

MARRIAGES PARTIES  
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

# SOCIETY NEWS

TELEPHONE 610

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 12 NOON

CHURCH SOCIETIES  
ANNOUNCEMENTS

**To Entertain Club.**  
Mrs. Henry Mangum is hostess to the Entre Nous Bridge Club this afternoon at her home on Belle street.

**Legion Auxiliary to Meet.**  
The regular monthly meeting of the American Legion Auxiliary will be held Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in the home of Mrs. J. C. Cooper on South Garnett street.

**Society To Meet.**  
The meeting of the Girl's Friendly Society will be held in the Parish House Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. An interesting program has been planned and a large attendance is desired. Members are requested to note the change in the date of meeting, from Thursday to Friday.

**Club To Meet.**  
The Meredith Club will hold the February meeting tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock in the home of Mrs. W. W. Parker, and will listen in on the program broadcast from Meredith at 6:15 o'clock celebrating Funders Day. All members are requested to be present and bring all ottagon soap coupons which they may collect.

## Community Club Formed By Girls At Meet Monday

A group of girls met at the home of Mrs. H. E. Chavasse Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a community club.

The following officers were elected: president, Cora Bell Williams; vice-president, Maggie Robinson; secretary, Daisy Day; treasurer, Flora Robinson.

The purpose of the club is to work for a better community and to cooperate with other organizations to this end.

The club will meet at the home of one member each Monday evening and will have interesting and helpful programs.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the club was invited to meet with Miss Harriet Mitchell next Monday.

During the evening, Mrs. Chavasse served fruit to her guests.

## Christian Church True Blue Class Met On Tuesday

The True Blue Class of the First Christian Church Sunday school met with Mrs. J. E. Parks and Miss Margaret Davis at the home of Mrs. Parks Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Margaret Davis, reading the sixty first Psalm, followed by sentence prayers.

The roll was called, with thirteen members responding with dues. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, showing a neat amount in the treasury on the piano fund.

After old business was dispensed with new business was taken up. Several committees were appointed by the president.

After the close of the business session a social hour was entered into which consisted of several games and contests. Mrs. Dedman won first prize for picture posing, for not laughing while posing. Mrs. Frank Evans followed with second best.

The room was beautifully decorated with flowers and strings of red hearts which extended from a chandelier to different parts of the room.

Ice cream and heart-shaped cookies were served by the hostesses, followed by heart-shaped mints.—Reported.

## Makes Your Skin Look Younger Prevents Large Pores—Stays on Longer

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**STEVENSON THEATRE**  
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**"THE CHEAT"**  
Added:  
COMEDY—NEWS EVENTS  
Children ... 10c; Adults ... 25c  
COMING FRIDAY  
**VICTOR MCLAGLEN**  
**ELISSA LANDI** in  
**"WICKED"**

## Lipstick Girl A Romance of Little Beauty

By EDNA ROBB WEBSTER  
Author of "DAD'S GIRL," "JORETTA" and "LOVE PREFERRED"  
RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



"I might have known you were some kind of detective," she said, scathingly.

### CHAPTER 34

DAVID MOYER was finishing a very late supper while he talked to his mother who sat at the table with him, passing him more bread, and listening to his account of the day. That was a long-established custom in the Moyer household, from the smallest child in school to the eldest one at work, to relate to Mumsy the high spots of each day's activities. When they sat around the dinner table altogether, it was a general contribution. These days, however, with Marcia writing of her activities by letter, and David staying late at the office almost every evening in his ambitious zeal, they had grown to be more or less private accounts from each one.

"Aren't you working too hard, David?" his mother inquired anxiously. "Is it necessary to give so many hours to your work?"

"It is in this game, Mumsy. It's the kind of work that is never done, dash! how could it be, with human beings awake somewhere in the world all the twenty-four hours of every day, and something happening every minute? And a newspaper has to be on the spot everywhere, every minute. Besides, you have to be better than just good, to get any notice from editors. They're the most difficult guys in the world to please, I guess, but they know their stuff, and they can't take a chance on being easy with anyone. You have to try to make 'em notice you because they won't take a chance that a fellow wants a break. He has to show that he wants it, and deserves it, wonder if I'll ever get mine," he ended dejectedly.

