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A Scientist, Too?



NEWPORT

Mrs. Wayne Heath of Cove City, Mrs. Dorothy Shore of Apex and Mrs. Lib Shore of Greensboro spent Saturday at the McCain camp on Bogue Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. V. L. LaShon and a friend of Baltimore, Md., are spending some time at the Garner-Craig camp on Bogue Sound.

Mrs. Eugene Fox of Virginia is visiting her sister, Miss Stella Howell.

Mrs. Madaline Rivers returned Saturday from Greenville where she visited her brother and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Watson and children of Greensboro spent the Fourth here with Mrs. W. B. Garner.

Mrs. Lillian Howard spent the weekend here with her sister, Mrs. P. A. Guthrie.

Mrs. Floyd Harness, Mrs. W. J. Kirby and Mrs. W. D. Heath, Jr., shopped in New Bern Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Friedman and daughter, Yvonne, of Florida are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Meares.

Mrs. George Aldridge and daughter, Patricia, of Raleigh, spent several days here with Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Lewis and children of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Herrington and son of Rocky Mount spent the weekend of the Fourth at the McCain camp on Bogue Sound.

VISITING NURSE

By Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 12

HILDRED had hoped at first, though now she had discarded the idea as hopeless, to open Randy's eyes by receiving the attentions of another man. But it was over Jimmy, rather than Lucien, that this awakening started.

As a matter of fact, it was because he chanced to overhear the tail-end of her conversation over the phone with Mrs. Jones, arranging for Jimmy's visit, that Randy opened the argument. It was an argument that soon threatened to run into what appeared to be the first serious difference between the young doctor and his assistant nurse.

"Anything the matter at the Home?" Randy asked, as she hung up the receiver.

She had not heard him come in to his office and so Hildred gave a decidedly guilty start. "Oh... I thought you were busy with Mrs. McCarty and her baby... The Home? No, no, nothing is wrong that I know of."

Randy looked at her with an odd, puzzled expression. "You were talking with Mrs. Jones, weren't you? I heard you say something about coming out... one of the children... if anything is wrong I ought to know about it."

"I didn't know you were listening to my conversation," Hildred returned. "Nothing is wrong, as I told you before."

"I did not intend eavesdropping," Randy's tone was curt, professional. "It was my impression you were talking with Mrs. Jones, discussing a patient. If it was a personal conversation, I am sorry."

"You need not be," Hildred no longer felt guilty; she was angry. She had allowed for Randy's lordly attitude far too long. "It was not personal. I was talking with Mrs. Jones. The conversation was in regard to Jimmy. And, since you seem to think you have to know everything that goes on, I was arranging to call for him tomorrow to take him home with me and

keep him over the weekend." "I see." He did not look as if he did. There was a deep line between his sandy brows. "Don't you think you might have discussed that with me?" He sat down in his swivel chair, crossing his long, lean legs. "You know how I feel about such matters, Hildred. It is better not to interfere. The sooner a child gets adjusted to a new environment the better."

"Jimmy will never get adjusted," Hildred said. She leaned against the other side of the desk. She needed its support.

"The doctor usually gives the prescription," Randy's gray eyes were hard and cold as flint. "The prescription—and the doctor—could be wrong," she said. "Patients have been known to die, because doctors think they are so infallible."

"I don't think that. Any more than I think my is going to die. What has got into you, Hildred? You've never questioned my judgment before."

"Oh, haven't? That shows how blind and stupid you are. I don't question it when it comes to purely professional, medical and surgical matters. But this is another issue, one in the realms of psychology. No, beyond that, it's a matter of a woman's instinct telling her, in this case, she knows more than any man."

RANDY was looking at her as if he never had seen her before, as indeed he never had in this mood—not as aroused as this.

"You are the one who is making an issue," His tone was cold. "I don't question the wisdom of psychology, or even the power of woman's intuition. However in this particular case—history I feel that the child should make the necessary readjustment, though it will, I grant you, be difficult for him, without the interference I spoke of before."

"I cannot agree!" Hildred wondered that she dared interrupt, but she now dared anything.

"Do you think if I were not sure I was right I would insist

upon holding to my judgment?" "I think you could be wrong—this one time!" She hated to think this way to Randy—not because it was against all her training as a nurse, but because she loved him. "I think you should let me have a chance to prove I could be right, for once. Of course I realize you can give orders that I cannot take Jimmy from the Home."

"It is not a question of that," Randy broke in this time. The line between his sandy brows was a scowl. But now it cleared as if a storm had suddenly blown away. His eyes remained cool, his manner aloof, but he said briefly, "Very well, have it your way. I'll give you the chance. I shan't give any orders. You may consider it your case from now on."

Hildred leaned her weight even more heavily on the desk, resting the palms of both hands on it for support. Victory had come too abruptly, too unexpectedly—and much too completely.

"I hope your intuition works out successfully—for the boy's sake," Randy said. "Maybe it will. I admit I could be wrong. I hope I am this once."

She knew she was right. All she had to do to reassure herself was to remember the perfect day spent with the little boy and Robin and Lucien.

"Lands sake!" Mammie whispered, in the tiny closet that served as a sort of lab. "You and the Doc sure had it, didn't you?" Hildred nodded silently, still lost in thought.

"You sure let him have it!" Mammie shook her gray crop of hair in approval and awe. "Couldn't get the words of course. But couldn't help hearing the way you raised your voice."

It was as well that Mrs. McCarty and her baby—the last patients for this day—had departed. Hildred had not thought about Mammie, though if she had, it would not have mattered. The only thing that mattered now was to make things right for Jimmy.

mother on her side. "I'm sure I'm right about Jimmy, Mammie. Anyway, now that he is my case we will have to give my way a try." She went on to tell her mother something of the argument she and Randy had had.

Her mother said that she would help all she could; as she felt, with her daughter, that maybe a woman could know more than a doctor at times.

OH, DIANA!



Pop's Weakening



OH, DIANA!



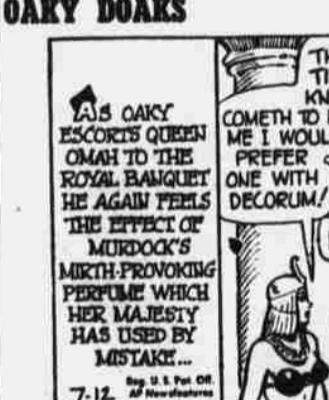
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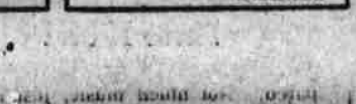
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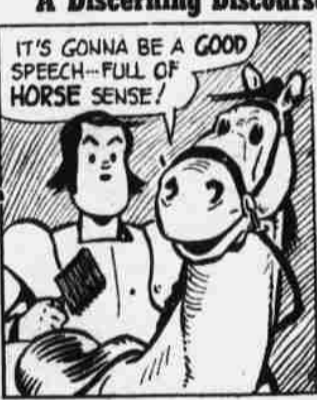
A Discerning Discourse



COMING ATTRACTION



DELAYED ACTION



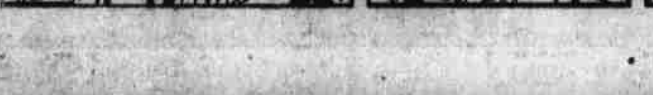
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THE REGENT REBUKES



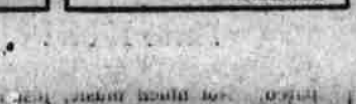
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