

PROGRAM PLANNED FOR P. O. S. A. MEET

Henry A. Styers, State President, Principal Speaker at Monday's Session

An interesting program has been announced for the meeting of the Patriotic Order Sons of America here next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock when they meet to mark the 90th anniversary of the founding of the order in the nation. A closed meeting for members only will be held at 7 o'clock.

Henry A. Styers, of Lexington, State president, will be the chief speaker, and C. F. Tankersley, Jr., district president, will preside.

The full program follows: Chairman, C. F. Tankersley, Jr., district president.

- Music, Orchestra. America, one verse. Audience. Invocation, Rev. D. A. Petty. Address of Welcome, Mayor Henry T. Powell. Address Welcome Local Camp, C. B. White, president. Local Selections, Ransom Street Quartet. Recognition, Local Camp Officers. Music, Orchestra. Introducing State President, W. R. Fleming, Past State President. Music. Address, Henry A. Styers, State President. Announcements, Membership Campaign. Committees on Program. Adjournment. Refreshments. Local camp officers are immediate past president, L. A. Jackson, president, C. B. White, vice president, Jack Collins, master of forms, C. T. Neathery, recording secretary, W. L. Long, treasurer, B. S. Pope, financial secretary, J. S. Alford, conductor, V. H. Roberson, inner guard, J. M. Coghlin, chaplain, J. L. Finch, assistant recorder, W. R. Fleming, right sentinel, W. I. Nelson, left sentinel, B. S. Hux, orator, C. F. Tankersley, Jr., trustees, E. O. Falkner and G. W. Furquerson.

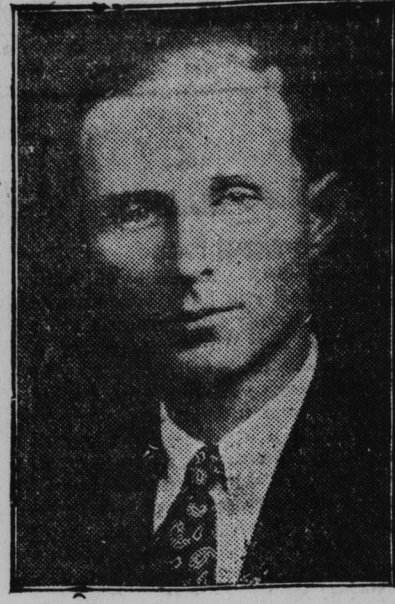
LEADERS IN P. O. S. A. CELEBRATION MONDAY



HENRY A. STYERS, of Lexington, State President



W. R. FLEMING, Past State President



C. F. TANKERSLEY, JR., District President

TANKERSLEY AND FLEMING OFFICIATE

Two Officers Play Prominent Roles in Celebration of Order's Founding

C. F. Tankersley, Jr., district president, will preside, and W. R. Fleming, past state president, will introduce the speaker at the founder's day celebration of the P. O. S. of A. here next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the order's hall, it was stated today.

Mr. Tankersley has been identified with the order several years, and has served with distinction as district president for the past three years.

The district comprises camps located at Henderson, Durham, Mebane, Swepsonville, Cary, Youngsville, Erwin, Goldsboro and Fayetteville.

Mr. Fleming will introduce Henry A. Styers, of Lexington, state president, who will make the principal address. He is also serving on the reception committee and on the program group. He has been connected with the order for the past 17 years, during this time filling every office in the local camp, and has also filled every office in the state camp with the exception of being state secretary and treasurer, being elevated to the state presidency, the highest office of the order in the state in 1935.

Under his administration as state president, the order surpassed all previous records for many years, and led every state camp in the national camp in gain of membership.

1825—Edwin H. Fitler, Philadelphia's noted business man and cordage manufacturer, born there. Died May 31, 1896.

STYERS TO SPEAK HERE NEXT MONDAY

State President P. O. S. A. Will Pay Official Visit To Local Camp

Henry A. Styers, of Lexington, State president of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, will pay his official visit to the local camp next Monday evening when he will be the principal speaker at the founder's day celebration of the order. Similar meetings are being held over the state during next week.

