Sockman says, "Petition must be coupled with submission." "To pray

is to desire but to desire what God would have us desire." Fenelon truly said, "Thy will be done is the

keynote to which every prayer must

be tuned." Jesus so lived with God that he was ready for his Gethsem-

ane. We, on the other hand, live without God until we get into our

On returning to his three disciples,

watching as he had requested them

stay awake. A second and a third

However, the time for sleeping

was suddenly cut short by Judas and

the servants of the chief priests, the

way to Jesus and gave him the "be-

traying kiss," at the same time call-

ing him, "Rabbi," or "Master." Those who had come to take Jesus "laid

their hands on him and took him."

Peter, as impulsive as ever, drew his

sword, but at the command of Jesus,

it went back into its scabbard. Jesus knew his hour had come and, accept-



Copyright 1938 by Loow's Inc. Chapter Two

Bitting at the plane in Alfons' bar, Erich was happier than he'd ever been in his whole life. Lenz had been right about the flowers. Pat had accepted them and forgiven him for his boorishness. Not only that, also had mentioned, quite casually of course, that she was not seeing Breuer any more. Striking a chord he went on with the magnificant lie he was concecting. "An then," he continued, guiltily aware that he had never travelled further than south Germany, "I batted around the world on freighters, especially South America." A fellow had to tell a girl something. It made him sound important. "Let's see. There was Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires."

Lens halled them from the doorway and strode over. "Tve always wanted to get away myself," he jibed, "but first there was school you know, then the war. Hello Pat. Hello Munchausen." He turned, hearing Koster's voice. The two men drew aside.

"Well" Koster asked "did you."

men drew aside.

"Well," Koster asked, "did you tell Beoker that you're through with the party work?"

Lenz' face twisted a little. "Yes, and I've just put a knife through my conscience."

Koster clapped his shoulder. "It's better this way. You'll see."

A week went by and for Erich they were days of thinking about A week went by and for Erich they were days of thinking about Pat and evenings of boating or singing or walking through the park with her. Then one day she telephoned him. Someone had given her two tickets for the opera and Erich must act as her escort. There was a rowdy hour of dressing that night as Koster and Lens planed, tied and squeezed him into an old-fashioned dress-suit. "You'll be all right if you don't dance," Lenz said. "Whatever you do, don't try that." Sitting in the nightcub with Pat after the performance, Erich felt the blood surge warmly within him. "You're like a silver dream in that dress. You're beautiful, Pat." She touched the frosted sleeves. "I couldn't afford it, really. It was my last extravagance."

Buddenly Erich's eyes darkened. Franz Breuer had entered with a party of friends and the piace was auxing with whispers. At the next eable someone was saying, "Breuer's very fond of that young Fraulain Hollmann. And it's been a lucky thing for her too. These fallen aristograts haven't much chance these days. He's a man of influence, you know. Political in-

chance these days. He's a man of influence, you know. Political influence. Germany is changing . ."

And then Breuer was at the table. "How nice seeing you here, Pat. Dance with me?"

"Pat's tired," Erich said belligmently.

Breuer's voice had a nasty edge to it. "You haven't known her as long as I have. Pat dances until dawn."

Breuer's voice mang out. "Two just placed that coat. My grand-father was buried in it."

The place was now rearing with laughter and suddenly Erich dropped his hands away from her. What a fool he'd been to think he

"Heater"
"Like seeded disappointedly. "Sha's a rich man's girt. I knew it. Well, what can Erich do?"
"He can get good and drunk." Erich said savagely, downing a stiff whiskey.
It was almost dawn as he moved unsteadily down the street. Then, reaching his door, he tumbled for his key. There was a small, indistinct sound and a flash of gleaming silver.
He knelt down. "Pat, Pat, What are you doing here? You're shivering." His arms were around her and he crushed her close.
She stirred in his embrace. "To believe I've been asleep." Her syes blinked drowsily. "Erich, you got drunk because you couldn't dance"

The seeds of the fender viciously. Tt's each other you want, Pat. Never mind about anything else. Half the trouble in the world comes from worrying about what might happen."
Her lips quivered. He was opening her mind, daring her to probe into things best kept hidden. "Please don't talk about it Otto."
He levelled the hammer at her. "Til tell you what's the matter with you. You're scared of joy because you're afraid you might lose it. But you've got to think of Erich now. Youre being a coward, you're being selfish." "That's not true." she said very quietly. She looked away. "I told you once I'd been very ill. I'm just patched up now. It will come



sternity," he whispered, "between day and night."

