LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

Washington correspondents
have been prying into the WPB
shake-up ever since it took place
have given dodens of interpretations of it—but it is doubtful
if a clear picture of just what
happened will come to light for
some time.

on the surface, Washington newspaper men are accepting the President's statement on the Nelson is being sent on a mission of great importance and that his position with WPB is the same as ever. But most of them find it impossible to think that there isn't some thing more behind it—for diev sable to think that there isn't some thing more behind it—for they cannot picture any possible mis-sion to China which needs the ser-vices of Mr. Nelson as much as he is needed in his trencendously ne is needed in his treacciderely important job on the noan front. They also feel that there may be some tie-up with the coming election, since, according to the announcement, Nelson may be kept in China until the election is over. As for all, Wilson, he stated that he was resigning because of unjust attacks made against him by some of the WPB executives.

unjust attacks made against him by some of the WPB executives

AT THE MOVIES

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At THE LESTER "The Cobro Woman"

Washington, D. C. (NWNS)—
Why did President Roosevelt decide to send Donald Nelson, head of the War Production board, on an extended secret mission to China? And what are the real falts behind the resignation of Charles Wilson, the No. 2 man of the WPB?

Washington correspondents have been prying into the WPB shake-up ever since it took place.

Many members of congress are

Many members of congress are seriously alarmed over the WPB fracas fearing that it may weaken the organization which has been the backbone of our war production record and which will be depended upon to steer industry into peacetime production with a ium amount of unemploy

Reconversion, and plans for the Reconversion, and plans for the disposal of probably \$100,000,000,000,000 worth of surplus goods erpected to be in government hands when the war ends, are two problems to which Washington is devoting a great deal of study and debate today. Congress is considering a bill for the disposal of these vast quantities of goods and is trying to include provisions to protect the American farmer and businessman from suffering any losses when these fering any losses when these the bill which would specifically has written an amendment into goods are released. The senate ban the sale of any government-owned farm product below the price being obtained by farmers.

CHAPTER VIII

The Princess Meridel of Grathold and the visit Baron Rudi down and her cousin arrive in canada to visit Baron Rudi down and the cousin arrive in canada to visit Baron Rudi down the connection of the Baron in order that he could entertain the Princess without her knowing of his reduced circumstances. Roger Fabre of the Canadian Air Froce and nephework to the Baron in order that he could entertain the Princess responsible with the Princess falls in love with the Princess. Roger Fabre of the Canadian Air Froce and nephework to the Baron in order that he could entertain the Princess falls in love with the Princess. The estate is turned over to the care of unfortunate children of war-torn Fortunate children of war-torn Fortunate children of war-torn Fortunate children for wowder to the man whom Roger has vowed to kill. They then learn that the man whom Roger has vowed to be kill. They then learn that the man whom Roger has vowed to be kill. They then learn that the between his brother and the crime between his brother had killed Bonhomme Fricet, but a doubt remains. The Princess learned that the Baron was not the owner of the castle, s

more—about Michel."
"What more, Ma Tante?" Roger lit a cigarette, rested his head against the chair back and closed his eyes. He was tired. He hadn't realized how stiff and weary he was until this jolt had been handed to him. Drat it, a been handed to him. Drat it, a man should receive something better than this after flying a-cross the Atlantic with a load of politicians. "What more?" "I don't know how to tell you

Roger looked all around him, puzzled, then pretending to find her only after an interval, he feigned surprise, saluted briskly and said, "Ah, so you are the wicked old witch who has the lovely princess shut up in her castle! Free her at once, beldame, or I shall be forced to draw upon your golden guard and—"
"Come up here!"
"I come, madame."
She heard the clatter of his boots on the back stairway and

She heard the clatter of his boots on the back stairway and almost before she could reach the hall he was there, bright cheeked, smelling of frost and tobacco, strong of arm as he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Surprise!" he said. "Landed at St. Habert in the middle of the night."

pointicians. "What more:
"I don't know how to tell you
this, or whether it should be told.
It was the little ones, Rosine and
Pol Martin."
"Nice kids."
"Yes. Bright children too. I
gave them tea the day you brought
the Goujons."
"Ah, yes. I remember it so
well. It was pretty lovely. I—I've
thought often of that day."
"Yes, I know. She said goodby
to you."
"She kissed me. I was—well,
Mike hasn't got her yet. I'm right
here on the spot. If I work fast
—But I interrupt you, I'm sorry.
What about the children."
"You recall, that day, the lit-

night."
"Why-why did you not let me

"My—why did you not let me know?"