Mr. Styers has long been affiliated with the order, having been elected to a high position in the order, State

CONCERT DATES TO BE FIXED SHORTLY

Suggestions Made and Confirmations Are Awaited from New York Headquarters

Dates for the series of concerts to be presented here during the winter under auspices of the Henderson Co-operative Concert Association are expected to be announced in the next few days, it was said today by Rev. James A. Jones, president of the association.

Mrs. H. T. Morris, secretary, is now in correspondence with the New York

offices of the Columbia Concerts Corporation, through which the bookings will be made, and is expecting notification daily as to assignments. Officers of the association have already designated the three artists they desire for the concerts, of which there will be three, one each month. Assignment of the dates is all that now remains before the announcement can be made. It is hoped that one can be arranged for December, one for January and the last one in February.

NEAR 500 PLATES SOLD FOR STATE

New 1938 Automobile Licenses on Sale at Motor Club Offices

Nearly 500 sets of State automobile license plates had been sold at closing time this afternoon at the local branch office of the Carolina Motor Club, W. C. Cates, the manager, announced. This included passenger cars, trucks and trailers.

Licenses went on sale last Wednesday, December 1, and the new tags were immediately permissible for use on all motor vehicles for which they were purchased.

Since there is nearly a month's time yet before the zero hour for removing 1937 tags from cars, many car owners refused to brave severe weather a part of the time after the sale started in order to make their purchases. Many others were not yet ready to buy.

Sales are expected to increase rapidly from now on, however, and Mr. Cates urged all car owners to act quickly and avoid the final rush that is inevitable toward the end of the month.

PROGRAM IS GIVEN FOR JUNIOR CLASS

Orphans Here Tomorrow; Dr. Charles E. Brewer Also to Speak

A class of children from the Junior Order Orphanage at Lexington will give a free concert in the auditorium of the Henderson high school Sunday afternoon, and an elaborate service has been announced. Dr. Charles E. Brewer, president of Meredith College, Raleigh, will speak briefly, and there will be other features in addition to the program to be given by the children.

E. M. Powell, counselor of Raymond B. Crabtree Council, No. 562, of the Junior Order, will preside. C. L. Finch will lead in singing a verse of "America" and the invocation will be by Rev. T. J. Whitehead, pastor of the Methodist Protestant church. An address of welcome will be given by Mayor Henry T. Powell. C. F. Tankersley, past State counselor of the Juniors, will introduce Dr. Brewer, and Superintendent W. M. Shuford, of the orphanage, who will accompany the class here, will speak briefly just before the concert. The benediction will be given after the children's program by Rev. J. Everette Neese, pastor of the Congregational-Christian church.

The entire program is to last about one hour and a quarter, it is announced.

The children will arrive here shortly before noon, and will be guests of the local council for dinner. All councils in the twentieth district including Vance, Granville, Warren and Franklin counties, have been invited to send delegations, and a large number are looked for from Durham.

There will be no admission to the concert, which is the first ever to be given here by a class from the Junior home.

Ushers, chosen from the personnel of the local council, are to be S. N. Powell, chairman, F. M. Harward, L. F. Jackson, E. C. Mitchell, A. C. Huskoth, T. E. Stogell, E. H. White, J. W. Collins, J. S. Albright, N. D. Holloway and A. B. Pleasants.

Following is the program to be given by the children's class: I Love To Tell The Story—Sacred Overture. Marche Militaire—Schubert—Little Symphony. Prayer of Thanksgiving. Glee Club. Joy and Praise—Sacred Selections. Legend—Tschalkowsky—Little Symphony. Orchestra. Best Loved Southern Melodies—Al Hays. Stars and Stripes Forever—Sousa—Little Symphony. Beautiful Words of Jesus. Lord I Want To Be A Christian. Glee Club. Throw Out The Life Line—Sacred Overture—Little Symphony. Dismissed By—Rev. J. E. Neese.

LEGION TO DISCUSS MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Also To Plan for Christmas Tree at Meeting Monday Night, Commander States

A membership campaign and plans for a Christmas tree are to be discussed by Henderson Post, No. 60, of the American Legion, at its monthly meeting to be held Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Legion hut on South Garnett street, it was stated today by J. C. Cooper past commander. Mr. Cooper urged that all members possible attend the meeting to join in discussions about these projects. A Christmas tree will be held at the hut, an exact date will be arranged for it.

