

AT THE MOVIES

IN CHERRYVILLE

ONE DAY ONLY at THE LESTER—May 6th
"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER"



STARTS L. S. SUN. NITE "THOUSANDS CHEER"
AT THE LESTER BY STARS BIG ENTERTAINMENT



COMING TO LESTER WEDNESDAY MAY 10th



When the East Side Kids get ready to crash society you'll get ready to howl in Mr. Moggs Steps Out, with Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Joan Marsh.

AT THE STRAND—2 days—MAY 8th-9th



A dramatic highlight in "The Racket Man," Columbia's latest bombshell against the Black Market with Tom Neal, Jeanne Bates, Hugh Beaumont.

DO YOU NEED A --
RUBBER STAMP?
"WE HAVE EM"
THE EAGLE PUBLISHING CO.
DIAL 2101

CHURCH NOTICES

First Presbyterian

J. WALTER COBB
Supply-Pastor

After a business trip to Memphis, the pastor is back home, and will preach Sunday morning and Sunday night. At the eleven o'clock service he will continue the series on the Life of Christ, discussing the moral and political conditions at the time of Christ's birth, the topic being, "The Worst of Times." We probably think the times in which we are living are the worst of times, but wait and hear about conditions when Christ came to earth.

Subject of sermon at 8:00 P.M.—"That Word, 'Open'."
Sunday School at 10 o'clock A.M. Supt. W. W. Brown.
The Woman's Auxiliary will meet Monday night at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. D. Browne, Leader. Mrs. J. D. Thornburg, Hostesses. Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Crocker, President.
The Young People's Group Meetings at 7:15.

First Baptist Church

E. S. ELLIOTT, Pastor

10:00 A. M.—Sunday School. This is Junior Day. Who will come and get some one else to come?
11:00 A. M.—Preaching service. Subject: "The Art of Living Together."
7:30 P. M.—Training service. This coming week is Christian Home Week, observed throughout the Nation. Are you helping to make your home Christian?
8:30 P. M.—Preaching service. "A New Testament Christian."

Mid-week services: Monthly teachers meeting at 7:15 P. M. Prayer service at 8:30 o'clock.
Surely every one who believes in Christ is much in prayer these days. Our church is open at all hours. Come by any time, even alone and pause in God's house for prayer. On the Invasion Day all are asked to come by any time and pray alone or in a group.
E. S. ELLIOTT, Pastor

NOTICE!

FOR SALE—HAMPSHIRE PIGS
C. C. Dellinger. TF

FOR SALE—Few bushels selected peanuts for planting purposes.
T. C. Summer. 2t-pd

FOR SALE—A Model FORD Tires in good condition. Alvin Bingham, Waco, N. C. 1t-pd

FOR SALE—Good farm mule See M. M. Heafner, near Rhyne Houser Mill, Crouse, Rt. 1, N. C. 3t-pd

For RENT—2 houses—one 7-room with electric lights, one 3-room, two miles from Play See Bob Houser, Route 2, Vale, N. C. 1t-pd.

Just received car load of Timothy Hay and Spartan Feeds. Call in and get yours now.

CITY MARKET
Cherryville, N. C. — Phone 3041

TO THE VOTERS OF CHERRYVILLE TOWNSHIP

I am a candidate for Township Constable in the coming Democratic primary to be held Saturday, May 27th. I'd like to visit each voter and talk with you in person, but owing to the gasoline shortage, this will be impossible. I want to take this means to ask you to support and vote for me on election day.
D. M. BLACK

USE EAGLE ADS



EXTRA SUGAR for Canning is Available. Apply to Your Ration Board

It's your patriotic duty to preserve as much of this year's fruit and berry crop as you possibly can. Extra sugar for this purpose—20 pounds per person—will be granted on application to your local rationing board. New application forms are simplified, and entire transaction can be handled by mail. For best results, use—



VICTORY FOR LOVE



Lithe as a cat, Odette Hannan came down hand over hand.

CHAPTER III

Dr. Warner upon meeting the postman offers to deliver two letters to Mrs. Maturin, owner of the Pole Star House. One of these letters is from the British Government ordering her to hold herself ready to take care of evacuees, unless she prefers to take care of dependent relatives. Mrs. Maturin is much upset over these orders, but dutifully mails an advertisement to the London Times offering accommodations for 4 people "in a hotel far from military objectives." John Wynter reads the ad and decides to go to Pole Star House. He tells his chief about it and departs.

