

JUDGE HARDY AND SON

ADAPTED FROM THE
Motto Goldwyn-Mayer screen

By
HALSEY RAINES



WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR: Judge Hardy and Andy try to locate the missing daughter of the Voldums, an elderly couple in danger of losing their home. While Andy is trying to find a girl to submit an essay he has written, in a \$50 prize contest to stroke with pneumonia. In a heating storm Andy drives to the lake, to bring home Marian, who is spending a week-end there. Mrs. Hardy's condition is critical.

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Chapter Three

Andy insisted that Marion go to bed. Then, feeling weaker than he ever had before in his life, he curled up in the living-room chair at the foot of the stairs. Whatever happened, he was determined to keep awake.

The hours slipped by with grim, silent, terrifying slowness. Every few minutes Andy would lift his head in the direction of the tightly closed door at the head of the stairway; then, twisting up again in the chair, he would fight off the approach of slumber. The hands of the clock stood now at 4:30 A. M.

He was not conscious of the noiseless approach of the nurse until she stood over him, and touched him on the arm.

"Andrew — Andrew," she whispered.

In an instant Andy was wide awake. "Yeah — what —" he answered fearfully.

The nurse smiled. "Temperature down to a hundred and one. Everything's going to be all right."

Andy felt that he was glowing all over. Suppressing a yell of joy, he leaped to his feet.

"Have you told Dad?" he asked. "I thought you'd want to," replied the nurse.

Impulsively seizing the nurse and giving her a boyish hug, Andy turned and scurried up the stairs, to his sister's room. Marian was a tumbled heap on the bed, sound asleep. The Judge sitting tragically in a chair beside the window, whirled as he saw Andy.

"Dad!" cried Andy, darting into his father's arms. "It's all right! Everything's okay! Mom's going to — get well —"

The Judge broke suddenly under the strain. "Thank God! — Thank God!" he murmured.

... dilemma was increasing hourly. Southern patriotism, Charlotte Lee had decided that she would read the essay Andy had written only if she could substitute the name Robert Alexander Hamilton. And argument proved useless.

There was one chance left, Andy figured — if he could persuade Elvie Horton to read the paper for him.

Trying to the Horton estate, Andy searched the lawn for Elvie. He heard a suppressed sob, and followed the sound to the basement. There, in her elaborate playhouse, her head bowed on her arm, was Elvie.

"Elvie," he began awkwardly, "what's the matter?"

The girl whirled quickly and faced him. Her rompers were wrinkled, her hair tied down under a bandana, and her unpowdered face streaked with tears. "I'm miserable," she said.

"With all your money?" asked Andy. "Do you think money will buy everything?" said Elvie, looking at him strangely.

"If I had all the things it would buy," grinned Andy, "maybe I could learn to do without the other things."

"I'll trade places with you," said Elvie impulsively, "providing you take my mother."

Andy gaped. "Your mother?" he muttered. "Why, don't you like your mother?"

"I hate her," said Elvie, in a low hard voice. "I hate your mother?"

Andy found it hard to answer for a moment. "Hate your mother?" he repeated. "Why, that's awful. I didn't really mean that," said Elvie, in a more compromising tone. "But it all seems especially bad today."

"What's special about today?" asked Andy. Elvie shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "That darn Alexander Hamilton essay," she said. "The blame thing threw me."

"Why were you so keen on winning?" Andy asked her. "Didn't you ever want to do something just for your own self?"

"I didn't," replied Elvie. "You know, so that you'd know down in your own heart you weren't a complete washout."

Andy's earlier plan of campaign faded from his mind. In its place he felt a real sympathy for Elvie and a genuine desire to help her.

"Listen, Elvie," he said, in an excited whisper bringing out the essay from his pocket, and turning to the last page, "You can use this and you're a cinch to win the prize. And said go!"

Elvie snatched up the manuscript and read the designated part. Her first sceptical reaction gave way to one of reflected excitement.

"You mean you're not going to use that in your essay?" she asked, looking up.

"All thought of conniving to win the prize had now been swept away. "I'm not even entering the contest," Andy said. "You can use it."

A sudden impulse to do something in return made Elvie grip Andy's arm. "Look here, Andy," she went on, "when you came here the other day the first thing you asked me was about my name. Why was that?"

