

THOUSANDS VISIT GREAT STATE FAIR

Many Attractions for Those Attending Annual Exhibit and Events

Daily Dispatch Bureau, in the Sir Walter Hotel, By J. C. BASKERVILLE.
Raleigh, Oct. 13.—Visitors by the thousands streamed through the gates of the State Fair today as the weather continued fair and cooler, to see the thrills offered by Lucky Teter and his "Hell Drivers" and the many other thrilling attractions booked by Manager Norman Y. Chambliss and his partner, George Hamid. For this is "Thrill Day" at the State Fair, also the day on which all of the Raleigh school children are being admitted free.

The center of attraction this afternoon was to be the performance of Teter and his dare-devils, rip-roaring automobile drivers and motorcycle acrobats who will deliberately stage head-on collisions, jump automobiles over parked trucks, turn cars over, drive through board fences and many other feats of daring in order to provide thrills for the onlookers. In addition, those in the grandstand will also see the 15 big hippodrome acts provided for their entertainment, while tonight those visiting the fair will see the presentation of "Revelations of 1936," the colorful and tuneful musical comedy produced on the big open-air stage in front of the grandstand. Thousands of people jammed the grand stand last night for the first performance of the "Revelations" and were delighted with the tuneful music, pretty girls and entertaining dance numbers, in addition to the regular program of hippodrome acts.

The three-days horse racing program will start Wednesday afternoon and continue through Friday, with many of the best known harness racers in the country participating. Joe McGraw, veteran horse racing official, will act as starter. These races are expected to attract horse fanciers from every section of the State.

STEVENSON "PERFECT SOUND" THEATRE

LAST TIMES TODAY

The glorious romance of a beautiful maiden and her ill-fated lover!

LORETTA YOUNG in **"RAMONA"**

With **DON AMECHE**, **KENT TAYLOR**, **Faithful FREDERICK**, **Jane DAVIDSON**, **Katherine DeMILLE**

Plus News and Comedy

There will be no midnight show tonight.

WEDNESDAY JACK POT \$150.00
ON THE SCREE N "BLACK MAILER" With William Gargan

THURSDAY - FRIDAY "Green Pastures"

DEED NOT PASSED ON PARK SITE YET

No deed has as yet been given to the City of Henderson for the King's Daughters' park site at the western end of Young street, which the city recently agreed to accept and develop as a park. The city agreed to pay \$1,500, the amount of an outstanding mortgage, for the property. Definite plans for developing the property may await actual transfer of the title.

VANCE

Always A Good Show

LAST SHOWING TODAY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CO. presents **"HITCH HIKE TO HEAVEN"** by ROBERT ALLEN and HELMUT LOGAN
News Reel and Comedy

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY MYSTERY - ROMANCE!

"YELLOWSTONE" (THE GREAT GETSER MURDER MYSTERY) with HENRY HUNTER, JUDITH BARRETT, ALAN HALE, RALPH MORGAN, ANDY DEVINE, MONROE OWSELY, ROLLO LLOYD
Directed by Arthur Lubin
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Also Good Comedy

FLOWERS AT HER FEET

By MARIE BLIZARD
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READ THIS FIRST:
By winning a \$500 slogan contest, Alix Carey earns a promotion in the advertising agency where she is employed and enlists the personal interest of John Sayre, young president of the agency, whom she secretly admires. Coming to New York following her parents' death, she has made close friends of Kathleen Crosby and her cousin, Kim Preston. Alix and Sayre begin to mix business and pleasure. They play golf and he invites her to a house party. There she is surprised to find one Carol Cushing acting as Sayre's hostess and is mortified when she overhears Carol belittling her to another guest. John apologizes for Carol's remarks and kisses Alix in the garden. At her request he takes a bracelet from Carol to have it remade for her birthday. Carol tries to become friendly with Alix, but the latter leaves the house party ahead of the other guests, pleading an engagement. Suspecting that John cares for Carol, Alix avoids seeing him and meanwhile entertains her old sweetheart, Bill Boyd, who is visiting New York. Then Alix finds John waiting for her at her apartment. Alix begins to see John frequently but he does not make love to her. She finds Carol in the role of hostess again at a dinner party he is giving her. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

CHAPTER 18

"TAKE THE bank holiday. Hoover said a move like that would ruin the country." That ceaseless voice of the strange man at Alix's right bleated on and she continued to give it her attentive smile but she didn't listen. She wished that John Sayre's dinner was over and she were far and away.

There was no getting away then. After dinner there was backgammon. The voice with the bank holiday trouble cornered Alix and she submitted to the game that she thought stupid.

Carol and John were playing ping-pong for the gallery. Nothing could have made Alix a part of that gallery.

They came back to the drawing room flushed and laughing. They shared so much that closed Alix out!

At 11, Carol said, "I've got to leave. I promised to go on to the Merivales. They're having a party of some sort for Trudy. Good night, all." She left.

Then the others moved to leave. So did Alix. She put on her velvet wrap and joined them in the foyer. "I'm taking you home," John said for her alone to hear.

