

MARRIAGES PARTIES SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

SOCIETY NEWS

TELEPHONE 610 : : : : : HOURS 9 A. M. TO 12 NOON

CHURCH SOCIETIES ANNOUNCEMENTS

EMPTY SPRING. By Clinton Seoland. O I have yearned for spring so much Through barren days and long. The south wind with its tender touch The linnets' haunting song!

But now that spring is here indeed I find such loneliness In the low pleading of the reed, The greening bough's caress. The sky is flawless blue above, The river flawless blue, But what is beauty, O my love, And springtime, lacking you.

Visiting Mother. Mrs. Garland Johnson is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. D. Stone, near Bobbitt.

Returns from Chapel Hill. Miss Maris Parham has returned from Chapel Hill, where she spent the week-end.

Mrs. Pittman from Raleigh. Mrs. T. M. Pittman, who has been visiting her mother in Raleigh, has returned to her home on Charles street.

Here from Wilson. N. B. Thomas, Jr., and little daughter of Wilson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Thomas on Andrews avenue.

Leave for Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. George Buckridge, of New York City, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trado, left yesterday for Los Angeles, Cal.

Visitors from Raleigh. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Marks, of Raleigh are spending a few days in the city with Mrs. Mark's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Carter, on Charles street.

Week-End with Aunt. Miss Carrie and Susie Stone have returned to their home near Bobbitt, after they spent the week-end with their aunt, Mrs. F. R. Robertson, at Middleburg.

Miss Clois Peace Here. Miss Clois Peace spent Sunday night in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Peace, and had us her guests, Miss Emily Pollitt, William Harris and Bob Avery, all of Chapel Hill.

Birthday Party Is Given Mrs. Alston

The children and grandchildren of Mrs. E. T. Alston, Sr., gave her a very pleasant surprise Sunday. The occasion was the celebration of her seventieth birthday and Mother's Day combined.

Shortly before twelve o'clock, the children and grandchildren began to arrive and Mrs. Alston began to show slight signs of nervousness and worry as to how she would feed such a large crowd. Her fears were soon dispelled, however, when the children began to bring out boxes of delicious foods typical of a picnic dinner.

The dinner was spread on a table beneath the shade of the beautiful sugar maple trees on the back lawn and all dined sumptuously. In the center of the table was a lovely birthday cake, with the candles arranged to form the number seventy.

At Mrs. Alston's place at the table was a collection of exceedingly useful and lovely Mother's Day and birthday gifts.

Those present for the occasion included all of Mrs. Alston's children and grandchildren, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alston and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Alston, Jr., and son, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Southerland, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Southerland and son, Mr. and Mrs. P. Alston and Misses Myrtle and Annie Lou Alston and Dora Alston, the children's aunt who makes her home with the Alstons.—Reported.

Children's Colds Checked without "dozing." Rub on VICK'S VAPORUB OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

He CALLS it "ACIDITY" ... but it's really SELF POISONING

Girl Scouts of Troop One Meet

Girls Scouts of Troop 1 held their regular meeting Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock at their cabin on Gary street.

After the roll was called and dues collected, several Scouts told about the daily routine at Greensboro camp. After "Taps" was sung there was a short Court of Honor. JOSEPHINE MARTIN, Scribe.

Two Girl Scout Troops Are Busy With Their Hut

The Girl Scout Troop 1 and 2 have been very busy at their hut on Gary street, it was learned today from one of their leaders. They have completed a very nice tennis court just to the rear of their hut with the aid of the city employees and members of the local Kiwanis club. They hold their regular work is finished, they play tennis, if they so desire. This court will probably be used a great deal during the summer months while the Scouts are vacating from school.

Legion Auxiliary Met Last Friday

The American Legion Auxiliary held its regular meeting last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. L. C. McIntosh on the Oxford road.

The meeting was opened with the preamble to the constitution, followed by the pledge to the flag. Reports of officers and chairmen showed unusual activity in their work toward helping veterans' families, donation to the hospitals and visiting.

The Auxiliary decided to sponsor a junior auxiliary and Mrs. John Lee Wester was appointed to take charge of this.

The business meeting was presided over by Mrs. R. C. Gary, the president, and, following a brief discussion, the program, in charge of Mrs. J. E. Woolard and Mrs. L. C. McIntosh, was presented.

"Largo," violin solo, was given by Archibald Yow, accompanied by Mrs. J. B. Martin.

"Old Folks at Home," violin solo by Leland McIntosh, accompanied by Mrs. L. C. McIntosh.

Mrs. J. E. Woolard presented an attractive placard of the Unknown Soldier.

Mrs. L. D. Wall read the poem, "The Unknown Soldier," composed by Morton Hedgepeth, a local boy.

