

SOCIETY NEWS

CAN YOU? Nellie Goude

Can you take a lot of love and hollyhock or two?
And make a better time than an witch can brew?
It is an old, old secret, known since the world began,
And if you cannot do it I know some one who can.

Can you take some day, some day, some day, some day,
And make a good thing out of it,
And then spring it on me,
No matter how long it has been,
And if you cannot do it I know some one who can.

At Oak Ridge

Mrs. S. M. Smith and Miss Sarah Small spent some of the day at Oak Ridge.

To Elm College

Miss Ella Dyer and Miss Helen Dyer spent some of the day at Elm College.

Visits Parents

Walter Bowden, Jr., spent some of the day at his parents' home.

Choir Practice

The choir practice will take place at 8 o'clock tomorrow at the church.

Visits Here

Miss Charlotte and Miss Mary Fairland are visiting here.

Methodist Club

The women of the Methodist club will meet at 7:45 o'clock tomorrow.

Return to Dixon

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dixon have returned to their home in Dixon.

Go to Richmond

Mrs. C. B. Lawson and her family have gone to Richmond.

Marian Martin Pattern



PATTERN 9861

This dress is made of all-weather fabric and is suitable for all seasons. It features a wrap-style front and a fitted waist.

Recent Shower Is For Mrs. Jackson

Mrs. Harold Tucker and Mrs. Lillian Hicks, Jr., entertained on a recent evening at a miscellaneous shower honoring Mrs. L. A. Jackson, who before her recent marriage was Miss Elizabeth Dixon. The party was given at the home of Mrs. Hicks, in West End.

About thirty guests were present. Several games were played and a number of attractive gifts were presented to the bride.

Junior Civic League Meeting Is Held

The Junior Civic League met Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Mildred Finch, with Miss Finch and Miss Mildred Perry as hostesses. Miss Dorothy Wiggins presided over the business session.

Mrs. Leon Vick and Mrs. A. W. Gibson, Jr., of the Junior Woman's club, spoke before the group, explaining the set-up of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. It was explained that the club's general program theme for the coming year is "National Defense in the Home."

The club's constitution was approved, but final vote was postponed until the next meeting.

A quiz on current affairs was conducted by Miss Mildred Finch, with Miss Jeanne Dunn winning the prize. Miss Nancy Barnham presented the programs for the coming year, whose subject is "National Defense." During the forthcoming months, the members will learn how they can help in their nation's defense, not only against enemy nations, but also against disease and illiteracy.

Lunch and sandwiches were served by the hostesses at the conclusion of the program.

Recent Bride



Pictured above is Mrs. J. B. O'Brien Pugh, of Roanoke, Va., who before her marriage Sunday afternoon at Union Chapel Methodist church was Miss Alma Virginia Gill, of Guilford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gill.

Visits Parents

Mrs. W. H. Odum, of Wadesboro, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Huffman, at their home on the Raleigh road.

Visiting Here

Miss Betty Lou Smith, of Raleigh, is visiting Miss Peggy Ragsbee for several days. She plans to return to her home tomorrow.

Leaves for Burlington

Miss Mildred Murray, a member of the faculty of the Burlington high school, left yesterday to resume her work there, after spending the summer here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murray.

Week-End Here

Joe Bowden spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bowden, on route 5 Henderson and with other relatives and friends in Henderson. He returned to his ship the U. S. S. Niagara, at Norfolk Monday, and will soon sail for Honolulu.

The population per square mile in the County of New York is some 65,000.

Library Reading Course Completed By Large Number

Of the 250 readers registered for summer reading at the H. Leslie Perry Memorial library and its branches at North and South Henderson, 113 have completed the summer reading course planned for juvenile members of the city and county, the library announced today.

Registration began the latter part of May, when girls and boys were invited to register at the library or at one of the branches. Books about Mexico, Central and South America were featured for summer reading at the main library. These books, with colorful illustrations and artistic make-up proved popular among both juvenile and adult readers.

Mrs. John Lee Wester, Miss Elizabeth Fox and members of the library staff told stories about the countries to the south of the United States at scheduled meetings of the travelers held once a month.

The last three meetings were held on Friday of last week on the lawn at the rear of the library, and at St. John's parish house at North Henderson, and on Monday at South Henderson at the Community House at South Henderson. Reading records were awarded to those who had completed the course.

Fifty-two of the 121 registered at the central library completed the reading of 61 of the 129 registered at the branches at North and South Henderson completed the reading, giving a total of 113 who finished the course. Among those who registered at the library for the course were several girls and boys from Zeb Vance, Dabney, and Aycock schools in the county.

