

Gangsters, Ghosts, Germs On Wanoca Bill Next Week

Merciless gangsters prove no match for the savage bravery of a girl fighting for the things she loves most in "Show Them No Mercy" which features Rochelle Hudson as its heroine, with Cesar Romero and Bruce Cabot.

Miss Hudson first encounters the gangsters when she and her husband stumble into their hideaway.

The story leads them through a series of nerve-scraping adventures until she takes matters in her own hands to provide a startling conclusion to a breathtaking story.

Paul Muni portrays Louis Pasteur, the great French chemist and bacteriologist who contributed so much to science. The story centers about Pasteur's battle against ignorance and prejudice, to save life through sterilization and the use of vaccines against disease.

So bitter against him, and so powerful were the physicians who hated him, that they succeeded in having him banished from Paris. But Pasteur did not give up his fight against disease. He struggled on in a different part of France and lived to see his work recognized finally and he himself acclaimed.

Giving Richard Arlen one of his finest opportunities at the head of a notable cast, the picture "Three Live Ghosts" moves with lightning speed through a series of adventures which are at once hilarious, thrilling and romantic.

It is the story of three soldiers—an American, a Cockney and a titled Englishman, goofy from shell shock, who return from the war after imprisonment in a German camp, to find themselves officially listed as "dead".

Far varying reasons they decide to remain hidden behind this official cloak of anonymity. Their adventures, as they move through London as living dead men, without names or identity, provide moments of hilarious comedy, lavishly sprinkled with romance and excitement.

PROMENADE - DECK -

By ISHBEL ROSS

(Continued from Page 5) Funny, isn't it? I'm repeating history. My mother did exactly the same thing when I was a little girl.

"But didn't you feel that anything was wrong, Jenny?" "I saw him go into her stateroom the other day, but I closed my eyes to reality. I couldn't believe it. There was no change in his manner."

She lapsed into silence again. Angela could see her fingers twisting and untwisting, and the flow of thoughts over her face.

"Angela, I want to be left to myself," said Jenny, suddenly. "Of course, my dear child, but I shall come back, and if there is anything I can do—"

she bent down and kissed her forehead. "You're very kind. There's nothing that anyone can do."

Angela went upstairs, to find that the boat was seething with gossip. She decided to go down to Jenny's suite again and see if she were asleep. No, she was lying exactly as she had left her. When the door opened she threw an eager glance toward it, but her face clouded as soon as she saw that it was only Angela.

"Jenny, are you all right?" "Yes," she spoke in the faded voice of the very ill. "Have you slept?"

Smiling feebly, she shook her head. "A storm is coming up, a real China Sea storm. I hope you don't get seasick."

"Never."

"It should lull us all to sleep tonight."

"Yes!" Jenny's glance was faintly questioning.

"Won't you have some tea with me? Let's have it here. I haven't had luncheon."

"You don't mind, Angela?" "I must be let alone. I'm tired. I think I shall

sleep." "You'll send for me if there's anything I can do, won't you?"

"Rather!" She smiled piteously at Angela—a lost face, drowning in its own bewilderment.

The last traces of Peter's occupancy—a few odds and ends of paper—had disappeared. A white and blue envelope lay on the table. It was a message from him. The letters danced before her eyes—foolish, jumbled letters, all capitals and no punctuation. It had come in dots and dashes direct from her lover on his way to Singapore.

"On my way to Singapore. Writing at once to explain everything and arrange financial matters."

Jenny looked in the flowered bag that had gone with her to the wats of Bangkok. Opening her purse, she found that she had five pounds 10s in the world.

Pattering down the adjoining alley, the steward, too old for any duty at sea but that of night watchman, arrived at Jenny's stateroom, which was next to Macduff's. He saw a ribbon of light under her door and assumed that she was still awake. He knocked, and a faint voice answered, "Come in."

"Sorry to disturb you, madam. I have orders to close the deadlight. Captain's orders, madam."

"Leave it as it is now, steward," she said. "I shall ring for you later. My head is splitting and I must have air."

