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AMBULANCE SERVICE

Love Goes Adventuring in PARADISE by COSMO HAMILTON

II. "It's not true that you're going to play the cornet in the street, is it?" Tony turned at the abrupt question. Disliking funerals, post-mortems and long-drawn-out good-byes he had been the first man to hurry from the room and the restaurant. It was Sherwood who followed him into Shaftesbury Avenue and tapped him sharply on the arm.



"It's not true that you're going to play a cornet in the street, is it?"

"Oh, hullo, Teddy," he sang out, flashing the well-known smile. "How goes it, old son?"

"That doesn't matter. I want an answer to my question." "Of course it's true," said Tony. "And if I hadn't learned to play the good old cornet while I was hanging about the hospital in '17, I should now be signing on with a little gang of burglars who are very good friends of mine. As a single man, I should have enjoyed that sort of outdoor sport enormously, but, y'see, Christ's been brought up on rather narrow lines and so on." He waved the thing away with a half-regretful eloquence.

An expression of horror spread over Sherwood's ill-assorted features and the ugly scar on his left cheek bone, an everlasting memento of Contalmaison, turned a dull red. As the man who had, as he considered, stolen Christ's, he hated Tony in the self-punishing manner of a religious fanatic who makes an all-day-long ecstasy of his detestation of the devil. As the officer under whom he had served for several years, he admired and respected him for his humanity and imagination, efficiency and courage to the extent of hero-worship. Regarding him at that moment, as he had had no difficulty in doing when on active service, not as Tony, the pre-war ratter, the loose fish and glib cadger of peace times, but as Wing Commander Stirling-Fortescue, the finest officer in the R. A. F., he was shocked and appalled at the idea of his falling from his dizzy height to the ignominy of a street musician.

"Look here," he said, trying to keep his place at Tony's side, as they dodged through the people who poured out of the theatres into Piccadilly Circus, "I can't stand it. There must be something else that you can do."

"What, for instance, with Army, Navy and Air Force all lined up for jobs?" Quaint old thing, Teddy. What, after all, did it matter to him?

"Can't you go to the Earl of Stirling and get him to wangle you something?"

Tony laughed. "My dear old man, my brother, like my father before him, is a most exemplary person. He wouldn't touch me with the end of a six-foot pole."

"Why? Doesn't he know your record in the R. A. F.?"

The question was not answered. Tony's attention was drawn away from Sherwood's nagging cross-examination by a sight that stopped his heart. Tilted against a wall like a sack of potatoes was an ex-soldier without his arms and legs. A greasy cap gaped hungrily at passers-by, and two arresting eyes in a young and well-cut face asked with bitter sarcasm for charity. Tony's silver coin, but better still his quick salute, won a smile of gratitude that must have made the pen of the recording angel tremble in her hand.

Sherwood's aim was bad. His coil hit the wall and rolled among the set of hurrying people. A woman stooped it, picked it up, and having seen the actions of the two officers, dropped it in the cap, adding sixpence of her own. The incident came under the notice of others, one or two of whom, with a certain splashiness, followed the example of the woman who had held them up by her sudden scramble. The rest, casting a callous glance at what had long become a familiar and even tiresome sight, passed on.

Tony cleared his throat. "Who puts him there and takes him home? A Christ's, do you suppose?"

The dogged and persistent Sherwood stuck to Christ's husband like a leech. "All right, then," he said, jabbing Tony's arm again, to compel his wandering attention. "Just listen, will you? I've got a scheme that'll take you off the streets."

"Good old Teddy! What's the scheme?"

cellent little fellow's loyalty and friendship. "I'll make a place for you in the advertising department of my head, office and pay you five hundred a year."

"My God, Teddy!" he said, putting his arm round Sherwood's muscular shoulders in his winning way, "what the dickens can I say to that?" "Nothing. Just take the job and carry on. That's all you're asked to do."

He didn't want to be tussled over by this man. Nor did he want to be loughed, which made him shudder. In making this offer, he was not attempting to do something in a round-about way for Christ's, who was always in his thoughts, deeply, wholly and rather terribly loved. His one desire was to put his late chief into dignified work on a living wage as a tribute to his gallantry. That was all. And having done that, he could continue to hate with all his cunning soul as he was damned well going to do.

