

WOMAN Against WOMAN

Adapted from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
by LUCY HUFFAKER
Based on a story by MARGARET CULPIN BANNING

STORY SO FAR:

Stephen Holland, brilliant young lawyer and his wife Cynthia are divorced because he refuses to be so selfish and domineering their marriage is a failure. They have a five-year-old daughter, Ellen. Stephen's mother regrets the divorce. She is devoted to Cynthia. In Washington Stephen meets and marries Marie Kent. She is scorned by a former resident of Maplewood that when she goes there, she will be in "enemy territory."

Copyright 1938 by Loew's, Inc.

Chapter Two

It was Stephen, of all people, who first made Marie see there had been wisdom in Mrs. Kingsley's warning. The second day after their arrival in Maplewood Marie went to Stephen's office. She had gone out with an agent to look at houses and she was so delighted with one he had shown her that she could not wait to tell Stephen about it; perhaps he would be able to look at it too; she did not want to run any risk of it being snapped up by someone else.

"Even the address is charming," she said laughingly after she had told him many advantages. "Nineteen Cameron Drive."

"Oh," said Stephen in a flat tone. "Why the sudden gloom? Is it haunted or something?"

"The agent was a fool to show it to you. He knows that Cynthia's people live at fifteen... just two doors away."

"What of it? They wouldn't throw their garbage in our yard, would they?"

"You don't realize, dear, the difference between large cities and small ones, where people know their neighbors. But if you're set your heart on it... I was just thinking of you, and..."

"Forget it," said Marie. "I'll go out again tomorrow. But you'd best make out a chart showing which neighborhood will tolerate us. As long as we are together, it makes no difference to me on which side of the tracks we live. And now, I'm going to step along."

As she opened the door, Stephen's secretary was just coming in to announce that the nurse was in the reception room with Ellen. Stephen told her to bring them in and insisted that Marie stay. Ellen rushed into her father's arms.

"Ellen," he said, "sit down on the floor, 'this is Marie.' 'Hello,' said Ellen with a smile. 'You have a funny name... but it's nice, too.'"

Ellen asked Marie if she liked her new shoes and was told they were probably the nicest shoes in the world.

"I have a pair of scandals, too," said Ellen. "What makes you laugh... don't you like scandals?"

"Not always, Ellen, but I'm sure I'd like yours. Goodbye. I must be hurrying off."

Stephen followed Marie to the door and asked her to stay longer, but she said she thought it best to wait until later to know Ellen better.

Mrs. Holland said she wished to give a party to introduce Marie to her friends, but as she had a cold and Stephen and Marie were busy moving into the house which they had found, it was postponed. They had been in Maplewood two weeks when Stephen said it was high time Maplewood and Marie should know each other and he had engaged a table at the club for Thursday night. It was to be a special occasion, everybody would be there.

Thursday evening, Marie spent a long time on her toilet. Her hands were cold and trembling. To reassure herself, she tried to believe that all brides were nervous when they were introduced in town familiar to their husbands' friends to them. But not until Stephen came in and with his eyes as well as his words told her she had never looked so beautiful, could she face with assurance the fact that she was going into "enemy territory." No matter what happened she said

to herself, Stephen would be with her.

But, by chance, she was alone when something happened to put her courage and dignity to the test. Stephen had given his hat and coat to an attendant and gone toward the dining-room to see if their table was ready before taking Marie in, when some one spoke behind her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Holland."

Marie turned to see who could be addressing her, just as a pleasant voice answered the greeting. So... this was Cynthia. Just then Stephen returned. He greeted the man who had come in with Cynthia, whom he had not seen. She took a step toward him.

"Steve," she said, "I want to meet your wife."

Marie held out her hand. Cynthia barely touched it. A woman, who had just come in, called to Cynthia, saying she had something to tell her.

"I am not staying," said Cynthia. "I think it's best not to. I'll call you in the morning."

There was a moment of silence. It was broken by Marie.

"I am sorry," she said in a low voice to Cynthia. "If..."

Cynthia turned as if she had not heard and with her escort started

"Thank you, but I can't" was all Stephen could say then. But when he and Cynthia were out of the room, he spoke.

