

Mr. Average American Is New Foreign Traveler
New York—More than 80 per cent of all 1935 passports were issued to salesmen, teachers, clerks, secretaries, farmers and others in middle class occupations, while less than 20 per cent were given to individuals of wealth or leisure, passport figures from the Department of State reveal.

wealthy could travel," said Edwin Robert Petre, director of the Institute of Foreign Travel, "but travel now belongs to the great middle classes. In a few decades I suppose that the man who has not seen Europe will be such a rarity that newspapers will send out interviews to get his story. They'll want to know whether he has heard of Shakespeare or ridden in a horseless carriage."

Low cost of travel on water, continued improvement both in the comfort and speed of steamship and improved international relations account for the fact that 74 per cent of all 1935 travelers on passports went to Europe, Mr. Petre believes. "The fact that American newspapers are unique in the world in devoting large space to foreign news and descriptions of foreign places," Mr. Petre said, "has also helped immeasurably in making Americans travel-conscious."

Getting a Job and Getting Ahead

By Floyd B. Foster, Vocational Counselor, International Correspondence Schools

Advertising What You Have To Sell

A YOUNG man living in one of the smaller cities recently decided to insert an advertisement in the daily newspaper in an effort to obtain a position. Some of his friends told him he was crazy. Jobs were scarce as hen's teeth. Employers weren't going to bother to write or telephone prospective employees, even if they had a job open.

Within a week the young man had his job, and some of those who had prophesied failure most loudly were wondering why they hadn't thought of the same thing. It's doubtful, though, if they realized the real secret of his success, for he had used his ad to sell himself and his services just exactly as a manufacturer of grocery products or automobiles uses advertising to sell his products.

Before the young man wrote his ad he sat down and studied his product—which in this case was himself—and what he could do. Instead of thinking of what a job would mean to him he thought of what he might mean to the man who employed him. Then he used his ad to tell the prospective employer what he had to offer as an employee, and why he would be an asset to the business.

In looking for a job no advice is more important than to put yourself in the place of an employer. His first thought is, "What can you do? What have you got to sell me for the price I can pay you?" Answer those questions in a fashion which will convince the employer that he is getting a bargain and there is every chance that the job will be yours.

MRS. LEGGETT HERE
Mrs. J. L. Leggett, who is spending sometime with her aunt, Mrs. Ursula Carter, at Fentress, Va., was in town for a few days this week.

VISITED ELLIOTT FAMILY
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Elliott had as guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Futrell and their little son, Richard, of Rich Square, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Pollard, of Bethel.

DR. BUTLER IN HERTFORD
Dr. Luther H. Butler, former Hertford resident, who now resides in Greensboro, was a visitor in Hertford over the week-end.

Leisure is not idleness. It is easy to define the latter.

MRS. RELFE IN GREENSBORO
Mrs. Nathan Relfe spent the week-end at Greensboro, where she attended the May Day exercises at Greensboro College. Miss Mary Onell Relfe, one of Mrs. Relfe's two daughters who are students at the college, was one of the attendants of the May Queen.

COMPLETES COURSE
Miss Mary Lavinia Perry, having completed her secretarial course at a Norfolk, Va., business college, has returned home.

Dislodge Fish Bone In Throat
If a fish bone gets caught in the throat suck a lemon and the juice will quickly dissolve the bone.

SYLVIA SIDNEY

Mary Burns, Fugitive

By William W. ... Novel and from the ... Paramount Picture

SYNOPSIS
Mary Burns, pretty owner of a roadside restaurant, is surprised to find that her lover, Don Wilson, is a noted desperado wanted by the Department of Justice. When Wilson calls on her one evening, G-Men surround the place. Wilson escapes but Mary is caught burning stolen bonds that he was carrying. Sentenced to prison, she breaks jail with Goldie Gordon, her cell-mate. Unknown to Mary, Goldie is working under cover with Harper, a Government agent, to get information about Wilson. Mary gets a job in a hospital and there she meets and falls in love with Barton Powell, a patient. Meanwhile, Wilson discovers Mary's hide-out and sends one of his gangsters to get her. The gangster is killed by G-Men but Mary runs away. She finds work in Salt Lake City. Wilson, who had trailed her, corners her in a church. G-Men come on the scene but they unwillingly let Wilson get out when he threatens to blow the church and everybody inside to pieces with a hand grenade. He tells Mary to meet him in Canada.