All this was perfectly clear to Tony. His uncanny knowledge of human nature, greatly enhanced by his close association with so many men under the primeval influences of war, made it easy for him to see the workings of eddy Sherwood's elemental mind. Being in uniform and not yet having fallen back into his pre-war carelessness, the self-respect that he had acquired offered a barrier against the acceptance of what was obviously a charitable act. If he had lost his arms and legs like that poor devil propped against the wall, he would have joined Christ's. To keep, he had been forced thankfully to live on Sherwood's coins. As it was his luck had held and he was sound in wind and limb. What might happen in the future to weaken his war-acquired morale who could tell.

In his present mood he shied at the idea of taking Sherwood's money home to pay for Christ's bread. He would do that job himself and start the new life clean. So he said, "It's foolish for me to attempt to thank you for what you want to do. But you know me. I could no more knuckle down to the pen-up routine of an office than be a parson. Your manager would give me the order of the boot before the end of my first week. Besides, I'm signed up to the joker who runs the band and he's joining up to-morrow. So there it is."

"You mean that?" "Yes, old boy, I mean it, though I'm enormously grateful to you for your kindness." "You prefer to blow a cursed cornet and rattle a box in the face of people who want to forget the war to honest work in a decent office?"

"You?" He was not thinking of the tall, slight, graceful man in front of him as the son of an Earl when he shot out this shrill incredulous question, but as Wing Commander Stirling-Fortescue, whose deplorable career had been brought to an end by a war for which he had been born, who had been raised out of the gutter and put on his feet by the kind of work for which he had had the same vocation as writing is to some men, the Church, surgery, or discovering the South Pole to others; who couldn't have been so excellent in the air if he had been any good on earth.

"Oddly enough, I do," said Tony. "Thanks very much, all the same." "God Almighty," cried Sherwood, and after a pause during which he found it utterly impossible to find words suitable to express his disgust, irritation and grief, flung up his hands, turned on his heels and dived into the crowd headfirst.

III

Whereupon, eager to join up again with Christ's, from whom, except for occasional week-ends, he had been separated during the period of the war, Tony turned his face towards—where? Home? That hardly seemed the right word for those two dingy little rooms that he had taken that morning in the shabbiest of the houses in Pantion Street, rooms which once had belonged to a young actor whose last part had been finely played in the forward sweep of the Allied armies and which were furnished with an odd assortment of bits and pieces resulting from his various engagements upon the London stage. They were, however, the best that Tony could afford, having saved no more than fifty pounds from his pay, and he was thankful to have found them unoccupied. How long he would be able to hold them on what he might earn as a performer on the cursed cornet was the new problem to be faced. The old optimism which had carried him through the daily adventure of pre-war times still bubbled in his veins, and the Maccabean spirit of waiting hopefully for something to turn up was more alive in him than ever. He was not worried about Christ's. He never worried about Christ's. He knew her for a sportsman. He knew with what amazing courage and gorgeous cheerfulness she was able to accept whatever came her way. If she couldn't show white, she would show brown as she had always done. She had a genius for making the best of things, for showing no surprise at the inevitable. Hadn't she made their bed-sitting room in Brewer Street gleam with cleanliness—even beauty—while he had wallowed so eagerly for the war? Hadn't she given the desire to live to hundreds of her wounded and been known as "Wendy" where-ever there was need?

(To be Continued)

New Trudy



Ruth Kitchen, fourteen, is shown leaving the water after swimming the Chesapeake from Annapolis to Bloody Point. She entered the water at 10 a.m. and finished at 6:45 p.m.