PEACOCK FEATHERS BY Temple Bailey

READ THIS FIRST:

Jerry Chandler, son of a country clergyman in modest circumstances, has asked Mimi Le Brun, a St. Louis society girl, to marry him. She is virtually engaged to Andy Fuller, a wealthy young man of her own set. Jerry met Mimi through her cousin, Lionel Clark, his closest friend at Yale. An uncle sent Jerry through college and led him to believe that eventually he would inherit his ranch in the west. Jerry hopes to take Mimi to the ranch and write plays. He is called home from a house party in Maine just before his mother's death. Jerry goes to St. Louis to pursue Mimi. He learns that Mimi's mother is opposed to him because he has neither background nor money.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 21

TO HEAR that Mimi's mother was opposed to me before we even had met loomed as a tragedy. "Do you mean that the latchstring won't be out?"

"Oh, no. I made a bargain with Mother. I told her I wouldn't go anywhere with Andy unless I could entertain you in my own house. And you are to come Sunday night for supper. The crowd will be there. I always have informal things. Our apartment isn't big enough for anything else—and big things cost a lot."

I hardly heard her. My mind was on her mother. "I am not sure that I care to go where I am not wanted."

"If I want you, isn't that enough?" She was very lovely as she leaned towards me.

"More than enough, my dear." "Oh, Jerry, you mustn't call me that. You mustn't count on anything—I'm a will-o'-the-wisp. I never know my own mind—"

Quick tears came to her eyes. "I'll make you know it, Mimi." At that moment, I could have died for her. I had no fears. The tears in her eyes were enough for me.

Bernice's home was charming. There were old portraits, French furniture in gilt and faded rose, pale carpets, long mirrors. Bernice's mother in faint blue was a part of the picture. She was the first of those vivacious, youthful-looking mothers of whom I was soon to see so many. Her hair was touched with gray, but was waved and puffed into an elaborate coiffure. She poured the tea and made me sit beside her. She had very clear, dark eyes, and I felt that they weighed me; that she knew I did not belong to that drawing room with its old portraits and French furniture. So clairvoyant did she seem, that I was gripped by the fear that she might see as in a crystal ball the background of my boyhood days, that bare simple parsonage.

Neither then nor ever after was I at my ease with her. And I do not think she tried to set me at my ease. She was one of the women to whom the fact that her grandmothers had brought their ball-gowns from the old world was a matter of immense importance. She felt separated by impregnable barriers from all those whose grandmothers had not worn ball-gowns!

The tea-table was set with heavy old silver on a silver tray—and there were all sorts of delicious things to eat—muffins, and tiny sandwiches, and fragile French cakes. It was a new function to me. Tea in our town had been the evening meal—the hearty supper. At college I had been invited to few houses. It was to me a rare and exciting experience to be one of this gay and sparkling group.

So it was with something of a shock that I heard Stiles Sander-son say when I drifted over to him

a little later. "You should never have come here, Jerry." "Why not?" "Oh, we shall spoil you. This isn't your atmosphere. You got your gifts in less complicated surroundings. Instead of sending you to the city the gods should have transported you to the top of a high mountain. You might have given a song to the world. But they'll stop your singing."

Katherine Merrill was listening. "Why don't you talk plain English, Stiles? What he means, Jerry," she explained, patiently, "is that with us you'll gambol on the green. It is much better than piping alone on the top of a mountain."

"Is it?" Stiles demanded. "I wonder if Jerry will find it so?"

Bernice came over just then, and took me away so I left them to argue it out alone. But years later when the conversation recurred to me, I knew that while in some ways Stiles was right, I was glad that the gods had taken me to the city.

Bernice carried me off to a little card-room beyond the drawing room. "I simply must talk to you, Jerry," she said, and I saw with surprise that she looked anxious, worried.

"What is it?" I asked. "Lionel!" She paused and plunged in. "I simply must talk to somebody about him. And you are to be with him all this winter. Jerry, is the play going to be a success? Is it?"

I hardly knew how to answer her. "I hope it may."

"Oh, it's got to be. Lionel is depending so much on it. He is spending more money than he should. And Father has heard of it, and he's furious. He told me last night that if Lionel didn't pull up, he wouldn't let me marry him."

