

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet

NOVELIZED FROM THE MESSINGHAM MANUSCRIPT BY GERTRAUDE GELBIN

THE STORY THUS FAR:
The Capulets and Montagues, mighty families of Verona, are deadly enemies. Romeo, son of the House of Montagues, falls in love with Juliet, daughter of the Capulets. They marry in secret. The afternoon of their wedding day, Romeo meets Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, and leader of the Capulet henchmen. Tybalt tries to force a duel upon Romeo who will have none of it because of his marriage to Juliet; Tybalt is now his kinsman as well as hers. The latter then turns to duel with Mercutio, friend of Romeo, and kills him. Romeo avenges Mercutio's death by duelling Tybalt whom he kills. The Prince of Verona banishes Romeo, exiling him forever from the city.

THE FAREWELL Chapter Eight

JULIET leaned against the open balcony window of her bedchamber and looked out into the twilight. "Come, gentle night," she pleaded. "Come, loving, black-brow'd night. Give me my Romeo."

How long the hours seemed since she and he had knelt in marriage. Her nurse burst in upon her, weeping and wringing her hands. Juliet wheeled about in fright. "What news, nurse," she cried, "that thou dost wring thy hands."

then thou canst not pass to Mantua. At Mantua thou shalt live until we find time to blaze your marriage; to reconcile friends; to beg pardon of the prince, and call these back with twenty thousand times more joy than thou went'st forth in lamentation!"

A dawn of hope lighted Romeo's face. "Go hence," continued the Friar, "but, be gone by break of day. Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man, and he shall signify from time to time every good hap to you that chances here. Give me thy hand, farewell."

Romeo sped through the darkness to Juliet's garden. By a rope ladder hung therefrom he ascended the balcony and called to her.

She raised her weeping face from the bed and listened. With a cry she arose and ran to meet him. They held each other close, and then, with a long drawn sigh, she led the way into her chamber.

And the hours which had made the day too long, now sped on wings. Too soon the early morning light filtered through the drawn curtains. Romeo knew he must obey the Friar's warning or all would be lost. Tenderly he released himself from Juliet's embrace.

"And wilt thou be gone?" she asked. "It is not yet near day."

A bird sang outside her window. "It was the nightingale," she pleaded, "and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

Romeo kissed her sadly. "It was the lark. The herald of the morn; no



"You is not daylight," she pleaded and drew Romeo in close embrace. "Stay yet," she begged. "Thou need'st not be gone."

"Ah, well - a day!" wept the nurse. "He's dead. He's dead. He's dead."

Juliet's face grew ashen white. "We are undone, lady," sobbed the nurse.

The girl seized her shoulder and shook her violently. Why were they undone? Who was dead? What had happened?

"Tybalt is gone -" began the nurse.

At the mention of Tybalt's name Juliet almost fainted with relief. What ever had happened had overtaken Tybalt - but at the next words her eyes grew wide with horror.

... and Romeo banished," sobbed the nurse. "Romeo that killed him - he is banished."

Juliet felt the room sway before her. "O God!" she moaned. "Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?"

"It did. Alas the day; it did. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in Romeo. Shame come to Romeo."

"Blistered be thy tongue for such a wish," cried Juliet fiercely.

"Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?" demanded the other.

"Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my Lord, that bantished - that one word 'bantished' hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Romeo is banished. To speak the word is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, all slain. All dead."

She threw herself upon the bed and wept with such abandon that the nurse, frightened, ran to find Friar Laurence. Now was the time when the churchly man alone might help.

In Friar Laurence's cell lay Romeo, desperate with grief and anxiety.

"Hence from Verona art thou banished," said the Friar gravely. "Romeo beat his hands in despair. 'Be patient,' soothed the Friar. 'The world is broad and wide.' 'There is no world without Verona's walls,' answered Romeo. 'Only purgatory, torture and hell itself.'"

"But this is dear mercy," exclaimed his confessor, "and thou seest it not."

"Thy torture and not mercy!" cried Romeo. "Heaven is where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog and little mouse! every unworthy thing that live here in heaven may look on her, but Romeo may not!" He stared about him desperately. "Hadst thou no poison mixed," he begged. "No sharp-ground knife, no sudden means of death to kill me?"

"Art thou a man?" demanded Laurence. "Thy wild acts denote the unreasonable fury of a beast! Thou amaze me. By my holy order I thought thy disposition better tempered. Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady that in thy life lives?"

Romeo bowed his head and covered his eyes with his hands. "What!" shouted the Friar. "Romeo, thou man! Thy Juliet is alive. Go - get thee to thy love as was decreed. Attend her chamber and comfort her, but look thou stay not till the watch be set, for

nightingale." He threw open the window. "Look, love, what envious streaks do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops." He turned to her in all tenderness. "I must be gone and live," he whispered. "Or stay and die."

She threw her arms about him. "You light is not daylight," she pleaded. "I know it - I know it," she faltered as her eyes filled with tears. "It is some meteor that the sun exhales," she went on hurriedly. "Some meteor to be to thee this night a torch-bearer and light thee on thy way to Mantua." She held him close. "Stay yet. Thou need'st not be gone."

He kissed her. "I am content," he whispered. "So thou wilt have it so, I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye; nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat the vaulted heaven so high above our heads." He lifted her face to his. "I have more care to stay than will to go," he cried. "Come death, and welcome!"

"It is the day," she wept and shuddered in his arms. "Fie, hence; be gone. It is the lark that sings so out of tune. O now be gone. She looked fearfully out the window. "More light and light it grows!"

"Madame!" called her nurse softly through the door. "Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. The day is broke. Be wary."

