

200 Births, 110 Deaths In City for Year 1939

14 Traffic Accident Fatalities; 75 Were White, 35 Colored; Heart Ailments Far Ahead in Causes.

During the year 1939 there were 200 births and 110 deaths in the city of Henderson, according to Fred Henderson, registrar of vital statistics for the county. These figures do not include stillbirths, which are entered under either births nor deaths, Henderson said today.

Of the traffic accident deaths reported, only six of which were actually occurred within city limits, the other eight were crashes outside the city, even outside the county. Five of the total deaths were of the colored persons, and 35 colored persons of the total were under 12 years of age.

Stars Point To FDR And Vandenberg In Campaign

BY CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Columnist
Washington, Jan. 2.—We have political prophets who reason, as a personal observation, with experience as its basis, that such-and-such candidates will win coming elections. We have straw polls, the engineers of which draw their conclusions from popular questions, and we have astrology, to do our advance reckoning for us.

Individual guessers often are in fact, guessers, on one side or the other, are bound to be wrong every time. They're intuitive, by their respective wishfulness. The polls have been misleading sometimes. If they say that a particular aspirant is due to triumph in a campaign, how can he imagine he's beaten? It would knock the stellar system into a cockle shell.

Nevertheless, Editor Paul G. Clancy of the American Astrology Magazine, believes that the heavens are so predictable. They say that so-and-so is probable, they don't bet on it. They altogether agree with the prognosticators. Roosevelt or Wheeler? Clancy usually favors President Roosevelt for a third term. But suppose he fools the stars, refusing nomination? That would be a surprise for the stars. Still, they would choose—Senator Burton Wheeler. This would be a punk N. Garner, but that isn't what the constellations are anti-

Democratic vice presidency. He's gambling on Attorney General Murphy. Murphy has said he won't run for it, but—well, Murphy to buck the stars' Vandenberg and Dewey. Republican ticket the stars favor. Arthur H. Vandenberg and E. Dewey. Straw polls are dead of Vandenberg, but Dewey is a sure bet. The positions of Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, observes Editor Clancy, point to Vandenberg as the man whom the New Deal might deal its death blow, or at least a severe blow.

They go even farther than that, according to American Astrology's predictions. They expect that President Roosevelt will run for a third term, we

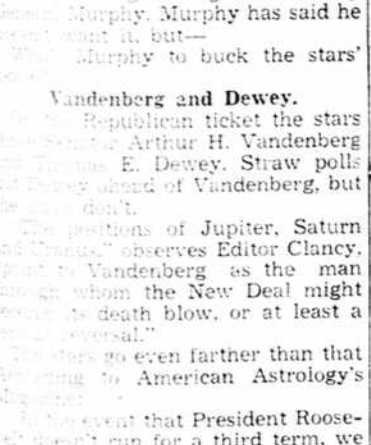
shall expect a Republican victory, with the probably winning candidates Vandenberg and Dewey. Too Much Michigan. Now, Republican politicians don't anticipate a Vandenberg and Dewey ticket. Vandenberg is a Michiganite, Dewey, by present residence, is a New Yorker, but he's a native of Michigan. This, experts calculate is too much for Dewey. They'd be favorable to Vandenberg and Representative Martin of New England, for instance, or to Senator Taft of Ohio and Dewey, as his running mate, but they don't want too much of a geographical concentration.

In later life not only the teeth, but the wide, stubby thumb, totally unlike its mate, may betray the former thumb-sucker. The habit should certainly be broken, although exactly how depends on the child's disposition and other factors. Each case is individual.

Why Prunes Are So Popular
What are the nutritional advantages of prunes and what makes them so popular?
This question would indicate that we have passed Christmas and New Year's—that we are beyond the holiday period of luxurious eating and are preparing to return to normalcy. Prunes may not be universally popular, but they are valuable dietary items.

Leaves for Wofford.
Hugh Renwick, son of Rev. and Mrs. B. C. Reavis, left yesterday for Spartanburg, S. C., where he is attending school at Wofford college. He is a member of the sophomore class. He has been spending his Christmas holidays here with his parents.

As Pope Visited King
Pope Pius XII breaks precedent of 70 years standing by calling on King Victor Emmanuel of Italy in Rome to ask his cooperation in seeking European peace. Here Crown Princess Marie Jose kneels to kiss the Pope's ring. Queen Helena and Crown Prince Umberto stand near her, while the king is at right. Photo cabled from Rome.



Press Photograph Group Plans State Grid Dinner Feb. 4

Raleigh, Jan. 2.—Governor Hoye has a date to have his ears whacked. He plans to be one of the prominent guests at the first annual North Carolina Gridiron Party which the Carolinas Press Photographers' Association is cooking up for February 4th in Raleigh. The dinner is to be followed by a program of lampooning skits in which the press photographers say, the current political situation in North Carolina will be treated in a "light-hearted" manner. Inside dope is that Governor Hoye, as impersonated by some anonymous performer, will be the star of the show.

but tickets are for sale only to a selected list of 200 persons most frequently in the newsman's lens. The Carolinas Press Photographers' Association is an organization of about 35 cameramen who make pictures for publication. Jake Houston, of Charlotte, is the president. The gridiron dinner is in charge of a committee composed of Bill Sharpe, chairman, Buddy Mears, Fred Cohn, all of Raleigh, and Don Becker, of Durham.

