

# DO NOT TO HANDS

ADAPTED FROM THE  
MAYNARD GOLDEN  
HALSEY RAINES

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR: Chris Hunter and Bill Dennis, rival newspaper cameramen, forget their long-standing feud in order to pool resources. They send Alma Harding, girl friend of both, on a South American expedition in search of her missing aviator-brother. Lacking funds and determined to follow, Chris produces a faked compass supposedly belonging to Harry Harding, on the basis of this he gets his employer, Gobby MacArthur to send him after Alma.

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## Chapter Three

When Chris arrived in San Paubio a stunning surprise awaited him. There, standing at the airport, was Bill Dennis, a cryptic smile on his face. Bill explained that he had found a friend willing to cover the expense of the trip.

"You didn't lose any time getting here," commented Chris drily. Alma partly discarded her bitterness of Chris so far from home. But she was absorbed, above everything else, in the chance of finding her brother alive. And she was wildly excited at finding a half-corroded watch which bore her brother's initials, brought to her by a native from the interior.

Chris, with Joselito acting as interpreter, conversed with the native. He stuck to his story of a White Bird God forced down in jungle fastnesses who had given him the watch. But matters went much further; Joselito found amulets on the man which plainly indicated his adherence to a Voodoo cult. This meant that, even if his story were true, Harry Harding might have been tortured or sacrificed by the members of that savage tribe.

There was only one thing to do, Chris decided; Alma must be kept from following the Voodoo tribesman into the interior. He must take the risk himself. One morning, before daybreak, Chris routed out the native, Joselito explained that the white goddess would follow if his story were proved true. And secretly leaving the others, they set out in a birch canoe.

For three days and nights they kept on, until, paddling round a river curve, at dusk, they heard the sound of a great war-drum. Joselito whispered that in all likelihood it belonged to the Voodoo tribe. The man who had guided them there could no longer be trusted; with a quick blow, Chris rendered him unconscious and tied him in the bottom of the boat. Then he and Joselito following the tribal pounding, started for the jungle camp.

As Chris and Joselito watched breathlessly, the high priest made a gesture and from a nearby hut four men emerged, carrying a litter between them. Startled, Chris raised his binoculars and trained them on the body which lay on it. He could make out a white man, tall and with a stubbled beard. "That's Harry Harding, all right," Chris said grimly. "He looks about gone."

"Sure, that's what I tell you. They bleed him all the time. He not get much blood left."

"There must be some way to save him," Chris suddenly stared at the cliff on the opposite side of the camp. "That cliff's bigger than the screen of most any theatre." He turned quickly. "Did you bring that test film?" Joselito nodded. Chris reached for his projector and motioned Joselito to plug in the sound track. The natives stood in stark terror as there flashed before their eyes a terrifying montage of news-reel shots; guns, boats, tanks, cavalry, bathing beauties, hog-callers, explosions, all seeming to come directly out of the cliff. And the sound track started, carrying Hunter's voice, Joselito plugged his own small microphone into the loud speaker and began to tell them in their native tongue that a great leader was coming among them. Chris set off the magnesium flare. The natives began to shout.

Chris set off the magnesium flare. The natives began to shout. The crowd outside continued madly to dance and chant. All through the night Chris and his aide stayed on the job, and as the sun rose in the distance, the former shook his head. "His pulse is stronger," he said, "but we'll have to wait until tonight. He ought to be easy to move by that time."

But before Joselito could say a single word, the roar of a plane came out of the sky. Hunter groaned in despair. "Alma," he cried. "She's spotted her brother's wrecked plane. Here's through the window of the temple as Alma's and Bill's plane glided to the surface of the lagoon at the far end of the clearing. Chris grimaced as the yelling and chanting of the natives grew louder. "We'll put on native robes," he said. "It might ruin everything if they recognized us. Have 'em get

ing into a dugout, Joselito caught hold of the tail of the airship. While it skimmed over the water it carried the little boat along. When Bill finally raised his rifle to fire, Joselito and Chris couldn't get their disguises off. They had to let go of the plane—but they were temporarily safe.

Cheering throngs obliterated the welcoming glare of a brass band as the combination freight and passenger boat bearing Alma, Harry and Bill Dennis slowly slid up to the wharf. Wan-looking, but back on his feet once more, Harry stood at the rail between his sister and the newsreel man, all three waving happily to the crowds as they docked. On a Union equipment truck standing on the dock was an enlarged poster of the jungle rescue showing Bill carrying Harry Harding toward the plane. Chris had used his camera! Alma and Bill stood speechless, amazed. Then Alma looked around wildly and dashed to the Union camera man.