Harry stood at the door, wondering what he should do. "It's captain's orders, madam," he repeated. "It's a bad night and the water will come in."

Jenny's voice was imperative, "Leave it to me. I shall ring in a little while."

The old man went grunting off. He had plenty of others to attend to, and he supposed the lady knew what she was about. Senseless of her thought he shuffled down the next alley; no doubt she would ring. Soon he had forgotten her existence.

The storm was now at its peak. Jenny could see the green-black mountains racing past with squirming foam-crests. In her ears were thundering cries of anguish—the requiem of the sea. She dashed across the cabin and slapped her hands in aimless frenzy against the panels. "He couldn't, he couldn't!" she screamed, but her voice was a whisper in the mad crescendo of the gale. She covered her eyes with her arm. She must be going mad. But the water would wash the fever from her brain, would lap her in peace and security.

She reached the porthole, was standing below it. She stretched up her arms and the tips of her fingers touched the rim, finding it cold and wet. Her ears were filled with the roar of the sea. Nothing must stop her now. At last she worked her slender shoulders through the rim of the porthole. Turning her head, she saw that the deadlights must all be down, for the ship was as dark as a whale. She was working with frenzy now, pushing her slim body farther and farther out. The waves dashed into her face, stinging her to a sharp knowledge that she was close to death, beyond aid and love.

Her only fear was that they might push her back. She dreaded the moments of quiet, the lull between the waves, when her thoughts washed back to the life she was leaving. One arm reached into the night and the water raced through her fingers. It was black and icy-cold. The water was a void in which one plunged into light. Slowly she wormed her way through the black circle—her breasts, and now her waist. Only her hips would slip through the porthole! Jenny's head swooped down toward the water. A thousand echoes thundered in her ears and her thoughts were splintered to fragments. Her baby would never know her—better that she would die. Peter would never love her—better that she should . . .

With one last tug she pulled herself clear. There was a tiny splash. A huge wave roared along the side of the ship and, sliding an open porthole, rushing in, she was gone. Jenny's eyes were fixed on the sea. At last

like boats for a split second and then, as the water eddied with the lurching of the Marenia, were stranded limply in a corner. Macduff, restless in the adjoining cabin, heard a metallic click during a moment's lull, the crash of a slipper heel against the partition.

Angela found a letter from Lovat waiting for her at Peking.

My dear Angela (he wrote): Many things have happened since you left and I'm afraid I am going to hurt you a great deal with what I have to say. You must have realized for ages that things could not continue the way they have been between us. I had an idea, when you started off on this trip, that the situation might right itself, but I've fallen in love, and not a passing fancy this time.

I shall furnish evidence when you return, if you feel you want to divorce me, Angela, and, of course, I shall make it all as easy as possible. I want you to believe that our love, while it lasted, was something separate, apart and wonderful; that I have never known a woman I admired as much as you. But I'm afraid I should continue to hurt you, and things would only get worse, as you must realize. I could not bear your reproachful eyes at Cairo, although you said so little. Wouldn't it be better if we went our separate ways? I have already left your home and am living at my club. Jock is with me, but I shall return as soon as you get back. Forgive me, Angela, and I hope we shall always be the best of friends.

Yours,
Lovat

P. S.—Would you please get me a very fine jade bracelet in China? The Kitten wants one.

The letter dropped from Angela's hand and she stared after it as it fell. She had feared it all along. Of course, she would let him have his divorce, though it would be best—

—all of it! The tears went sliding down Angela's cheeks. She had not thought that he would slip completely out of her life as soon as she turned her back. There would be no use opposing him now, and why try to hold him when he had already passed from her life? She took out her writing things and sat down to reply to his letter.

Darling Lovat: I waited and waited for a letter, and then when I got to Peking I learned that there was not anything more to look forward to. Of course, you shall have your divorce. I shouldn't dream of standing in your way. Make any arrangements you like and as soon as I get back I shall talk things over with you. I hope you're sure you love the girl, Lovat. I'm going out to look for the bracelet tonight. It will be my wedding gift to your new bride, and I hope you will both be happy. I blame myself for marrying you, ever; but I love you still, and always shall, I'm afraid.

