

Light Fiction Among New Books At Perry Library

Light fiction suitable for the warm summer days still ahead predominates in the new books at the library...

crime savant since Sherlock Holmes. S. S. Van Dine calls Dr. Thorndyke the most convincing and competent of all the scientific literary detectives...

In "The Doctor of Lonesome River" Edison Marshall has written a story of Alaska and those who seek their fortune there.

Britain May Again Warn Herr Hitler

In "The Doctor of Lonesome River" Edison Marshall has written a story of Alaska and those who seek their fortune there.

ALL LEAVES OF ABSENCE IN FRANCE ARE RECALLED Paris, Sept. 9.—(AP)—Leaves of employees in the governments owned communications system were cancelled by Premier-Defense Minister Daladier today...

While officers and sailors of the French Atlantic fleet hurried back to their warships, which were loading supplies and munitions for 60 days of service, the army checked up on its

defenses of the Pyrenees frontier, opposite insurgent Spain. General Alfred Fagalde, commander of the 16th Corps Area, completed a detailed survey of the frontier west of Andorra...

Gordon Grey To Be Named Youth Head

(Continued from Page One.)

vass of the State personally and through his friends and his sufficient votes pledged to assure his election.

BOB THOMPSON APPEALS FOR DEMOCRATIC HARMONY Durham, Sept. 9 (AP)—Robert L. Thompson, secretary to Governor Hoke...

Senator George and Smith are members of the group against whom President Roosevelt has expressed opposition. Smith has been renominated.

and the Georgia primary is next week. "We are becoming contentious over petty opinions and overly jealous concerning personal power," said the keynoter.

Babson Produces Proof Business Is Improving; Sure Of Big Fall Trade

(Continued from Page One.)

season. Private construction doing its part in this improvement.

3. Banking: Debits only 10 per cent below 1937 level. Deposits up \$2,000,000,000 since New Year's. Loans to business reviving. Business failures falling.

4. Prices: Security prices up 40 per cent from lows. Commodity prices climbing. Retail prices eight per cent below last September and holding steady.

5. Light Industries: Textile activity 33 per cent above three months ago. Shoe output has jumped 50 per cent since spring. Lumber "out" up 30 per cent more than normal since Easter.

6. Other Barometers: Weekly car-loadings up 100,000 cars, or 20 per cent, since Memorial Day. Power consumption 10 per cent above June low.

Auto retail sales prospects for September most hopeful in a year.

After reading these figures—based on actual statistics on my desk—can any one doubt that the upswing is real? Putting these facts all together in my Babsonchart Index, I find general business is 11 per cent higher than on June 1. Many people insist that public spending is the sole reason why business is better. I do not agree.

consumed. Production had to start up and it was purely coincidence that the turn came just as the WPA and FWA faucets were opened.

Farmer's Dollar Buys More. There are other factors that will give business a real impetus in the months ahead.

Another bullish factor is more money for wage earners. Rising industrial activity has already lifted the buying power of mill towns and factory cities.

Heavy Retail Trade Expected. Hence, I am bullish on business in general and retail trade in particular for this fall.

There are other factors that will give business a real impetus in the months ahead. Cash receipts from bountiful crops is an important one.

to buy them. Aggressive merchants should have one of the best autumns on record. Salesmen should have an opportunity to make up for the lean months of the spring.

So my advice is: Get busy and make the most of the opportunities ahead.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. March Term 1938. State of North Carolina. The County of Vance.

William Beard, Defendant, The defendant William Beard will take notice:

That an action as above entitled has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina by the plaintiff to obtain an absolute divorce from the defendant on the grounds of two years separation.

That summons was issued on the 7th day of September 1938.

The defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Vance County in the Courthouse in Henderson, N. C., on the 11th day of October 1938 and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 9th day of September A. D., 1938.

E. O. FALKNER, Clerk of the Superior Court, Vance County.

Needham Hargrove. The defendant, Needham Hargrove, will take notice:

That an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, to secure an absolute divorce from the defendant.

The said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County in the courthouse in Henderson, N. C. on the 26th day of September, 1938, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This 25th day of August, 1938. E. O. FALKNER, Clerk Superior Court, Vance County.

Having qualified as Executrix of the Estate of R. H. Craig, deceased, late of Vance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned or to her Attorneys at Henderson, N. C., on or before the 26th day of August, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 26th day of August, 1938. ELMER CORDELLA CRAIG, Executrix of the Estate of R. H. Craig, Deceased.

Gholson & Gholson, Attorneys.