"Where's Chris Hunter?" she snapped. "Why isn't he...?" The cameraman hardly looked up from his instrument. "Chris?" he said calmly. "Oh, he went out on a hot one about two hours ago. The cops got Two-Gun Hixon trapped in a flat at Hamilton and Broadway."

Alma rushed for the first cab twenty minutes later she was at the designated address. Across the way, barricaded by police, a machine gun was operating. And there was Chris, crouching under a window sill with his camera. A policeman grabbed Alma as she started forward. But she slipped from his grasp and the next instant was in the clear. There were horrified gasps from the spectators as she raced madly down the block.

"Grab her!" someone shouted. "Bring her back! She'll be killed!" Headless, Alma raced across the Hunter's position. She fell tumbling at Chris' side, as the killer's bullets spat over them. Chris turned, staring. "Alma! You're crazy," he shouted. He saw that she had bruised her arm falling into his retreat. "Why, you've been hurt," he added. "What do you care?" she demanded. "Care," he exclaimed. "A public figure like you? Shot by a gunman? Get down, and stay down!"

Carefully, he sighted his camera again, starting to aim it at the gunman. But suddenly he changed his mind. "Honey," he said with a grin. "This'll be the greatest shot I ever made in my life." He turned the camera directly on her as Hixon's last desperate bullet pounded the cobbles on the street level. In another moment, the street above had become astonishingly quiet. "Oh, they've got him now!" Alma said. "They can have him, honey," Chris replied, taking her in his extended arms.

THE END.

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and grovel in the dirt. Determined by Chris walked forward. With regal gestures he scattered the unlighted fire, tore down the poles and released the fluttering chickens. In another instant, disregarding all else, he was on his knees beside Harry's inert form. "Everything's okay," he whispered. "Harry Harding! Can you talk?" There was only a feeble movement of the boy's head. Chris felt his pulse, then he stood up and stretched his arms toward the cliff. Intoning loudly, he spoke: "This boy's too sick, Joselito! We've got to work on him before he can travel! Pick up that medicine kit and come in the way I did! Then order them to take Harding to the temple!" The bewildered natives gazed off in the direction from which Chris had come. Suddenly there was another explosion and Joselito advanced, carrying a small kit, his face very serious. At his command native bearers picked up Harry and proceeded toward the temple. As they entered,

the litter and carry Harry down to meet Alma. Tell 'em it is my wish that she take him away and that I'll bring her back later."

When the bearers approached and set Harry Harding down on the ground, there was mingled joy and anguish on Alma's face. This was followed by astonishment as the disguised Joselito motioned for Harry to be carried to the plane. "I can hardly believe it," whispered the girl, half in a trance. In a moment she was helping Bill lift her brother to a seat in the plane. Suddenly two natives rushed out of the jungle. One was a warrior. The other... the Voodoo native Chris had left tied up in the midst of the swamps! He was screaming at the top of his lungs, pointing to the plane. Joselito started. "For Dios!" he gasped. "Look who's here! You know what he's telling them?" "I know what he's telling them!" Chris muttered quickly. "Pick up that grass hoop-skirt and run for it!" Running to the water and leap-

ing into a dugout, Joselito caught hold of the tail of the airship. While it skimmed over the water it carried the little boat along. When Bill finally raised his rifle to fire, Joselito and Chris couldn't get their disguises off. They had to let go of the plane—but they were temporarily safe.

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the constitutional exemption from ad valorem taxes on unmined sulphur while the state reduced the production levy, is significant proof that Louisiana's famed and successful "fair play to industry" program is being made to work with respect to residents as well as incoming enterprises.

HEADLINES IN NEW YORK—New Jefferson nickels begin to jingle in the public's pockets this week, with 11,000,000 of the new coins being issued Tuesday. Sales of dooi and window sash in October were 119 per cent over 1937, larger volume being aided by the trend toward "window conditioning" or use of storm windows. Looking over the earnings reports: higher—Eastern Steamship Lines and National Oats; lower—McKesson & Robbins and United Carbon. Eastman Kodak declares \$2,200,000 "wage dividend" for its employees. One out of every 130 Americans holds a job more or less dependent upon tips. In Illinois the value of poultry annually stolen from farmers exceeds that from banks, including embezzlements.