Here for Visit

Miss Annie M. Page arrived last night to visit her sister, Mrs. L. R. Goshen, and Mr. Goshen, Mrs. Page, who has been teaching in Augusta, Ga. for a number of years, returned this spring and is making her home in Wadesboro with another sister, Mrs. B. I. Dunlap.

FOR A BOX?

Grandmother: "If you wash your face, I'll give you a piece of candy. And if you wash your ears, you'll get two pieces."
Grandson: "Can I take a bath?"
Atlanta Two Bells.

Capital Gossip

By HENRY AVERILL

Raleigh, Sept. 4—The formal "coming out" of Betty Gordon, voted the U. S. Glamour Girl No. 1 among this year's crop of comers-out, is being held at the Utilities Commission. He dropped into the office of his secretary, Governor J. M. Broughton, and when general Secretary Tom Banks invited him to drop in on the conference the governor was having, he remarked dryly: "No thanks. I've been to a few conferences myself." One state senator, who shall for obvious reasons be nameless here, arrived in the afternoon of the governor's office while the big vice conference was in session. "In order to govern my personal actions while in Raleigh, there's one thing I want the police chief to do—that is to tell me how long the night will last, so I can make it," he cracked. There had not been anything significant about Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, chief of police, and Raleigh Police Chief Winder Bryan sat at the extreme opposite ends of the vice conference. Nevertheless, Governor Broughton assured reporters that there was "nothing controversial" at the conference, and a press photo was taken showing Dr. Reynolds and Chief Bryan shaking hands, but maybe that was just before the bell rang.

The States now depend on the Federal Government for 20 per cent of their revenues.

For the first time, the Associated Press is sending a special writer and photographer to cover the ball, and that great news gathering agency is certainly sending its men for one purpose only to ballyhoo beautiful Betty.

This and That

Roy L. McMillan, Raleigh lawyer and department commander of the American Legion, has been named by Governor J. Melville Broughton as state chairman for the National Committee on Emergency Housing.

So far none of the other papers appear to be taking very seriously the recent Winston-Salem press story that Ralph Gardner, present president of the North Carolina Young Democrats, is so incensed by the penning which has left Leonidux of Halifax as the only formidable candidate for president, that the Shelbunian plans to break precedent and stand for re-election if some

other formidable candidate does not appear. Nobody is taking the Told Caldwell announcement as anything but an unsuccessful bid for publicity.

Speaking of Shelby reminds that former Governor Clyde R. Haynes was here before the Utilities Commission. He dropped into the office of his secretary, Governor J. M. Broughton, and when general Secretary Tom Banks invited him to drop in on the conference the governor was having, he remarked dryly: "No thanks. I've been to a few conferences myself." One state senator, who shall for obvious reasons be nameless here, arrived in the afternoon of the governor's office while the big vice conference was in session. "In order to govern my personal actions while in Raleigh, there's one thing I want the police chief to do—that is to tell me how long the night will last, so I can make it," he cracked. There had not been anything significant about Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, chief of police, and Raleigh Police Chief Winder Bryan sat at the extreme opposite ends of the vice conference. Nevertheless, Governor Broughton assured reporters that there was "nothing controversial" at the conference, and a press photo was taken showing Dr. Reynolds and Chief Bryan shaking hands, but maybe that was just before the bell rang.

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YOU GIRLS!
13 to 25 Who Suffer
DYSMENORRHEA
And Need To Build
Up Red Blood!

If pain and distress of 1 or 2 to 2 1/2 monthly disturbances make you feel weak, dragged out, pale, cranky, nervous at such times—try Lydia Pinkham's Compound Tablets (with added iron). Pinkham's Tablets not only relieve monthly pain (cramps, headache, backache), but also help soothe nervousness due to such cause. Wonderful to help build up red blood and thus aid in promoting more strength. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped! Follow label directions.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE HAPPY PARENTS

Birth of Son.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell announce the birth of a son, Howard Wayne, on Friday, August 28, at Maria Parham Hospital. Father and son are said to be healthy. Mr. Mitchell is the son of Mrs. Lucian Catlett.

E. G. DAVIS & SONS CO.

BACK-TO-SCHOOL

in



LUXABLE
Blouses

Drop in for a look at our new Glamour Deb and Mainly Maid Blouses—Crepes, Broadcloth and Shining Satin. Made up in stylish long and short sleeve numbers. In fact you can't think of a style we don't have.

Styles Shown \$1.98
Others \$1.98 & \$2.98

E. G. Davis & Sons Co.

Shocco News
By MRS. J. M. ALSTON

Miss Faye Pridley, after spending several days as the guest of Mrs. Helen Collins, has returned to her home in Franklinton.

Little Miss Ruth Turner spent the weekend with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Kittrell, at Kittrell.