The lovers clasped each other in a last embrace. "Window," cried Juliet, "let day in and let life out."

"Farewell, farewell," murmured Romeo and kissed her long.

With arms entwined they walked out onto the balcony. And then quickly, as if to tear himself away before the pain became too great, he seized the ladder and began his descent.

"Art thou gone so?" Juliet cried. "Love, lord - my husband, friend! Her tears fell fast. "I must hear from thee every day in the hour," she begged. "In a minute there are many days - O, by this count I shall be much in years ere I again behold my Romeo!" She leaned far out over the balcony to see him more. "O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?" she wailed.

"I doubt it not," he comforted. "All these woes shall serve for sweet discourses in our time to come." He tried to smile. "Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu. Adieu."

He turned quickly and sped to the garden wall.

"Oh fortune, fortune," she wept. "All men call thee fickle. Be fickle fortune. For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, but send him back."

She watched Romeo disappear over the wall. He was gone now. When would he come back to her? She turned from the balcony and, blinded with tears, found her way back to her chamber.

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What lies in store for the lovers now? Don't miss tomorrow's exciting chapter in the story of Romeo and Juliet. (To be continued.)

HIT OR MISS

By M. L. W.

Simon Rutenberg, Hertford merchant, may not be so good at remembering names but nobody can say he doesn't know his cotton materials. "Who is the attractive looking blond girl who just passed?" The question was addressed to Mr. Rutenberg as the young lady went by on her way to the postoffice. "That is Miss Pique," answered Mr. Rutenberg. "And," he volunteered, "she is a very fine young woman." "Pique?" questioned a woman standing near. "I didn't know that was her name." Somebody wanted to know at this point whether or not the young lady was a visitor in town, and so on. "No," explained Mr. Rutenberg, "Miss Pique is the young lady who has charge of the vacation Bible School around at the Baptist Church."

"Well," remarked the questioner, "that certainly does not sound like the name I read in the Perquimans Weekly, which carried some stories about the young lady's work—Miss Poplin was the name."

There was a general laugh as Mr. Rutenberg, somewhat chagrined, admitted the name was Poplin and not Pique.

Richard Futrell, of Rich Square, who is spending this week in Hertford, is six years old. That he pays close attention to what the minister says in church was indicated the other Sunday after the little fellow had returned home from attending services. Said Richard, "Mr. Tarleton said 'Now I will open the doors of the church,' and the doors were right wide open, and even the windows were all open."

Whether or not there is any truth in the statement that the new benches recently placed under the shady elms on the courthouse green have been so tempting that the fact is demoralizing, I do not attempt to say, but rumor has it that the Loafers have challenged the Workers for a soft ball game to be played on the town lot which was recently equipped with flood lights by the town for night playing, and that it hasn't been possible to arrange a game as yet because not enough workers can be found to make up the ten-man team.

What's the matter with the idea of dividing up the loafers and making Team No. 1 and Team No. 2, anyway?

AAA Leader To Tell About Farm Program

The federal agricultural program for 1938 will be discussed by J. B. Hutson, assistant AAA administrator, Wednesday morning of Farm and Home Week to be held at State College, August 2-6.

Starting at 8 o'clock, Hutson will explain tentative plans for the agricultural conservation program to be

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Today (Thursday) and Friday, July 29-30—

Bing Crosby
Bob Burns
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"WAIKIKI WEDDING"

With the new song hits Sweet Lellani, Blue Hawaii, in a Little Hula Heaven and Sweet Is the Word For You.

Act — News

Saturday, July 31—
Johnny Mack Brown

—in—
"GUNS IN THE DARK"

Vigilantes No. 6 — Comedy

Monday and Tuesday, August 2-3—
The Marx Brothers

—in—
"A DAY AT THE RACES"

With Allen Jones and Maureen O'Sullivan.

News

Wednesday, August 4—
Ricardo Cortez

—in—
Harold Bell Wright's "THE CALIFORNIAN"

Act — Comedy

BANK NIGHT

8:00—
"THE SINGING MARINE"

"CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS"

"SLAVE SHIP"

offered North Carolina farmers next year.

He will also give the growers opportunity to express their opinion of the program, as conducted this year, and of the proposed program for 1938, said E. Y. Floyd, of State College.

In addition, Hutson will outline the bills now before Congress regarding control legislation for cotton, tobacco, corn, wheat, and rice, and which may be expanded to include peanuts and truck crops.

"This will be your chance to get some first hand information on the program for next year," Floyd stated in urging all growers who can to hear Hutson speak.

John W. Goodman, of State College, who has arranged the Farm and Home Week program, has announced that farm tenancy will be the subject of much discussion Tuesday

morning.

Two landlords will discuss the matter from their viewpoint, and three tenants will explain the problems confronting those who work land owned by others.

Tenant security will be the subject of a talk by C. B. Faris, of the Resettlement Administration, and Congressman Harold D. Cooley will tell about new tenant security legislation.

Every day of the week will bring something worth while for North Carolina farmers as well as farm women, Goodman added, "and we hope to have a large number who will come to spend the entire week."

Origin of Term Hebrew
Because he came from beyond the Euphrates river, Abraham was called the Hebrew, from a word meaning to cross over, and this name was given to his descendants.

Uncle Jim Says

By liming and fertilizing old permanent pastures, some of my neighbors get about 40 days of extra grazing a year.

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4.75-20	9.85	6.00-16	\$13.95
5.00-19	\$10.30	6.25-16	\$15.05
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4.50-21	6.35	5.25-18	8.00

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4.50-21	6.03	5.00-19	6.87

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