

New Tobacco Warehouse Will Be Begun Next Week

Will Front Chestnut Street And Be Ready August 15

W. B. Daniel and F. S. Royster Own Property, Investment of Near \$35,000; Young and Daniel To Lease It; Moore Broadens Out.

A new tobacco warehouse, Henderson's seventh, is to be built here immediately by W. B. Daniel and Fred S. Royster, and will be ready for operation with the opening of the auction selling season in September, Mr. Daniel announced today.

The new warehouse will represent an investment of \$30,000 to \$35,000 and will have 50,000 square feet of floor space. It will front on Chestnut, Montgomery and Walnut streets, with the main entrance and the offices on Chestnut street.

The new house will be constructed of brick and corrugated iron, with a solid brick wall on the north side. H. F. Mitchell, Jr., of Burlington, will build the warehouse and work will begin the first of next week in clearing the premises. It is to be completed by August 15.

While Mr. Daniel and Mr. Royster will own the warehouse property, they will lease it to the warehousing firm in which both have for several years been active and in which the partners are W. B. Daniel, W. M. Young, Fred S. Royster and R. S. Young.

This group has for several years operated the new Banner Warehouse on Zeno street and also Coopers Warehouse on Wyche and Montgomery streets. All have for many years operated on the Henderson market and have spent their active business years in handling tobacco. They still have a lease on Coopers Warehouse for four more years and have had an additional year on the Banner, but operation of that house for the coming season has been taken over by A. H. (Bert) Moore, who last year operated the Planters Ware-

house, and will continue there the coming season. He has not yet announced his associate for the new selling season.

No name has been selected for the new warehouse, though it may be known as the Liberty. Its dimensions are about the average for Henderson warehouses, some of which are larger and some smaller. It will be the seventh large house on the Henderson market, and will serve greatly to enlarge the facilities of the market for handling the leaf.

Coopers Warehouse, held by the Young and Daniel firm, has just been enlarged by about one-fourth by its owners, the new wing adding some 9,000 square feet of floor space.

A new warehouse had been talked for some months, but not until today was a definite announcement made of its immediate construction. Property in the area to be occupied by the warehouse has been in the process of purchase, piece by piece, for a year or more.

Will Own New Tobacco Warehouse



F. S. ROYSTER



W. B. DANIEL

FOUR DEFENDANTS BEFORE THE MAYOR

Four defendants were given hearing today in city court, with Mayor Henry T. Powell presiding.

Norman M. Greenway pleaded guilty to being drunk, and was given 30 days, suspended upon payment

of the costs.

George Allen was charged with the theft of an automobile from H. V. White. He went free when "no probable cause" was found.

A. C. Allen faced the same charge as did George Allen, and was declared not guilty.

Newell Journein was tried on a charge of failing to pay taxi fare, and prayer for judgment was continued upon payment of the fare, 75c, and the costs of court. Failure to pay meant 30 days on the roads.

Applications For FSA Loans May Be Filed Locally

The local office of the Farm Security Administration is receiving applications now from farm tenants who wish to purchase farms next year, it is announced by Ivey W. Day, county FSA supervisor for Vance county.

Congress has authorized a fund not to exceed \$50,000,000 from which tenants may borrow for the purchase of farms. This money, however, has not yet been actually appropriated and made available. The loan funds were set up under the Bankhead-Jones farm tenant act.

Applications for tenant purchase loans may be filed at the FSA office in the Peace building on William street.

Pays Fine—W. W. Edwards paid \$1 fine in the office of the city clerk for a traffic violation, according to the records at the office.

It's an ill wind, etc.—Husbands will be delighted to learn that, because of the blitzkrieg, Norway has stopped exportation of silver fox furs to America.

Preparations Portend Successful Dollar Days

One of the most widely accepted cooperative trade promotion events sponsored in Henderson in years is expected to bring the city one of its largest crowds of shoppers next Wednesday and Thursday, when Dollar Days, organized by the Henderson Chamber of Commerce, will offer bargains in seasonable and staple merchandise in practically every part of the city.

Smith H. Young, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, said this morning that merchants are cooperating enthusiastically in preparation for the two-day event and that every indication is for unqualified success. So great has been the response to the announcement of plans, he said, that it has been impossible for him to see all merchants who want to participate in the Dollar Days, and he asked that merchants who have not received their official Dollar Days signs call at the Chamber of Commerce office for them.

