street, was arrested yesterday afternoon on charges of larceny in connection with the theft of a \$42 watch, a \$10 leather coat and

\$5 in cash from A. C. Reeves, Franklinville white man.

The alleged theft occurred at 613 East Gaston street, police records showed. Dick, who will be given a hearing in municipal-county court this morning, was lodged in city jail in default of \$500 bond.

## Mrs. Ethel Lee Gets \$7,000 for Bus Accident

Ethel Lee, negro, was awarded \$7,000 damages from the Greensboro-Fayetteville Bus lines for injuries alleged to have been received last fall in an accident on the Sanford highway, in a damage action in the Superior court session presided over by Judge W. C. Harris, of Raleigh. The bus company appealed the verdict. Other cases on the calendar were continued until the August term.

Malta has had 500 air raids since January 1. In that area the sky must seem to be permanently polka-dotted.

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