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A Special Kind of Softness

The Thorpe Affair

By Phillip Lesly

The thought of danger to himself did not inhibit him. The pain from the bullet wound on the side of his head was long forgotten.

However, his desperation did not overcome his discretion. Facing dangerous men in dangerous situations could not be undertaken without preparation, both for defense and attack.

As he sat behind the wheel of his car again, he realized that the past two days had been the most active of his life. It seemed to him now that for weeks he had been driving and using telephones and searching rooms.

He drove southwest, toward his apartment. It wasn't often that he went there during the day. It seemed to him that he had not used his apartment for anything but sleeping in the years he had rented it.

He noticed that the apartment was really pleasant during the daytime. He went to the dresser, pulled a .38 automatic from a top drawer and made certain it contained a full clip.

He was slipping on a darker coat when the telephone rang. He looked at it in surprise.

"Hello," he said. "Who is it?" "An old friend of yours from down on Market street. I used to tip you off to those loft robberies, remember? Well, I got somethin' big for you now. It's about the Thorpe killing. It's goin' to crack it open. You don't have to pay me until you get the dope. Fair enough?"

Terry frowned. He stood straight and stiff with the phone to his ear, the usual slight droop of the shoulders absent. "Yeah, it sounds okay. What's the dope?" "I can't tell you over the phone. Besides, I want to be where I can get the dough when I spring it. I'll be in room 897 of the Royale Hotel at 6.30. Can you meet me there?"

Terry hesitated a moment. Then he smiled grimly again. "Okay. 6.30. How much?" "Five hundred." "I'll give you one." "Okay. But it's a gift for that." Terry looked at his watch, saw that it was 3.30. Then he felt in his pocket to be sure the gun was there. He looked about gravely then walked to the door.

Outside he bought the latest copy of the Sun. He read sharply when he saw the latest developments in the Thorpe case. The headlines blazoned: "Probe political records after Thorpe killing." "Discovery today that sums totaling about \$165,000 issued to Henry Thorpe, murdered political leader, were not accounted for caused the office of the district attorney to order an immediate investigation of county records." "Five vouchers bearing Thorpe's

Abegweit, Beloved Isle

Abegweit, beloved Isle, Thy native sons, Thou dost beguile. The Islander, o'er land or sea, Shares the love, bestowed by thee.

Cradled by the waves, our home, To thy red soil, we come, Your moon-drenched nights, are our delight.

Garden of the Gulf, Thy fame spreads, far and wide, Rolling, wooded hill, Green, level plain, "Prince Edward Island" is thy name.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

fore rain." And Mr. A. smiled in that serene way of folks who have seen a good deal of living and are satisfied that Another gives what is best, commented "Oh well, there will likely come another harvest day or two before freeze-up!"

There is nice promise in tonight's sky however. There was a surety in the clear stars and in the growing moon beneath which we rode on an outing this evening.

We have a suspicion that between the Doctor's visits she rises from her bed to dust a floor or perhaps to bake a cake — or come to a window to regard the progress of the extensive farm-work about.

James' hands were light on the wheel as we followed a moon-lit road fringed with goldenrod and asters, with ferns and trees already tinting with autumn's shades.

"It's a perfect night!" we commented softly, in mood with the moment. "Sure is!" James agreed. "One for romance" we offered, suggesting a bit closer. James kept his eyes on the road which unwound so bewitchingly before us, obviously in deep thought.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night. . . .

signature were found in the County Treasurer's files, but no record of the funds being used could be located.

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The Neighbors

By George Clark



I bet right after we're through school all this stuit will be taught with television and comic books.

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

ties are stronger with you than they might be if you had married older. Giving in on this point would create no hardship for him, and I do hope you can make him see how unfair he is in demanding everything for himself and granting you nothing.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have met a man ten years my junior, and recently I begged him to forget me because of the difference in age. He is 23 and is very much in love with me. He says he doesn't care how old I am. He asked me to marry him as soon as he gets leave from camp. I do love him, too, but I'm afraid our age difference may cause later embarrassment.

J. J. H.

ANSWER: Yours is a border-line case that, from an age standpoint alone, may or may not work out. If a woman is just a few years older than a man, I have no hesitancy in advising them to forget the age difference; if the disparity is very great, from either angle, a successful marriage is unlikely.

DEAR MISS DIX: Is it possible for a person to believe in God, honestly feel that he is saved and still enjoy seeing good, clean, funny shows?

P. T.

ANSWER: This, of course, can be a very controversial question since some religious groups consider all such forms of entertainment sinful. If you belong to such a group, you will, of course, abstain from shows.

DEAR MISS DIX: I cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through her column.



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Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford McBride



FRESH? "You bet!" CRISP? "M-M-M!" TASTY? "Definitely!"



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- PURE HONEY, 4 lb. tins 89c COOKIES, real fresh, lb. 37c GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, ea. 29c CO-OP TEA, lb. 89c CUPSWELL BRAND COFFEE, any Grind, lb. 99c CANADA DRY, 2 lge. bottles 39c STRAWBERRIES, pkg. 39c