Angela Macduff might go with her on her quest. He would have no idea that she was buying a gift for her successor, and he was certainly obtuse enough not to know that she was hurt. Angela changed into her gayest gown, like Jenny with her flowered frock at Bangkok. At last she went down to the lounge and found Macduff with a whiskey before him.

"I'm going on an expedition tonight, Macduff, and I'd like you to come with me."

"Where?" "I've been commissioned to buy a jade bracelet," she explained lightly. "I want to find the loveliest one in China. We will scour the city until we get it."

"It sounds like a foolish idea to me, but I shall come."

"Good! I can always depend on you."

They dined together, Angela in the highest spirits. Her wit flashed at the tip of her tongue, her laughter rang like the thin chiming of bells.

"You're very bright tonight," Macduff told her.

"Yes, I've had news from home today."

"Oh, that's it!" His manner was lashed. "It must have been cheerful."

She laughed behind her champagne glass. "It was something I didn't expect," she said. They strolled out of the dining room and took two rickshaws to Jade Street. At last

they went into the quietest and blackest of all the shops, and a wrinkled old Chinese came forward to ask in a squeaky voice, what they wanted. She explained that she wanted a jade bracelet, very rare, very choice. The man studied her with attention; then he closed his shutters and bolted his door.

"I show you something very rare, missie," he said, moving majestically through the small square of the shop. He pried at the drawer of a lacquer chest, which sprang open and revealed an inner compartment. Angela fancied she caught a gleam in the whites of his eyes. His fingers moved mysteriously at the back of the chest, pressing on secret springs till he reached a long black case. From its velvet folds, which seemed to hold the dust and dead odor of centuries, he drew out a bracelet and suspended it with a clasp before her eyes.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in admiration. "That's it!"

Macduff was impressed. He took the bracelet in his hand and passed it through his fingers, bluntly, without the caressing fondness of the Chinese. Five carved Buddhas of dark jade were strung together on an intricate silver chain. An elegant bracelet, a bracelet one would remember. She could not have dreamed of a better choice. The merchant named his price. It was absurdly high and twice the value of the trinket. She did not care.

"I want it," she said to Macduff, "and I won't haggle at all."

"Are you glad to be home-ward bound?" Macduff inquired. She did not answer.

"Angela, I asked you a question."

"I know, Macduff. Forgive me, but I'm wondering whether I'm glad or not."

"What happened, Angela? I know that something hit you hard."

"How clever of you!" "I thought you'd be glad to get back to your husband and home."

"I'm not going back to my husband." She spoke as calmly as if she were flickering a speck of dust from her clothes. Macduff looked at her suddenly and dropped his pipe from his mouth. "You're not going back to your husband?" he repeated, stupidly.

"No. He doesn't want me back. He wants a divorce." "And you're going to give it to him?" His voice rose from its deep rumble to a peak of surprise.

"Why not? You see, he's fallen in love with a girl of seventeen, and youth must be served."

"Well, I'm damned!" Gently he touched the back of her idle hand. "I'm double damned! The swine!"

"Hush, Macduff." Her fingers covered his lips.

"The bracelet, then? I'm sure it had something to do with your news."

"Yes," said Angela, simply. "Lovat wanted the bracelet for the girl he loves."

"Angela, you're a fool!" said Macduff, suddenly.

"Yes, I'm afraid I am, a miserable fool. But let's move on. It was one of the red-letter days in Miss Mudge's life. When they were back on the Marenia, she looked up Mr. Charlton, feeling that her pleasure was something she must share with him.

"I wonder if I shall be able to settle down when I get back home," she was saying. "I've always thought it better to feel planted in one spot."

"I shouldn't suspect that from knowing you, Miss Mudge. His voice was teasing, but it passed over her like a caressing wind.

"Why not?" "I can't believe you'd bang the door shut on adventure. If you were that sort, you wouldn't have come on this trip around the world."