"I can't tell you why," answered Andy. "But it was for my Dad."

Andy, I told you a lie," cried Elvie impulsively. "And you paid me back by being swell! There may be the Dickens to pay, but I'm going to tell you the truth."

She paused in determination. "My real name is L. period, V. period, Brauck, Leonore V. Brauck."

"L. V.," echoed Andy. "What does V. stand for?"

"Volduzzi," answered Elvie. "Volduzzi?" gasped Andy. Elvie nodded. "That's from my mother's maiden name."

Andy leaped up and sprang towards the gate. "Whoopee! he shouted. "There's my five bucks. Haste sometimes makes waste. Andy was to find. In his rush for home his car skidded, and the axle cracked. When his father, answering a phone call, arrived, Andy related his discovery of the Volduzzi name, and while the boy dolefully waited to see about repairs, Judge Hardy set out for an intimate talk with Mrs. Horton.

She was polite but unexpressive as he related the need for help for an elderly couple whom he knew. She showed no reaction to the mention of their name, but offered to aid with a check. It was not until Judge Hardy told her candidly of Andy's conversa-

tion with Elvie and how it especially affected him because of his mother's crucial illness that Mrs. Horton broke down.

"Just give me a minute, Judge," she said, choking back a sob. "If you like," answered Judge Hardy, "I'll take your check and save your parent's home — and never tell anyone."

In through the doorway burst Elvie Horton, her face flushed in excitement.

"Mother darling!" she cried. "I won the contest!" She stopped short as she saw Judge Hardy. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she looked again at her mother, noticed her tears and upset manner, and hurried to her side. "What is it?" she cried. "What's the matter?"

She looked up angrily. "What's he been saying to you?"

"Something very important," said Mrs. Horton in a broken, but tender voice. "Run along upstairs, dear, to your father."

Elvie backed toward the door, confused but obedient. "Yes, of course," she said, and disappeared.

Mrs. Horton's manner was a contrite one as she faced Judge Hardy again.

"I was born Marian Volduzzi," she said. "We were poor, wretchedly poor. I grew up ashamed of my parents."

"Not an uncommon thing, I'm

afraid," said the Judge. "My first husband was to lift myself out of poverty; she went on. "My husband died when I was twenty-one."

"Elvie is his child?"

"Yes. Then a year ago, I met Bart Horton. I fell hopelessly in love with him. I'm older than I look, so I lied to him about my own and Elvie's age. And I said my parents were dead."

"So I married the grandest man that ever breathed," concluded Mrs. Horton miserably. "And I've been living a hell on earth ever since."

The Judge took her arm. "Mrs. Horton," he said, "tell your husband and ask his understanding and forgiveness. Then win back the respect... and the love of your daughter... and right yourself with your parents." He turned. "Forgive me. I'll go now."

"You don't need to worry any more about losing their home," said Mrs. Horton at the door. "Mr. Horton's been very generous."

Andy, ready to face the worst, was at home. The doorbell rang, and an erect, resolute, eye-flashing Polly Benedict stood there.

Polly had come to demand an explanation of reports she had heard of Andy's visits to other girls. She had begun to be placated by his explanation when Elvie smartly dressed, arrived unexpectedly and asked to see Andy alone.

Andy, stealing an apprehensive look at Polly's furious face, gulped. Then he went out on the porch with Elvie, closing the door.

"Andy," said Elvie warmly, "you and your father have done something for the Horton family. I'll be grateful for all my life."

"Just tell your dad my great-father and grandmother are coming to live with us — and we all want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts. She took something from her purse and held it out. "Andy, I want you to take this. It's not just because I won the essay contest, but for other reasons."

As he looked at the gift Andy almost jumped out of his skin. "But, Elvie —" he cried, "this is a hundred dollars!"

"I know it," she answered. "I can't take anything from you... I mean, a man can't take money from a woman."

Elvie looked hurt. "Please, Andy," she said. "I want you to. You must. And she was gone."

Andy, stumbling back to Polly held up the bill for her to see, as he swayed slightly on his feet. "A hundred bucks!" he murmured. "Polly, I think I'm going to faint."

That evening Mrs. Hardy, looking at least fifty per cent better than she had the previous day, was propped up in bed. Marian held her hand, while the Judge sat proudly at the footboard.

