

the car sped down the highway. There was a similarity in the faces of Koster and Lens that he had never naticed before. He groped for the word. Pride, that was it. The pride of men who fiercely believe in peace and the future of a civilized world.

He stroked his own chin and wondered if he too, had that look. Back there in the city there was fighting, the 1920 brand, different from the kind he and his two comrades had known in 1917. Then, it had been war—cruel but well-defined. And now? Hoodlums. Rioting. The very air charged with hysing. The very air charged with hysteria, inviting a nameless kind of tyranny. Lenz hated it with every fiber of his intelligence, throwing all his soul into underground work to balt the rise of the revolution-

aries.

A horn tooted impatiently behind them. The driver of an expensive sedan was eyeing them with contempt. Erich grinned. "He wants to play with us, Koster."

Immediately, the seemingly rattletrap car whose father had been an airplane, leaped forward. Five minutes later they had stopped before the inn and were removing their bottles of rum from the back seat.

They all smiled as the other car drew up and a man, whose aristocratic veneer was just a bit too thin, stepped from it. "I am Herr Franz Breuer. What kind of junk is that?"

The boys were gravely explaining "Bebyie" lineage when suddenly

The boys were gravely explaining "Baby's" lineage when suddenly Erich saw a lovely girl emerging from the other door of the limousine. She moved—and light and music moved with her.

He approached her. "It's a beautiful night," he said awkwardly.

Her head inclined. "Unusually mild for March."

"Terribly mild." Her eyes were big and a sort of dusty blue. "Uh—I want to apologize. It wasn't fair. We can do ninety-five. I think your husband was annoyed."

She shrugged square, slim shoulders. "One ought to be able to lose sometimes. And," she added, her voice lilting, "Herr Breuer isn't my husband. He's just a friend."

Covering up his exultance, Erich found his tongue running away with him. He told her of his youth, of his war record, of the life of the three comrades. They were all sitting at the little garden table by then, the party including Breuer, who, with liquor, had grown more affable.

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said, turning to Erich. She smiled somberly. "We're heither living nor dead."

Koster cut in. "Don't say that. You and Erich, you're both living. You're young, Remember that."

The moon had risen high when they stood outside the arbor again. Erich watched the silver light trace a leafy pattern over her face. "Do you think Herr Breuer's able to drive?" he asked anxiously.

"I think so. He drives the same, drunk or sober." Breuer was opening the door of the car.

Erich bent down and said in a low voice, "can I phone you in the morning and see if you got home all right?"

"If you like," she said evenly.

"If you like," she said evenly.
"Westend two seven nine six."

Carefully, Erich noted the num-ber on a match packet. Then Breuwhat she sees in the Wonderful girl, eh?"

of the repair shop then up the whole stare past him. "I'm thinking of how nice it would be if we could plok at girl last night." I'd pick an age of reason and quiet

hearing to supercine hear. He kined his firence estatically. Her hands, long and slender, the remains stand. Ah lirich, you should travel as I have. Germans don't understand love. I'm really a Latin. That's what Pat's got, the soul of a South American.

Brich grinned but jumped up as there was a call from outside. A customer. Incredulously, he listened as Herr Schultz and his wife began to dicker for the limousine standing outside. Why, it was the most expensive in the place. If it were sold, there would be untold riches to spend on Pat. In an inspired voice he began to point out the beauties of the car and five minutes later, he was standing there, inarticulate, holding a check for six thousand marks in his hand. Koster was the first one with a sensible suggestion. "What we should do is to buy a taxi. It's an income in addition to the shop and a source of security for the three of us."

Lenz had been dreaming of the help he could give the political party with his share of the sale.

Searched his. "What would you jet it would traved come, in certainly, "this minute is good entainly, "this minute is

The evening sped on with laughter and

music.

Then he sighed. Loyalty to his comrades came first. "Well, what are we waiting for?"
Erich now proceeded to the telephone. But with the first sound of Pat's voice, wild confusion overcome him. Forgetting what he had called for he began making stupid comments about the weather.

Her laughter trickled back to him.
"Yes, the weather is still mild and

"Yes, the weather is still mild and oddly enough, I won't be busy next Tuesday evening."
"That is odd," he mumbled. "Well,

"Till Tuesday evening," he repeated automatically but as the telephone clicked he stared at it in a daze. "What?" Then a sudden exaltation spread over him. He was going to see her. She wanted to see him again. It was like a miracle.

miracle.