"I think you're discovering things about me that I didn't know myself. But, you see, there hasn't been much chance for me to do anything but stay put."

She leaned against his sleeve, her quaint, small face thrust into his. Dick feared that she wanted to be kissed, that she wanted very badly to be kissed by him, yet did not know it. He held her hand and felt it burning in his cool clasp. Miss Mudge caught the first touch until all of a sudden he

was holding her, shaking, in his arms. O God! he thought. (Though he hated tears, he was moved by the desperate note of hysteria in her voice. She shuddered and clung to him. He was shocked by the fervor of his embrace.

"I'm so ashamed!" she murmured into his ear.

"Ah, don't say that. It's stupid for a woman to be ashamed of her feelings. They're really the most charming thing about her."

"But I wouldn't do this in Ohonto," Miss Mudge went on. "I wouldn't be so abandoned."

"You must forget about Ohonto."

Dick laughed.

"You're very far from there, now, and you must know by this time that there's a broader, freer world than that."

Miss Mudge listened, entranced. Perhaps it was true. His words sank deeply into her consciousness. Suddenly she buried her face in his collar.

"Mr. Charlton!" she murmured.

"My dear!" said Dick, catching her in a firm and sustaining grip and laughing at himself for a fool. He turned her face up, dripping with tears. He saw her drenched eyes, and the eager, tremulous curve of her lips. Bending over, he kissed her so slowly and thoroughly that she fainted against his chest. With a quick surge of concern he put her back in her chair and bent over her, wondering what he could do to revive her, but he saw that her hysteria had been wiped out in a deadly wave of inertia.

After a while she got up and scuttled along deck without a word—a ridiculous figure, with ridiculous skirts, flying towards the companionway. She had called him Mr. Charlton, even when he had kissed her! Dick wiped the sweat from his brow. Never again! He regretted everything that had happened, everything from the very beginning. This had been different from all his other experiences; it left him with a self-disgust. He was strangely touched, thinking of Miss Mudge's lonely pillow.

The Marenia was steaming across the Pacific with her homeward bound pennant flying from the mast. Captain Baring was having a cocktail party in his quarters.

Miss Mudge was talking to Dick Charlton. Her sparrow face was aglow, and she was drawing on a cigarette in the ridiculous, inadequate way she had. The chief officer seemed to be rather embarrassed for once in his life. The Foster girl, who had been drinking cocktail with her attention fastened on him, was reeling over in their direction now. Her expression was glassy and determined. Angela saw her step between them and catch Miss Mudge by the shoulder. Heavens! Was she going to make a scene? She was drunk enough for anything. Suddenly Joan's voice rose, strident and hysterical, over the babel of tongues, arresting the attention of everyone in the room. Miss Mudge was blinking at her, not knowing what it was all

NEW DETECTIVE SERIES
Another series of articles which reveal secrets of the Surete, French detective police, will appear in the American Weekly, beginning March 1. The American Weekly comes every Sunday with the Baltimore American, the South's favorite newspaper. Your news-dealer has your copy.—adv.

Painting Paper Hanging

Let me figure with you on that next job of painting or paper hanging. I can do your job right and at less expense to you. My experience enables me to do first class work on both interior and exterior jobs.

NO JOB TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL

Troy Wood

WALLACE, N. C.

about Joan, a blazing fury of red locks and dishevelment, was bending over her and shouting things that made Angela's heart stand still.

"You think Dick loves you, you poor little simp!" she cried. "Well, you're mistaken. He loves me. Do you understand? He loves me. He's laughing at you. Yes, I saw him kiss you on the deck at Yokohama, after you had thrown yourself into his arms. I saw you faint, you silly little crow. You didn't see me in the beach chair did you? Why did you ever leave Ohonto, or wherever it is you come from? Why did you ever think you could come around the world and behave like anyone else? Don't you know you're a sketch? Take a look at yourself!"

Joan threw back her head and laughed. Dick tried to intervene, but she pushed him off and took firmer hold of Miss Mudge, on whose face a slow realization was dawning.

