

OH, DIANA!



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OAKY DOAKS



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DICKIE DARE



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A Complete Success

SOUND VIEW

Those who celebrated birthday this week are Mrs. Robert Lewis, Mrs. Bertha Mann, Mrs. Lester Hall, Leland Hall, Mrs. Paul Taylor, June Dare Taylor and Mary Taylor.

Mrs. Minnie Sharp visited Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Dixon Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Herring, three children and Mrs. Nellie Porter visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sharp Sunday.

Mrs. Linwood Fulcher and children, of Miami, Fla., have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Garner the last two weeks. Those who visited Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Hall Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Randal Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson, Lester Hall, Jr. and Claudia Mr. Bennie Russell, of Wilmington, is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Taylor.

There was a family reunion at Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Garner's Sun-James and Everett Taylor were business visitors in Raleigh Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Piner and children, Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor visited a short while at Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Taylor's Sunday. Mr. Gallard Garner, of Cortez, Fla., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Garner.

Mrs. Alvania Garner spent the week end with Mrs. J. H. Lewis. The ladies aid met at the home of Mrs. Robert Lewis Wednesday night. There were twelve members present and six visitors.

Mr. Roland Farmer and children spent part of last week with his mother at Snow Hill, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hall, Sr. Sunday night.

Mrs. Maney Thomas Salter visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor Sunday. Mrs. H. A. Taylor and sons, children had been together in years. Those present: Mrs. Linwood Fulcher of Miami, Garland Garner of Cortez, Fla., Jerome Garner and children of Morehead City and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Garner of Charleston, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Randal Hall and Lester Hall visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hall, Sr. Sunday night.

Major and Mrs. Guion Simpson and son, Guion, Jr. returned home from California Sunday. The Horne family from up the state are spending this week here with Mrs. Mitchell Willis and family.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Chadwick were in Beaufort and Morehead City a few hours Wednesday. Norman D. Gillikin and family, of Arlington, Va., are here visiting Mr. Gillikin's mother, Mrs. Hilda Gillikin.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service met with Mrs. Harry Lane Willis Thursday night of last week. Mrs. Thelma Moore, of Marshallberg, was in our community a short time Monday night.

Mrs. Fannie Nelson and Mrs. Hettie Stead, of Gloucester, attended services at the Methodist church here Sunday night. Reverend L. C. Chandler filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church here Sunday morning at ten o'clock.

Miss Eleanor Wade, of Willis-ton, was the guest of Miss Elise Willis Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Piner, of Marshallberg, were here visiting relatives Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Thelma Moore, of Marshallberg, was in our community a short time Monday night. Mrs. Fannie Nelson and Mrs. Hettie Stead, of Gloucester, attended services at the Methodist church here Sunday night.

Reverend L. C. Chandler filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church here Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Miss Eleanor Wade, of Willis-ton, was the guest of Miss Elise Willis Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Piner, of Marshallberg, were here visiting relatives Sunday afternoon.

Visiting Nurse by Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 20 SHE found that Robin wanted to talk to her. He told her, as he held the door for her to get out of the big limousine, having drawn up before her door, that he had been wanting to talk with her about a certain matter for a long time.

"It's about Ellen and me." He dropped the cap and had to pause to pick it up. "We're fixing to get married, you know."

Hildred had known, but she smiled once more and said that that was fine. But she knew that was not all.

"It's been on both our minds, like I told you; Ellen, she's been after me. She said she knew you, being a lady, and such a friendly one and fine, would understand."

Hildred murmured that she certainly would try. "Mr. Lucien is fine, too—just fine!" Robin said. "He's giving us a little cottage on the plantation, a little white one near the edge of the big grove. He's done so much and will do more, which is another reason, as I tried to tell Ellen, it don't seem right to mention this matter first to him."

"What is it, Robin? You know I'll do anything at all if I can." "I know you will, Miss—you're that good!" The admiration was a soft glow in his eyes. "It's the boy—Jimmy—we'd like to have him—Ellen and me. For our own, I mean. We'd like to have it done up in court, regular, so Miss Hildred—"

Hildred "got" him—and with it her own heart suddenly seemed too full. "You don't think it could be done?" Robin was asking, his whole face anxious because of her silence. "There's too much in the big house for one small boy—the cottage would be a home, if you

and Ellen to guide him." "I am glad you see it that way." She could let out her breath now, slowly. That, then, was settled—and it was a solution to which Randy, also, would agree.

And this made it stranger still that Lucien should speak of him now. "How about that doctor of yours, the one so young, so handsome? You have found, then, that you did not love him as much as you thought? You do not mind—you will not regret putting him out of your heart—your life forever?"

He had said he did not care if Hildred loved someone else; but she saw that he did. Lucien was only human, after all. She would have to be honest with him, yet she could make it as gentle as possible. "I will put him out of my life and heart," she said, making it a vow unto herself. For she would do that no matter what it might cost her, once she became Lucien's wife. She had not said that she did not love Randy, she would love him always.

Still she could not tell, from Lucien's face, what his thoughts were. But now he did come over to her; he sat down beside her, but he did not take her two hands in his as he usually was wont to do. He did not offer to touch her, though she had just promised to marry him. His dark eyes had that intent look, almost that brooding shadow of tragedy. He said, "I will do my best, my utmost, Hildred my beloved, to make you happy."

"I know you will." Her eyes returned his look. "May I tell my mother?" Lucien asked permission now, when before always he had issued a command. "This will make her very happy. She knew, of course, that we were practically betrothed—your wearing the brooch the other night at dinner—but I want now who has confirmed our engagement."

"Yes... I know... Her mother, she did not. She knew that her mother was dead. But she could not know it, in its fullest sense of reality—not yet, anyway. That would have to come more slowly, as this number of the gazette, her, she felt all emotion, all thought, gradually drifted away.

"I don't see any reason why she should not tell her," Hildred agreed. And then he smiled at her once more; he caught up her hands and held them, fiercely, fervently, to his lips.

Afterwards she was to recall that that was their betrothal kiss. Would she ever understand, or know him? It was Ellen who brought the message. But it was not a telegram. Ellen announced that there was a gentleman to see Miss McNaughten. And before either Hildred or Lucien could ask who it was, Randy stepped into the room.

Hildred's surprise was so great that she could not believe her eyes, or find even a word of greeting. And then, seeing Randy's face, she knew why he was here—why he had come, himself, instead of wiring. It was written in the firm line of his stern jaw, the resolute set of his fine mouth; it was in the steadfast regard of his clear gray eyes.

Without thinking, without words, Hildred got up and went to him. Straight to his arms, that opened to receive her as if they had been waiting just for that. She buried her head against his chest, she clung to him, as a child might have, as if he were her strength, her rock, as indeed he was in this moment.

"You know then, Hildy?" His voice was very gentle, very tender for him; one of his hands stroked her hair, bent head; the other arm held her fast, tightly against him. "There is no need for me to tell you."

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LITTLE GOLD-DIGGER

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Joyful Sound

SENSELESS SLUMBER

SHAKE DOWN

Uncle Dickie Fix?

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE

UNFAIR COMPETITION

SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCHY SMITH



The Forgotten Man



THE FORGOTTEN MAN



THE FORGOTTEN MAN



THE FORGOTTEN MAN