"I wish you wouldn't do things like that," he said. "Ellen never questioned my going until you mentioned my staying. She's too little to have our problems become hers, too."

"I'm sorry, Steve. I don't know why I did it, except that I couldn't help it. Ellen and I have been alone today... my people away and your mother out of town... I didn't want Christmas of all days, a dreary one for Ellen... it is hard for a mother..." her voice trailed off.

"I know you wouldn't do it deliberately, Cynthia," he said kindly, "and I don't mean to criticize you. It is just that a child's happiness comes so easily and goes so quickly and I don't want Ellen to have any unhappiness we can avoid."

"Of course, Steve. Thank you. And I'll be more careful."

Stephen did not tell Marie what had happened. He did not want her, either, to have any unhappiness which could be avoided. They were so gay and happy over their first Christmas dinner together that he did not think of it again... for

Marie said it was a splendid idea. In the late morning, he phoned that he couldn't get away as early as he had planned. Why didn't she have luncheon at the club? It would be more convenient for him to pick her up there than at home. She wanted to suggest another meeting place, but she knew Stephen was busy and she should not hold him on the phone, so she agreed.

They had been to the club just once. They had never mentioned what had happened on that night. Perhaps Stephen had forgotten it. Or perhaps he felt that after these months, the memory of it had so dimmed to Marie that she would not mind going. She did mind. But she went.

When she reached the club, she saw the dining-room was crowded with women, having their luncheon at card tables. The head waiter seemed nervous as he explained there was a charity bridge scheduled for the day. A woman who, Marie knew was an intimate friend of Cynthia's, came to her and said in a voice which was too sweet, that she was sorry... the committee had not known that Mrs. Holland played bridge... she had come to the club so little they had not thought of asking her.

Stephen's mother, sitting at a table with Cynthia, rose and came quickly to them.

"If you'll have luncheon with me, dear," she said, "I'll be so glad. Alex can find room enough to set a table for us."

"Thank you," said Marie, shaking her head.

"I wish you would, dear." "I'd rather not, really. I just stopped by. Steve is coming for me soon. Please go back to your luncheon."

As Marie walked away, the woman tried to explain to Mrs. Holland, but was cut short.

"I don't like stupid cruelty," she said. "She has every right to be here. I hope and expect that this sort of thing will never happen again."

When Stephen drove up, Marie was waiting for him under the portico. She agreed with his suggestion that a drive into the country would be just the thing on such a glorious day. She smiled when she saw the reason for the drive... a beautiful house set in several acres of lovely land, just outside the city. It was, she agreed with Stephen as they inspected it, just what they wanted.

"No more rented, furnished places," she said cheerily. "We want a home, not a house. And this is it."

He looked at her and saw there was no happiness in her face.

"Why, what's wrong?" he cried. "I thought you were enthusiastic about it, too."

"I can't be happy here... or anywhere until things are straightened out. I've been wondering if I shouldn't go to grandmother for a while."

"Marie!" he cried. "Are you talking of leaving me?"

"Not for always. I'm not complaining... of course I had warnings enough that I was coming into enemy territory, but I loved you so."

"Don't you love me now?" Stephen's voice was strained.

"More every day. Knowing everything, I'd do just the same. But I thought I was marrying a man and I find I married a divorced couple. I'm an outsider here... with the town... with your mother... with your people... I can't break away. They won't let you."

Stephen took her in his arms.

"Would you really leave me, Marie? Go home and leave me alone to solve all the problems?"

She looked at him steadily for a moment, then laid her head on his shoulder and broke into sobs.

"No! No! I will never leave you as long as you want me. But I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

Next Chapter: Marie discovers what she must do.

The three hundred heroes had God with them, and that was enough."

Spying upon the Midianites, Gideon discovered that a general fear existed of him and his followers. To utilize the slender resources of manpower at his command, Gideon resorted to a trick. "A strategem often used in ancient warfare was now arranged," says Cunningham Geikie.