She rubbed her cheek against his. "She whispered, "Td have to tell with the stay right here forever. It's what we were born into. It's where two belong."

His lips found hers and held them a long, long time. Then she smiled and held his face in her hands and the silver dress was reflected in her eyes. Suddenly she gave a stified little cough and buried her head in his shoulder.

"You're cold," Eleich cried. "Let me take you home."

She looked at him again with that special radiance. "Take me home? But how? I am bome."

His lips found hers and beld them a stified little cough and buried her head her eyes. Suddenly she gave a stified little cough and buried her head her eyes. Standing before the Burgomaster with that special radiance. "Take me home? But how? I am bome."

She roboked at him again with that special radiance. "Take me home? But how? I am bome."

His breath caught. Then, without a word, he swung her up in his arms and opened the door. "Spring budded into flower and burst upon an enchanted world in a riot of color and fragrance. Pat was sitting in the repair shop one night, writing for Erich who was out with the taxt. She shank back into the chair, her eyes misty.

Out of all this massistrom that had beed a troubled world she and Erich had managed to susten some joy. It didn't matter whether it would last or not. That we he ham seed to see the seed in the swedding luncheon eaten and the summer's the way of love. Once it happened, it could go on forever, if poly as a memory. It was like immorbal mustle, never to be forgotten.

Koeler and Lenz wearing to the remainstant laster and finally, with the wadding luncheon eaten and the summer with her pat with the wadding luncheon eaten and the summer with her pat with the wadding luncheon eaten and the summer with her pat with the wadding luncheon eaten and the summer with her pat with the summer with her pat with the summer with her pat with the cond go on forever, if poly as a meaning the summer with the wa

and you ran away and left me and I don't want you ever to run away and leave me. I'm much warmer now and this is a lovely time of day."

Erich looked at the dawn and knew it was the most beautiful time in all creation. "It's the edge of eternity," he whispered, "between day and night."

She rubbed her oheek against his. "Let's stay right here forever. It's him."

She whispered, "I'd have to tell him."

The were lying on the beach.

The sea And thinks the lots. The sea around to kins her. "The grad. I wouldn't be able to bear all this if it were real."

But if not reality, then the better to dream. Dream in the cool green water, dream under the moon and stars, dream beneath the blazing sun. Erich had thought he knew his world. But that had been another place. Now, each day, he made a new and glorious discovery. About Pat. About himself.

They were lying on the beach

About Pat. About himself.

They were lying on the beach late one evening and Erich said happily, "that Burgomaster had such a nice way of putting things. For better or worse' was one of his phrases. In whatsis and whatsis, in sickness and health, till death do us part." She turned away from him and emptiness leaped into his heart. "There, you see? I was afraid of that. You're bored." She was facing him instantly. "Darling, I'm not. Let's talk."

His face shadowed. "I don't know anything about books or about music."

She tweaked his ear. "I'll teach

anything about books or about music."

She tweaked his ear. "I'll teach you. It's time you went to school."

A sudden savage fury came over him for that year he had lost. He could show her a few things, how to keep a machine gun from jamming and prove why its better to shoot a man in the stomach than the head. Then her smoky blue eyes were full upon him and it seemed as if a clean wind had come up and blown all ugly things away. "Oh Pat, I'll teach you things too. How to swim and drive and climb mountains and—and play tennis."

Her laugh caressed him. "You see how much you know?"

He rolled over and looked down into her face. "But I never knew I did until now. I thought I belonged to what's dead and gone. I suddenly know I'm alive, Pat. With you, I'm alive."