"Remembrance," a poem, was read by Mrs. B. G. Allen.

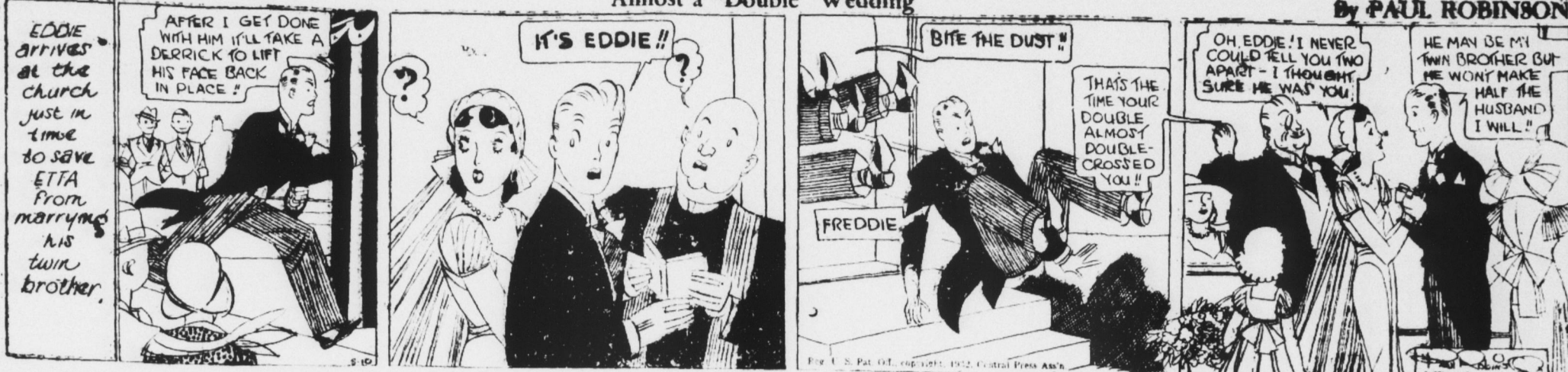
"Poppies," a reading, by Mrs. J. W. Jenkins.

At the conclusion of the program, the hostesses served angel food cake, topped with cream.

The entertainment committee for this meeting was Mrs. L. C. McIntosh, Mrs. W. B. Daniel, Jr., Mrs. A. D. Patterson, Mrs. F. O. Mabry, Mrs. Annie M. Duke, Mrs. J. R. McDuffie and Miss Agnes Pegram.

other so-called "acidity" sufferers, this remedy is exactly what you need. The distress in your stomach will disappear rapidly. Your system will eliminate a startling amount of foul-smelling poisons. You will feel healthier and happier. But that is only a promise of the reward to follow. Continue taking B-L Tonic every night for three weeks. You will thereby keep the poisons from regaining a foothold in your blood. Meaningful stimulating properties of B-L Tonic will sharpen your appetite, improve digestion, and thus help build up a more robust resistance to disease. Nine chances out of ten that's all you need to get rid of your "acidity." B-L Tonic is sold at Page-Rocoutt Drug Co., and drugstore everywhere.

ETTA KETT



The Sacred Eye BRUCE E. GRIGGS A Story of Mystery and Love in The South Seas

READ THIS FIRST: Five young people from Chicago, Ione Adams, Tom Barry, Pilly Lightener, Larry Olcott and Jay Bruce, who tells the story, find themselves about to land at Papeete, Tahiti, in the South Seas, as the story opens. Ione, Larry and Bruce have been employed on a newspaper, Tom is a radio continuity writer, and Pilly a co-ed. As they are about to leave the ship Larry calls their attention to a Miss Whitney, a mysterious girl and fellow passenger. He attempts to speak with her, but is snubbed. The story of a trip to the South Seas had originated when Ione, Larry, Jay and Tom were working in Chicago. Jay, whose hobby was collecting old books, picked up an old ship's log in a book store for 50 cents. The log related the story of a voyage to the South Seas undertaken by one Capt. John W. Adams in 1834. The voyage was for the purpose of trading for pearls. On his way out of the store Jay almost collides with a girl, who is startled on seeing him in possession of the book. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 3

AS TOM and I had entered, Sam, with his perpetual grin, had come chucking over to meet us and escorted us over to the corner booth, where Larry and Ione were holding forth.

"Folks down on the South Side what I lives, tells me you-all got my name in yo' ac' on the air, Mistah Barry," Sam announced, chuckling.

"That's right," Tom told him with a grin. "Have to keep you before the public, Sam."

"Catacomb's cat say Sam's going to remember you for that," Sam offered, still chuckling.

"Great old guy," Tom commented as Sam made off, having ascertained our wishes in the manner of refreshment.

