Showing at Imperial Monday and Tuesday

Doris Davenport and Gary Cooper furnish the heart throbs and romantic thrills in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner," showing at the Imperial Theatre next Monday and Tuesday.

Scout Board To Meet

Shelby, N. C., Dec. 2.—The Executive Board of the Piedmont Council of the Piedmont Council of the Boy Scouts of America consisting of the Counties of Alexander, Burke, Caldwell, Catawba, Cleveland, Gaston Iredell, Lincoln, McDowell, Polk and Rutherford wil meet at the club dining room of the Hotel Charles here on Monday night, Dec. 9, at 7:15 o'clock for a supper meeting and to receive reports on the work of the various committees of the Council. In line with the National program of Scouting to strengthen and invigorate democracy through a program of training, the Piedmont Council has recently launched the most comprehensive program of organization and extension ever attempted by the organization. The plan includes a Council-wide survey of all boys of Scout and Cub age and an intensive program of cultivation of churches, schools and civic group in sponsoring Cub and Scout units and in providing leadership so that every possible boy desiring to be a Cub or a Scout may have the character building and citizenship training program of the movement.

In addition to routine work, plans will be made for the annual meeting and banquet for the Piedmont Council which is normally held during the middle of January and brings together more than 300 outstanding citizens of 11 counties in the interest of boyhood.

Gifts

That will be Appreciated Long After Christmas Day.

Make This a Practical Christmas

FOR HIM	FOR HER
—Bath Robes	—Panties
—Pajamas	—Gloves
—Gloves	—Bedroom Slippers
—Shirts	—Sweaters
—Hats	—Skirts
—Suits	—Blouses
—Shoes	—Handkerchiefs
—Boots	—Gowns
—Handkerchiefs	—Bags
—Jackets	—Hose
—Ties	—Costume Jewelry
—Sox	—Slips

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DRESS SHOPPE—2nd FLOOR

Rendezvous by L

HOMESICKNESS, perhaps, had brought him back. Old Peter Johansen buttoned his threadbare overcoat, blew warm breath on his rough hands, and jumped to the ground. There was no railroad detective to grab him for riding that freight train, because this was the day before Christmas. All but the homeless, like himself, seemed busy preparing for the Day of Days.

Forty years, Peter reflected, since he last set foot in Clark City. It had been a year after the big earthquake; a year after all hell broke loose, killing his parents and sister as they sat at dinner in the little house on Vine street.

Peter remembered: How he had come home late that evening; how the earth began quivering like a beast possessed; how he had

Peter stood alone for a long time watching the star appear.

searched like a madman through the ruins of that shock-wracked, fire-swept bungalow. Then, as Clark City began rebuilding, he had drifted off in a daze to roam up and down the earth—a ne'er-do-well, a hobo!

But always he remembered Linda, dear little sister Linda. In 40 years her memory always came back stronger than ever on Christmas Eve, for it was then that they used to climb Lookout Hill hand-in-hand at dusk, watching the evening star rise in the heavens.

That, perhaps, was why he was back this Christmas Eve.

"Almost dusk now," he reflected, trudging along Clark City's busy thoroughfare. Christmas crowds jostled him, for he was a hapless wanderer with no place to go.

No place to go? Not Peter! Soon he found his way to the old-residential district where Lookout Hill rose like a sentinel.

"The same old hill," he told himself. "Little Linda! If you were only here now to see your big brother! No—thank God you're not here, for your big brother is ashamed of himself!!"

At the crest Peter stood alone for a long time, watching the star appear as it had since that first night over Bethlehem. He didn't notice the old lady until she spoke.

"Beautiful, that star, isn't it?"

Peter fumbled with his grease-stained cap.

"Yes'm, it is. Especially from Lookout Hill."

"Many years ago," she continued, almost in a trance, "my little brother and I used to watch that star rise in the heavens each Christmas Eve, until—" (she wiped a tear away)—"we were separated somehow during the big earthquake. He was killed, they found out later.

"Each Christmas Eve ever since I've come back here, just to remember him. I hope he's happy up there in Heaven."

Peter was staring at her, fairly ready to shriek, for it was Linda! No doubt about it, now!

He recognized the tilt of her nose, unchanged by the years; the familiar ring of a voice that somehow had failed to grow old. But he held himself back, for Peter was ashamed of himself.

She didn't notice him shuffle off after awhile, for Linda was still watching the star.

In the freight yards he found an empty boxcar and bedded down under some straw in a corner. After a while he felt the car move, and somehow he was glad.

"Yes, it was Linda," he sobbed to himself, "but I just couldn't tell her. Thank God she's alive and happy. And Thank God she remembers me on Christmas eve as I was, not as I am."

After awhile he fell asleep.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Cakes Printed in Germany

A famous Christmas cake in Germany is Aachen Printen, from which the English word "print" is derived. In the days before book-printing the idea of imprint belonged to the baking business to express the making of patterns in cakes. Many of these cakes have figures representing the old gods Wotan and Thor.

Santa May Not Smoke Cigars

Santa Claus, perhaps, doesn't smoke—or he would be better informed on the quality of cigars.

Mauney Twins Delight Charlotte Club Members

(By Louise Young Workman)

Identical twins, manifesting identical genius at piano playing, yesterday afternoon presented at the Myers Park Club one of the most refreshing performances ever heard by this reviewer. Miles and Ernest Mauney, sixteen-year-old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Mauney of Kings Mountain, were presented in recital by a committee of the club membership headed by Mrs. [illegible] McCarty.

The playing of the youngsters was nothing short of startling. To play the piano is one thing, to play it as member of a "team" in compositions for two pianos, quite another. For dash, for sound technique, for assurance and for downright charm, the concert was outstanding. The young pianists played a diversified program of two-piano compositions, solos, and duets with the finish and understanding of mature musicians. I was intrigued with their youthful nondhalance and absorption in the task at hand. There was nothing of the juvenile or the adolescent in the performance. With a sure and steady confidence, attributable surely to genius in pianists of such youth, the young musicians made a distinct impression.

Studie At Juilliard

The boys are the pupils of Miss Dorothy Baldwin of Charlotte and, for the past two Summers have studied at the Juilliard Institute of Musical Art in New York.

Yesterday afternoon's program was opened with the Mozart Sonata in D Major for two pianos. In the three movements of this work, the playing of the brothers was inspiring. The first, "Allegro Con Spirito," was crisp and precise; the second, "Andante," a melodious song; the third, "Allegro Molto," a thunderous reiteration of the original theme in lightning-like tempo. The "Waltz in C Major for two pianos of Arensky was in pleasing contrast.

Each of the young pianists play a solo group. Ernest was heard in the Chopin "Ballade in F Major," and Waldesrauschen, Forest Murmurs, Liszt, and Miles in the Chopin Ballade in A flat Majoh, and, Naila Waltzer of Dohnanyi. The latter was noteworthy for its contrasting passages. A duet arrangement of the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 of Liszt closed the program. The twins were recalled, however, for two encores—two-piano arrangements of, 'Turkey in the Straw, and, Nola.

Following the recital, tea was served club members and their guests, with Mrs. Grady Ross and Mrs. E. H. Baxter presiding at the tea table.—Charlotte News.

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