Stores throughout the city display signs which are expected to attract the attention of shoppers. Special arrangements of merchandise and the trade event are expected to last a week and an information campaign planned to inform the public of the values that will be offered at various stores.

CITY ROAD PLANS FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Appropriate exercises planned by City Board of Education for day school tomorrow in honor of Mother's Day. There will be given, one to the mother and one to the father, mother present, and also the father present. All will be in the gymnasium of the Sunday school.

Methodists To Extend Revival

Growing interest in the revival services at the First Methodist church was reported today. At the service last night Rev. B. C. Reavis, the pastor, preached on the text, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clear" (Mark 1:4). The minister said in part:

"This is a pathetic prayer, deeply marked with heartache and disillusionment. The poor leper seems to say, 'Lord, I believe that you have power, but I am in doubt about your love.'

"What is the matter? He has faith in power, but has lost faith in love. It is easy for us to sense his situation. (1) He is a victim of physical disease. (2) He is friendless and alone. The awful disease had driven him from home and from note is to be stressed in every devotion. (3) He was seemingly forsaken of the Lord. He had been taught to believe that the dreaded disease was a mark of divine displeasure.

"However, he was brought to realize that Jesus did love him, and that he really cared. In answer to his prayer he was healed and restored to the fold of his loved ones. Yes, Jesus was willing and did help him. He is always willing and long to help every one. The question of willingness is not on the part of the Savior but on the part of lost mankind.

"This morning at 9:30 o'clock Mr. Reavis spoke to a large Saturday morning congregation composed largely of young people, using 'The Importance of So-Called Little Things in Life' as the subject. It was reported that the largest and most interested in the present church building, by even the oldest members of the church, followed the sermon.

Mr. Reavis has announced that services will be held through Wednesday of next week.

Tomorrow at 9:30 a. m. church school will meet and the evangelistic not is to be stressed in every department from the juniors on up. At 11 a. m. the regular worship service will be held, at which time a special Mother's Day message will be delivered by the pastor, the subject being: 'The True Mother.' At 6:30 p. m. the fellowship supper for young people will be served in the dining room of the church. At this time several of the young people are to bring their mothers as their guests of honor at supper. Following the supper a program honoring the mothers will be given in the young people's department room.

At 8 p. m. worship service will be held in the church auditorium, at which time the pastor will deliver an evangelistic sermon on 'Life's Challenge.'

Brussels Is Bombed For Third Time Today

(Continued From Page One)

other military information.

Military officials claimed that a lightning defense had stopped Nazi Germany's lightning invasion.

On land, declared Defense Minister Lt. Gen. Henri Denis, the German thrust bogged down in a maze of traps, obstructions and mined roads and bridges, long prepared to halt just such a blitzkrieg as Hitler sent upon Belgium before yesterday's dawn.

Happiness, C. O. D. by OREN ARNOLD

SYNOPSIS

THE CHARACTERS: BENJAMIN MERRIFIELD, aged capitalist, hires GAYLE DIXON to make love to his grandson, JEREMY TUCKER, a shy student of archeology, while BILL BAILEY and six pretty girls are employed to help bring life and youth to the Merrifield mansion.

YESTERDAY: During a phone call Mr. Merrifield explains to Gayle's mother what he is trying to do for his grandson.

CHAPTER SIX

"FIRST AND most important point to remember is—our being here must be made entirely logical to Jeremy Tucker." Bill said that for the fourth time. He was in a huddle again with Gayle.

"All right, Bill. But we've admitted that. We've talked for hours. It's nearly dinner time. The girls will be coming back. And we are all bound to meet Jeremy again tonight. We must have a good story and stick to it. We ought to tell it to Mr. Merrifield in advance."

"Lordy!" said Bill, stumped for once.

"You played football in college. What else did you do?"

"Dramatics. Besides studies, I mean." Bill spoke as if his college career had, therefore, been wasted. He gazed glumly at nothing.

"Amateur dramatics? Little theater work, Bill?"

"Yep. Great fun, but—well, Gayle, I had a lot of ideas about being a stage director, or maybe a movie director some day. So far I haven't found or made even a crack where I could crawl into that profession."

"But you aren't licked?"