Sam's was distinctly one of the places. His personality had developed a big following. Those dim recesses under the Drive that led to the Catacombs were frequented by banker, broker, copper, judge, scribe, artist, actor and official.

When business wasn't too pressing, Sam would gladly blend his rich baritone with you in song. Just before pay day he wrote graciously on his cuff, and a mangy Tom cat which he kept about the place frequently, so Sam said, ordered him to treat his guests.

"Well, I see you and Henderson got together on another deal," Larry observed in mocking jest, pointing to the new addition to my small library.

"What is it this time?"

"That's a genuine first edition for which I parted with exactly fifty cents," I informed him. "It's an old ship's log of a cruise made a century ago to trade trinkets to cannibals for pearls down in the South Sea islands—it's the only copy, so it becomes a first as well as an only edition."

Through half-closed eyes Ione meditatively studied the ceiling for a moment.

"South Seas, with great crescents of white beach fringed with tall, graceful palms. The soft swish of the sea, ceaselessly washing the sand; blue, wide sea on which the sun scatters myriads of glittering diamonds. Quiet lagoons and pearls—she mused aloud. "That's a grand picture," and she opened her eyes again.

"Well, well, our little girl friend seems to be getting up steam and going poetical on us," I remarked lightly. "Come out of the day dream, baby! You are right here in Chicago, where the elevated trains thunder by on stilts, and where you take your life in your hands every time you cross the street. You haven't any right to the wanderlust!"

She studied me quiescently for a few seconds.

"I'd like to know why not?" she asked softly. "Just because I held a job on one newspaper for a few years in no reason I can't dream dreams of strange scenes and the far-flung corners of the world. Even if I do have to 'cover' relief commissions in the morning and soup kitchens in the afternoon—"

"We were having a discussion just



"It's in code of some sort."

before you came in," Larry offered. "About what?" Tom wanted to know.

"Oh, the depression and—"

"What a unique topic of conversation," I jeered.

"—and life is general," he finished. "That takes in more territory and widens the field slightly, at that," I admitted.

"Just before we came in you were saying—"

"That we cliff dwellers of civilization's great cities are a lot of economic slaves, chained to desks and pay envelopes, just as surely as galley slaves were chained," Larry growled. "We spend our lives writing bad stories about the antics of a lot of uninteresting people for nit-wits to read—"

"Yes, I know what you mean," I broke in. "Stay in the rut because it's warm, safe and comfortable. All we get out of it is barely enough to eat, a roof and a few clothes."

Tom, who had been studying the table, looked up.

"It is sort of futile," he said softly. "I grind away on that script and while we are driving over here it goes on the air, evaporates, and that's that."

"We are so busy battling the mob to eke out a bare existence that we don't have time to live," I agreed. "We bargain our lives for beauty and take home tinsel. Because we're in the newspaper racket we are behind the scenes and we snicker cynically at the mob which takes at face value the majestic turning of the hands of the great clock. God gave us sunlight to paint us with tan, water to swim in, pleasant land to walk on, and we persist in living in great city ant hills."

"We're afraid to take life with both hands and live it," Tom said thoughtfully. "So we stay in habits' chains, that Larry mentioned, until we get old and doddering without memories of how the rest of the world lives. Then we die and get one small grave to lie in. Summed up, life is only memories."

"We aren't family men or anchored with dependents," I declared. "We are free to roam the world. The only thing we have to do is just get up and go—put one foot in front of the other. We would never starve to death and we would collect a choice assortment of memories for old age. Think what would have happened if Columbus hadn't—"

"This isn't any argument," Tom announced. "We just sit here and 'jest' each other along. But for all of that we'll probably never do anything about it," he added whimsically. "None of us have courage enough to bust the chains. Adven-

ture is dead and high romance languished—"

"Listen to this," Ione interrupted. She hadn't been joining in the bits of wisdom we had been hurling at each other. Instead, she had been quietly studying my new volume. She read:

"I have this day determined to capture the great black pearl which adorns the forehead of the chief heathen idol of the Polynesian islands, known as the Sacred Eye of Nu, the fame of which we have repeatedly heard on our travels. This jewel, reputed to be the largest and most perfect in this part of the world which abounds in pearls, is guarded only by priests and temple attendants so far as we can learn from the savages. The temple where this image sits is on an atoll, inhabited only by the heathen priests. Our cargo is nearly disposed of, and I shall set sail on this venture shortly, and then immediately begin the return voyage to the home port. Trade has been excellent and we have a rich assortment of goods now in the strong box from this trip. Because of the risk in capturing the idol's jewel eye, the crew are to be given a share in the moneys received from its sale—"

"Look here," Ione said. "The last pages of this are all in code of some sort. But here is an exact position of something given in the middle of this code in degrees, minutes and seconds. Tom, you were a naval man during the war—what is it?"