"You think because Dick dances with you that he's in love with you and not with me. Well, he's laughing at you up his sleeve. Everybody knows he's making fun of you, but you're too simple to know it. He knows you're forty-three and never had another man in your life." (Stop her, stop her, someone!) Angela was murmuring through pale lips, but everyone seemed to be rooted to the spot.

"He knows you say your prayers at night and help to support the missions. He knows you're a Dry who's cheating, a silly little school-teacher trying to be a sport, smoking cigarettes, painting your face like a harlot, swigging at a drink—yes, and no doubt sleeping with him, too."

"Stop it, Joan! You're mad." Dick was towering over her in ashen fury. He caught her by the arms. She pulled herself free and slapped his face.

"Don't speak to me! I haven't finished with her yet. She wears cotton nightgowns with necks like this. (Joan gestured from shoulder to chin.) She sleeps with curlers in her hair. I've seen her, on her way to the bath. Won't wear her glasses, for fear they might spoil her appearance. Bumps into chairs. Falls over tables. Chatters, chatters, chatters, to everyone who will listen to her. All about

Ohonto and the wonderful things she teaches. "Sweetheart, think the world is full of sinners. . . Oh, I've heard her the hour. Losses her money Monte Carlo. Thinks Dick's Galahad. Ha! Why is Dick good to her? Dick's good to her cause everyone on the ship knows she's used up her savings and can't go ashore. Dick's charity for her. Dick's mad money. . . Little school teachers stay at home and have pennies in their cotton stockings. . . Shouldn't be permitted to grow-ups. . . Shouldn't be that a Spanish shawl will make them fit to kiss. . . Poor Miss Mudge."

Everyone tried not to look at Miss Mudge. As she sat there, she had burned. Now they were ghastly pale, except for the spots of rouge, high up on her cheeks that made her look like a wax model. Once she had raised her hand to protest. Then it had fallen limply. What was the use? Captain Baring stood if he were carved in rock. He regarded a drunken woman as the final debasement of human nature. Hell of a mess! He Chariton to get into! His favorite officer, and he wasn't fool with women either. They have to haul him over the coals, though it probably wasn't his fault at all. Dick had been told to more attractive women than Miss Mudge. The captain knew all about him. But a scene like this—before passengers! It wouldn't do.

The chief officer had turned his back and was hastily swallowing a drink. Angela and Macduff stood in appalled silence. No one knew what to take, but Miss Mudge had herself took hold of the situation. Ignoring them all, she put her arm around Joan's drooping shoulders and said in a clear, high voice: "Come on, you foolish child. Come down with me." (Continued Next Issue)

THE "DEATH COMPLEX"
An interesting scientific article in which Professor Donald A. Laird points out the curious fact that a gay manner often masks a longing for death. One of many illustrated articles in the American Weekly (issue of March 1), the big magazine which comes regularly with the Baltimore Sunday American.—adv.

Best By Test
East Coast Fertilizers
— for —
TRUCK CROPS - TOBACCO - COTTON - CORN - AND GENERAL CROPS
Get Our Prices Before You Buy
For Sale By
J. Roy Baines
WALLACE, N. C.

Are YOU HAPPY After Meals?

Or Do Gas on Stomach and Sour Stomach make you Miserable?

Too much food, or wrong kind of food, or much smoking, too much drinking, too much excitement, too much worry, will make your body over-acid. Then you have distress after eating, gas on stomach, heartburn, sour stomach.

ALKA-SELTZER relieves these troubles promptly, effectively.

Use Alka-Seltzer for Headaches, Colds, Rheumatic Pains, Migraine, etc.

Alka-Seltzer makes a sparkling alkaline drink. It contains an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylic acid) which relieves the pain of everyday ailments and restores the alkaline balance, corrects the acid when due to excess acid.

Alka-Seltzer tastes like carbonated mineral water—works like magic. Contains no drugs. . . does not depress the heart. . . is not habit forming.

For COLIC, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, FEVER, RHEUMATISM, SPASMS, SICKNESS, PAIN, PAIN.