Miss Mary Rose Austin returned to her home Sunday after visiting relatives in Pittsboro.

Charles R. Hart spent the past week end in Raleigh with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. News of Pittsboro and Mrs. J. E. Rose and daughter Margaret, of Middleboro, visited their sister, Mrs. J. M. Alston Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Satterfield and son, Joe, Jr., Mrs. F. T. Alton, St. Miss Annie Lou Alton, and J. M. Alston visited Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Speed of North Lenoir Sunday.

Mrs. Sue Satterfield has returned to her home in Bolivar, Tenn., after spending several weeks with relatives and friends here.

Friends will be sorry to hear that Miss Lucille Hicks had the misfortune of breaking her arm Friday.

To Ministers Institute.
Rev. J. Frank Apple, pastor of the Congregational - Christian Church here, left this morning to attend the Ministers Institute at Camp Creek for several days.

Fruit Juice Laxative PRUNOL
Guaranteed to Relieve Constipation

Prunol is a scientifically homogenized emulsion of mineral oil, fortified with phenolphthalein and savory prune juice. Even fretful children like its creamy "Prune Whip" taste. Prunol lubricates and mixes with the wastes in the intestinal tract, causing a gentle, comfortable elimination, without griping. Stimulates muscular vigor and aids in bringing on regularity. An ideal family laxative, especially for children, expectant mothers and elderly people.

Prunol is sold on a positive money back guarantee. You must be entirely satisfied or your druggist is authorized to refund your money. May be had in 60c and \$1.00 sizes.

Prunol is sold and guaranteed by Parker's Drug Store, Henderson, N. C.

Castle of Contentment

BY LORENA CARLETON
WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER FORTY
FRANCIE turned and looked with tear-swollen eyes at her sister-in-law, who made no response. She turned and glanced out the side entrance into the arcade, saying as she went, "Let's go upstairs, Yena."

"All right," To Francie, she said, "Go help Barker!"
Diane was waiting at the foot of the gridded stairway that led to Yena's apartment. Together they walked up, and into the apartment living room, Diane whirled and faced her hostess squarely. "What was the meaning of that idiotic introduction?"

Enjoying her guest's discomfort, Yena asked, "Isn't it true?"
"It's a situation we scarcely are calling attention to. The entire family is crushed."

Yena went to Rose's room and asked her to prepare tea. She came back and faced the agitated, frowning Mrs. Percy O'Neil. "Diane, I can remember when your family, you particularly, wouldn't have welcomed me as a wife for your precious, guarded Tate."

Daunted, but only for a moment, Diane admitted that fact. "You needn't rub it in. Percy and I've always hoped Tate wouldn't marry, because of the money angle. Selfish, but there it is!"

"Then you should be satisfied now. I'd hardly say Francie was taking any money," Rose entered and put a tray on a low coffee table before Yena.

Stiffly, Diane said, "And she won't!" She accepted a cup of tea from her hostess. "You can't blame us for wanting to keep Dad's money in the family. It's different with you," she said unashamedly. "You have something." Engrossed in putting lemon and sugar lumps into her cup, she missed the bitterly amused look on Yena's face. "Percy and I have to think of Davy."

"And yourselves?"
"Really, Yena, you're insufferable."
The blond girl smiled. "I merely happen to be in the beautiful position of being able to say what I want to. Besides, why are you fussing. You're certainly the frank type."

The distraught, frowning dark girl did not answer. She sat quietly, intent on her tea and a thin water-cress sandwich. After a short while, she broke the silence. "Then I'll be more frank. You may as well know we blame you for this mess. You could have spared us."
Yena groaned aloud and stood her ground. "Don't be an imbecile, Diane. What is Tate? An infant? No! He's plenty old, and plenty experienced, heaven knows, to look after himself. That absurd idea of his to take revenge because I went East simply boomeranged."
"And has hurt you just as much. You didn't have to tear out of town as if the police were after you."

Yena turned a grave look toward her irate guest. "Diane, I went east because it concerned Carlyle. She's first in my heart and always will be."
Again Diane was silent. Finally she queried, "Have you seen Tate lately?"
"Yes," Yena said with sarcasm.

"I saw the runaway bridegroom in Jamaica. Just another misunderstood husband, Diane. It's strange because I happen to know she understood him perfectly well at other times."

"The mistake was in employing her in your shop. I don't think you showed much discretion."

"At any rate, she was frank enough to tell me she would take him if she could. Apparently she could. She did."

For that statement, Diane had no argument. She stayed a few minutes longer, then left to meet Percy.

That night Yena went to call on Terry Alkire, carrying to him a box of extra-special cigars from Havana, also, as a joke, a pair of cocoa-colored, rhumba dancing dolls, festive in native costumes of pale blue yarn.

