

DEVELOPMENTS ARE AWAITED BY STOCKS

Rail Agreement, If Reached, May Send Market Up Sharply

New York, Jan. 23.—The substantial losses recorded in many parts of the list in Friday closing trading brought nervous offerings in today's early transactions. While a slightly firmer tone manifested itself before the close of the short session, a lack of interest was apparent, and trading circles appeared inclined to await further constructive news developments. Steel producers are watching the Chicago wage conferences with more than usual interest. Further economies by railroads probably would release buying orders for rails and other steel products and this buying could easily assume large proportions as many roads are urgently in need of new equipment. The business outlook is likely to continue the key to market trends. While business records of the week were not particularly cheerful in character, it is by no means the rule for the first half of January to give clear indications of the expanding volume of business which in most years produces the highest peak of the year in March and April. Look for increased reinvestment support around present levels with the improved technical position of the market warranting sharp response to favorable news developments.

CURE MARKET

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Aluminum Co | 53 |
| Electric Bond and Share | 11 1/2 |
| Cities Service | 6 |
| Ford Ltd | 5 1/4 |
| American Superpower | 1-2 |

NEW YORK COTTON

(By Jas. F. Clark and Co.)

New York, Jan. 23—Cotton futures closed steady.

| | Open | High | Low | Close |
|----------|------|------|------|-------|
| January | 7.45 | 7.45 | 7.44 | 7.43 |
| March | 6.64 | 6.65 | 6.63 | 6.63 |
| May | 6.78 | 6.81 | 6.63 | 6.63 |
| July | 6.96 | 6.97 | 6.95 | 6.95 |
| October | 7.19 | 7.20 | 7.18 | 7.19 |
| December | 7.36 | 7.37 | 7.36 | 7.36 |

Spot steady, 6.10; unchanged.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON

(By Jas. F. Clark and Co.)

New Orleans, Jan. 23—The cotton market closed steady today:

| | Open | High | Low | Close |
|----------|------|------|------|-------|
| January | 6.59 | 6.59 | 6.54 | 6.56 |
| March | 6.66 | 6.66 | 6.61 | 6.63 |
| May | 6.81 | 6.81 | 6.78 | 6.79 |
| July | 6.97 | 6.97 | 6.94 | 6.94 |
| October | 7.13 | 7.14 | 7.11 | 7.12 |
| December | 7.32 | 7.32 | 7.29 | 7.29 |

Dispatch WANT ADS Get Results

WOMEN - POSITIONS ABOARD ocean liners; self Europe; Orient; good pay; send self-addressed envelope for list. E. Arculus, Dept. 292, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 23-11.

A LITTLE PEPSO-GINGER WILL end your indigestion, or your drug-gst will refund your money. 18-30t.

FOR SALE CHEAP - TWO WINDOW glasses, size 28 1/2 by 30 1/2 inches. Apply at Dispatch Office. 22-31t.

POSITIONS ON OCEAN LINERS; Europe; Orient; South America; Good pay; experience unnecessary; Details 2 cent stamp. E. Arculus, Dept. 292, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 23-27

FULL LINE OF CHICKEN FEED from baby chicks up, also metal feeders and other poultry equipment. Complete assortment of garden seed. Buy now. Prices are right. H. B. Newman. 22-21t.

SKATES! SKATES! BALL BEARING steel rollers. Special value \$1.58 per pair. Alex S. Watkins. 23-11t.

RADIO TROUBLES DIAGNOSED AND quickly corrected. We give factory service using newest and most modern equipment. Parts for all radios. Mixon Jewelry Co. 14-11t.

FOR RENT - FURNISHED BED-room in steam heated house. 424 Chestnut Street. Phone 320-W. 19-4t

REAL BARGAINS CAN NOW BE had in store and home furnishings. One special lot including a lovely millinery cabinet with large mirror, several mirror doors for bedrooms and closets, several large and small size plain doors, iron safe, several display tables and fourteen strips of beaverboard going at sacrificed prices for quick disposal. Henderson Auction House William Street. 18-11t.

PHONE 29 FOR QUALITY coal, prompt service and correct weights. Also dry pine wood. S. H. Watkins. 16-11t.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED Apartment for rent in The Stonehall, 5 Bed Rooms, Kitchen, Living Room, Dinet, Tile Bath, Hall, and 1 Closets. Heat Furnished. Eric C. Flanagan. TTS-U

DR. K. H. PATTERSON
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
HENDERSON, N. C.