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GILWOOD. Rev. F. A. Barnes is taking up his usual work at Gilwood after spending his vacation at Montreat for several weeks. Ralph Graham is spending several days with home folks. S. J. Hartsell is on the crippled list, caused by stepping on a nail in a pile of boards. Miss Elsie Johnston gave a "kid" party last Friday night. A large crowd was present and a grand time reported. The Poplar Grove farmers' picnic was held last Thursday. Morrison Caldwell delivered the first address lasting for about 45 minutes, followed by the State department of agriculture, master Commissioner W. A. Graham, head of agriculture at Raleigh, delivered an able address. I am sure we shall profit by the addresses the two speakers delivered. We extend our hearty appreciation to those that spread together their dinner and helped us out in giving the speakers a well prepared dinner. While after dinner was served the Gilwood ball team played Cornelias in a speedy game. Allison, for Gilwood, Leonard Smith, Will McAlister, Harry Ribbard, Buford Rinehardt, and Esther Wetter, Ellie Smith, Ora Ross, Dessie Euna Layton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rinehardt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Layton and little daughter, Edith. After many games were played they

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Electrically at Your Service A Live Wire W. J. HETHCOX

Jim Morrison is drilling a well for S. J. Hartsell at his tenant house. NO. NINE TOWNSHIP We sure are having some good seasons along now. Henry Burris and family, of No. 8, visited Mrs. Burris' mother, Mrs. W. F. Layton, of No. 9, Sunday. Robert Bost made a special trip to Mt. Pleasant Sunday. Rev. Mr. Maxwell and Rev. Mr. Scott have been holding a two weeks meeting at Cold Spring Church. It has been a glorious meeting and we feel that God has blessed them with their work. Paul Wetters and Martin Ross spent Sunday evening with Adolphus Layton. There was a large crowd present at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Layton last Saturday night at a birthday party in honor of Miss Lucile and Eunice Layton. Those present were: Reece and Sam Barringer, Frank Scott, Richard Garmon, Alonzo Allmon, Roy and Dewey Wetter, Aubrey, Bruce, Tom Widenhouse, Jim Furr, Anah Ross, Paul and George Ross, Leonard Smith, Will McAlister, Harry Ribbard, Buford Rinehardt, and Esther Wetter, Ellie Smith, Ora Ross, Dessie Euna Layton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rinehardt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Layton and little daughter, Edith. After many games were played they

all were invited in the dining room where cake, pickles and ice cream were served, and after supper were over they all left wishing many more birthday parties as this one. Frank Barnard and Adolphus Layton and family motored to Rock Hill, S. C., last Sunday to hear Mrs. Willie Laurel Olive preach. We are listening for the wedding bells to ring soon. GRASS HOPPER. ROBINSON. W. H. Porter, of Matthews, visited his daughter, Mrs. M. L. Eady, one day last week. Clear Creek high school has opened with a large attendance. The first day 231 pupils were present. Mrs. Willis Hugh, of Moore county, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Biggers Monday night and Tuesday. Dowd Biggers is attending school at Long Creek high school this year. Mrs. M. L. Eady and son, Robert, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton, of Union county, Monday. NO. SEVEN TOWNSHIP. Mr. and Mrs. Wade Dry, of Salisbury, spent the week-end with Mr. Dry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Dry. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Honeycutt spent the day in Kannapolis Monday with Mrs. Honeycutt's sister, Mrs. N. J. Davis. Quite a number of our young peo-

ple enjoyed the evening by motoring to Ritchie's Lake last Thursday, where they had a regular picnic. Included in the party were: George Smith, of Concord; Emmitt Barringer, Salisbury; Paul Petres, Mt. Pleasant; Buford Peeler, Salisbury; Jean Bangle and Walter Wagoner, of Salisbury, and Misses Vera and Maud Dry, Callie and Opal Avey, Ethel and Ruth Barrier. Miss Lucile Hammill has returned home after spending a week in Concord with her aunts, Mrs. Griffin and Moore. Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Lentz and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Avey attended the funeral Monday afternoon of one of Jover Rowan's most prominent farmers and church workers, Paul B. Parker, which was conducted by Rev. C. P. Fisher at Luther's Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dry, of Salisbury, were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Honeycutt. Mrs. S. J. Barringer is visiting for a few days her daughter, Mrs. E. D. Honeycutt. Mrs. S. J. Ritchie and daughter, Miss Temperance Ritchie, of Mt. Pleasant, were the houseguests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Avey. Misses Charlotte Honeycutt, Opal Avey and Dixie Honeycutt are expected to leave Thursday for Mt. Pleasant where they will enter school at M. A. S. and M. P. C. I. for the following term.

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