

# SOCIETY NEWS

## APOLOGIES TO FORM 1040.

Years ago I've stormed and stewed.  
Fumed at you, and staled you silly when, in surly mood, I've filed you.

Facts, however, change the morn:  
Now I'm not so surly;  
Gladly now I file you Form—  
And early.

Go, my little income tax—  
Be a bomb some chilly  
Morning soon and knock an Axis  
silly.

Ernest Hart,  
—In The New York Herald Tribune.

**Club to Meet.**  
The West End Garden Club will meet Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at West End Country Club with Mrs. George A. Harris, Mrs. D. Boyd Kimball, Jr., Mrs. M. Y. Cooper and Mrs. S. R. Watson as hostesses.

**Miss Ruby Faulkner Weds Wm. Cannady**  
The marriage of Miss Ruby Claire Faulkner to William Marshall Cannady, of Oxford, was solemnized at noon Thursday, February 26, in the presence of the First Baptist church, in Wilson. The pastor, Dr. Hugh A. Ellis, a former pastor of the First Baptist church here, performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a becoming costume suit of tulle tan with brown accessories, and had a shoulder corsage of brown orchids.

Mrs. Cannady is the daughter of Mrs. Lois Faulkner, of Henderson. She has the position of cosmetician at Woolard's.

Mr. Cannady, son of Mrs. Edith Egan Cannady, of Oxford, holds a responsible position with Hall's Drug Co. in Oxford.

## Shower Given For Miss Betty Young

Misses Mary and Rose Speed and Gracia Harris were hostesses on a recent evening at a miscellaneous shower honoring Miss Betty Young, a bride-elect of Saturday. The Harris residence on Young street, where the affair was held, was attractively decorated with arrangements of tuberoses.

The game "Hearts" was played, with Miss Florence Brown as winner. Two other bride-elects, Miss Mary Turner and Miss Margaret Harmon, were remembered with gifts, pictures.

In the latter part of the evening orange ice cream pie and individual cupcakes were served to the following guests: Miss Young, her mother, Mrs. E. O. Young, Mrs. A. B. Young, Mrs. R. M. Huff, Mrs. Della Hayes, Misses Helen Whitmore, Mary Turner, Dorothy Hughes, Minnie Lee Parkham, Bida Huff, Christine Morris, Jewel Smith, Henry Crow, Florence Brown, and Margaret Harmon.

## Honor Roll For Aycock Announced

W. C. Poe, principal of Aycock school, today announced the following students were outstanding in scholarship during the fifth month, and had won the distinction of being placed on the school's honor roll:

Grade One—Thurston Abbott, Milton Jackson, Bruce Robertson, Frances Aycock, Sylvia Thompson, Rose Pogran.

Grade Two—Raymond Abbott, Billy Aycock, Sidney Aycock, Mary Belle Faulkner, Juanita Burgess, Peggy Frazier, W. E. Gill, Jr., Kathleen Hayes, Ann Williams, Dwight Penderly, Jr.

Grade Three—Bill Adecock, Robert Grissom, Harold Grissom, Ada Abbott, Dorothy Adecock, Marion

## UNC LAW SCHOOL SPEEDS PROGRAM

Chapel Hill, Feb. 27.—The University of North Carolina Law School announced today that, for the first time in a number of years, students beginning the study of law will be admitted at the summer term.

The present requirements for admission have also been reduced for the duration of the war, said Dean Robert H. Wettsch, to two years of academic work in an accredited college, provided the student's attainments qualify him in the judgment of the faculty, for earlier admission.

## CANADIANS MAY AID IN DEFENSE OF U. S.

Ottawa, Feb. 27.—(AP)—Prime Minister Mackenzie King told the house of commons last night that Canadians trained under compulsory services could be sent to Alaska or the United States to help repel any invasion attempt.

## Farm Income At High Mark

Washington, Feb. 27.—(AP)—Increasing its preliminary estimates for tobacco, corn, poultry and a few other minor crops, the agriculture department reported today that farmer's cash income in 1941 totalled \$1,450,000,000, the highest since 1929.

Comprising receipts from sales, loans on commodities and government benefit payments, the income was 29 per cent higher than in 1940 and 9 per cent greater than the average for the 1934-39 period. A preliminary estimate of the 1941 income made in December, was \$1,160,000,000. The 1940 income was \$9,096,901,000.

The department said the increase

## PLAYMAKERS OFFER NEW PRODUCTION

Chapel Hill, Feb. 27.—"Behold the Brethren," new original play of an immigrant mother and her four sons, written by Joseph Feldman, Carolina Playmaker in the University last year, will be presented by the Playmakers in their theatre here next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, March 4, 5, 6, 7, at 8:30 o'clock.