"No. Certainly not. Nobody ever licked a Bailey. Coach used to say that I—"

"I understand. You were a grand halfback, I've heard. Now listen to me—Mr. Merrifield ordered you to take charge of the six girls you and he hired. You are to be their boss. You have to think up something constructive for them to do. Naturally you must draw on your best talents and experiences, and since football seems to be beyond our consideration, I suggest dramatics."

Gayle was talking ever so seriously.

"You mean—"

"I mean, Bill, don't girls sometimes act in plays? Or work around amateur productions? Wouldn't it be entirely logical for a crowd of young people to—"

"S-A-A-Y!"

Bill suddenly jabbed a finger at her. An idea had struck him.

"Gayle, you're wonderful! Sure! We can pretend that Mr. Merrifield, already given to philanthropy, is sponsoring a new Little Theater. I've been wracking my brains for a way to use this big mansion and its grounds. Those two huge rooms downstairs that open together will make a swell theater! Put a stage at that end. Ballyhoo it all. We'll have Jeremy surrounded by fun and excitement before he knows it!"

There was another 10 minutes of hurried talk—mostly exultant monologues by Bill Bailey, who could be morose and worried one moment and in the figurative clouds the next. Gayle was happy for having solved his problem for him. Or at least having given him a start.

Graham, the butler, had been told to expect the six young ladies back for dinner and, surprisingly enough, Mr. Weems came to Gayle at 5:10 p. m. with a written menu.

"We have had no feminine guests here in so many years, Miss Dixon," he apologized, "that I—that we are not at all sure you will approve of the selections. When we ventured to ask Mr. Merrifield, he said that you were now in com-



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plete charge of the household, and—"

"He did?"

"Oh, of course, miss. The news has quite upset the staff. I mean, in a decidedly pleasant way. The cook—and Graham—you see, we have had no—ah, life, and gaiety, here in so long, and this morning you ventured to say that happiness could—"

"Oh, Mr. Weems, certainly! We must all be very, very happy. Please tell the servants to go right ahead, using their own discretion. I—I am to act as hostess then?"

"Yes, my dear. Mr. Merrifield wishes it."

"Oh, gee!"

The menu was complete. Wallace, the Merrifield cook, knew his business. Even the gardener had been told and had responded, so that the dining table was already lovely with flowers when Gayle inspected it. She had but few suggestions to make and she found two kitchen helpers, besides Wallace and Graham and the gardener, anxious to carry them out at once. Graham begged a moment to introduce a new maid-servant, Celeste, who had been thoughtfully added to the staff that afternoon.

"If you approve of her," Graham said, "she is to be your personal maid, miss."

Gayle took a deep breath, and nodded. She was afraid to speak for a long moment, lest she explode.

She stayed in a sort of cloud-like daze for the ensuing hour. The six girls came back, as ordered. Gayle asked Tempe to help her "think." Together they planned seats at the table. There would be four men—Mr. Merrifield, Jeremy, Mr. Weems and Bill. And seven girls, picked for loveliness and apparent intelligence. Gayle backed the girls up into a quiet corner and almost growled at them.

"For Pete's sake, kids, be bright and cheerful tonight!" she commanded. "Understand? No solemn faces."

"But what are we to do? What is our work, and who?"

"Sh-h-h-h! You'll learn. Just be glad."

Graham had no chance to announce formally to everybody that dinner was served. He had to round up Mr. Merrifield from the third floor, Mr. Weems from the second, Bill Bailey from a far wing, and finally Jeremy from the deep recesses of the library. When he re-

ported to Gayle, that flustered miss decided this meal perhaps should progress informally.

It was a happy decision. Mr. Merrifield came in beaming. He hadn't eaten in the big dining room since a group of mining men dined there with him last winter, and the assembly of young people brought an invisible spark of something to it now. They and the flowers, and the somehow brighter lights in the great crystal chandelier, and the brilliantly dusted furniture, and the floor that shone, and the contagious giggling of little Tempe Hyde. Even the quietest of the six girls, a Latin beauty named Lora Montesa, was visibly elated.

The old millionaire paused at the big double door to look on for a moment, beaming.

"Glory, what a sight!" he exclaimed, and meant it. "Everything but music!"

"Oh!" Gayle spoke quickly. "I can play the piano. Jeremy hasn't come down yet. Shall we sing one song before dinner?"

"We shall!"