Lipstick Girl

A Romance of Little Beauty

EDNA ROBB WEBSTER

Author of "DAD'S GIRL," "JORETTA" and "LOVE PREFERRED"

RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

READ THIS FIRST:
Marcia Moyer who worked in the cosmetics department of the largest store in Mitchellfield, is given the opportunity to travel and demonstrate beauty products, because of her own ability and extraordinary beauty. She leaves her family and Ted Stanton, a young mechanic who has loved her all her life. He is not her idea of romance and she wants to see the world. After she leaves home, a mysterious pilot lands there, who falls in love with her sister Vivian, whom he visits on his regular trips, while Ted overhauls the motor. On the train to Detroit, Marcia meets Turner Gilmore, a secret service official who becomes interested in her and takes her to dinner on her first evening in the city. He is very handsome and important, and Marcia is quite excited over his attention. Gilmore tells her that he intends to introduce her to some of his important friends in the city, so she buys an expensive gown for the occasion. He takes her to the home of some wealthy friends. Meanwhile, an airplane lands at a private field in the Canadian wilds, and three men discuss the imminent danger of government officials on their trail. During the evening at the Bothwells, Gilmore tells Marcia about his lonely life as an orphan and his struggle to succeed alone. Eugene Campeau, the aviator, has been seeing Vivian regularly, but this week he fails to come as usual, and she is lonely. When weeks have passed without a word from him, she confides to Ted how much she loves him. Marcia mentions Vivian's love for the strange aviator to Gilmore, who has his own suspicions but says nothing to her. He flies over into Canada for two days, calls her on his return to invite her to a backgammon party at Jean Bothwell's. She is required to wear pajamas, so she goes shopping for a new outfit.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



"Where did you learn to swim so well?"

LUCK went with her. A selection from a large stock could not have resulted more satisfactorily. Marcia found a white crepe creation that suited the occasion perfectly. There were large motifs of black satin, stitched with white, and set at an angle to one side of the front and back, just below the narrow belt. The widely flared trousers were edged with black, and the three-quarter length sleeves were faced with wide bands of the same. A large square onyx pin, set with a chip of diamond, held the scarf tie, and completed the ensemble. There was also a huge white chiffon handkerchief with black polka dots that surely belonged to it, and the white pumps with black trim, which she already wore, could not have been more suitable. An hour later, she met Turner, happily serene in the knowledge that she had met the requirements of the party admirably.

His glance told her that she was right. He wore white flannels and sport shirt open at the neck, with black-trim white cordia. The night was very warm. He looked younger, and even more debonair than upon the previous occasions when she had seen him.

"You are never a disappointment, are you?" he was delighted. "I've been thinking about you a great deal this week, and found that I missed you very much. Did you happen to think of me a little?"

"Of course, I did," she was pleasantly matter-of-fact. "I hope you accomplished what you wanted to do."

His head turned in a quick negative gesture. "Not much. It's a tough proposition. Any news from home?" he remarked carelessly.

"Oh, yes! I was just reading a letter when you phoned. And that reminds me that I didn't even finish it," amused.

"The inference being —" he prompted.

"That I forgot about the letter from Ted when I heard from you," she confessed.

"Poor Ted. He has my sympathy." "Well, I had read most of it—at least, the most important part of it. He wrote about Vivian. It seems that her aviator has disappeared, and suddenly she is all broken up over it."

"Is that so?" Turner exclaimed, thoughtfully. "But he may be around again any time," he added.

"It doesn't look like it," Marcia explained. "You see, Ted has been working on his plane, and he has been making these regular trips to see Vivian. Now, neither of them have had a word from him. No explanation as to what you expect him to send to either of them. It worries me—about Vivian. I wish I were there with her."

"Oh, she'll be all right. We all have to leave our disillusionments, you know, perhaps it was best for her, after all."

Turner seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts during the rest of the drive and Marcia reveled in the magic of speeding through the soft moon-shot darkness toward an evening of extravagant pleasure.

Just as they were about to enter the town, wearing scarlet pajamas that had only crossed straws for a back-

ward carried under her arm a huge ivory dice that must have measured a cubic foot. A group of men and girls were chattering in the flood-lit court that had been transferred into a giant play-board. Marcia was enchanted with the novelty of it, when Jean explained that the game was to be played by the men versus the girls, who were the human "pieces," that would change their positions as the dice decreed.

Fifteen gorgeously pajama-clad girls, and fifteen men took their places on the board, while a player at each end of the court rolled the dice. The game developed a great deal of hilarity, argument, and comment. Wit sparkled, and spirits mounted, encouraged further by the drinks that were dispensed at a buffet table on the lawn, where a variety of refreshments were to be had between games. Excitement was keen.

Marcia was astounded at the size of the stakes, and the glibness with which the opponents "doubled" them. Apparently, their eagerness to win was not prompted by the need to win, so much as by the inherent urge of the gambler. Dollar stakes that were doubled, resulted in the exchange of yellow banknotes, and left Marcia breathless with the audacity of it.

