OH, DIANA!

Surprise! Surprise!

OH, DIANA!

POP HAS NO SOUL

OH, DIANA!

WE SEE WHAT YOU MEAN

DICKIE DARE

Cherchez La Bobby Soxer

DICKIE DARE

BEYOND RECALL

DICKIE DARE

DICKIE'S NOSE KNOWS

SCORCHY SMITH

Tripped By Trap Door

SCORCHY SMITH

TRAPDOOR-TUNNEL-THUG?

SCORCHY SMITH

DURGA'S DEN

RUSSELL'S CREEK

A new preacher will hold services at Live Oak Grove church Sunday morning, August the eighth, at eleven o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lupton, of Baltimore, visited friends here last week.

Mr. Milton Chadwick spent a few hours in the community last Saturday.

Mrs. J. L. Morton was on the sick list last week. We all hope she will soon be well again.

Mr. Ronnie Masotti and mother, of Westfield, Mass., are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Masotti.

Mr. and Mrs. Eslie Fodrie and son, Kelzie of Norfolk visited relatives here Saturday.

Rev. Leon Russell, pastor of Goldsboro Methodist church, Rev. W. D. Caviness of Morehead City and Mr. Harold Austin of High Point, N. C. were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Russell last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Orysh and Mr. Al Belashuk of New York City have returned home after spending two weeks here with Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Fodrie.

Capt. and Mrs. M. M. Pigott of Straits visited relatives here last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Fodrie and little son spent a while at Bogue Sound Sunday.

Mrs. Colon Pake spent a while with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crushiel Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Chris Rogers, Jr. and little girl, of Norfolk, spent a while last week with Mrs. C. S. Rogers and family.

Mrs. Leon Fodrie visited Mrs. J. L. Morton a while Saturday night.

Little Sandra Joe Pake was on the sick list last week. We are all glad to know she is improved.

HARLOWE

Mr. and Mrs. W. Kuch Williams were in Beaufort Sunday afternoon.

J. C. Adams and Douglas Williams motored to Croatan Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bradshaw spent Monday in New Bern.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Adams, J. C. Adams and Douglas Williams attended the show at Newport Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashby B. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Ezzell and Miss Rhetta Martin motored to Atlantc Beach Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. George W. Ball and Miss Lena Ball went to Newport Sunday evening to attend the show.

Milton Taylor and Charles Edwards of Wire Grass passed through Monday morning enroute to New Bern to report at the recruiting station. The boys left from there for Fort Bragg.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Ezzell, of Oxford, and Miss Rhetta Martin, of Smithfield, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ashby B. Morton, returned to Smithfield Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Adair and their guest, Mrs. Odmundson of Portsmouth were here Monday evening to see Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Morton.

Sick of Civilization

BELTON, Mont. — (AP) — Sophie, a black bear, and her three cubs had a wonderful time with the tourists in Glacier Park until modern civilization's big killer caught up with them. An automobile killed one of the cubs. Sophie gathered up the little body and disappeared into the deep woods, followed by the other two strangely subdued offspring.

VISITING NURSE — By Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 25

"YOU know, my dear," Lucien said, when once more the table had been cleared away and they were preparing to listen to some musical recordings, "you are a most unusual girl. There is no one like you, Hildred."

"On the contrary," she returned, "there is nothing unusual about me. It is, because I am so very ordinary, Lucien, that you find me different."

"That may be," Lucien said. "And it may be why I find you not only different but so altogether lovely. I wonder if you have the slightest idea how lovely you are, Hildred? But no, of course you haven't, and therein lies your power. For you have power, too, my dear—the power to disturb me very much—did you know that?"

He was looking at her so strangely now that she dropped her own glance, forcing herself to laugh lightly. "No, most certainly I did not know that. But aren't we going to say good-night to Jimmy, Lucien, before he goes off to sleep?" She was thankful she could make this suggestion, since it was one that would avert what might have been said next.