U. S. Objects To Seizures of Its Mail

(Continued From Page One)
be a clear violation of the immunity provided by The Hague convention. "The United States government feels compelled to make a vigorous protest against the practices outlined above, and to express the hope that it will receive early assurances that they are being discontinued."

The Real Dangers of Thumb-Sucking

BY LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.
Are there any real dangers from thumb-sucking in children?
Yes. Orthodontists learned by experience that living bone must be looked on as soft and the bones of the jaw, especially in children, are no exception to this. Not only thumb-sucking, but a great many other apparently innocent habits may cause deformity of the jaw and teeth.

I have seen a case of a child who slept with the thumb pressed against the upper jaw inside the mouth, with the result that the upper front teeth were pulled forward and the lower front teeth were pushed backward—a bad case of malocclusion. Sleeping habits may change the contour of the jaw in childhood. Habitually sleeping on the stomach, or worse, with the hand, fist, wrist or arm under the jaw, is enough to produce a dental or facial deformity.

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Seeing Their Miracle Baby
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rickard, of North Scituate, R. I., see their baby girl, born December 9, for the first time. A six-month, 35-ounce infant, she was given only one chance in fifty of surviving and has been kept in an incubator in Providence Homeopathic Hospital since birth. She subsists on goat's milk and brandy.



As Pope Visited King
Pope Pius XII breaks precedent of 70 years standing by calling on King Victor Emmanuel of Italy in Rome to ask his cooperation in seeking European peace. Here Crown Princess Marie Jose kneels to kiss the Pope's ring. Queen Helena and Crown Prince Umberto stand near her, while the king is at right. Photo cabled from Rome.

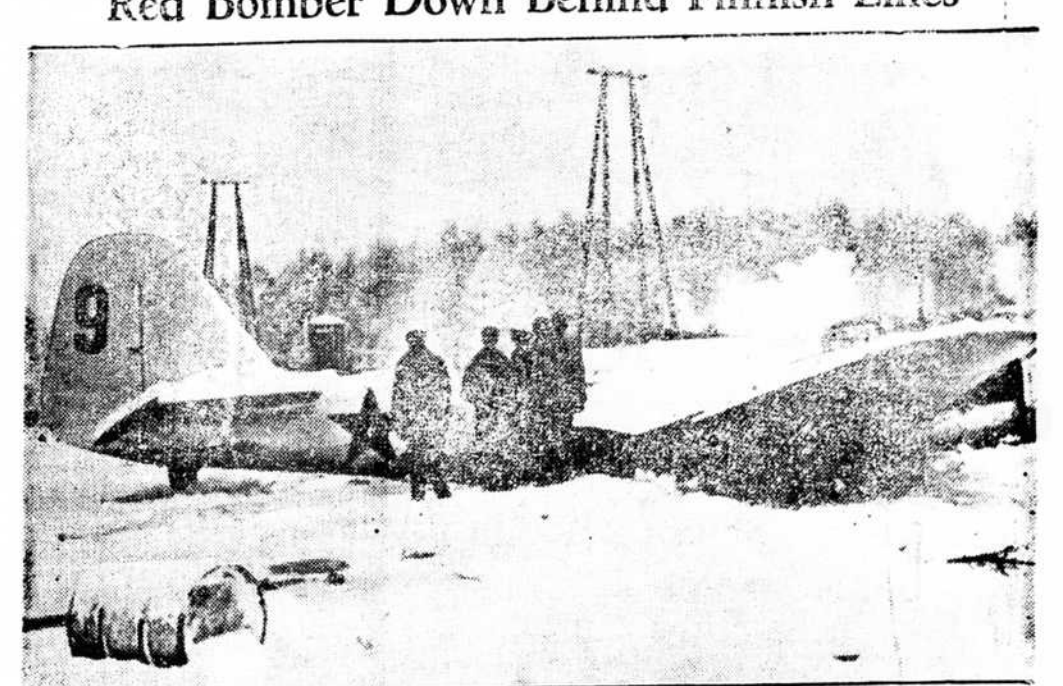
"TELL BILL GOODBYE" By Marie Blizard

CHAPTER FORTY
THERE HAD BEEN a note from Ellen on Fabienne's dressing table when she came in with Christine Parsons.
"A meeting will keep me at the house until seven, so I'll have a bite to eat down there and see you before the play," Ellen had written.
When Chris finished her recital with the dramatic announcement of her intention to kidnap her own child, Fabienne said, "You need a rest, Chris. There won't be anyone in the apartment until much later tonight. Let me put you to sleep in my room. I'll give you some tea and you can sleep. In the morning, we'll see what plans we can make."
"I have them all made," Chris said in that quiet tone of finality she had used a moment before. "Your being a nurse at the hospital makes the plan perfect."
"I'm not a nurse, Chris," Fabienne said gently. "I'm only a volunteer social worker."
"But they know you and trust you," Chris persisted.
"Oh, Chris, don't you see that this is madness?"
"Madness for a mother to want her child?"
No, that was not madness. It would be mad for the mother of a blue-eyed angel like little Sony Parsons NOT to want him.
But everything else the driven girl before her said was madness. There was madness in the dilated pupils of her eyes, in the taut, drawn expression that whitened the corners of her nose.