CHAPTER IX
MARY did not, of course, go to the Ajax Hotel. Instead she drove to Denver, where, after several days' search she found a job as a

when the music stopped. "How about waiting over to the manager's office. I want to have a long talk with you."

"Yes, sir," answered Mary, almost glad that the long chase was over.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Harper when they were alone in the dusty office. "I just want you to write a note to Wilson saying you'll be up at Powell's mountain lodge on the evening of the twenty-ninth. There's a parole in it for you if you'll actually go up there and wait for him."

"And if I won't?" Mary eyed him miserably.

"Fifteen years minus three months and no time off for good behavior."

"All right," she quavered. "Send me back then. I won't stoop to a cowardly trick like that. I just can't."

"But Wilson's a menace to society. You say you don't love him. He's killed four men and looted

"We're still after Don Wilson," Harper explained as he entered the spacious living room of the lodge and looked around appreciatively at the paneled walls with their handsome mounted trophies and shining gun racks. "Got a tip he's coming this way tonight. Maybe you could help us."

"This is Canada, my dear fellow. Not the United States. I can't quite fancy myself engaged in a kidnapping over the border."

"The Canadian government is co-operating," Harper was nettled. "What's the matter with you, man? Don't you want to help?"

"I came up here for peace and quiet," grumbled Powell. "In fact I extended only one invitation. Now you ring in a mob of gangsters."

"It might interest you to know that Mary Burns will be here in a few hours," clipped Harper. "I'm using her as a decoy."

"You dirty skunk!" Powell rose



"There's a parole in it for you if you'll actually go up there and wait for him," Harper said.

"hostess" in the "Golden Arms" taxi dance hall.

The work disgusted her, but she refused to touch the money Don had given her. And she had to eat. Moreover she kept thinking of Powell's invitation to visit his hunting lodge in Canada. If she had enough money for train fare...

She was dancing with a beery-breathed salesman and thinking of these things late one Saturday night when her eyes happened to wander to the door. Framed between the bedraggled portiers stood Harper, his keen eyes searching the floor.

"Oh," gasped Mary to her companion, "Excuse me. I have to go..."

"No you don't," the salesman protested, hanging onto her arm. "I paid for this dance, and by..."

"Pardon me," Harper's brittle voice broke in. "You are mistaken. This is my dance." Before the other could shake the beer fumes out of his head and think up an appropriate comeback the G-Man had taken the trembling girl in his arms and was steering her across the room in a graceful fox trot.

"Listen, Burns," he said casually

heaven knows how many banks and payrolls. You'd be doing your government a great favor by writing that note—in addition to getting that parole."

"I can't," She shook her head stubbornly.

"All right." Much to her surprise Harper grinned like a boy. "Then I'll have somebody forge the note, using your handwriting. Now all you have to do is to go up to the lodge and act as decoy."

"No..."

"Listen, Burns," he said easily. "You're my and Uncle Sam's prisoner. See. You'll go where I say. Now get on your hat and coat and come along with papa like a good girl."

"Mr. Harper?" Powell eyed his visitor coldly. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure..."

"Yes. I talked to you in the hospital before they took the bandage off your eyes. Glad to see that they're all right again, by the way. As for our talk... it was about Mary Burns, or Alice Brown as she called herself. Remember?"