"Ellen will tell us when Jimmy is ready for bed," Lucien said now. "She always reads to him—he loves that. He says though he stays up later he sleeps much better. Jimmy has a means of getting his own way, the little beggar!"

There was real affection in his tone, for Lucien was becoming genuinely attached to the boy, as he had told Hildred. "I hope," she said, "you won't spoil him too thoroughly, Lucien."

"He deserves a bit of spoiling—but it is Robin and Ellen who do most of it. Though I believe Liz does her share, too. Maybe you are right, Hildred. But I don't believe it will hurt Jimmy. I believe he has the right stuff in him, that boy, if only given a chance.

"But see here!" He pretended to frown darkly upon her now. "We are not going to spend this whole evening discussing Jimmy. There are other matters and persons I wish to discuss." He switched off the recording that he had only a moment before turned on and crossed the room to sit down beside her on the divan.

"Such as?" Hildred asked, though she still felt that Jimmy was a safe topic.

"We might begin with your mother," Lucien said. "I told you I wanted to do something about her. That something has dropped right into my lap—as you Americans would say."

"It so happens," he explained, "that we are to have as our house guest next week a famous surgeon. He comes from abroad, so you would not know his reputation. But I assure you there is no greater brain specialist in any country. And what I have to suggest, my dear, is that you allow him to examine your mother."

"That is very kind, and thoughtful," Hildred spoke slowly.

"You cannot refuse," he said, as if reading her thoughts. "If there is the chance that it is a brain tumor that is troubling your mother this man will recognize it. Also he will operate. And since it could be done in a hospital in which we—mother and I—happen to have a great interest you are not to trouble yourself about the expense."

"But I cannot let you do that for us!" He had made it impossible for her to accept, instead of impossible for her to refuse.

"WHY do you say that?" Now he took both her hands in his, his dark eyes, holding that deep intentness, held hers. "Why must we go on with pretense, my dear? You know that you are everything to me. You know that I am going to marry you, Hildred."

She said, "You sound very positive, Lucien. Have I nothing to say about the matter? Please do not misunderstand me, I appreciate the great honor of a Lanier suggesting marriage with an ordinary working girl like me, but—"

"Now I have bungled!" He raised her hands to his lips in his dramatic fashion, then dropped them. "I have said as always the wrong thing—when I knew I should not have said anything, perhaps, so soon. Yet you must know, Hildred, that I have loved you—madly—since that first time you came here—since I first saw you. I believe—"

"I know nothing of the kind!" Yet she had guessed as much, she saw now, in those few moments when she had felt that there was more than friendship in Lucien's mind, in those moments of odd premonition.

"It is true—I only waited until I was free to tell you."

"Has it occurred to you, Lucien, that although I am very fond of you, I do not love you? I am sorry to have to say this, but it is so. It even happens, since I must be perfectly fair with you, that I am in love with someone else."

If she expected this to be a shock to Lucien she was mistaken. He said promptly. "That need not matter. I suppose you mean your young doctor. But surely, my dear, you realize how much more I can give you than he? I am willing to wait — and believe — that because of that you will come to care for me."

"I suppose that is the foreign way of arranging marriages," Hildred said. She shook her blonde head. She felt trapped, almost helpless, as if she knew in spite of any and all her arguments and refusals that Lucien would, as always, have his own way. "It is not mine. You should not insist, Lucien. You — "

He caught her hands in his again this time holding them so that she winced. "I shall not accept your refusal. In fact, Hildred, I give you fair warning that if you do not marry me, I shall kill myself."

CHAPTER 26

LONG after she went to bed that night Hildred thought of what Lucien had told her—that he knew he would kill himself if she would not help him, by marrying him.

Randy had warned her that her friendship with a Lanier would lead her into trouble — and she had promised to go to him, if it did. But she could not go to Randy with this. She had promised Lucien that she would keep his dark secret, as he called it. Besides she and Randy were drifting further and further apart, it appeared, with each new happening.