At one time when Turner was one of the players who had the girls for his pieces in opposition to Jean, who used the men, the game neared the deciding point, with each of them having a single piece on the board. Marcia was Turner's last "woman on board." The other stood around the court and cheered. In so conspicuous a moment, Marcia rejoiced that she had made that special effort to find the right pajama costume. Standing at the point of the painted pin-nacle, in the flood of the searchlight, and with a group of socially prominent young people watching her, she was grateful for her beauty, too. Such moments justified it. There were several minutes of competitive excitement, while Jean and Turner rolled their dice in unsuccessful turns.

"Talk to 'em, Jean. Call 'em sweet names," the girls shouted.

"Take me off this board, if you love me," Jerry begged with mock despair.

Jean rolled a one and a five, and flicked over the dice with exasperation. The white cube rolled over saucily, and showed the three which she needed to win. "These dice have no sense of loyalty, tonight," she declared.

Turner made elaborate gestures of invocation. "Be good to your papa now," he coaxed, holding the huge dice to his arms, and kissing them both before he rolled them over the grass. "Marcia doesn't want to stand there all night, you know. What? A six!" he shouted. "Well, Jean, I'm the champion. All ready to be honored and decorated. What's the price?"

"Your choice of the bathing suits, so you might get one that will fit you. Everyone into the pool. After that, there will be supper on the terrace."

Again, Marcia was glad that when she was a youngster, she had paddled around in the river that flowed beyond the city limits of Mitchellfield, and had learned to swim and dive. Actually, it was Ted who had taught her to swim, when Ted was more like her brother to her. He had made it possible for her to race across this

magnificent pool on a private estate, ivory dice that must have measured a cubic foot. A group of men and girls were chattering in the flood-lit court that had been transferred into a giant play-board. Marcia was enchanted with the novelty of it, when Jean explained that the game was to be played by the men versus the girls, who were the human "pieces," that would change their positions as the dice decreed.

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They had no further opportunity for conversation alone. Marcia hoped herself bewilderingly popular with the rest of the crowd, and in continual demand for the dancing that followed the buffet supper on the terrace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DID YOU KNOW? - - - By R. J. Scott



PLANTS ARE A GUIDE TO HEALTH— IF A ROOM IS POORLY VENTILATED AND DARK A PLANT WILL NOT FLOURISH IN IT

FIRE-WALKING DEVOTEES OF INDIA WALK OR RUN OVER PITS FILLED WITH RED HOT COALS WITHOUT RECEIVING A BLISTER—

SOME CARRY OFFERINGS OF FLOWERS FOR THE DEITY FROM WHOM THEY SEEK GRACIES

THE OLD HOME TOWN



COME ON, GRANNY, LET'S SCRAM! WE'RE BOUND FOR THE BIG TOWN'S HOT SPOTS - WHEE!

OH, HELLO, FOLKS SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO CHAT— THIS IS BILL, MY SON JOE'S BOY— HE'S GOING TO SHOW ME SOME NIGHT LIFE!

WHY? WHY?

HOT DOG!

THE SURPRISE BIRTHDAY BRIDGE PARTY FOR AUNT EMMA FLOPPED— WHEN THE GUESTS MET HER STARTING OFF FOR A BIG TIME WITH HER FOOTBALL STAR GRANDSON

BIG SISTER—



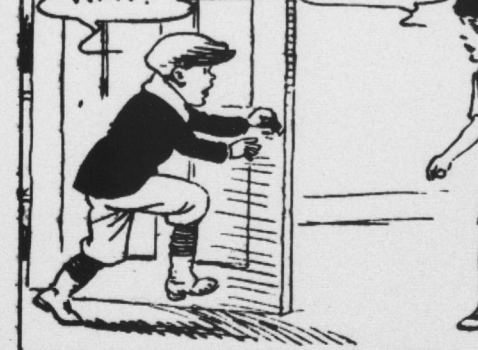
GOLLEE NED! RIGHT HERE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD! IF HE'D SEEN ME MY NAME WOULD SURE BEEN MUD!



BETH! BETH! WHADDA YUH THINK? I JES SAW TH TRAMP WITH DAD'S COAT RIGHT ROUND TH CORNER! HE'S BEGGIN AT BACK DOORS! AN' HE'S HEADED THIS WAY!

HEADED THIS WAY? YOU MEAN HE MAY COME HERE?

YEAH SURE, SEE THERE HE COMES NOW!



BUDDY BUDDY! WHAT'LL WE DO? HOW'LL WE GET THE COAT FROM HIM 'THOUT MAKIN' HIM SPICIOUS? GEE! WE'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! O, WHAT'LL WE DO?