Precisely at the appointed hour a pompous major-domo opened the door of the three-story mansion in which Pat lived and escorted him to the rear of the house. She welcomed him at the entrance of a tiny salon and when the major-domo had gone she dropped into a chair and laughed. "Oh dear, Ludwig self bring people to this door. He loves to think I still own the whole house, though now I only rent this

house, though now I only rent this little bit of it."

Shyly, Erich asked about her childhood, her schools, her hobbies, anything to keep the conversational ball rolling for it was such delight to watch her face, animated in

"Till Tuesday evening."

The door was thrown open and suddenly Lenz and Koster were in their midst. Their sallies flew. So Erich hadn't even noticed Pat? Hadn't even taken her address? Just thought she was "all right," eh?

to Pat. "I worry about those two monkeys. You see, we've been to-gether so long."

Koster's voice was gently com-pelling. "Ask us."

began with the war. There wasn't so much to eat you know and I grew too fast and ate too little." She'd begun coughing just a tiny bit at first. Then it had gotten worse, far worse. "Well, last year it caught up with me and I took to my bed."

Koster felt his spine crinkle. He could almost write the denouement himself. Tonight she had a ten o'clock appointment. That would be Breuer. That would be the decision she'd have to make. He looked at Erich and shivered. It was wrong, monstrous. The boy and Pat could have been happy together."

She stood up. "Twe got to go

or all sorts of inconsequential things.

On her doorstep he spoke harsh-ly. "What I hope is, you'll remember it's only a business appointment."

She stared at him, then burst out laughing. "You baby. Good heav-ens, what a baby you are." Sud-denly her arms went around him and she brushed him a light kiss. He stood back, startled. "That's

my ear."
Tender laughter. "The better to

Tender laughter. "The better to hear me with. Go home Erich and go to bed."

Walking toward his house, Erich's spirits drooped lower and lower. He had acted like a halfwit, with his blundering accusations. That had probably been a goodbye kiss. No doubt she was through with him.

Next morning, his gloom still hung over him as he sat disconsolately at his desk.

Lenz appeared and spilled some

Lenz appeared and spilled some coins on the desk. "Profits from the first day of taxi-driving. Three marks over and above the water pump which died and the cost of the license and cap. Here. It's your shift."

Erich looked at him lugubriously.
"I'm in a mess. I've completely
ruined myself with Pat. She's prob-

ruined myself with Pat. She's probably used to millionaires and counts and how they behave. I acted like a drunken sot."

Lenz laughed. "What do you think millionaires act like? Millionaires? It's too bad, though. I guess I should have stayed at Alfons' to take care of you." His voice levelled out. "That might have been better—for all of us."

Erich looked up in sharp alarm. "What happened at your meeting? Another riot?"

"No, but I think a couple of those

Another riot?"

"No, but I think a couple of those strong arm patriots followed me home." His tone changed. "Now look Erich, if you want to apologize to Pat, send her flowers. They cover everything. Even graves." He slapped the taxi cap on Erich's head. "Come on, go to work. Be careful of that radiator. Don't take anybody up hills—"

They had reached the door and suddenly they stopped as if a corpse had risen before them. The taxi was half demolished. Three tires were slashed, the windows broken, and one door hung loose from its hinges. Scrawled in chalk across

were slashed, the windows broken, and one door hung loose from its hinges. Scrawled in chalk across the bonnet were ominous words. THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN THE NEW GERMANY ARE REDCKLESS DRIVERS.

Stupefied, they stood there as Koster joined them.

"I did it," Lenz suddenly rasped. "Blame me! Those men following me home from the meeting last night. This is my contribution to the two of you. We share and share alike. This is what I give for what you give me." His eyes were stricken and his throat worked convulsively.

"Shut up and let's get to work." Koster said tersely. "Let's see if we can put this together again."

Lenz grasped his arm. "Tm sorry, Otto."

Koster turned to him. Each man had his own life to live. And Lenz meant that there was still fighting to be done that there were eh?

Erich grinned at her. "I should have warned you about the riffraff we'd run into here."

The evening sped on with laughter and music. Erich was fingering the keys of the piano when Lenz quietly bid them all goodnight and left for one of his late meetings. Koster looked after him and turned to Pat. "I worry about those two

She twirled her glass. "Yes, I envy you that. When there are de-cisions to make it must be wonder-ful to have someone you can ask..."

meant that there was still fight-ing to be done, that there were new frontiers to be reached. As for himself, he had had the wisdom Her fingers tightened. Then she took a deep breath. "It's just—another one of those things that bombed out of him and his feelings sewn up forever by machine gun stitches. "We can't blame you for everything that happens to us," he said roughly.