"Military secret, my beloved aunt, But here I am, Tante Mimi—and oh, so glad to be here! Please sit down and tell me all about everything—about yourself, about your grand gesture of lawing fairs godgather to the

What about the children?"
"You recall, that day, the little Rosine would not eat?"
"Yes! Meridel thought she had
the stomach-ache."
"She hadn't."
"Well, what ailed her then?"
"She had spied Michel's picture."

self, about your grand gesture of playing fairy godmother to the little exiles, about—"
"About Meridel"
"Well—yes, about Meridel. Where is she?"
"Gone."
"Gone!" Roger jumped up before he had settled on the cushions. "Yor mean she is not here? She has gone away? But—"
"Not far away in distance, Roger; but very, very far I am afraid, in relationship. Oh, darn it, why do things have to be the way they are! We were all so happy and then—"
"And then what? What hap-"Sapristi! Don't tell me Mike

"Sapristi! Don't tell me Mike Fabre ever spoiled a woman's appetite! What's the trick?"

"Be patient, Roger. She said nothing that day, but some time after. Rosine and Pol Martin cam-

to me and Rosine confessed that she had knocked the pictur-down and smasned the gisss with her heel, trampied upon it."
"But—" "When I asked her why"-Ma-

"When I asked her why"—Madanes voice made Roger's eyes grow wide, brought a sudden chill to him. He leaned forward in his chair, his hands clasped in front of him—"she said that she had done it Lerause he was the man German soldier, who had killed I onhemme Fricot." "And then what? What hap-"She found out that Rudolph

"She found out that Rudolph was only the butler. That big mouth, blundering Guy Winterside came one day and—well, she learned the truth."
"And she left you?"
"That night. I didn't blame her. I could understand just how she felt about it all. I forgot about her being a princess. I I onhomme Fricot." "Who nad—" Roger started to "Who nad—" Roger started to smile, but the smile died a-borning. His lips were parte". He solved hard at his aunt and saw no pleam of mirth in her eyes. A relation of doubt.

"A moment," he said softly. "Just a moment! This—this was no play, none of their make-hebout her being a princess. I realized what she was, and why she was—"
"Were you ever in doubt about

bout her being a princess. It realized what she was, and wy she was—"
"Were you ever in doubt about it? She is the loveliest—"
"Yes, I know, Roger, I've missed them all terribly. Rudolph went with them. It was sad to see them go. It was pathet somehow. They looked what they raily were, as they stood in the hall that night, saying goodby to us—exiles, strangers in a stranger land, four poor souls lost among the milions."

"You should not have let them go! You should have made them—"
"You sit down. Here—" she handed him the letter she had just received from Meridel. "thinky ou'll like to read that."

She watched the dark thin face as he read. Little wrinkles about the eye corners, a certain grimness around the mouth taused to be so boyish, a new ribbon added to the ones he hal worn; his black hair grew to apeak. It was cropped close; still it curled a little. She could see him as a very little boy playing with Michel whom they used to call "le rouge," the red one. It seemed only yesterday when the two of them had first come to her. And look at Roger now, a man and a splendid one; and minchel—where was Michel?

"That's a grand letter, Tante thim, Roger came to her and kissed her. "And did she ask for the picture of me or—"

He saw the quick dart of madame's vivid eyes. He looked at the dresser where the photo of Michel used to stand. Blankly, at first, then with eyes narrowed in vondering question as estared at her. "Whose picture! You gave her his picture! But why in the world—"?"

"She had met Lim before—in the land she came from, in Gratzen. She had met him just one and then only briefly, yet—"

Roger's face was almost sul."