The vision of the clear-eyed figure in faint blue made me ask, "What does your mother say?"

"She agrees with Father. She never accepts Olga's hospitality to do it as the rest of them did, with a shrug of the shoulder and an air of scorn as if she owed them more than they asked. That night I saw the peacock portrait. I had arrived at Olga's earlier than the others, for Lionel was to call for Bernice, and I walked over.

Olga greeted me with her slow enthusiasm. "It's nice to see you; I want to have a talk with you. Can't you stay for a little while after the others go?" I promised; and presently when she was called to the telephone, I strayed through the gorgeous rooms until I came to the balcony which Mimi had described in her letter. The picture hung alone on the wall beyond, flanked by a tapestry or two, and lighted by concealed electric bulbs.

Seen thus it fairly blazed with color. Mimi's arms and neck were bare, and the scant blue of her long bodice melted into a train of peacock feathers. Her face was turned a little so that she looked over her shoulder with a veiled inscrutable glance. In the banded hair of her proud little head was a high carved comb which gave the effect of a peacock's crest, and the great fan which she carried was of the same burnished plumes.

This was not the child Mimi whose memory I cherished. The artist had given, rather, a hint of what she was to be—"The Proud Lady." Pride was in every line of her. I felt a sudden cold shock of separation. What had I—a rude country boy—to do with this rare creature? How could I ever hope to possess her? The thing was preposterous!

perukes of the French court. The little tables were covered with rose-colored baize and had borders of dark, rich wood. The gilt chairs were patterned in hearts and diamonds, clubs and spades. The whole thing had been done, it seemed, for one of the ball-gown grandmothers. It was a monument to her frivolity as well as to her fine sense of beauty.

I wondered if the grandmother had ever faced heartache as this lovely young granddaughter was facing it. Knowing Lionel as I did, and with all my deep affection for him, I could not see him giving happiness to a loving woman.

I went back to the drawing room and for the first time had Mimi to myself. She seemed a boyish figure in her riding clothes among all the delicate feminine frills, but no one matched her beauty. "She is mine," my heart sang, and it was heavenly music.

We could talk only of ourselves. There were so many things she had not told me. I was eager to know what had happened while she was still in Maine. How she and Andy had made up after I left.

"He acted as if nothing had happened, and went right on being nice to me."

"Do you know what he did with the pin?"

"No."

"I told her that he had thrown it into the pool."

"It is like him," she said, "and he was in a mood to throw you in after it. I am glad he did not see you."

"I am as strong as he," I boasted. "I should have liked to see him try it."

We parted to meet that night at Olga's. The 3gre had, Mimi explained, entertained them a lot since they came back. And it wasn't politic to offend her. "You'll know why when you see her ball-room."

I must confess that the thing jarred. I felt that I would rather never accept Olga's hospitality to do it as the rest of them did, with a shrug of the shoulder and an air of scorn as if she owed them more than they asked.

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(To Be Continued)



Wendy Barrie and Walter Pidgeon in "Girl with Ideas" Stevenson Wednesday Only.

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NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 22

BEHIND ME, as I gazed upon the peacock portrait, Olga was saying, "They think I ought to give that to Mimi. But I shan't."

"Why not?"

She blazed. "Oh, if they had treated me fairly. But from the very first they acted as if the whole thing was my fault. I didn't know that my husband had left them out—not until the will was read. I supposed that of course he had looked after them. But they won't believe it. They think I got around him, and influenced him against them. And it has made me obstinate. I'm that kind. The picture is mine and I shall keep it."

She had worked herself into a sort of dull fury. "I shall keep it," she said, and led the way back to the drawing room.

The Amnidon twins and their satellites had arrived, and after them came, shortly, all the others I had met in the Maine woods. Yet I was aware of an atmosphere of animosity of which I had not been conscious in the Maine cottage. They had accepted Olga's invitation, but here in the Senator's old house she was not one of them as she had been in less formal surroundings. And superadded to this was a sense of Andy's antagonism which he did not attempt to disguise.

It showed itself in a dozen ways—in his utter disregard of the fact of my presence. He gave me no greeting when he entered, and as the evening went on, throughout dinner, although he was directly across the table from me, he did not address a word to me.