She could make Jimmy the price of a marriage; she could tell Lucien she would mary him if he would legally adopt the boy. That, then, would take care of this one important issue. But, even to give Jimmy such security, it was a big price to pay. For Hildred did not want to marry Lucien.

How she wished she had taken Mamie's advice and had gone only that one time to visit the big house, knowing that it—and its people — were too far separate from her, and her kind, ever to mix.

She had tried to make that clear to Lucien. But he would not listen to her. He simply kept insisting that she must marry him, as if it were an obsession with him, as if it were the one slender thread of hope he had found to cling to.

And he had told her that his mother was ready — even eager — to accept her as her daughter-in-law. The Countess also believed that Hildred was her son's salvation. So that there were the two of them against her. It was like a web that would tighten until there was no escape.

Well, she could indeed tell Randy now that she was headed for that altar—if against her own will!—with another. But would it do any good? Would it wake Randy up?

It had not mattered to Lucien that she did not love him. It had not even mattered that she had told him she loved someone else. Lucien was so sure he could buy everything he wanted. He would buy her now—first with Jimmy—she saw why he had taken an interest in the boy, even though it was growing into a genuine one now—next with her mother—on and on and on, so that there would be no escaping the web.

Hildred had not said yes, but she had not said no. There was no need for either. Lucien took it as an established fact that they were betrothed. He had not asked her if she would marry him. He had said, "You know I am going to marry you, Hildred." And afterwards—long after they had gone to say good-night to Jimmy and had joined his mother and the other guests downstairs in the big drawing room, Lucien had behaved as if it were all settled.

WHEN Hildred got home from the clinic the following day her mother told her that she had had a visitor. "I was that surprised," Mrs. McNaughten said, "you could have knocked me over with a feather. And you might know she would catch me when I had been having my afternoon nap, and in my old wrapper. But she was as gracious and friendly as could be and we had a cup of tea and a piece of your cake, Hildy dear, and a right nice little chat."

For the visitor had been none other than the Countess. Yet Hildred was not as surprised as she might have been. Was this not another link in that tightening web? Also, she felt that the Countess, as her son had done before her, had come partly in order to convince herself that Hildred's background was what she said it was—and probably, also, to see that it was not too bad for the future daughter-in-law of a Lanier.

Her mother's gentle face wore an expression that was slightly troubled, even though the visit had been a pleasant one. When Hildred did not show any surprise about such an unusual visitor, her mother said, "You must have known, then, that she was coming. You might have prepared me, dear! And I do think, too, that you might have prepared me for the things the Countess told me."

She tried to make her tone very casual. "What were the things, darling? When I came in last night you were sound asleep and you were even sounder when I left this morning so how could I prepare you for anything?"

"I was only joking," her mother returned, smilingly. "The Countess said you did not know she was coming to call today. What things did she tell me? Well, for one, she went on at great length saying what a lovely girl she thought you were, which I could agree with perfectly. And she told me that her son also thought a great deal of you."

No more than that? Hildred drew an inward sigh of relief.

"Well, that was about all, along that line." Mrs. McNaughten's kind eyes still were a bit troubled; something was wrong, she felt sure, though she did not see what it could be. The Countess had indeed been gracious. It had been kind of her to make the little call. And Hildred did not seem upset about it, or even much surprised. "She talked about Jimmy, what a fine little boy he is and how they enjoyed having him. And, oh yes, she told me that there is a famous surgeon coming to visit them next week — she spoke of him as if he were a very close personal friend, and she insisted that she wanted me to allow him to look me over—because of my spells, you know — and she made it so that I could not very well refuse, though I did not like to accept such a big favor from her."

Hildred could readily understand how Lucien's mother could make it exactly that way.

She said, "Maybe it would be a good idea, Mummie."

OAKY DOAKS

Back Slapper

OAKY DOAKS

THE ANGLER'S ANGLE

OAKY DOAKS

A HURRY CALL