"We're alive darling. And I'm glad." She cupped his face in her hands and said tinily, "but maybe I can't learn all those things. Maype you're in love with—a fragment."

I can't learn all those things. Maybe you're in love with—a fragment."

He drew her close. "A lovely fragment, if ever there was one.'

"Oh Erich, I love you so," she whispered and gave him a kiss that was all fire and flame.

Afterwards, he looked around dazedly and said, "I've just been kissed. Would you mind telling me which way is east and west?" Then

which way is east and west?" Then he rose and began brushing off the sand. "Think of it Pat. Someday we'll have a silver anniversary. Let's try to imagine the scene. Our handsome son and heir has left college and refused to go to war. Thrown into jail for the rest of

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FACING THE SUPREME TEST OF will but what thou wilt." Ralph S. SERVICE

International Sunday School Lee for June 12, 1938

Golden Text: "Not what I will. but what thou wilt."-Mark 14:36

Lesson Text: Mark 14:32-46

We come now to the last few Gethsemane, and then we grope hours in the earthly life of Jesus. frantically for him. Earlier he had sent Peter and John into Jerusalem to make arrangements Jesus found them sleeping instead of for his final supper with the twelve. Knowing that Judas was plotting with to do. Even Simon Peter, who had his enemies, Jesus did not let him been so confident of his loyalty a few know in advance where they would short hours before, was unable to gather in the evening.

Following this last meal together, time Jesus went away to pray and during which Judas made his depar- returned, each time to find the disture, Jesus went with his disciples ciples sleeping. Disappointed, pertoward the Garden of Gethsemane. haps, but gently, Jesus looked at his where he often went to pray. Leav- sleeping disciples and watched over ing his disciples, with the advice that them while they slept. they pray against temptation, Jesus! took Peter, James and John and went a little further into the Garden. Knowing full well the events about scribes and the elders. Judas, of to transpire, Jesus told the three to course, led the procession, made his abide and watch while he went a stone's throw from them and, falling on the ground, prayed to his Father, asking that if it were possible, the approaching cup might be averted. Nothing so much proves the humanity of Jesus than does his experience here in the Garden.

First of all, he was "sore amazed," ing it as the Father's will, he knew and "greatly troubled". We are of- there would be no turning back. ten inclined to the belief that Jesus "What does it mean to submit one's was never perplexed about what he will to the will of God?" asks Wm. was going to do or what his Father's H. Genne. "Do we gain our greatest will for him was, but it gives us a freedom by becoming a slave of God's sort of closer kinship with him to will? . . . If he is all-wise and allrealize that he too was at times per-plexed and troubled at the turn of the best thing to be done? . . . God events. Then, too, Jesus was "ex- knows that at its very depth, true eeding sorrowful." It is natural to service rests on voluntary commitassume that Jesus loved life, loved ment, and he seems content to let his friends and loved his disciples men choose to become servants of his and the thought of parting from will. Herein seems to be the great them was a cause of deep sorrow to challenge of God's will . . . He calls him. However, probably the main to us, and, if we stop long enough to cause of his being "exceeding sorrow- listen, he tells us about the things he ful" was the thought that through would like to see done, things which his assumption of the sin of the must be done before we have a Chrisworld, he would be separated, if only tian world, the peace and justice temporarily, from his Heavenly which must be created in all areas of Father. This explains the meaning our personal and social living. Here of his later utterance on the cross, are his challenges, but their accomasking God why He had forsaken plishment will try our every fibre to

At length, reconciled to his mis- pride or hypocrisy or laziness. We sion and submissive to the will of shall be tested in the depths of our God, Jesus was ready to meet his being. Shall we be able to say, 'Not fate, declaring, "Sobeit, not what I what I will, but what thou wilt?"