"Dividing the band of heroes into three companies, Gideon gave each man a trumpet, an empty earthen pitcher, and a torch to be concealed in the pitcher until the right moment. He had been encouraged by an incident of the previous night. Gliding in the darkness into the camp of the Bedouins, like the English Alfred into the camp of the Danes, he heard a Midianite predicting, from a dream he had had, the destruction of the host, and his own name had been mentioned as the leader they dreaded."

When the battle developed Gideon's plan proved entirely successful. The Midianites were defeated and slaughtered. They were pursued until utterly shattered with a destruction so great that Isaiah later referred to it as on a par with that of the Egyptians at the Red Sea. By requiring Gideon to depend upon so slight a human force, Jehovah made sure that the Israelites would realize their dependence upon him.

It is interesting to notice that men are often called to great service from ordinary tasks. Gideon was threshing wheat, Amos was tending his herd and fig trees, and Elijah was ploughing when each received his divine mandate. There are doubtless

countless avenues of service open to men and women today in more or less limited circumstances and surroundings if they would only capitalize on a faith in the dependability of God's support to any good cause.

A lesson from the gradual elimination of Gideon's army can be applied to the church today. It is full of many faint-hearted members, deficient in faith and vision. We have often wondered if the church in its eagerness to gain physical numbers hasn't loosened up a little too much upon insistence that church members live in accord with faith and the teachings of their Savior.

A small number of faithful Christians, unencumbered with pessimistic and gloomy pictures, could probably accomplish more than a large group lacking in trustfulness and afraid to depend on God. We know of no group or social institution which might apply this feature of our lesson more advantageously than the average church throughout the country.

John Ambrose Elliott is improving after having malaria fever.

Little Miss Mildred Byrum is able to be out again after having mumps.

Mrs. John Asbell and children, Sylvia and Seaton, were in Elizabeth City Friday.

Mrs. Raymond Leggett and son, of Plymouth, are visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Jackson.

Mrs. Daisy Perry and the Rev. Mr. Bearden attended services at Mt. Herman Church on Wednesday evening.

Walton Whitehead, of New Hol-

land, is spending this week with his mother, Mrs. Bertha Whitehead.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Quincy were in Elizabeth City Friday.

Miss Eula Basnight, of Elizabeth City, was the week-end guest of Miss Al Whitehead.

Mrs. Ernest Stallings and Mrs. P. L. Griffin were in Hertford Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and son spent the week-end with Mrs. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kit Symons, in Hurdletown.

Mrs. John Symons made a business trip to Elizabeth City Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Elliott and son, of Elizabeth City, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lane and children visited Mrs. Lane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Trueblood, Sunday.

Mrs. Bertha Whitehead, Miss Al Whitehead, Miss Eula Basnight and Walton Whitehead were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Howell, near Hertford, on Sunday.

Miss Waverley D'Orsay spent the week-end in Elizabeth City as the guest of Mrs. Herbert James.

Mr. and Mrs. John Symons, Mrs. C. L. Jackson, and Mrs. Raymond Leggett and son, of Plymouth, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, at Nixonton, on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Quincy had as their guests Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Quincy and daughter, and Mrs. Fisher, of Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Branch and son, of Portsmouth, Va., visited Mrs. Branch's mother, Mrs. P. L. Griffin, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Roy Pierce and son visited Mrs. Arthur Pierce, at Winfall, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Ferrell, of Elizabeth City, visited friends here and at Hurdletown Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson spent Monday afternoon in Elizabeth City shopping.

Mrs. Tommie Jackson and children, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Russell, of Edenton, Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Lane were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Crafton Russell on Sunday.

Miss Frances Elliott and Miss Marguerite Etta Evans were guests of Mrs. J. C. Wilson Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Russell and children and Mrs. Jesse Hurdle spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Crafton Russell.

Miss Ruth Wilson is spending the week with Miss Marguerite Etta Evans, near Edenton.

Mrs. J. P. Elliott is confined to her home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bright, and Mr. and Mrs. Alton Bright, of Elizabeth City, visited Mrs. Bright's sister at Virginia Beach, Va., on Sunday.

S. S. CLASS PICNIC

The Young Girls' Class of Woodland Church gathered at Billy's Beach on Friday afternoon at 6 o'clock and enjoyed bathing and boat riding.