The door opened to admit Andy, resplendent in a white tuxedo coat, with Polly, looking prettier than ever in a magenta evening dress, clinging to his arm.

"Polly, you're lovely," said Mrs. Hardy, gaining control of his voice. "And, Andrew, I'd never want my son to be more handsome and manly."

"Aw, gee, Mom," exclaimed Andy, wriggling and blushing.

Mrs. Hardy looked proudly from one to the other, then directed her attention to Polly Benedict. "Polly, dear," she said, "I'll be up and around in a few days and then I'm going to teach you how to bake Andy's favorite raisin bread."

Andy stared around at the smiling faces, and made a sudden bolt for the door.

"Go after him, Polly!" said Mrs. Hardy. "My, but you modern girls are slow."

THE END.

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The door opened to admit Andy, Polly clinging to his arm.

Kittiwakes Visit Perquimans Shores

The white gulls which at this time of the year frequent the river shore are finding it a little difficult, no doubt, to fish their food from the water, which in shallow places, where the food is easiest to find, is covered with a thin coat of ice.

The Kittiwake, so called because of its cry, which is not unlike the cry of a cat, not only catches fish in its long, hooked bill, but feeds on offal found in the water, and many a hungry gull gets its breakfast from the scraps from the kitchens of homes on the water front.

It is unlawful to shoot the gulls, which are recognized scavengers, but sometimes they are shot at and frightened away, or killed, much to the displeasure of those who like to watch the graceful sweep of the long, white wings as the gulls glide and swoop in their search for food, and many families are throwing out bits of bread to attract the hungry gulls.

Joseph White and daughter, Marion, of Norfolk, Va., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bunch attended the funeral of Mrs. Bunch's sister, Mrs. Godfrey, at Columbia, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Winslow and little daughter, Ruth, of Elizabeth City, attended the funeral of Mrs. Lizzie Bunch Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Jones, of Norfolk, Va., spent the week-end with Mrs. Ida Reed.

Mrs. J. P. Byrum and Mrs. T. E. Byrum visited Mrs. Tom Anbell Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Rosser Bunch called to see Mrs. Willie Byrum Friday afternoon. Ruth, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Boyce, is improving after several days illness.

Anna Lee and Sarah Margaret Asbell have whooping cough.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

A penalty of 1 per cent on all 1939 taxes will go in effect February 1st. Please come forward and pay your taxes and avoid this penalty.

TOWN OF HERTFORD

W. G. NEWBY, Clerk

NOTICE LIST YOUR PROPERTY, DOGS AND POLL FOR TAXES

Beginning Tuesday, January 2, 1940, and continuing through Wednesday, January 31, 1940, the list takers of Perquimans County will sit at the following places for the purpose of listing your property, dogs and poll for taxes for the year 1940.

Belvidere Township

E. L. CHAPPELL, List Taker

R. M. Baker's Store, Whiteson, Wednesday, Jan. 17 and 24
All other days during January at E. L. Chappell's Store.

Bethel Township

J. C. HOBBS, List Taker

Every day during January at store in Bethel.

Hertford Township

R. L. KNOWLES, List Taker

At the Court House in Hertford on January 2nd and every day thereafter during the month of January.
Hours from 9 a. m. to 12 noon. From 1:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.

New Hope Township

L. R. WEBB, List Taker

New Hope Community House, January 6, 13, 20, 27
Woodville, January 4 and 18
Overton's Store, January 2 and 16
J. B. Webb's Store, January 10
All other days during January at home.

Parkville Township

N. R. ELLIOTT, List Taker

Parkville, January 15
Jackson's Store, January 10 and 24
Chapanoke, January 10 and 24
Winfall, All other days during January at R. R. Station

You are required by law to meet your respective List Takers one of the places and dates named above.

FARM CENSUS: Each farm owner or his agent is to compare to report the acreage of each crop to be grown on the tenant's farm this year and to furnish other information required by the farm census. This Farm Census is required by State law, not for taxation purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Byrum, of near Cannon Ferry, visited Mrs. Edward Byrum Sunday.