"Please don't bother."
"When are you going to learn to take orders?" he asked in a fierce whisper.

She returned to the drawing room. This was the first time she was alone in it. It was a huge room with rich dark browns, with purple and warm wine reds, with a touch of light in the faded rose of the tapestries.

It was a man's room, this room with the great hearth, so big that it dwarfed the twin lounges covered in magenta silk that flanked it on either side. Everything in the room was big, rich, subdued rather than opulent. Alix wished that she might have seen into the other rooms.

"Like it?" Sayre stood in the doorway.
"Yes," she said, inspecting it frankly as he had done in her small place. "Of course, it's a little large but I think it's quite as nice as mine."

"Yours has an advantage this hasn't."
"Let me see," Alix put a thoughtful finger to her brow, "could it be . . . could it be . . ."
"Yours has you," he said.
"Oh, John!" She just looked at him.

He lived at Fifty-seventh street and Sutton place. Alix lived at Fifty-fifth street, directly around the corner from Sutton place.
"Can't we walk?" she said when they were going down in the elevator.

"On a January night with five inches of snow on the ground? What about those little gold shoes?"
Alix lifted the hem of her gown to expose the slippers that were but soles and straps.

His town car was at the entrance of the fashionable apartment house.
"My," she said, "but this is luxury. To drive two blocks in a Rolls." She sank cozily into the deep cushioned seat. The armrest had been removed.

John Sayre dropped his arm across the seat above her shoulders. She felt it there. She felt



His lips were cool and firm.

his eyes on her, felt herself turn toward him and then his arms were around her, pressing him to her tenderly.

She could have moved away from him gently, turned her face from his. She could have smiled and said something about the party.

She could have done any of these things if she hadn't been straining toward him, caught in her own desire.

She lifted her face to his and tried to speak, to ask him not to kiss her. He kissed her before she could speak.

His lips were cool on her own moist mouth. Her heart knocked against her ribs, sending the blood all through her to beat like a fluttering bird in the fingertips that pressed him away from her.
"Oh, don't! Please don't!" Her voice had a sob in it.

"Why not?" His voice was incredibly low, incredibly tender. She couldn't tell him any reasons. She couldn't say, "Please don't play with my heart."

When she didn't answer, he drew away and said, "Sorry," a trifle stiffly.

Then she wanted to put her arms around him as though he were a little boy. She wanted to tell him not to be sorry, that she only wanted him to be happy. She knew that her silence was drawing them apart but she couldn't speak.

He got out of the car at her door and gave her his hand. She reached for it and dropped her compact. Change, a comb, her compact tumbled out of it.

They bumped their heads reaching for the spilled things and then they both laughed.

"Not angry?" he said.
"Of course not," her tones had some of the tenderness of his.

"Good."
"It's too late for you to come up," she said at the door. "Thank you for having me to your party."
"Thank you for coming." He didn't release her hand. "Thank you for so much, Alix."
She took her hand from his and walked away.

She would have liked to sit up in her big chair before the hearth and bring out the pieces of that evening. She had a feeling that the key to her whole situation now and in the future was to be found there.

But there was no wood for the hearth and the steam pipes were cold. The apartment was bitter cold. The winter wind howled dismally as it tore past the house from the river.
She took off her gown, undress-

ing quickly in the chill, and got in bed under a down quilt. She wanted to think then, to find the thing that evaded her but the soft warmth lulled her to sleep before she could find it.

Later, it was lost.

The morning came, bitter, overcast with a promise of more snow. Alix hated the bitter, uncompromising cold. She turned up the fur collar of her coat, stuck her wool-covered fingers into her pockets and stepped gingerly down the sleet-covered steps of her apartment.

There was a taxi at the corner but it was nearing the end of the week and her means didn't permit a taxi to the office.

She bent her head to meet the wind that nearly took her off her feet as she headed north on Sutton place to where she could catch a bus at the corner of Fifty-seventh street.

It was colder at the bus stop. She shivered miserably in her warmest tweeds but the cold turned her nose pink and bit at her tender skin.

She still looked half-frozen when she arrived at the office.

"Nice day to be at Palm Beach," she said to the girl at the reception desk.
"What was the matter with your town car this morning?" the girl said.

Alix gave her a swift, startled glance and decided it was merely a coincidence that she had mentioned a town car.

It made her think of Carol's request the night before to borrow the big car in which she had driven home after the party.

Carol, three hours later, sitting in that car on her way to a matinee, found her idle glance arrested by something small, gold and gleaming. She reached down and picked up a compact.

She read the initials in the corner. The small letters were A. C. She stared at it reflectively for a few moments while her lips tightened. Then she put it in her pocketbook.

It was Alix Carey's compact. Therefore, Alix Carey must have been in the car.
"Stop at the drug store please," she said to John's chauffeur. She wrapped her mink coat around her while she stood in line waiting for a telephone booth.

Then she dialed the number of Sayre-Coulton Advertising Agency. "Let me speak to Miss Alix Carey," she said to the operator.
(To Be Continued)

Values That Tell The Story At Penney's

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Thursday will be remnant day at Penneys Prices that will take your breath. Come early for yours.