Her voice was suddenly tender. "He's so little," she said. "And so like Larry! I've dreamed about him every night for all these two years. I taught him to say ma-ma when he was only a year old. When I went into the hospital to see him, he looked at me and I know he knew me. I stayed at the hospital one night and then I had to go because I didn't want Mr. Parsons to know I was there. I was afraid he'd take him away at once."
Fabienne said, "Come, Chris, you can have a nice cup of tea and you'll rest better."
The little Persian kitten climbed into Chris' lap. She petted it, without being aware of what she was doing, and went on talking in a far away voice. "Larry will come back. I called him. But he can't get here before his father has got the baby on a boat and far away where I can never get him again."
"He'll come back," Fabienne said soothingly. "And then you'll fix things up."
"I'm going to fix things up myself. At midnight," she said stolidly, but she got up, urged by the gentle pressure of Fabienne's hands beneath her elbows.
She went into the bedroom and allowed Fabienne to take off her hat and her shoes, but she wouldn't let her remove her dress until Fabienne said it would be too mussed to appear in. At last she permitted its removal, but she would not allow her to take it from her sight.
She said, "Fab, remember when we were kids and we used to talk how nice it would be to have a mother like Wicky?"
Mrs. Wickford was the house mother at Miss Maidstone's school for Little Girls, where Chris and Fabienne, long-legged sprites of seven and eight, had first met. Mrs. Wickford was broad-bosomed and had a touch that soothed the pains of the young, both mental and physical.
"Then we used to say how pretty our mothers were, as if their being pretty made up for all the things we didn't have."
How well Fabienne remembered the fierce loyalty that covered hurts that were never healed. They were children of divorce, she and Chris. It had been their first bond. "My little boy is not going to wish he had a mother like a house mother in school, I'm going to be his mother! He's mine and Larry's. He needs us both."
Fabienne went into the bathroom, looked in the medicine closet and found some sleeping tablets. Bill had given them to her when she was ill and overwrought. He said they were harmless and guaranteed to put a patient to sleep for ten or twelve hours. She dissolved one in half a glass of water and brought it back to Chris.
"Drink it," she said.
Chris drank it obediently and leaned back against the pillows.
Fabienne drew a blanket over her.
Chris caught at her hand. "Later you'll know me, Fabienne?"
Fabienne said, "Try to fall asleep now, Chris." Later she meant to bring Bill back after the play and have him look at Chris.
"There's one thing more. You mustn't think badly of Larry."
"I wouldn't dream of it," Fabienne said dryly, wishing she could get her hands on Larry Parsons, who had let his wife in for all the agony of the last few years.
"Larry's weak. He's poetic. He isn't bad. You don't know how strong-willed his father is. I could always do anything I wanted with him until they got him away—until they—" she dropped suddenly into sleep.
She was safe until the dawn, anyway. Fabienne hoped, changing at the clock. She'd barely had time for a quick bath, a bite to eat and she'd have to dress hurriedly. The play was opening at eight-fifteen and Camilla Mears, as well as several others she had invited, were coming down to see it.
Chris and her troubles fled from Fabienne's mind momentarily when she arrived at the settlement house and went directly to the third floor. For this was the night of the first presentation of the Willoughby House Players, a project that was one day to give many incomes, a great character actor and a star to Broadway.
Backstage, and in the little

Red Bomber Down Behind Finnish Lines



A Soviet bombing plane, identified by red star, is pictured after it was forced down behind the Finnish lines in the vicinity of Viborg, key city to Finland. The Finns, with high grade anti-aircraft equipment and a small but crack air force, have downed scores of Russian planes.

NOAH NUMSKULL

THE WAY THEY STICK TOGETHER THEY MUST BE FRIENDLY!!

DEAR NOAH=DOES MORTAR KEEP BRICKS TOGETHER OR KEEP THEM APART? MRS. ROSCOE DE SANTIS ALLENTOWN, PA.

DEAR NOAH=SHOULD THE STEEPLE CHASE THE CLOCK JUST BECAUSE IT WOULD RUN? RUTH BERRIE, MT. PLEASANT, IOWA

MAIL YOUR NEW NOTIONS TO "NOAH" IN CARE OF THIS PAPER.

Wife Preservers

To keep fine laces and embroidery from becoming yellow, wrap in rather dark blue tissue paper. Wrap all in a large piece of blue tissue and tie up so that no light penetrates.

A paste of lemon juice and salt or whitening and lemon juice will clean ivory knife handles. Rub paste in well and if deeply stained, let it stand on handles for three or four hours.