The grand piano was in a conservatory off the dining room. Only old-time tune Gayle could remember at the moment was one that had been recently revived, so she plunged into its lively tempo—

"Come on and hear, come on and hear, Alexander's Ragtime band!"

The singing began instantly because the other youths knew it. Even old Mr. Merrifield knew it, but from an earlier day. The piano was out of tune, the harmony was faulty, but the pleasure was high. Jeremy Tucker came down the winding staircase onto this scene of genuine gaiety, stood looking at the group with a certain awe.

Five minutes later they were all at table. Each stood respectfully, waiting for Mr. Merrifield to sit down first, but instead he lifted his fine old white head upward and closed his eyes.

"God in Heaven," he prayed, "I am a fool at times. Forgive me. Make me worthy of the pleasure brought to me this day. Share the pleasure with these young people. Bless them. Oh, bless them, God of us all. Amen!"

They sat down, and Gayle Dixon looked quickly at Bill Bailey. Strangely, she caught his eye, and she observed that he, too, was having trouble with a lump in his throat.

(To Be Continued)

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CHAPTER SEVEN

THE FIRST meal Gayle Dixon had eaten in The Oaks was one of quiet, sun-gemmed beauty; natural luxury so profound that the excellent food itself was all but unnoticed. That had been breakfast, on the sun porch with Bill.

But dinner, at which she was quite unexpectedly coerced into the role of hostess, was an occasion of an altogether different sort. The very walls of the Merrifield mansion appeared to shout their pleasure at seeing youthful good times revived.

Gayle wisely decided that this dinner should be as natural and simple as her hurried supervision could make it. She avoided any formal note, partly because the trend of events seemed to be that way this evening, partly because The Oaks had been rather steeped in formality of late anyway, she realized. Mr. Merrifield's saying of grace was a beautiful touch. She had not expected it; indeed, she had simply not thought of it—to her shame.

"I want you to know, Mr. Merrifield, that yours was a very lovely prayer, and that asking a blessing at mealtime is a fine custom, I think," Gayle said that in all sincerity, looking at her employer and host.

"Check," echoed Bill Bailey. "I was trying to figure a way to say just that, sir. I—well, I—say, why are people embarrassed about asking a blessing, anyway?"

Mr. Merrifield turned to him in surprise. "I am not embarrassed, young sir."

But Bill was, anew. Tempe Hyde all but giggled, at him, and Gayle's eyes twinkled. Bill devoted himself earnestly to a fruit cocktail.

A moment later Mr. Merrifield spoke again.

"I feel that this is an auspicious evening. Isn't it pleasant, Mr. Weems? Isn't it, sir?"

"Oh, of course, sir. Yes, indeed. I was just thinking, how thoughtful of you to arrange a little party this way for Mr. Jeremy."

"Now that's something!" Bill spoke up.

A party! Why, sure, a little dinner surprise for Jeremy! That would account for the presence of all the girls, for Bill himself. Jeremy had looked wonderingly at them during the introductions before dinner. Bill looked quickly at Gayle now, and she nodded.

"You see, Jeremy, you hadn't been in town very long, and so your grandfather wanted you to meet some, uh, nice people your age, and all. We were lucky to be the ones, eh, girls?"

The six picked up the cue nicely. In truth, they had felt a certain jittery restraint of their own—a wonderment at their astonishing employ. Now they could see a course and play it.

The talk mounted. Small, spontaneous talk. And laughter. Jeremy took little or no part in it mainly because he was shy and had no ready answers, no quick repartee. But his obvious brightness and interest were enough. It was his party. The actors played to him. The cocktail was followed by a simple roast beef. Simple, that is, save for the huge size of it, and the extraordinary savor. It was mountainous before Mr. Merrifield, and its aroma was delicious. Little bubbles of suet still broiled audibly on its brown crust when it was set on the table. Mr. Merrifield liked to carve.

There were vegetables, celery hearts, two kinds of olives, sweet peach pickles of a kind Gayle had never tasted before, hot biscuits, coffee or tea. Chinaware was a Haviland dating well back into the last century, gold on white—priceless. Silver was old sterling. Linen was hand drawn—"done by a Mexican woman from one of the Merrifield mining towns in Arizona."



Drawing Jeremy out of his shell was a part of Bill's duty.