When the porter at Battle Point station saw Monsieur Victor standing on the platform he felt seriously uneasy.

"I wish to go to Pole Star House," he said, wishing at the same time that he was dead. An unheated train! A lunch to make you weep. Even in war there must be those who could cook, even on an unheated train.

"Pole Star House?" The porter nodded. "Just a minute," he said, and turned toward the ticket agent, who was coming nearer. "Spy," he mouthed. "Wants to go to Pole Star House."

"Well, why shouldn't he? There's a taxi waiting for him. You and your spies, you're like a lot of others, got it on the brain. Never seen a Frenchy before? Pity you didn't go through the last war! Bong jour, Mousieur," the ticket collector touched his peaked cap.

"Bon jour, bon jour," the sad face broke into a very charming smile. "Vous parlez Francais?" (You speak French?)

"Un peu," and there the conversation ended.

Monsieur, with a little groan, steadied himself on the hard-cushioned seat as the taxi screeched its way down the steep hill.

Hills, more hills, they screamed down only one to lurch round a corner and down another one. A bottomless pit and now the roar of an angry sea.

"What an awful evening and how dreadfully cold you must be. Safely within the hall with his suitcase beside him, Joan Maturin thought that she had never seen anything so pathetic in her life.

"I feel your house most pleasantly warm," said Monsieur carefully.

"Oh, I'm sure you can't after the heavenly way you warm your houses in France," said Joan anxiously. "I'll show you your room. Don't bother with your luggage, we have a man to do that."

"Mais, c'est charmant." (But, it is charming.) Standing at the threshold of his bedroom Monsieur had been taken utterly by surprise. The glowing gas fire, the low bed with its blue silk coverlet, the little writing table set against the wall, Monsieur just stood there, staring. The curtains were of blue brocade, drawn closely together.

"When you have washed you will come down and have tea, won't you?" said Joan suddenly feeling incoherent.

"Merci, Madame," said Monsieur simply.

In spite of herself, Joan was pleased and excited. To make someone comfortable was fun, especially someone foreign. Foreigners had the idea that English people were stiff and standoffish.

She raced down the hall. "Grace, Monsieur Victor seems to like it. How is dinner getting on? And the fire in the library?"

"Both are getting along well mum," said Grace reassuringly. "And Milly is shaping well."

"What about my dinner?" said Joan restlessly. "Perhaps I ought to have it with him, as he's alone tonight. What do you think?"

"Why is it, I say, that a woman is much more bother than a man?" Joan repeated.

"It is thees, Madame." And then Monsieur began rather laboriously to explain. A woman was so complicated, complique—Monsieur made expressive gestures with his beautifully kept hands, "but if I may say so," he concluded, gazing with his melancholy brown eyes and folding his hands in his lap, "I should say that even the most compliques of all les femmes—les plus compliques must be content with the beauty and comfort that she will find here."

"Oh, Monsieur, how nice of you!" An idea was fermenting in Joan's brain. "Look here, she said excitedly. "Let you and me celebrate our last day of freedom by having a little jaunt. I should love to take you to have tea with a great friend of mine, a Netta Jackson—she writes novels. Do say you'd like it, and I'll ring her up and ask her if we may come to tea this afternoon."

"MAIS . . ." And then all that was courteous in Monsieur came to his rescue. A tea party, what more detestable than this fiction greatly beloved by the English?

"You'd hate it," said Joan, watching Monsieur's expressive face.

"Au contraire," said Monsieur gallantly. And so it was arranged Netta was delighted.

"Are you sure?" "Positive," said Netta, wondering why she was so exhilarated.

Monsieur, treading carefully about his bedroom, wondered what he should wear. All was in order; it was only to choose which suit. Oh, lala, Monsieur had caught sight of a pair of walking shoes neatly fitted on trees. But the laces . . . he bent to examine them. Impossible! He must get new ones, but where? He would ask the estimable Grace; he could hear her outside in the corridor.

"Yes, monseer," Grace replied very loudly indeed, so that the French gentleman should understand better. "You go up the hill and it's the first shop on the left. He sells bootlaces and does repairs too."

"Merci, thank you," said Monsieur with his sad smile. Putting on his coat and hat, he walked downstairs.

"Going out?" Joan, in overalls, was dusting the hall.

"Oui, Madame." When Monsieur explained why, Joan was interested.