"Oh! You're the federal agent." Powell extended his hand. "What can I do for you way up here?"

from his chair and advanced toward the other in a fury. "Why don't you stop hounding that poor girl? You've followed her all over the United States. She must be about crazy by this time."

"I'm as sorry as you are about it," answered the G-Man calmly. "But it happens that she's our only contact with Wilson. Now get this straight. Wilson's no ordinary crook. He's a devil. He'd as soon kill a man as shake hands with him. He uses women and children as shields, and he's as slippery as an eel. We've had him cornered twenty times and he's wormed his way out."

"How do you know he won't do it again?" Powell was wavering.

"Listen. We've got this lodge surrounded with armed officers. A mouse couldn't get through either way without our knowing it. When Wilson comes he'll be nabbed or shot down before he reaches the front door."

"Then what are you telling me all this for?" Powell grinned.

"Oh... because... something might slip," the detective grinned back. "Just thought I'd tip you off so you could stick a gat in your pocket. And also so you'd take good care of Mary. She's a nice kid."

(To be continued)

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS

WITH MRS. ELMER WOOD
The Woodland Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Elmer Wood on Thursday afternoon, with Mrs. Wood, Mrs. J. T. Wood, Mrs. J. W. Everett and Mrs. Eddie Harrell as joint hostesses. Mrs. Marvin Benton, president, presided.

The Scripture reading was by Mrs. Z. D. White, and this was followed by a short talk by Rev. J. W. Dimmette. Mrs. J. T. Harrell led the prayer. Following the devotional an attractive Easter program led by Mrs. Henry Cartwright was presented.

During the social hour a dainty sweet course was served by the hostesses.



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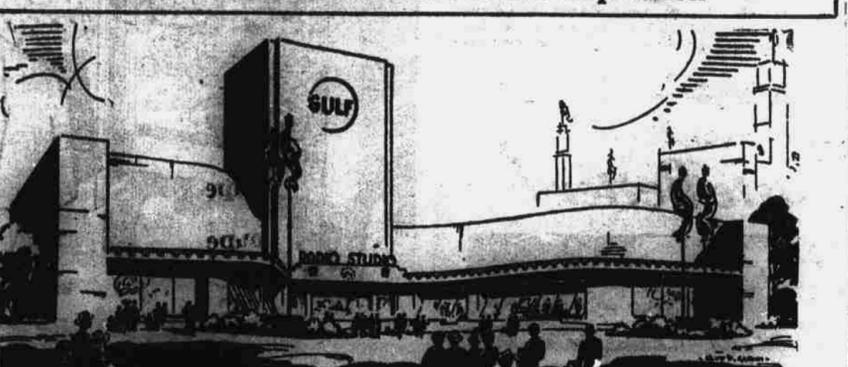
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Radio Studios Started at Texas Exposition



This is an architect's sketch of the Gulf Oil radio studios, being built at the Texas Centennial Exposition, the \$25,000,000 World's Fair opening in Dallas June 8. Here all programs from the grounds will originate for chain and local broadcasts. Glass-fronted building so visitors may watch the broadcasts. The largest public address system of history also operates from 250 speaker units. Twelve radio programs and 6 ground programs can be carried into 15 different speaker units simultaneously, each of the 15 carrying any combination of the 260 speakers. The studios will furnish opening broadcasts as well as those originating during the actual Exposition period. Radio and public address engineers from all over the country already acclaim the broadcast and speaker system as the most perfect so far devised.

CHEVROLET You are missing a whole lot of things that will make your motoring hours safer, more comfortable and more enjoyable, if you haven't experienced the many outstanding advantages of the new 1936 Chevrolet! Prove this by taking a "get acquainted" trip in this only complete low-priced car without any obligation. We'll be glad to have you drive it any time you wish. Come in—today! CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH. CHEVROLET A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE. \$495 AND UP. List price of New Standard Coupe at Flint, Michigan. With bumper, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is \$20 additional. *Knee-Action on Master Models only, \$20 additional. Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice.

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