Mr. Weems explained when Gayle inquired. Dessert was a lemon-milk sherbet—a perfect tangy aftermath to a somewhat hearty meal. Wallace the cook had to be sent for so that he might hear the enthusiastic praise. Being quite human, he loved it.

"It is all so very fine," Gayle took the hostess reins again over the coffee cups, "that I think the banquet should have at least a few speeches. Nothing too serious, perhaps. But—nice. You know what I mean. Who will be first speaker?"

"I nominate Mr. Bailey."

"Mr. Weems."

"Mr. Merrifield."

"It's Jeremy's party. Why shouldn't he be the—"

"But I'm acting as hostess," Gayle interrupted the quick flow of suggestions, "and so I call on that well-known public speaker, Miss Tempe Hyde!"

Tempe turned pink even as she giggled, and the laughter grew in a crescendo around her. She ducked under a napkin. She tried to dodge under the table itself, but she was crowded rather close to Jeremy Tucker, who sat at Gayle's right, and so could not find physical escape. Everybody else began applauding.

"I hate you, Gayle Dixon!" the smaller girl finally shrieked, "but I'll make a speech if Jeremy will. It's his party, not mine."

Jeremy turned out to be a gentleman. Somewhat solemnly he got to his feet, addressed the others formally, and did say a surprising three minutes of good words. He thanked them for their kindness in arranging this welcome. He spoke haltingly of friendship's value. Then he thanked Miss Dixon and sat down. A harmless, colorless speech.

The applause was polite, but the attention flew right back to Tempe. Still pink, she sat there in giggly misery.

"Called your bluff, Tempe, old kid!" Bill egged her on. "The floor's yours."

"Speech! Speech! Speech!" She could not ignore the chorus now. "Whatever will I talk about? Oh, dear!"

"Something deep," Bill prompted. "Like—oh, science, war, economics."

Everybody laughed at that prospect. Tempe, pretty and dainty as a porcupine, just didn't look profound. But she inhaled deeply and stood up—a good sport what ever the pain!

"I choose economics—I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Merrifield, but here I go:

"There was a young man who saved up for the future, He put in his money bags all he could spare. But alas for the poor economical moocher— The future arrived and the man wasn't there!"

There was an instant of silence. Tempe sat down, blushing at her temerity. Then the storm broke.

"HAW-W-W-W!" Mr. Merrifield led it with an outburst surprisingly basso for his age. He banged the table so that dishes jumped. Graham, the butler, hastened back to the room in some alarm.

During the laughter the two old men arose, and when the spotless talk had subsided again everybody was back at the piano. If Bill Bailey had guided them there without their realizing it, no matter. He saw that Jeremy Tucker had broken his ascetic countenance with an actual smile; drawing Jeremy out of his shell was a part of Bill's duty.

Gayle began playing again, softly because Mr. Merrifield had cornered Tempe Hyde and was making her teach him the funny little poem on economy. He repeated it twice. When he could say it all through, he turned from her.

"Mr. Weems!" he belated. "Take some telegrams—have!"

"Telegrams, sir? Did we overlook—"

Poor Mr. Weems was proud of his efficiency as the Merrifield business secretary. His consternation showed suddenly.

"Certainly, Mr. Weems! Is your hearing failing? I said telegrams, telegrams, sir!"

"Oh, of course, sir!"

Within an hour Mr. Benjamin W. Merrifield had spent about \$100 of his assets communicating with a dozen or so big business executives, some of them in far distant places, all of them famous for their financial strength. And each one finished appreciatively over an after-dinner speech heard that evening in the historic Merrifield mansion.

Oddly enough, one of the men who received the little rhyme was in Mexico City, Mexico, and by chance he happened to show it to a newspaper man. The newspaper man liked it so well that he telephoned it to his office. There, one of the great telegraphic agency representatives read it and chuckled, because news was slack this particular evening he put it on the telegraph wires to newspaper editors world over, which, of course, brought it right back to the newspaper in Ben Merrifield's home city. Papers love nothing better than a little "feature" of cleverness or oddity with which to brighten their front pages, and so Mr. Merrifield saw his little rhyme in the paper next morning, and was astonished thereby.

He didn't realize it at the moment, but that was the beginning of a revival of interest in whatever Mr. Merrifield did, or whatever happened at his fine old mansion.

(To Be Continued)