

THE OLD HOME TOWN BY STANLEY



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OUR BOARDING HOUSE BY AHERN



OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS



MAKE THE OLD OXFORDS DO

Bring us your old Oxfords and we will fix them up almost like new—good enough for every day anyway—and the cost will be way less than a new pair. GOODYEAR-ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP 103 East Walnut St.

James C. Joyner, M. D.

Announces his location in Goldsboro, N. C. Practice confined to Surgery, Gynecology and Urology Telephone: Office 566—Residence 307 Office 4th floor Borden Building

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Today's question: Which is the most worrisome, to be a pedestrian or to be an automobile driver and have the pedestrians get in your way?  
Cecil Smith—I hardly know which to say, but I think one is about as bad as the other.  
Claude C. Baker—One is about as bad as the other, but a pedestrian has a worse job to get across the street than the automobile.  
Fred Parker—The pedestrian has the worst time getting across the street. I had rather be in the automobile.  
N. J. Edwards—I have formed no opinion on this subject.  
Leon Edwards—I think the pedestrians are the most worrisome to the person in the automobile because the pedestrians get in the way, causing the autist to have to stop his car to let the pedestrians pass by.

SCARAMOUCHE by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
The deliberate insult indicted by the great noble, the MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR, PHILIPPE DE VILMORIN into a...  
ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU, saw the trap Philippe had never worn a sword. His eloquence had impressed in Philippe as a dangerous rift when Philippe pleaded for justice that morning before good-natured...  
QUENTIN DE KERCADIOU, Lord of Gavrilac, who was popularly believed to be the father of Andre-Louis, had learned with horror that the Marquis de La Tour d'Azay was using for the hand of de Gavrilac's beautiful young niece...  
ALINE DE KERCADIOU, Aline was the girl of his dreams; Philippe, after all, was a man of honor, the Marquis with a duelling sword in his hand.  
GO ON WITH THE STORY  
M. de Chabrilane, leaning upon a cane—for he had relinquished his sword to M. de Vilmorin—looked on with quiet interest. Facing him on the other side of the combatants stood Andre-Louis, the paler of the four, staring from fevered eyes, twisting and untwisting clammy hands.  
He clung to the conviction that the issue could not really be very serious. If the obligations of Philippe's honor compelled him to cross swords with the man he had struck, M. de La Tour d'Azay's birth compelled him no less to do no serious hurt to the unfledged lad he had so grievously provoked. M. le Marquis, after all, was a man of honor.  
The encounter was very short, of course. In youth, Philippe had received the tutoring in sword-play that was given to every boy born into his station of life. And so he knew at least the rudiments of what was now expected of him. But what could rudiments avail him here? Three disengages completed the exchanges, and then without any haste the Marquis said his right foot along the moist turf, his long, graceful body extending itself in a lunge that went under M. de Vilmorin's clumsy guard, and with the utmost deliberation he drove his blade through the young man's vitals.  
Andre-Louis sprang forward just in time to catch his friend's body under the armpits as it sank.  
With white face and twitching lips, Andre-Louis looked up at M. de La Tour d'Azay, who stood surveying the scene with a countenance of grave but remorseless interest.  
"You have killed him!" cried Andre-Louis.  
"Of course."  
The Marquis ran a lace handkerchief along his blade, to wipe it. As he let the bloody fabric fall, he explained himself. "He had, as I told him, a too dangerous gift of eloquence."  
And he turned away, having completely understood with Andre-Louis. Still supporting the limp, draining body, the young man called to him.  
"Come back, you cowardly murderer, and make yourself quite safe by killing me, too!"  
The Marquis half turned, his face dark with anger. Then M. de Chabrilane set a restraining hand upon his arm. Although a party throughout to the deed, the Chevalier was a little appalled now that it was done. He had not the high stomach of M. de La Tour d'Azay, and he was a good deal younger.  
"Come away," he said. "The lad is raving. They were friends."  
"You heard what he said!" quoth the Marquis.  
"Nor can he, or you, or any man deny it," flung back Andre-Louis.



EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO Surprise Horse