"Come on in! Come on in!" his words greeted her through the grating of his bedroom window, as he spied her walking along the desert stone patio walk. "I'll be down in a minute."

The girl looked about the large and unusual living room. With pleasure she thought, "This house is really beautiful." She was satisfied with her work on it and recalled, with faintly superior humor, how apprehensive she had been when Terrence Alkire believed his order.

His thudding steps came down the wide tiled stairway. Wearing a gawdy bathrobe, he trundled his fat little body across the floor and shook her hand.

"What news about the baby?" he asked first.
With glowing rapture she told him. "Oh, Terry, everything has worked out. It's only a matter of time—" She gave him a close look. "You don't look so kittenish. What's the matter?"

"I've been sick. You see, when you leave town, everything goes wrong."

"I'll say everything goes wrong." The girl handed him the packages. "Presents!" he exclaimed. "Goody." He lost no time in unwrapping them. Suddenly he jerked up his head and regarded her from beneath the fat woolly brows. "Now what do you mean by that?" Then he spat out! "Oh, I remember. He got married. All right! He got married. But take that hungry hound-dog look off your face. It's not the end of the world, you know."

Yena stretched out in one of the large living room chairs and closed her eyes. "It practically is the end of my world. Francie's religion doesn't recognize divorce."
"Ah!" With that ejaculation Alkire looked up and frowned. "Just goes to show it wasn't intended," he insisted. "Always said he was the wrong man." He sniffed his cigar and showed proper appreciation, then got busy smoking it. "The darn fool doctors would kill me if they knew about this—that is, if the cigar doesn't do it first—not because it isn't good, child. It is. It's perfect, but a little rich for my old blood."

The girl answered his smile. "I should have brought you licorice cigars."
"Yena—" Alkire paused to in-

hale rich smoke, "how many times have you seen a picture show and thought, 'That's the best show I've ever seen,' then you forgot the name, next the players, and finally the entire plot—and after quite some time, you didn't remember a thing about it?"

"Which makes you a philosopher, I suppose. Listen, Terry, I know I'm a fool to care for Tate Cromwell, so I'm that much ahead of everyone else who thinks so—but I can't help it, so let me be a fool in my own way." She turned a set stubborn gaze toward him. "How are you going to stop caring when it's not inside you to do it?"

"Love scars! Bosh!" her host said insultingly. "I'm past 60 and there are no scars on my heart."
"There are on mine, and I'm not ashamed of them," she contributed rebelliously.

For several minutes, neither spoke. Yena rested, eyes closed. Terrence Alkire smoked and appreciated her sympathetically.

Finally he spoke. "Why don't you marry someone else? Marry Hamilton or Vernon Stone—or me, even. I intend to leave my money to you and your baby anyway. I have so much it makes me ill to think about it. It's indecent. I feel like a criminal to sit by and let you work."

"I don't work so hard—anyway, I love my work and I'll not give it up—and stop talking about leaving your money to people. You'll be spending it for years yet."

Alkire pinched the skin on his hand into a ridge. "Look! It will stay that way for years. Yena, I'm an old man."
"Don't talk like that," the girl exclaimed with compassionate fright. She was near tears. "It makes me feel terrible."

"O. K." The old man sat there with a grin on his puckered face. "I just wanted to see how much you really liked me. Well, now that you've rejected my proposal, thank God, let's have some creme de menthe." He rang a porcelain table bell for a servant, at the same time yelling and beating on the floor with his cane. "But you ought to get married, Yena, so you'll have a father waiting for Carlyle."

She waited for his Mexican houseboy to leave the room again. "I don't want to marry Tate."
"Then why didn't you?" he yelled. "If you'd been so confounded anxious you'd have done it a long time ago; you wouldn't have let anything stop you. Nope, Yena, you just do a lot of taking on. Here! Jose remembered you like a frappe." He lifted her shaved-ice drink from the tray and handed it to her, then propped his feet on the cushion the Mexican boy had brought. "Wonderful servant. Wonderful. All I had to do was wiggle my toes and he knew I wanted a footstool."

Yena smiled and raised her glass. "Let's drink to your health," she said with significance.
"Thank you—and now, let's drink to your success on the Esenada hotel. You're going to decorate it, you know."

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE!
TO PATRONS

Due to the shortage of gasoline we are unable to continue making SPECIAL DELIVERIES of milk at all hours of the day, and from now on SPECIAL DELIVERIES will be made only from 4 to 6 o'clock p. m. All other milk delivery schedules will operate as heretofore.

Our patrons are asked to make note of this change and to cooperate with us in this new arrangement.

Southern Ice Cream Co.
PHONE 422

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