Mrs. Bernice Lamb has returned to

THE IMPORTANCE OF MILK IN THE DIET

By GLADYS HAMRICK,
Home Demonstration Agent

The abundant use of milk is the one way in which a housewife can save work and worry in planning well-balanced meals. Milk will cover a multitude of daily food needs in the dietary. So important is it in the diet that some scientists say we should use a quart a day until we are grown and after that a pint. However it is not necessary to drink the quart each day for there are so many attractive dishes you make from the use of milk.

The importance of milk in the diet is due to its ability to support

growth, repair body tissue, protect the body against "deficiency diseases," supply fuel, and to keep us young and vigorous.

In studying its composition we find it contains proteins, fat, carbohydrates, minerals, water and vitamins A, B and C in abundance.

Protein is needed by the body both for repair and growth. And as the proteins we find in milk are complete it is not surprising when it is remembered that nature has provided milk as the sole food for the young during the period of most rapid growth. Milk proteins are easily digested and assimilated.

The most significant fact concerning the food value of the fat of milk is that it has solution Vitamin A. Vitamin A is found in all substances containing milk fat, cream, butter, and cheese. The fat of milk is a very easily digested one due to its very finely divided form, and in part to its low melting point.

The carbohydrate found in milk is lactose, or milk sugar and is not very sweet. When lactose ferments it changes into lactic acid which is beneficial in checking the growth of certain bacteria that cause intestinal disorders.

The minerals found in milk are much needed by the body. It is especially noteworthy as the cheapest and most abundant source of calcium (lime) which is needed by the blood, bones and teeth. Its phosphorus content is less than calcium but in a daily quart of milk there is sufficient supply of this important mineral for a high school boy or girl. We also find a superior quality of iron, but it is necessary to supplement the iron supplied by milk with such foods as egg yolk and green

leaf vegetables.

To summarize, it may be said that milk more nearly approximates a perfect food than does any other one article of food. Therefore use your quart daily for health's sake.

Accepts New Position At Blanchard's Store

Louis Nachman, Jr., assumed the duties of his new position at the store of J. C. Blanchard & Company this week.

Mr. Nachman succeeds E. L. Laughinghouse, who recently accepted a position at the J. H. Holmes Company, in Edenton.

Mr. Nachman, who has charge of the men's clothing department, and the shoe department, was formerly employed at Blanchard's, having left two years ago to take a position with the Hertford Hardware & Supply Company.

Succeeding Mr. Nachman at the Hardware Company is Kermit Kirby. Mr. Kirby has for a number of years been employed at the Central Grocery Company.

AAA Offers Payment For A Home Garden

Farmers of North Carolina are offered the opportunity to earn a conservation payment in 1940 by planting a home garden, announces E. Y. Floyd, AAA executive officer of State College. One unit of credit, or \$1.50 is offered for the planting of a garden, consisting of not less than one-tenth of an acre per person. In families containing more than ten persons, a one acre garden will suffice to qualify for the payment.

Floyd said that the requirements are that the garden be adequately protected from poultry and livestock, that good cultural methods be fol-

lowed, and that proper steps be taken to control insect pests. Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn, and field peas may be planted elsewhere on the farm.

The AAA recommend that three or more different vegetables be growing in the garden each month for at least eight months of the year. Not more than one-fourth of the garden area should be planted to any one vegetable at any one time.

The Triple-A officer suggested that farmers write to the Agricultural Editor at State College, Raleigh, for one of several publications on home gardens. The Extension horticulturists at the college also have materials on the same subjects which will be sent free to interested persons.

H. R. Niswonger and L. P. Watson, horticultural specialists, say that every home garden should contain at least 2 different kinds of vegetables, exclusive of Irish and sweet potatoes, and that a variety of small fruits should also be grown on the farm.

CENTER HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William Lane and daughter, Patricia, of Norfolk, Va., spent the week-end with Mr. Lane's mother, Mrs. W. H. Lane.

Mrs. Oscar Parker, of Norfolk, Va., is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Bunch. Sheriff and Mrs. J. A. Bunch and daughter, Gene, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bunch, of Edenton, visited Mrs. Mollie Bunch Sunday afternoon.

Miss Elizabeth White has returned to her school in Guilford County, after spending several days at home, her school being closed because of an epidemic of flu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Byrum, of near Cannon Ferry, visited Mrs. Edward Byrum Sunday.

Mrs. Bernice Lamb has returned to

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