Mrs. Moyer chided with a smile. "You are too impatient, David. You have only been a reporter for a few months. Did you expect to be the editor by this time?"

"The sooner, the better," he smiled reply.

The ringing of the telephone in the hall interrupted them. Mrs. Moyer half arose, but David stopped her. "I'll get it. Never mind."

"I hope," a flash of premonition warned her, "that it isn't something about Vi—"

But David already was talking rather excitedly. She heard only one side of the conversation, to which she listened intently.

"Moyer, this is Merrick," the voice on the wire informed David. "Are you tired to take care of an assignment yet tonight?"

"Not at all," David assured him.

"Well, I can't locate the other boys. They all seem to be out enjoying themselves. Anyway, I just had a call from Springfield that some big news broke there tonight, and I want it for the morning edition."

"Yes, sir. Where do I get you?"

"To police headquarters. All I know is that part of a big ring of fur smugglers has been arrested there. Two men and a girl. Anyway, you get the story straight, and dress it up right."

"Yes, sir. Glad of the chance, Mr. Merrick—yes—yes—thanks a lot, sir."

Mrs. Moyer heard the receiver click into place and David's rapid strides through the hall. His excited voice preceded him into the dining room. "Now, ain't that something? Me setting here grumping about a

break—and I get it just like that! Gee! Mumsy—I gotta dash—"

"What is it, Dave? Where are you going?" anxiously.

"To Springfield to get a big story, and don't worry if I'm not back until morning. Remember, I'm a little boy now, that needs to be watched for by his mother, cause I'll soon be editor of the Mitchellfield Herald," he chuckled her under the chin as he dropped a hasty kiss on her cheek, and was off, jubilantly.

When David arrived at his destination, he found the usual group of reporters in the corridor, which indicated the room where the investigation was in progress. Most of them were older men, and regarded David's intrusion with inquiring eyes. One of them asked, "Where you from?"

"Mitchellfield Herald, Mitchellfield." Their attitudes became more amiable. No home competition, anyway.

"Know the story?" someone inquired.

"Not much. Fur smugglers arrested by federal agents, aren't they?"

The other nodded. "Well lookin' girl with 'em, too. Always a woman in the case. You can bet on that. That's one of the reasons for crime—women," he observed. "Must be hard to get 'em to talk. They've been in there for an hour, now."

Vivian faced her interrogator defiantly. He was the rather handsome man with the keen gray eyes, who had talked to her in the hotel lobby.

"I might have known you were some kind of detective," she said scathingly.

"Sorry," he replied laconically. "Now you will have to tell me your name, and all about your important affairs, you see. Where are you from?"

Gene interrupted. "This lady has nothing to do with this affair," he declared. "I ask you to release her, also the mechanic."

"Sorry, it can't be done. They are your colleagues, aren't they? The man is your mechanic, and the lady—"

"I can prove that what he says about the lady is true," ventured Ted.

"She only came—"

"Keep quiet," admonished Gene. "Well, how are we going to get out of this, if we don't tell 'em the truth?" Ted asked practically.

"Don't spare me, for yourself, Gene," Vivian told him, with stoic calm.

"Are you ready to make a clean confession?" asked the official. "You had better. We have the rest of your gang, even Pierre and Steve and Andy."

"They have confessed, too," prompted one of the men who had brought them in.

"Oh, yeah?" sneered Gene. Fear leaped into Vivian's eyes, and unconsciously, they appealed to the chief whom she had seen at the hotel.

"Come on. Tell us about it," he encouraged kindly. "Who are you?"

"Go ahead, tell him," Gene agreed. "You don't know anything about this affair, anyway."

"Won't it hurt you?"

He laughed mirthlessly. "No, but being mixed up with me is sure going to be bad for you. I'm sorry, VI."