"Because there's a mystery about that shoemaker," she explained. "No one knows who he is or where he came from. Some body said he was a prisoner in Germany in the last war and they taught him to mend shoes, and he's done it ever since. He was wounded in the foot, I believe, and nearly had to have it off because the Germans didn't attend to it properly. Anyhow, he limps."

"Vraiment. I will then see the good man and report on what I find. May I execute any commission for you Madame?" said he, his hat still in his hand.

"No, thank you." Monsieur settled his hat neatly on his head and went out, leaving Joan to wonder what made French people so different from English. There was a leisured courtesy in their manner, as if social intercourse was a thing to be studied and brought to perfection.

The cobbler's shop was very dark and the sight of him gave Monsieur a shock. He had seen him before, somewhere. But where? There was someone else in the shop, so he had time to think.

"What can I do for you, sir?" The cobbler was now free to attend to his new customer. He limped forward from the back of the shop.

"Have you shoelaces?" "Black or brown, sir?" "Black, please. Ah, yes, thank you."

"That will be fourpence, please sir."

"Thank you." After Monsieur had gone, the lame cobbler went into the little sitting room that led out of the shop. Closing the door behind him he kicked the hearthrug back and took a key out of his pocket. From a tiny cupboard he took a notebook. Yes, here it was—he read the few words of description. O. K. he put the book back again. Gosh! There was someone in the shop. Jim Fraser pushed the rug back into place.

being bombed out of London, had come to Battle Point with the remains of her shop. Battle Point had taken her to their hearts, because she was so nice and it was such a relief not to have to toil into Ilfracombe for everything you wanted. Just lately she had had the most wonderful collection of silk stockings sent down from London. "How on earth have you got them?" Women asked the question with squeals of excitement.

Miss Hannan would only shake her head and look mysterious.

"Hullo, Mr. Fraser," Odette was standing there looking provocative. "What can I do for you, Miss?"

"Have you any of those tubes of black shoe cream?" "I think so." The cobbler began to rummage. Odette Hannan watched him.

"How you do keep me at arm's length," she said peevishly. "I am not of a friendly nature," said the cobbler. "I am a cobbler. Before the last war I was a tennis coach, I learned to cobble shoes in a prison camp in Germany."

"Hateful country," said Odette Hannan violently.

"I don't know. I think we might do better if we tried to learn from them instead of cursing them," said Jim Fraser slowly as he rummaged in a cardboard box. "Here you are, miss."

Suddenly Odette came a little closer. "There's something mysterious about you," she said suddenly. "What is it?"

"I don't know," Jim Fraser burst out laughing. "Mysterious, it he said. 'Well, it's the first time I've been called mysterious. Well I never!'"

As Odette Hannan stood there her face changed. A look of desperation seemed to go racing across it. Very queer, thought Jim Fraser watching her. Was it true, then, what he had long suspected, or wasn't it? Fortunately one of his chiefs would soon be down to find out for himself. Odette was fingering her handbag. "How much is the cream?"

"One shilling, please, miss. Thank you very much. Oh! half a crown. Haven't you anything

smaller?" "No." "I'll get you the change." Turning, Jim Fraser limped toward his back shop and opened the door to the inner room.

"I've never seen your sitting room. Do let me." Lithe as a cat, Odette had come close up to the door.

"Want to see my sitting room, miss? You flatter me, miss. Where is it?" Jim Fraser held the door wide.

"Where do you sleep?" "Getting a bit familiar, aren't you, miss?" inquired Jim Fraser good humoredly.

"Oh, well, I only wondered." A flood of color swept across the beautiful young face. Because it was beautiful, reflected Jim Fraser, closing the door of his sitting room again. He stood there smiling.

"Early closing today?" "Oh, yes, so it is."

"Going to take one of your long walks round to the light-house? Don't you find it a bit rough in this weather?"

"I love the wind." "Yes, so do I in reason," said Jim Fraser. "But it's a bit tough walking against it in this weather."

"Yes, I expect it is. But then, you are lame, aren't you?" said Odette Hannan gently. "How did you get lame?"

"Mucked up in a German hospital during the last war." "Oh . . ." Odette spoke with a little gasp. "Was it awful?" "Pretty ghastly."

"As bad as a concentration camp?"

"No, not so bad as that," said Jim Fraser grimly. "That's pretty hairy, that is."

"I know. So I've always heard. Odette stood there in the little dark shop the light from the door making her horn-colored hair gleam. "I ought to know, because I had a brother at Dunkirk, and he's a prisoner now. My twin brother; we'd hardly ever been apart."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRADUATION GIFTS AT BELK'S