There was a long moment, filled with terror and pity and heart-break. Then Lenz turned on his heel. "That's the worst of it—you

(The comrades have received their first warning from the revolutionaries and Lens' continued activities in the opposing group clearly means trouble.
Will Pat be drawn into it because of her friendship with
them! Be sure to read next
week's dramatic installment.)

## Attractive Porch Is Asset To Home

"We have had various kinds of home improvement contests for kitchens, living rooms, and general ing built without them. They lend home beautification, but a porch im- charm to a home, especially to a

"Now, home demonstration club too. women have decided that something must be done about the porch of the average farm home," said Gertrude Bundy, Wayne County home agent of the State College extension service.

"As I drove over the State this spring attending district Federation of Home Demonstration Club meetings, I noticed many improvements in the porches of country homes."

New porch furniture has been add-

able. Porch floors have been repaired and painted.

Porches can be made so comfortable and attractive, Miss Bundy said, that she hates to see new homes beprovement contest is something new. country home, and they are useful,

To make a porch more attractive, one should avoid drab colors such as tans, buffs, and grays. On the other hand, a vivid orange is undesirable as it clashes with nature. Avoid yellow green. Use shutter green for dark furniture. Soft greens and "off white" are pleasant colors.

Colorful cushions, though not necessary, add life and cheer to the appearance of a porch, but the colors ed in places. Old furniture has been should be selected with care to harrepainted, and made more comfort- monize with their surroundings.

## STATE THEATRE

HERTFORD, N. C.

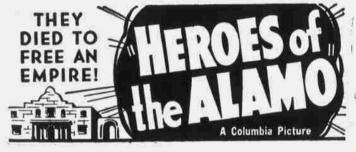
CAROLINA'S FINEST THEATRE

Friday, June 3rd-

Clark Gable - Myrna Loy - Spencer Tracy

"TEST PILOT"

Saturday, June 4-Show Opens 1:30 P. M.



"PAINTED STALLION" No. 10 -

Monday and Tuesday, June 6-7-

## DOROTHY LAMOUR . RAY MILLAND Her Jungle Love LYNNE OVERMAN A Paramount Picture

COMEDY -

IN TECHNICOLOR

Wednesday, June 8-

Gladys Swarthout - John Boles John Barrymore

"ROMANCE IN THE DARK" ALSO COMEDY AND ACT



## Conference Planned

North Carolina's biggest "farm crop" is its army of young people are now reaching maturity, says R. Harrill, 4-H Club leader at

On the farms of this State, there are 630 young people between the ages of 15 and 24 years for every 1,000 adults. Only one other state larger proportion of young in relation to adults.

hat to do with this mass of g people his long been a sociolo-problem. When more prosper-cenditions were prevalent, indus-of the city readily absorbed most to diversity from the farms.

nder normal conditions, the cities not produce enough young people ake care of their labor needs; on other hand, the farms produce a than enough to carry on the cultural system. Hence, there been a steady migration from as to cities.

the farm youths who attend this To Aid Farm Youths session and aid them in making a decision.

Cost of the entire course, including room and meals, will be only \$5 Details may be secured from county or home agents.

PAY TAXES ON "LOST" LOT

Spokane, Wash .- After paying taxes on a piece of property for the past five years, Mrs. Bell Wilson, of Chicago, decided to visit the spot. She couldn't find her property and, as a result, she was given a tax refund and a \$100 award.

Where, Oh, Waere

The highly unclad state of the African aborigines shown in the movie-exploration films gives us to wonder what they do with our old pants, etc., that are sent them from time to time.—Arkansas Gazette.

"Twe got to go

Oldest Political Unit in Europe The Swedes are an ancient race. having lived in and ruled their country for 5,000 years. They traded with European, African and Asiatic nations 3,000 years ago. The king-dom of Sweden is the oldest politi-cal unit in Europe, with a continu-ous history of 1,200 years.



TO MY FRIENDS OF PERQUIMANS COUNTY:

I have made every effort to see and personally assure you all that I will deeply appreciate your favorable consideration of my candidacy and your vote for me as Judge of Recorder's Court, but in many cases I have been unable to give this personal message. And so, I take this means of reaching you, and I hope that each of you will take it as a personal message.

As most of you know, I and all my folks have always been of Perquimans, and I have returned to my home, after practicing law elsewhere since 1922, and have undertaken the practice of law here.

I promise that if nominated and elected to this important office, I will serve with the utmost impartiality in every case coming before me, having in mind only the best interests of the county and of society at large.

Sincerely,

GRANBERY TUCKER.