The chief started visibly as he

spoke her name, and he glanced from her to Ted, who appeared to be as innocent as he actually was.

"All right, then," Vivian's chin went up with sudden determination. "I am Vivian Moyer from Mitchellfield, and I came up here to elope with Gene. I love him," she added simply.

An attendant became busy with shorthand notes as the others listened closely. Followed many questions—absurd questions, VI thought—hurled at her like spiteful darts. Then it was Ted's turn. Gene agreed that he should talk, also. He did, answering the questions earnestly, and a little fearfully. He knew not what this was all about, but he was much impressed and anxiously sober about it, as innocent victims of the law always are. The charge against him seemed to be more grave than was Vivian's.

He had kept the law-breaking charge of the smuggler's ring in running order, and might just as well be one of their number from first to last—just a mechanic stationed at another point.

"Now for the other fellow, chief," declared the officer who had questioned Ted.

But Gene remained stubbornly silent.

"We have the story," the chief reminded him. "Have had it for months, but we just now got the evidence. You've been smuggling furs over the border to this Steve in St. Louis, for two years. You know me, too. I'm the simple fellow you and Pierre kidnaped in Toronto after you had disabled my plane. But you bungled, as all crooks do, sometimes. You won't be able even to escape the federal prison in an airplane. But we'll get your confession later. That doesn't worry us in the least. Fill him in handcuffs," he ordered, "and take him out." Then he turned to Vivian and Ted. "I happen to know that these two are telling the truth. They are Vivian Moyer and Ted Stanton and they are as innocent of this affair as they claim to be."

"Why, how—?" Vivian cried.

"I am Turner Gilmore. It is just possible that your sister, Marcia, has written to you about knowing me."

"Why, yes," gasped Vivian, trembling now with the severe strain of the evening's developments.

"She happened to mention you and your sky lover, and the fact that Stanton, here," he turned kindly toward Ted, "was working for the pilot in Springfield. It just happens that you picked the wrong time to elope—or perhaps, it could have been worse," he amended.

Vivian began to cry hysterically. "But I—I—love Gene."

Gilmore's eyes were lowered. "That is a tragedy, Miss Moyer. But perhaps you will recover in time, and can forget this—very unfortunate affair. I am sorry to have been the means of making you so unhappy, and yet, I feel that I have spared you greater unhappiness. Go back to your home with Stanton, and we shall report only that you were both held for questioning, because you happened to be with Campeau. No one needs to know just what your plans were, if you and Stanton will keep quiet."

"What about the press, chief? The boys are all waiting outside," the attendant reminded him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## M. P. Philatheas In Meeting With Mrs. T. R. Nichols

The Methodist Protestant Philatheas Class held its monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. T. R. Nichols Thursday evening, January 28th, with Mrs. Della Hayes and Miss Mae Harris as joint hostesses.

Mrs. Silas Powell was in charge of the devotionals. Mrs. J. B. Burchette presided over the business period which followed.

At the conclusion of the general business routine, reports of various committees were heard. Officers for the year were presented by the nominating committee and lected as follows: President, Mrs. Silas Powell, vice-president, Mrs. T. R. Nichols, second vice-president, Mrs. J. B. Burchette, assistant secretary, Mrs. W. B. Hight.

A motion was made and carried that the class raise money and buy a hundred dollar bond from High Point College. It was also voted that a social

be given the members of the M. E. Philatheas Class during the month of February.

Plans were discussed as means of raising money for the Children's Home and College. Mrs. W. B. Hight was made chairman of this committee.

The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer.

During the social hour, a contest was enjoyed, in which Mrs. T. T. Powell was winner.

The hostesses served a tempting

and course with coffee and home mad candy.

Has Operation.  
Miss Closs Peace underwent an operation for appendicitis this morning at Watt's hospital; it was learned today and is getting along very nicely.

Mrs. Latta Ill.  
Mrs. E. A. Latta is confined to her home on Young avenue by illness it was learned this morning.

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## ETTA KETT

Well The Girl Isn't Licked Yet!

—By PAUL ROBINSON