"Probably the position of the sacred atoll where the pearl was to be found," he said, studying it a moment. "That's just what we were talking about. That's adventures—that old boy Whitney who ever he was, and it in the large manner!"

"Do you suppose he managed to capture it?" Ione wondered out loud.

"No, it's probably still there, or why would the old captain have taken all the trouble to put all of this stuff in code?" he laughed. "If you want to know anything about plots, ask me. That is all I do all day—work out plots."

"Pearls or no pearls," I said with a grin. "I would love to get away from this nerve-shattering roar of the city for a while and get pointed with a good coat of tan. I am going stale."

Larry and I entered our hotel a little later the clerk handed me a telephone memorandum with my key. The name "Miss Whitney" was filled in, with a pencilled notation after Remarks: "Will call at 7:30"

I showed it to him without comment as we waited for the elevator.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRAYER SERVICES TO BE CONTINUED

Lay Meeting Group Declines To Dispense With Programs

Laymen's prayer meetings which have been held each Monday afternoon for the past three months and more will not be discontinued but will be kept up for an indefinite time, it was decided at the service held yesterday at the First Baptist church. The meetings rotate from week to week from one church to another among the six participating, in alphabetical order. Services have been held in all of the churches twice, and yesterday was the first in the third round. Next Monday after the meeting will be held at the Christian church and the hour will be as heretofore, at 5:30 o'clock.

It was decided that the pastors would be requested to give more notice to the prayer meetings in their announcements Sunday mornings, as comments were that more people probably would attend if the matter were properly impressed upon them.

DUKE'S YEARBOOK HONORS TRUSTEE

Durham, May 10.—The staff of the 1932 Duke yearbook, The Chanticleer, has dedicated its new volume to George G. Allen, of New York, chairman of the board of trustees of the Duke Endowment. Martin Green, of Raleigh, and Paul Garner, of Winston-Salem, are business manager and editor of the yearbook.

The mothers of the manager and the editor, Mrs. T. E. Green, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Ila J. Garner, of Winston-Salem, are named sponsors of the yearbook.

Members of the Duke Endowment board of trustees are represented in drawings on title pages of the various sections of The 1932 Chanticleer. Photographs of university officers and sketches of their departments' work are featured.

The issue is said to contain more photographs than any previous issue of the university annual.

17th century Puritans called playing cards the devil's picture-books.

Duke Gets State 'Prof.' Raleigh, May 10.—It was learned here today that William J. Dana, professor of experimental engineering at State College, has accepted an offer to become a member of the engineering school faculty of Duke University effective this fall. Professor Dana has been at State College more than ten years and during that time he has become known as one of the best liked and most efficient members of the engineering school faculty.

STEVENSON TOMORROW CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE Selected Short Subjects 10c Wednesday Is Dime Day TO EVERYBODY LAST TIMES TODAY WILL ROGERS -IN- BUSINESS & PLEASURE Matinee and Night 10-25c Coming -THURSDAY-FRIDAY MAURICE CHEVALIER -IN- ONE HOUR WITH YOU Admission -Matinee-night 10-25c

Wednesday Specials 19c to 25c quality shirts and madras and fancy broadcloths 10c 81x90 Page hemmed sheets, guaranteed to private families for five years \$1.00 Two lots ladies fine straw hats: \$1.95 quality, now 59c \$2.95 quality, now 98c Men's \$1.00 quality Interwoven socks 50c 35c bottle Vermont maple syrup 19c Spring Dresses Prices on our spring dresses reduced \$16.75 dresses of crepe and sheer materials in well assorted colors and sizes for morning, afternoon or evening, \$13.50 \$10.00 prints, solid colors flat crepes, and chiffons \$7.95 \$2.95 to \$15.00 knitted sport dresses, now \$10.75 to \$2.39 E. G. Davis & Sons Co. Henderson, N. C.

Garden Club Will Visit Raleigh Show

Members of the Henderson Garden Club are planning to visit the Raleigh Garden Club flower show in the Sir Walter hotel in Raleigh next Friday afternoon. It was learned today. Final arrangements have not been made as yet, it was said, but a large number of the members are expected to attend.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE HAPPY PARENTS Birth of Son.

Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Hedgepeth announce the birth of a son, John Richard, on May 6, 1932, at Maris Parham hospital.

METTS IS HONORED BY R. O. T. C. MARCH

Raleigh, May 10.—The State College R. O. T. C. regiment staged a colorful parade and review yesterday at noon in honor of Brigadier-General John Van E. Metts, adjutant-general of North Carolina.

It was announced that the ceremonies would be in honor of Governor O. Max Gardner, but he was detained in New York over the week-end and requested General Metts to be his personal representative at the review.