## SNOW HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Harrell and Carolyn Dean Harrell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gregory, at Woodville. Miss Lucille Cartwright was the week-end guest of her sister, Mrs. Mason Sawyer, at Old Neck. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Harrell, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrell, Miss Eunice Harrell and Mrs. J. H. Harrell motored to Columbia over the Albemarle Sound bridge Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Elmer Wood and Mrs. Ralph Harrell spent Thursday with Mrs. Marvin Benton, at Old Neck. Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Jordan visited Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Chappell, at Belvidere, Sunday. Miss Eloise Keaton, of Hertford, was the week-end guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Keaton. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cartwright, visited Mr. and Mrs. Mason Sawyer, at Old Neck, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Lane and Curtis Lane, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday with Mrs. E. S. Lane. Mrs. Ernest Cartwright's condition is reported as improving.

## Woodville W. M. S. Holds Study Course

The Woman's Missionary Society of Woodville Church held a study course at the church on November 2nd. The book, "For This Cause," was taught by Rev. W. D. Morris. Those attending were Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Morris, Mrs. C. A. Bogue, Miss Beulah Bogue, Mrs. G. W. Gregory, Mrs. Mary Bray, Mrs. J. A. Bray, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, and Mrs. A. R. Cooke.

## A Desperate Remedy

Molly (weary of sermon, in a very audible whisper)—Mummy, if the church caught fire would he stop then?

## It Sure Would

A modest tax on every plan proposed for the ending of the depression ought to bring prosperity back with a bang.—Portland, Oregon.

## CROSS ROADS

Miss Pearl White spent Sunday with Mrs. R. H. Hollowell. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wiggins and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Umphlett, near Hertford, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Gurch, of Baltimore, Md., are visiting Mrs. Burch's mother, Mrs. W. W. Bunch. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Privott, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott and Mr. and

## Behind The Scenes In American Business

By JOHN CRADDOCK

NEW YORK—BUSINESS—As is usual in a democracy, there are many so-called "interpretations by experts" of last week's elections. But evidently the business world's reaction to the definite trend toward conservatism shown by the electorate is that the era of excessive reforms and regulations by the Federal government will soon come to a close. Stock prices reflected this belief in dramatic fashion, gaining 1 to 4 points on the heaviest turnover in more than a year. The country's steelmakers stepped up production to over 60 per cent of capacity as orders poured in to their sales offices from the building and automobile industry. Rayon production, which is frequently considered a barometer of business, moved up to a new 1938 peak.

WASHINGTON—Political Washington was on edge last week waiting for final returns from the nationwide elections. At this writing (Friday) the Republicans have definitely picked up 81 seats in the House of Representatives and eight in the Senate, the former figure based on a belief that the one contest still in doubt will return Representative Knute Hill (D.) of Washington to Capitol Hill. Thus the G. O. P. holds 170 House seats out of a total membership of 435. A little figuring reveals that if 48 Democrats side with the opposition on any measure the coalition will have a majority. As a result of this situation, some political observers see either a legislative trend toward conservatism or a two-year governmental deadlock.

AUTO NEW YEAR—This week the motor industry takes its New Year holiday, celebrating with the thirty-ninth annual National Automobile Show in New York and exhibitions in other cities. Most noticeable and popular alteration in the eighteen passenger cars on display is the pronounced increase in glass areas. Windshields, side and door windows and rear windows are all notably larger. This makes for real improvement in driving vision as many motorists have requested for the past

## THINGS TO WATCH FOR

Brackets with secret compartments holding a good supply of nickels and dimes, known as "jewelry coin-tainers". Gear-less, automatic lifeboats made of aluminum which works by a system of levers and can be operated with greater ease than present boats. Office filing system incorporating the ferris wheel principle so that each posting or reference record is presented at the top of the wheel for easy reach and visibility. Door-knobs equipped with electric light to light up keyhole at the push of a button. Adjustable bedspring which becomes hard or soft by the turn of a lever. Special pillow for feeding babies, which has a bulge in the middle to give the baby needed support and is said to eliminate gas pains, that Nemesis of infancy.