Everybody else was more than kind. They had made delightful plans for me. They wanted me to make engagements for every minute for weeks ahead. I demanded only one thing—that my mornings must be my own.

It was that night, I think, I began to feel the pull of a pleasure-filled existence. The contrast was, perhaps, all the greater because of my recent sojourn in the midst of sorrow and of heart-break. I was glad to put these things behind me. I did not want to forget my mother, but I wanted to forget pain and tragedy and poverty. When we entered the ballroom the feeling was intensified—it was a wonderful place with its side-walls hung in rose brocade, and its ceiling painted with rose garlands upheld by cupids. Crystal chandeliers hung low over our heads giving out a thousand lovely lights from their pendant prisms. To me it was fairyland. All the dreams of my boyhood could not match this moment.

Mimi, to my great delight, gave me the first dance. Andy glowered, but I was the guest of honor. "And he's been as cross as a bear," Mimi told me.

"Even Andy can't spoil my evening," I told her. "Nothing can spoil it. It's Elysium—and you and I are going to dance on—forever—"

Her light, low laughter an-



It was a lovely, impulsive gesture.

swered. "Oh, is there anyone like you, Jerry? Everything with you is a great adventure." "Did anything matter after that?"

There were other dances with her, and my rapture increased, so that when the evening was far advanced, and she was dancing with Lionel, I wandered away from the others, and made my way to the balcony where I could be alone and feast my eyes on the picture. Now and then some couple drifted out of the ballroom and drifted back again, and looking down upon them I felt that it was all like the scene of a play, with the beat of the music coming faintly off-stage.

Then, suddenly, Mimi drifted in with Lionel—a slender slip of a thing in silver with a floating scarf of burnished blue. They were both graceful dancers—and the thing was exquisite—the great ballroom beyond as a background—these two slight figures seemed to float over the polished floor. Mimi lifted her eyes and saw me—and behind Lionel's back she blew me a kiss from the tips of her fingers—a lovely, impulsive gesture—then they drifted back to the ballroom.

As I stood there mad with the joy of it, a hand came down on my shoulder. I turned and faced Andy!

"You've got to stop it," he said without preamble.

"Stop what?"

"Hanging around Mimi." "That is for Mimi to say."

"Oh, she won't stop you. She knows how to play the game."

I was possessed by a fury which made me want to crack his head open. "Are you talking of the woman you love?"

"You know whom I am talking about. Mimi isn't any angel. But she's mine. I won't have anyone else butting in."

"How are you going to stop me?"

I think he hadn't expected that. He had, I am sure, thought of me as a country boy without a code. But I had a code, and I had the strength with which to back it.

Not for nothing had I spent years in the open and on those hard physical tasks of the farm. I was more than his match and I knew it.

So I said, "How are you going to stop it?"

He came a step nearer. "I give you fair warning. You're not her kind. You've unlimited nerve to think she'd look at you. She wouldn't if she wasn't trying to make me jealous."

I was on my feet now. I spoke quietly, but there was the force of a blow behind each word.

"If you speak like that again of Mimi, I'll throw you over this balcony."

He saw that I meant it. Knew the depth of the fall to that shining floor beneath. He hesitated.

"Oh, I'm not here to fight," he blustered.

"It won't be a fight. I shall drop you into the middle of next week. How queer the old slang sounds now as I write it. But I did not then stop to think of words. 'I'm a thousand times stronger than you are,' I said, 'you wouldn't have a chance with me. If you don't believe it, get Lionel to tell you my record at college.'"

Oh, I was a fine young cockerel! If I had one what I threatened, I should probably have been locked up before midnight for manslaughter!

But he saved me from that. "This isn't the time," he said, "to settle it. But there'll be a time. So it is hands off of Mimi if you are sensible."

He flung himself down the steps and I saw him making his way towards the ballroom.

His next dance was with Mimi, and I don't know what he said to her. But when she said "Good-night," she asked, "What have you done to Andy? He's got it in for you."

I was tempted to tell her of the things we had said to each other. But I could not spoil the moment. "Oh, he'll get over it," I said, lightly. "And why should I care for Andy, when I am to see you tomorrow?"

(To Be Continued)