A picnic supper was served to the following: Misses Sallie B. Wood, Eunice Harrell, Annie Mae Matthews, Katherine Harrell, Ida Perry Matthews, Evelyn Harrell, Beatrice Benton, Eleanor Jordan, Stella Mae Benton, and Woodley Bundy, John Elmer Wood, George Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wood.

Victoria Traveled on Fast Train

Queen Victoria once traveled on a train at more than 100 miles an hour, a London engineer revealed. He said the speed was kept secret so the public would not become alarmed.

Roquefort Cheese From Cow's Milk

American Roquefort cheese is made of cow's milk.

CENTER HILL

Mrs. J. S. Turner and two children, Robert and Peggy, will leave Thursday to visit Mrs. Frank Bunch, at Franklin, Va.

Miss Louise Perry has returned home after spending the past three weeks in New York.

Miss Elizabeth White is at home from Wilson, where she attended summer school at Atlantic Christian College.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Jones, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with Mrs. Ida Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Bunch, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with E. C. Perry and Misses Louise and Dotty Perry.

Mrs. Dorsey Perry and two children, Morris and Gloria, are visiting Mrs. Otis Ellis.

Iredell Hassell, of Columbia, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Lloyd Bunch.

Mrs. Jim Baker, of Norfolk, Va., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Tom Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jernigan attended the funeral of Mr. Jernigan's brother in Norfolk, Va., Sunday. Mr. Jernigan was killed when a fire truck and a bus collided. He was on duty on the fire engine when killed.

Rev. R. Talmage Malloy will assist Rev. R. E. Walston in revival services for the coming five weeks.

Miss Syble White has returned home after visiting friends in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Boyce visited Mr. and Mrs. Otis Ellis Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. T. White and daughter, Miss Camilla, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Furry Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Copeland and son, Carroll, of Edenton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Copeland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Byrum.

Mrs. J. M. Turner and Miss Lillian Turner were guests of Mrs. Lloyd Bunch Sunday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Walston and E. J. White, Jr., were in Murfreesboro last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Smithson and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Asbell, of Edenton, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lane and Miss Lois Hope Lane were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White on Sunday.

Mrs. Ervin Jordan and two children, Douglas and Gene, spent Sunday with Mrs. Willie Byrum.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner and two children, Robert and Peggy, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Byrum and daughter, Shirley, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Byrum Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hunter and daughter, of Hertford, spent Monday with Mrs. Tom Asbell.

Mrs. Ed Byrum, Mrs. Jesse Dail and Mrs. Martha Monds visited Mrs. T. H. Byrum Saturday.

Mrs. T. H. Byrum visited Mr. and Mrs. Lee Leary Saturday evening.

Miss Irene Furry is visiting Mrs. E. W. Lee, in Bertie County.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lamb visited Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lane Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Byrum and Miss Anne Elizabeth Byrum were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Byrum Sunday afternoon.

Victoria Traveled on Fast Train

Queen Victoria once traveled on a train at more than 100 miles an hour, a London engineer revealed. He said the speed was kept secret so the public would not become alarmed.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

GIDEON. FOLLOWING GOD'S PLAN

International Sunday School Lesson for July 24, 1938

Golden Text: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage."—Josh. 1:9.

Lesson Text: Judges 7:4-7; 15-23

Joshua's campaign did not result in the entire conquest of Canaan. The Israelites occupied some regions more or less completely, in others they were joint possessors with the former inhabitants, and in a large area, including some of the best part of the country, the Canaanites remained in control and enjoyment.

During the centuries which followed Joshua, there was no united organization of all the tribes, but time and again as a crisis developed it would be met by the nearby Israelites, usually galvanized into heroic action by the inspiration of some courageous leader. As we pointed out in a previous lesson, these periodical deliverances were called Judges. Our lesson this week considers the heroic faith of Gideon, generally recognized by all as the most outstanding of the Judges.

Gideon lived in a disturbed period. The Israelites were harried by the Amalekites and the Midianites. Swarms of the latter descended upon them from across the Jordan and stole their crops and cattle, and other

possessions. Finally, Gideon realized that he had been chosen by Jehovah as the agent for deliverance. He began by promptly destroying the altar to Baal in his community, and insisting upon repentance and worship of the true God.