J. C. Leary and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. visiting Mrs. W. H. Winborne, is now Welch, Sr. They were accompanied with her sister, Mrs. W. W. Bunch. home by Mrs. Welch and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry had as who had been visiting relatives for a

Mrs. Lena Ashley and children vis-

Mrs. Dan Privott, who was sick last week, is now able to be out. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perry Saturday Mrs. Ed Byrum and Miss Mamie afternoon. Byrum are confined to their homes Center Hill, is nursing them.

their guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Jr., and children. Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs. J. ited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Asbell Sunday C. Leary and Mrs. W. D. Welch, Jr.,

see if it has the flow of selfishness or

on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry visited

Mrs. Lindsay Evans and Miss Lois by illness. Mrs. Tom Byrum, of Savage visited Mrs. J. C. Leary and Mrs. W. D. Welch, Jr., on Thursday Miss Sallie Elliott, who has been afternoon.

CROSS ROADS

Miss Frances Evans, of Manteo, spent the week-end with Mrs. Z. W. to Manteo by Miss Mary Winborne Hollowell. ans, who will be her guest for the

Miss Alma Winslow has returned rom a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Winslow, at Atlants, Ga.
Miss Annie Belle Privott, a student

E. C. T. C., Greenville, and Earl rivott, a member of the Rocky fount school faculty, have arrived to nd the summer with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell and laughter spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hollowell, in Green-

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott spent unday in Aulander with Mrs. A. B. Hollowell and Miss Eather Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. George Asbell and children, of Subbury, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Asbell.

Bertram Hollowell and Conwell Byrum spent the week end in Aulander with friends and relatives.

Mrs. B. W. Evans, Mrs. P. L. Baumgardner and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell made a business trip to Windsor Monday.

Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs. Eva Forehand and Mrs. John Eason Saturday after-

Miss Willietta Evans, of the Gulf Park College faculty, Gulfport, Miss., has arrived to spend the summer with

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harrell, of Brayhall, spent Sunday afternoon, with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott. Miss Willietta Evans spent Sunday

at Fredericksburg, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Holloweli and B. M. Hollowell, Sr., spent Sunday at Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell and Norman Hollowell spent Sunday in Aulander with with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hollowell.

Conwell Byrum has returned from a visit with relatives in Raleigh and Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bush visited

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Evans Sunday Mrs. Ernest Byrum and daughters and Weldon Hollowell spent Sunday in Norfolk, Va., and attended the funeral of Mrs. Byrum's brother, Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Evans and sons visited Mrs. Lena Asbell and Mr. and Mrs. Edna Asbell Sunday

Mrs. George Asbell and children, of Sunbury, at i Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr., on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Marguerite Asbell, a student at E. G. T. C., Greenville, has arrived to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Asbell.

Miss Bestries Rountree of Hobbs.

Mrs. Cleo Gardner, of Edenton Bush.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. Winborne Mrs. Q. T. Hollowell has returned a second

visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed Byrum and from a visit with her son and daugh- spend the summer with her parents, Miss Mamie Byrum Sunday after- ter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winborne. Hollowell, in Elizabeth City. W. D. Welch, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Miss Pennie Hollowell is spending Miss Sarah Winborne has returned Charlie Bennett, of Washington, N. Evans. She was accompanied back this week with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur from W. C. U. N. C., Greensboro, to C., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of Perquimans County, N. C., will meet at the Court House in Hertford on Monday, June 20, 1938, at 10 o'clock A. M. to sit as a Board of Equalization and Review to hear complaints as to the value of real and personal property, and to make such adjustments as they deem just and

Clerk to Board

Thursday (Today) and Friday, June 9-10-

Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle in "DOCTOR RHYTHM"

With BEATRICE LILLIE, ANDY DEVINE and RUFE DAVIS NEWS -

Saturday, June 11-

Bob Steele in THE FEUD MAKER"

"THE LONE RANGER" No. 5 ----- OUR GANG COMEDY **OWL SHOW—11:15**

Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen in "ISLAND IN THE SKY"

Monday, June 13-

Loretta Young and Richard Greene in "FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER"

Tuesday, June 14-

Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak in

Wednesday, June 15-

Phil Regan and Penny Singleton in

Coming Thursday and Friday, June 16-17-Errol Flynn in "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"