By virtue of authority vested in the undersigned as trustee in a certain deed of trust executed by George Edwards and wife Madie Reed Edwards, recorded in Book 140, Page 363, Register of Deeds office of Vance County, default having been made in the payment of the debt therein secured, and the holder thereof having requested a sale of the security, I will offer for sale at the courthouse door in Henderson on Tuesday the 4th day of October, 1938, at 12 o'clock by public auction, the following described real estate:

Begin at a stake 150 feet N 17 3/4 W from Wm. Merriman's corner on Eastern edge of Rockspring street, thence N 72 1/4 E, 100 feet to a stake; thence N 17 3/4 W, 50 feet to a stake; thence S 72 1/4 W, 100 feet to edge of Rockspring street; thence along said street S 17 3/4 E, 50 feet to beginning; see book 13, page 254, register of deeds office of Vance County North Carolina.

This 2nd day of September, 1938. A. A. BUNN, Trustee.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION SPECIAL PROCEEDINGS. In Superior Court Before The Clerk.

State of North Carolina: County of Vance: Help Barnett, Petitioner.

vs. Frank Barnett and wife, Polle Barnett, Anderson Marrow, single, Bernesthene Marrow, single, Loretta Marrow and wife, Loretta Marrow, Gladys Marrow, single, Enor Marrow Van Devere and husband, Clifford Van Devere, Adolphus Marrow, single, Randolph Marrow and wife, Edith Marrow, Mildred Marrow Rowe and husband, Floyd Rowe, Herman Marrow, single, Ellsworth Marrow, Roy Kenton and wife, Fannie Kenton, Frank H. Kenton, Marshall Kenton, Nathaniel Kenton, Jesse Kenton, Ida Kenton, Addie Downing, Drewery Downing and Cornelia Downing, Respondents.

The respondents Frank Barnett and wife, Polle Barnett, Addie Downing, Drewery Downing and Cornelia Downing will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, to sell lands for division in which they are interested; and the said respondents will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Vance County at the courthouse in Henderson, N. C., on the 3rd day of October, 1938, and answer or demur to the petition in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said petition.

This the 2nd day of September, 1938. E. O. FALKNER, Vance Clerk Superior Court.

AFRAID TO MARRY HELEN WELSHIMER

READ THIS FIRST: Judy Rogers, New York heiress, obtains a job as a model shortly after her father loses his fortune in a financial crash.

THE FRIENDLY spirit in which Judy Rogers had come to Ronald Birrell evaporated as she heard his voice saying: "I've been expecting you."

CHAPTER 10. The friendly spirit in which Judy Rogers had come to Ronald Birrell evaporated as she heard his voice saying:

"I've been expecting you." She did not comment on his statement until she was in his private office. Then she faced him and spoke slowly:

"Why were you expecting me?" "Won't you sit down? I'd like to, and I can't while you stand, you know."

She dropped into a chair. It was deliciously soft and deep after the hard-bottomed chairs and benches of the wholesale house.

"I'm sorry, Judy Rogers, but there are no dividends to amount to anything to report. I'm having Miss Martin prepare a check for you, for what it's worth."

"You mean that there is some money for me?" Judy gasped. "A little. Isn't that why you came?"

Judy's eyes flamed with red lights, and she stood up. "No! I thought we were bankrupt. I don't see how there could be any money. I came for some advice. I . . ."

"You turned to the door. In one more moment she would cry, and he would laugh again. In a quick stride Ronald crossed the floor, took her hands into his strong tanned ones, and looked into the tear-flooded brown eyes.

"Judy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I thought you came to collect. And I hated to think so, and took a coward's way out. I tried to hurt you. Judy, will you forgive me?"

"Why do you care if I borrow or collect? You hate me, and my kind." He dropped her hands. "No, Judy. I don't. That's the trouble, you see. Now what was it that brought you here?"

"She told him briefly. He walked back and forth across the deeply carpeted office twice when she finished. Then he said:

"You're sure you haven't a paper, a sketch, anything?" "Nothing. I've searched everywhere."

"The double-crossing scoundrels! They should be dragged into court and brought to terms. Or maybe we could arbitrate. But Judy—Miss Rogers, we must have some proof. I believe you, but a judge wouldn't."

"Then there is nothing I can do." "I'm afraid not. But I'll not give up. Maybe I can frighten them into confessing. Mind if I try?"

"Of course not. I think you are being fine. I can't pay you, you see, for a long time."

"I don't want to be paid. We still handle your father's affairs. We hope to be busy with them some day again. This is something personal I'm doing for you."

AFRAID TO MARRY HELEN WELSHIMER

READ THIS FIRST: Judy Rogers, New York heiress, obtains a job as a model shortly after her father loses his fortune in a financial crash.

CHAPTER 11. DURING THE next few days Judy Rogers searched again for a job. It rained. It grew colder, and there was a snow flurry.

She relaxed and read the society pages, because the names and the faces were so familiar. It was strange to be living in this world which was so near the one that had been her home, and yet so far removed.

She had arranged for her mail to be held for her at the postoffice. An occasional letter from her mother came. She was sympathetic, not too worried. In her own luxury she did not grasp the economic upheaval which had taken place in her former husband's household.

If her father wrote to her, Judy did not know it. His mail would go to France, and her mother's secretary would forward it on to Judy, so it would be late in coming.