"Good! We shall see you soon, my friend!" And be put the telephone down slowly and looked earnestly, appraisingly at his aunt. "Order that coffee and cognate, the proposition of the picture! But why in the world—"?"

"She had met Lim before—in the land she came from, in Gratzen and then only briefly, yet—"

Roger's face was almost sul."

She tried to look piteous, but failed signally. She did not take the threat of poverty at all seriously. She had already dramathe threat of poverty at an seriously. She had already dramatized the situation, in which her part was somewhat of a cross between the Little Match Girl and Eliza crossing the ice. She was enjoying herself greatly and after a few imprecations and vain threats against "that sly fox, that a few imprecations and vain threats against "that sly fox, that Gabriel Follet," she seemed to have entirely forgotten him. She sat in the place of honor by Jul-es Goujon's fireside and benigh-ly let Rudolph wait upon her, which he did with obvious pleas-ure.

"Ah, it is like the good old tim-Rudolpd," she said. "I fear was not until you were gone was not until you were gone I realized what a treasure I in you."

I realized what a treasure I in you."

'Just as I, until I became a con, madame," murmuted Ruiph, "did not know how pleasit is the lot of a putler."

The children surrounded Roger, askers him the meaning of the bright ribbons on his tunic, begging him to tell them of his adventures in the sky. He waited, as did Meridel, and madame also, for queries, some talk of Bonhomme Fricot, "that good man whom the laughing soldier killed."

They knew Risine and Pol Martin were thinking of that, but something, some childish intuition kept their little tongues away from the subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

the subject.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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T REV. ROBERT H. HARPER T

Leson for September 10: I Samel 13:15,31.

uel 13:15,31.

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It has been said "the dice of God are always loaded." Certainly His word does not fail. This is illustrated in Saul's tragic career. Disobedient unto God, he was raiseted as king and falling.

gears and years that Follet smelled of brimstone and that you should look after your affairs a bit better."

"Pouf! Where is the coffee? I have been poor before. I never minded that. One day champagne, the next gruel. It was the way when I was young. Ah, Gesner, ou bring ambrosia."

"I shall go back to the city at and see what's to be done. I'll get some good lawyer for you. I know that you wouldn't be interested enough to come with me."

Josephus says Sa.l reigned 40

"I shall go back."

"I shall go back."

"I'll get some good lawyer for you. I know that you wouldn't be interested enough to come with me."

"Why not? It is a long time since I have been away from here. We shall go right after luncheon. Perhaps now tdat we are poor, Meridel and Rudi and the chilled and come back."

The tiny back parlor of the Coq d'or held a gay company that the The tavern was closed ear- as a very and and hastened his fing, mortally wounded, fell up- conting the battle of Gilboa, three land samples as a very sons of Saul were sain and the battle of Carist. Read the first chapter of the long and hastened his form and hastened his form."

E. S. ELLIOTT, Pastor

The tiny back parlor of the Coq d'or held a gay company that night. The tavern was closed early and the little ones, as a very special concession, were allowed to stay up a full two hours after their bedtime. Roger was their hero.

"You must come to stay with us," said Madame, "not just to visit. If I am able to remain there, Meridel, you and the children must return to me. Now, you see, the shoe is on the other foot; it is I who am poor, who am in need of good friends and cheery faces around me. You would not leave a poor, helpless old woman alone!"

She tried to look piteous, but

Women!

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to remember

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CHURCH NOTICES

First Presbyterian

Pastor J. WALTER COBB

Subject 11:00 o'clock sermon:
"Paradise Lost." Part two of
evening service at 8:00 P. M..—
"The Princess Sarah."
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.— Sunday School at 10:00 W. W. BROWNE, Supt.

First Baptist Church

E. S. ELLIOTT, Pastor

10:00 A. M.—Sunday School. There is only one more Sunday until the boys and girls can come back to church. Everybody plans to come that first Sunday, Sept. 17th. Those who can start this Sunday.

11:00 A. M.—Preaching service. Subject: "Onward With Christ."

7:00 P. M.—Training service. This service helps us to grow as Christians.



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