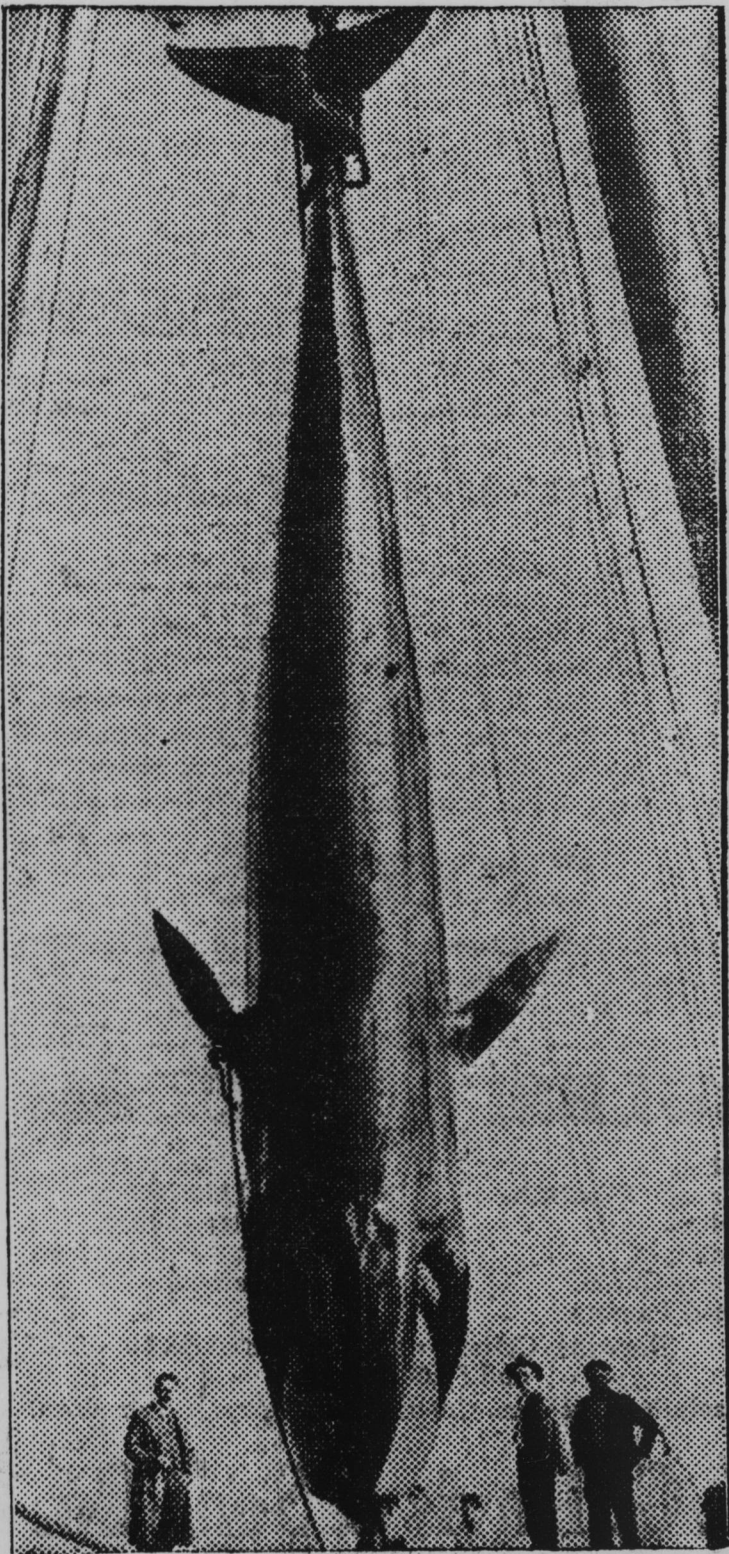
PENNEY'S
J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, Inc.
Henderson, N. C.

THE BIG WHALE

55 FEET LONG—68 TONS WEIGHT

Coming to Henderson

One Day Only—Thursday Oct. 15
LOCATED ON 100 FOOT R. R. CAR
Winder Street and Seaboard Railroad.



General Admission 10c

Colossus Proves Jonah Story or Does She

While the cavernous mouth of a whale could have easily accommodated Jonah there is still another side to the story according to the agent who is here in Henderson arranging to exhibit a monster 68 ton whale.

"A whale," says the agent, "can take into their mouth up to a thousand pounds of fish at one time, but," he added, "they must all be little ones." A whale's throat is so small it would choke on a grapefruit.

Captain David Barnett, veteran whaling commander who is in charge of the 30 lectures who explain this curious 55 foot monster, has shown a thousand or more audiences that it is impossible for him to shove his fist into the throat of colossus.

Mounted on the largest railroad car ever built, colossus will be exhibited Thursday, October 15 starting at noon in Henderson on a railroad siding near the Seaboard R. R. depot. The exhibit will be open to the public from noon to 11 p. m.

JAMES C. COOPER
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HENDERSON, N. C.