True, there was a chance that her mother might see a letter and wonder. Not likely, though. She never troubled herself with details.

It seemed to Judy on a particularly cold evening that all the girls in Manhattan walked with her— young, slim, eager-eyed, tired, discouraged. She felt them pressing her, hurrying, trying to make the agencies first, that they might ask for any available jobs.

Judy wanted to laugh. She wanted to tell them that they might as well go home, if they had homes. There were no jobs.

In one employment agency she had met a girl who had been attracted to New York by the coming world's fair.

"I thought there would be thousands of jobs," she moaned. "The City of Tomorrow, they call the fair. It held promise. But every position is gone. Swallowed up."

"Yes, I know. I've been there." Judy had waded through debris and machinery and mud in Flushing park meadow, which was a long ride on the subway, to present an application.

"I think I'll go home. My father is a high school teacher. I can get a grade to teach if I want it," Judy's informant went on.

Judy brightened. "Where do you live?" "The girl named a town in Iowa. "Do you think I could teach a grade, too?"

"Have you a normal certificate, or your major in education?" the girl asked. "You must have! You have your background written all over you. Where did you go to school?"

Thoughtlessly Judy named her school. It was one of the ultra-fashionable, ultra-expensive institutions in the east.

"The school teacher's daughter changed her frank approach. "Oh! Then you wouldn't want to teach. You belong to a different environment. I should have known."

"But I don't! I mean, that's ended. I want to teach school—in Iowa."

The girl spoke slowly. "I think so. But boarding schools don't prepare people for teaching. I'm afraid you couldn't do it without a year or two of normal training."

"I suppose so." Judy could speak French fluently. She could think much of this place. "I don't sing. Not much, but with a sweet,

alto voice. She could row, ride, swim, golf, play tennis, drive a car. She had been leading lady in her class play, and starred a time or two in a Junior league play.

But she did not know the things that were necessary to obtain a job. She smiled, remembering that she had forgotten one qualification. She could wear clothes, and design them.

All this had happened an hour before. Now Judy was on her way home. She saw tall shoulders in the crowd before her, and caught her breath so swiftly that it hurt. There was only one person in all the world who walked with that easy, nonchalant grace. Only one head that faced the world so fearlessly. She should have known that some day she would meet Craig on the street. Paths always crossed. Maybe not for a long time. Maybe quite feelingly. But always, always there came a moment when two people who had laughed and played together looked at each other and remembered.

She wondered if her nose was shiny. One sole was thin. The damp pavement made her foot ache. She was glad people couldn't see soles.

Then the tall man turned his head. The profile was strange. Craig had not come. The unfamiliar face restored the clarity of her vision. No, she must not see a tall man in a crowd and follow hopefully, just to know that he was near. Craig's way and her way had parted. He belonged to somebody named Mary who did bits over the radio.

Her face was white and tired and disappointed when she entered the hotel lobby. A man in a green leatherette chair that was too small for his long legs looked serious when he saw her. He came to her quickly.

"Mr. Birrell!" Judy made her voice cool. "How nice of you to disregard my desires and locate me. I suppose you want me to say I'm glad to see you? I'm not, you know."

"Never mind. I'll do the re-joining for both of us. I don't think much of this place. "Since you sought it out, I think

"Here, take this, and cry it out."

"You should accept it or leave it." "No doubt you're right." Curiosity got the better of her aloofness. "How did you locate me?"

"You aren't a very astute young lady for all you know. I went to see the goof who makes dresses. He had it."

"Of course. I'm stupid. I can't teach school or work on the fair or anything." Her voice trembled. "Here, take this, and cry it out." Ronald pushed a big white linen handkerchief into her hands. "I cry alone—except I don't cry," Judy told him spiritedly. "Good! I thought I could stop you."

"Have you told anyone about my address?" Judy asked. "Certainly not! Give me credit for the niceness of manners, my sweet child. But we are holding up traffic. How about calling it true and going some place to play tonight?"

The young lawyer's face was eager and kind and the banter was gone from his voice now. "An eight-hour truce," he said solemnly, but his eyes twinkled. "Then you may cuss me out for the next 80 years. You need some fun and so do I."

Judy knew he had been working hard. She had read about some cases in the newspapers. He had been heralded as a coming genius in the legal world. Society was discovering him, too, but he had no time for it, one columnist exclaimed. The names of a girl or two who found him attractive had accompanied that comment.

"We'll go places where no one knows us," Ronald was saying. Judy was ready to accept. Now she hesitated. He had said: "Where no one knows US." Not: "Where no one knows YOU." Was there someone whom he wanted to avoid tonight? Maybe the girl with the honey-colored hair and wide purple eyes!

"It's important that I talk to you tonight," he was insisting. "If I go home and get into a tux, will you promise not to vanish until I get home back?"

Why not enjoy one evening? Maybe some place—oh, just maybe she would catch a glimpse of Craig! "I promise," she answered. (To Be Continued)