## MAN BITES DOG

That's sure-fire news, says Journalistic Axiom No. 1. In business, it's equally sure-fire news when a tax on an industry is lowered instead of being hiked. It happened in Louisiana when popular referendum ratified a constitutional amendment reducing the sulphur severance tax from \$2 to \$1.03 per ton, reversing a trend toward higher imposts which had long plagued the "hot water" sulphur mining industry in that state, and in Texas. Feeling is that this amendment, achieved through co-operative effort with the Prospect Sulphur company waiting

Mrs. Carey Privott spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Layton, of Rocky Hock.

Mrs. Bennie Bateman spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. W. A. Perry.

R. V. Knight, of Tarboro, and Mr. House, of Bethel, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott Monday afternoon. Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and Mrs. Cameron Boyce visited Mrs. R. N. Privott Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell Monday evening.

Roy Hollowell, of Portsmouth, Va., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hollowell.

Ray Hollowell and little daughter, of Edenton; Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Daumgardner and little Miss Anne visited Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stillman Leary, in Rocky Hock, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son, Mr. and Mrs. Edna Asbell and children visited Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr., Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son spent Saturday afternoon in Suffolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Leary visited Miss Bonnie Lee Leary and Archie Layton at Albemarle Hospital, Elizabeth City, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Hobbs and children, of Hobbsville, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell and daughter, and Miss Pennie Hollowell visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hollowell Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. A. B. Hollowell and son, Asa, Jr., and Miss Ether Elliott, of Aulander, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Perry, of Rocky Hock, Miss Elise Hines and Robert Winborne, of Suffolk, Va., Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott and Mrs. Fannie B. Knight spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winborne.

Mrs. J. G. White, of Center Hill, visited Mrs. E. N. Elliott and Mrs. Fannie B. Knight Wednesday afternoon.

B. W. Evans returned Saturday from a business trip to Columbus, O.

Mrs. E. N. Elliott and Mrs. Fannie B. Knight visited Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr., Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Asbell and children, of Sunbury, were guests of Mrs. Asbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Sr., Sunday afternoon.

L. D. Perry and Norman Perry, of Colerain, visited Will Bunch Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. E. L. Winslow, Mrs. R. C. Bunch, Jr., Mrs. Ray Bunch and Mrs. Rob Evans spent Monday morning in Suffolk, Va.

Miss Alma Winslow, who teaches in Chicod School, near Greenville, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Winslow, during the week-end.

Mrs. R. C. Bunch, Jr., is visiting Mrs. Bill Davis, in Tarboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dail visited Miss Bonnie Lee Leary, at Albemarle Hospital, Elizabeth City, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. John Perry was the guest of Mrs. H. T. Copeland Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry and Eugene Perry were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perry Sunday morning.

Misses May Belle Edwards and Eunice Hobbs attended the Womble-Hobbs wedding in Suffolk, Va., Friday afternoon.

Miss Louise Wilson spent the week-end with Mrs. R. H. Hollowell. Mrs. Dona White and Miss Josephine Hollowell, of Center Hill, spent Sunday with Mrs. Carey Privott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry and Eugene Perry were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hollowell, Jr.,

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## SHORTHAND CLASS

If you desire to enroll in Mrs. W. E. White's Shorthand Class, it will be necessary to make arrangements at once. The class will meet Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week from 7:30 to 8:30 at the home of Mrs. White.

**MRS. W. E. WHITE**  
118 Church Street  
HERTFORD, N. C. Telephone 100-J

Sunday. Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and Mrs. Cameron Boyce spent Wednesday with their mother, Mrs. R. W. Leary, Sr., in Rocky Hock.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Evans and sons visited Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Hollowell Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Alma Boyce and baby have returned from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Styron, at Morehead City. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Boyce's sister, Miss Ruth Styron.

Miss Evelyn Byrum visited friends at Winfall Sunday afternoon. Mrs. A. S. Bush, Miss Louise Bush, Miss Charlotte Hollowell, of Ryland, and Miss Beatrice Rountree, of Hobbsville, attended the wedding of Miss Bessie Lee Hollowell and Hallet Rountree in Suffolk, Va., on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Eure and sons, Mrs. George Eure and Anderson Russell, of Hertford; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Byrd and children, of Holland, Va., and Roger Byrum spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hobbs.

Mrs. Millie Monds spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. J. D. Hobbs. Mrs. J. D. Hobbs and Hallet Hobbs visited Mrs. Tom Asbell on Monday evening.

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