Gideon summoned the members of nearby tribes to gather under his leadership. He made trial of Jehovah, using a fleece of wool, and God patiently convinced him. Then Jehovah put Gideon's faith to a severe test, advising him so that over two-thirds of his men departed for home, leaving only ten thousand. These were further selected until only three hundred remained.

"One lesson we may learn from this thinning of the ranks," says Rev. Alexander MacLaren, "namely, that we need not be anxious to count heads, when we are sure that we are doing God's work, nor even be afraid of being in a minority. Minorities are generally right when they are the apostles of new thoughts, though the minorities which cleave to some old fossil are ordinarily wrong. The prophet and his men were alone and ringed around with enemies, when he said, 'They that be with us are more than they that be with them,' and yet he was right, for the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. Let us be sure that we are on God's side; and then let us not mind how few are in the ranks with us, nor be afraid, though the far-extended front of the enemy threatens to curl around our flanks and enclose us."

The three hundred heroes had God with them, and that was enough."

Spying upon the Midianites, Gideon discovered that a general fear existed of him and his followers. To utilize the slender resources of manpower at his command, Gideon resorted to a trick. "A strategem often used in ancient warfare was now arranged," says Cunningham Geikie.

"Dividing the band of heroes into three companies, Gideon gave each man a trumpet, an empty earthen pitcher, and a torch to be concealed in the pitcher until the right moment. He had been encouraged by an incident of the previous night. Gliding in the darkness into the camp of the Bedouins, like the English Alfred into the camp of the Danes, he heard a Midianite predicting, from a dream he had had, the destruction of the host, and his own name had been mentioned as the leader they dreaded."

When the battle developed Gideon's plan proved entirely successful. The Midianites were defeated and slaughtered. They were pursued until utterly shattered with a destruction so great that Isaiah later referred to it as on a par with that of the Egyptians at the Red Sea. By requiring Gideon to depend upon so slight a human force, Jehovah made sure that the Israelites would realize their dependence upon him.

It is interesting to notice that men are often called to great service from ordinary tasks. Gideon was threshing wheat, Amos was tending his herd and fig trees, and Elijah was ploughing when each received his divine mandate. There are doubtless

countless avenues of service open to men and women today in more or less limited circumstances and surroundings if they would only capitalize on a faith in the dependability of God's support to any good cause.

A lesson from the gradual elimination of Gideon's army can be applied to the church today. It is full of many faint-hearted members, deficient in faith and vision. We have often wondered if the church in its eagerness to gain physical numbers hasn't loosened up a little too much upon insistence that church members live in accord with faith and the teachings of their Savior.

A small number of faithful Christians, unencumbered with pessimistic and gloomy pictures, could probably accomplish more than a large group lacking in trustfulness and afraid to depend on God. We know of no group or social institution which might apply this feature of our lesson more advantageously than the average church throughout the country.

John Ambrose Elliott is improving after having malaria fever.

Little Miss Mildred Byrum is able to be out again after having mumps.

Mrs. John Asbell and children, Sylvia and Seaton, were in Elizabeth City Friday.

Mrs. Raymond Leggett and son, of Plymouth, are visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Jackson.

Mrs. Daisy Perry and the Rev. Mr. Bearden attended services at Mt. Herman Church on Wednesday evening.

Walton Whitehead, of New Hol-



HERE'S WHAT I
CALL A REAL
"BUY" IN
RAZOR BLADES

PROBAK
BLADES

4 for 10¢

PROBAK
JUNIOR

MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PROBAK
JUNIOR

MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PROBAK
JUNIOR

MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PROBAK
JUNIOR

MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PROBAK
JUNIOR

Men everywhere acclaim Probak Jr. Blades—the world's best buy in shaving comfort. Why? Because these famous, smooth-shaving blades give you known quality at an amazingly low price. Product of the world's largest blade maker; they remove tough, wiry whiskers without pull or irritation. Priced at only 10¢ for a package of 4 double-edge blades, Probak Jr. is today's outstanding value.

PROBAK
JUNIOR

MADE IN U.S.A.
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OTHER PATENTS PENDING

PROBAK
JUNIOR