

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD

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CHAPTER I
The street rails of the Transcontinental Line were a curving rainbow arching her toward the pot of gold that was Hollywood, yet even this shining promise of California straight ahead was temporarily forgotten in the sudden and peaceful "being at home" that came into the day dreams of the lone girl traveler on the Los Angeles Limited.

It was funny that these alien eyes before her seemed so vaguely familiar as some turned back page. Pressing on her consciousness from the first instant her train had rushed into the Valley was a delicate weight, as of the forecast shadow of a coming event. Always on the doorstep of great changes in individual human destinies there comes a subtle omen of something about to happen—a mysterious breath from a newly opened room of the eternal future.

The shy waitress, with hair the color of harvest wheat tops and cheeks the tint of plucked roses and the texture of appleskin, pressed a cameo nose against the fortunate windowpane and stared with strangely detached interest at the shifting transience of Iowa farmlands.

Valleys are so rare in that flat corner of Iowa that the surprise of this perfect sylvan vista was pronounced. Beyond in a shabby new and unexcused hills the Valley lay like a green chalice into which the sun poured the melted lemons of the light, while the whipped cream of fluffy clouds dripped over the coping time.



They gazed with lively interest upon the animated scene at the station.

word of what they were saying or of any hint as to the nature of the celebration. But inasmuch as the tall young man had his arm around the pretty girl's shoulder and from time to time kissed her immoderately it was not difficult for the interested passengers to reach a conclusion.

"Just married!" the smirk went from one to another. The lone girl traveler reserved a thought to herself. "And he's rather good looking too."

"Lord turn me white," chuckled Aloysius through his thick lips, "if that boy ain't the town sheik—and I don't mean maybe."

"Guess his shelling days are over," smiled the girl, who felt the twinge of jealousy that every romantically inclined unmarried female always feels when she sees another handsome man married off to someone other than herself.

RALEIGH HAS A WAVE OF HEAT
City Suffered Yesterday While the Mercury Soared
Raleigh, July 10.—Heat records for the year were shattered at Raleigh Saturday afternoon when thermometers in shady places registered 100 degrees Fahrenheit at 2 o'clock. Official records from the Weather Bureau were not available as the em-

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SYNOPSIS
Among the passengers on the Los Angeles Limited is a mysterious, solitary girl traveler of surpassing beauty. The train enters a beautiful valley in which she is an orphan, experiences an uncanny feeling of being "at home," although she has never seen the place before. At Centepede, pretty village in the Valley, the train stops for water. While exercising on the platform the beautiful stranger is seen by an evidently a wedding party and is unaccountably thrilled when her glance meets the fine eyes of the girl traveler slips in re-boarding and falls backward into the arms of the handsome bridegroom.

CHAPTER I—Continued
Her heels were on a top step, her head level with a lower one, and there was an alluring suggestion of pinkish cream where her brief skirt had slipped back from the knees of her rigidly outspread legs. Yet, despite the awkward state of her position, her tense, averted body felt so comfortably safe in the strong arms that had caught her that the lone girl traveler aborted the scream in her throat and laughed shyly instead.

She became conscious, while being gently set right side up again and steadied on Aloysius' footstool, of something more than passing concern in the darkest, deepest, nicest pair of male eyes which had ever caused her romantic heart to skip a beat. She was conscious, too—consciously set right side up again and steadied on Aloysius' footstool, of something more than passing concern in the darkest, deepest, nicest pair of male eyes which had ever caused her romantic heart to skip a beat.



The young fellow threw back his head and laughed.

over the gaping crowd and rested ever so casually for an instant on a certain vexed face.

The locomotive whistle was now sounding the four hoarse grunts that conventionally recall rear brakemen from their red-flag vigil. All around was the air of departure.

Up the steps the solitary traveler went, unfailing this time, guided and propelled by a professionally impatient black hand and a chivalrous white one.

She knew it was positively immoral to be so fluttered this way by the earnest eyes of another woman's bridegroom. But immoral or not, she could not stop the strange, voiceless whispering in her inner consciousness of a coincidence between the mysterious sense of homesickness that had gripped her imagination in the Valley and the sturdy hands that had gripped her plugging body.

Heavens, what insane notions were racing through her mind! She felt her face burning and was glad to gain the haven of her seat, midway down the green-carpeted aisle, safe from the curious eyes of the other passengers. She hoped there were no mind readers amongst them; her thoughts were so shamelessly wanting in respectability!

His eyes were—oh, she hoped the honeymooners would not sit near her. She told herself she really had no interest in where they were going to sit—wouldn't even look. At first she thought to read; but printed words would offer scant anchorage to chain her glances from his haunting eyes. She would take a nap.

So she snuggled down into a corner of the seat and resolutely closed her eyes, double-proofing them by covering them with the slim fingers of the arm she rested upon the window sill. It was easy enough to drown here in the catnap warmed by the wine of late afternoon sunlight, with the muffled shouts outside. Even the long, last warning note of the locomotive was soothing.

NEW BUS SERVICE DOWN TO BLUFFS

Modern Parlor Cars Are To Be Operated Down to Morehead Bluffs

Of particular interest to readers of The News is the announcement being made this morning of the inauguration this week of a new parlor car service from Goldsboro and other points to Morehead Bluffs, North Carolina's newest and most popular seaside resort.

This service will mean that residents of Goldsboro and the surrounding section can now board a magnificent parlor car bus here or at a nearby point, ride in comfort and safety to Morehead Bluffs and spend a number of hours there enjoying the pleasures of that place and return within a reasonable time.

Mrs. H. L. Sasser is district representative for Morehead Bluffs in this city and will be glad to give any information desired.

Now that Dick Byrd's got the pole and gone on, Roald Amundsen announces his retirement from the exploration field.

FATAL BEAST AT ARSENAL AT LAKE DENMARK, N. J., IS REPORTED AS KILLING MANY
(Continued From Page One)
Only Sent Dozen of Men Reported As Saved
Dover, N. J., July 10.—Reports

A Mid-Summer Clearance Sale
July 12-17
There will be a 20 per cent reduction on all pottery, porcelain and glassware, children's books and games, sweet grass baskets and dolls.
Real Bargains are offered in these and other lines next week at
The Woman's Exchange and Gift Shop

here declared that of eighty of some and men stationed at the government arsenal here, only a scant dozen were accounted for after the explosion which destroyed the naval arsenal and about thirty houses within two miles of the arsenal this afternoon.

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PONTIAC SIX
CHIEF OF THE SIXES
The Pontiac Six won instant acceptance—first as a quality car and then as a car at a price made possible by the gigantic resources and purchasing power at the disposal of a division of General Motors. Entirely disregarding price, the Pontiac Six would be an outstanding car by the grace of its Fisher body and the smartness of its Duco finish, by the size, power, and flexibility of its engine, by the exceptional ruggedness and "heft" of every unit, from the dashing radiator cap to the tail light—
—at a price of \$825 literally throws this high-quality Six into bold and impressive relief against the entire industry.
Oakland Six, Comparable to the Pontiac Six—\$1025 to \$1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

Fulghum-Maxwell Motor Co.
East Mulberry Street

Bid Made Upon Furniture Plant Raised
On interest to many readers of The News is the announcement that the recent bid of a Mr. Prilliman, of Martinsville, Va., for the plant of the Royal Manufacturing Company, located in this city, has been raised ten per cent and will be offered for sale again on July 22nd.

