

A Unique Social Evening

The following girls were most royally entertained recently by Mrs. R. V. Richards at her home on Maple Street: Misses Gladys Fuller, Lala Ferrabee, Johnnie Ferree, Cora Williams, Tommie Jones, Gladys and Ruth Mason, Ella C. Cogdell, and Ruth Kendall.

After a few words of greetings each girl was called upon to take part in the entertaining. Miss Ferrabee was first asked to sing for us, but she informed us that she "Took lessons" in the day time, therefore, could not sing at night, but very charmingly substituted a beautiful selection on a french harp. Then followed other things of interest. Miss Fuller favored us with a piano solo entitled "'Possum up the 'Simmon Tree.'" Miss Ruth Kendall attempted to recite that very new and popular poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," but after several attempts and being prompted by different ones she gave it up—much to the satisfaction of all present. Next came "Baby Bye, there's a Fly" by Miss Williams, which brought forth loud and long applause. Mrs. Richards then gave us a selection on the Ukelele entitled "I'm Going to Live a Humbug Till I Die." She received an encore whereupon she sang in tones of sadness: "Nobody Loves a Fat Girl" which brought tears to the eyes of those present who were so unfortunate as to be fat, viz.: Misses Gladys Mason and Johnnie Ferree. Miss Cogdell then very charmingly recited "Tommie Had a Little Watch," after which Miss Ruth Mason recited "There Was a White Rabbit." Miss Tommie Jones then sang in melodious tones, "Sweet Dardenelli." She wondered why she didn't get an encore. Miss Johnnie Ferree, being very timid and unaccustomed to such entertaining positively refused to recite for us, but did, later on in the evening, entertain us in a different manner. Miss Gladys Mason presumed they were saving the "Best till last" as they called upon her last to give us something of interest—which she did.

Then last, but not least we were summoned to the dining room by the clanking together of knives and forks. There

we were most formally served with "Hot Dogs," loaf bread, pickles, and coffee. Then came the discussion as to who should wash dishes, and it was finally decided that Misses Cogdell and Williams should, but as the hour was growing late the said girls gave their regrets and said they really must not stay up longer.

We all departed unanimously voting Mrs. Richards a most charming hostess.

Tennis in Badin

Time: Some time after 4.30 p. m. on any Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.



CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MORTON, PINE STREET

(Note:—Above are days on which you can date up your best girl for a set, and be sure you're going to get a court.)

Place: Racket Club courts.

Enter the hero—I. M. Offish attired in immaculate khaki overalls and a 1911 model Yale head cover and the heroine Miss Ura Flirte in a coquettish gingham gown of the latest Dolly Varden—or perhaps its Betty Wales—pattern. Pair are engaged in interested (I didn't say interesting) conversation.

She (prettily): "If rowing on the lake is boating why isn't playing tennis, courting?"

That's too deep for him and besides he's wondering just at this time how to get his Sunday suit out of hock at P. J. Reiner's clothing emporium in time to go to the American Legion Ball.

He, at last: "My, what a fine racket?"

She: "I didn't hear anything, Isaac. I mean, Mr. Offish."

The game starts with a remarkable burst of speed. Ura gains the first point. "Love, fifteen" yells Isaac.

She, aside: "I wonder what that means, something like sweet sixteen I expect."

Still the game proceeds. When the points are thirty-fourty Isaac lands square with a side swipe that's the downfall of the fair one.

"Deuce," yells I. M. "My, what a profane man" thinks his opponent as she readjusts her chewing gum, which had become slightly disarranged during the melee. Two more points, and his game.

The lady serves and the game proceeds. His game again. I. M. shoots over a fast one. "Fifteen, love," says he. "He's getting mighty familiar," thinks Ura as she biffs the ball into the ret. Three more points in his favor. Then, "It's a love game," says he. "It is that," replies Ura, "but I thought you were too green to see it that way" at which the hero breaks down utterly, and is led gibbering off the court.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks Honored

Monday evening, May 3, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Coffman gave a bridge of nine tables in honor of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Parks of Michigan City, Ind., who have spent the winter with their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Parks of Henderson Avenue. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stirling Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Wake, Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Shaver, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence G. Daniels, Mrs. J. T. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard F. Fuller, Mrs. W. B. Fuller,

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