Feldman, who is now in the Army and stationed at Scott Field, Ill., where he is training to be a bomber pilot operator, is hoping to get leave from his duties long enough to return to the University to see the initial performance of his play.

## WULBERN TO OPPOSE FOLGER FOR HOUSE

Winston-Salem, Feb. 27.—Julian H. Wulbern, of this city, had announced that he will be a candidate for the fifth district Congressional nomination in the Democratic primary of May 30.

Wulbern, who is temporarily located at New Bern, said the principal issues upon which he will base his campaign will concern labor, farmers, the unemployed, small business and general benefits.

## HENDERSON PREDICTS LOWERED STANDARDS

New York, Feb. 27.—(AP)—Price Administrator Leon Henderson predicted last night that the "level of living" in the United States would steadily fall below the lowest point of the great depression because so much of the nation's productive capacity would be devoted to war.

In a speech prepared for the Overseas Press club, he said that war production would cost the country

## Government To Buy Tires

Washington, Feb. 27.—(AP)—The office of price administration announced today a plan whereby the government expects to buy up virtually the entire supply of new passenger car tires and tubes and thus enable dealers to get their capital out of stocks tied up by a tire rationing.

Dealers who wish to be relieved of carrying passenger tire stocks throughout the period of rationing may sell all or part of them back to the original manufacturer or distributor at the cost price, plus 10 per cent to cover carrying expense.

Manufacturers and small distributors were ordered to sell the rationed stocks to the government-owned Defense Supplies Corporation, and to turn over to the agency all their own stocks of passenger car tires and tubes. Defense Supplies Corporation is prepared to receive up to \$75,000,000 worth.

Truck tires and tubes were not included in the plan because they are moving out rapidly enough, of any undue burden in carrying stocks. However, dealers wishing to sell truck tires back to manufacturers may do so, although they are not entitled to the additional 10 per cent provided in the passenger car tire plan.


## No Worries Ahead For This Youngster

Brookside Milk.

Brookside Dairy Farm.

Special All This Month  
Our Dealers Will Have  
**Pine State Cherry Pies**  
(Servings For Four)  
You Can Get Them at Your  
Local Druggist  
**Southern Ice Cream Co.**  
Phone 422

No Worries Ahead  
For This Youngster



Brookside Dairy Farm  
Phone 430-J

## Marian Martin Pattern



PATTERN 9999

Gay as our Easter bunny in this adorable dress and cape ensemble. Mother used Pattern 9999 by Marian Martin for the paneled frock, the trim little cape. She made the little frock in pink eyelet batiste, the cape in blue wool, for Easter Parade vivacity. The dress has front and back yokes and a squared neckline and the side-front-and-back panels are cut in the bias. The cape, has a cunning Peter Pan collar and practical arm openings. To wear beneath it, make one "dress-up" frock with the neckline and puff sleeves trimmed with lace; one play frock with contrast front and back yokes and sleeves.

Pattern 9999 may be ordered only in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, cape, requires 1 3/4 yards 54 inch fabric; dress, 2 3/4 yards 35 inch fabric and 1 3/4 yards lace edging.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins for this MARIAN MARTIN pattern. Be sure to write plainly your SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, and STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to The Henderson Daily Dispatch, Pattern Department, 232 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

**BABY'S COLDS**  
Relieve misery fast—  
—externally. Rub on  
**VICKS VapoRub**

**FLOWERS**  
FOR EVERY OCCASION  
Phone 380 Day or Night  
**BRIDGERS—The Florist**

## Orphan in Diamonds

LORENA CARLETON

SYNOPSIS  
ANETTE WINDSOR, 17, beautiful and aspiring to fame on the stage, is introduced to  
LAURENCE PEYTON, top-ranking actor, and to  
AUGUST DRAKE, Peyton's leading lady by  
DR. WALTER KIRKWOOD, attending young girl.

YESTERDAY, Larry takes Anette to a tea dance given by Harold Lyon and there meets Lois Lyndon, Jimmy Lyndon's sister. She has her hair to keep as they leave the dance in a taxi.

CHAPTER FOUR  
GLOWING descriptive folders exploiting the students' club where Anette lived failed to mention that "telephone service" was a buzzing signal which meant a long walk through a hallway to an offensively public extension. Small town dormitory life was the Four Acts club, in spite of a parlor maid and a baby grand piano.

Dressed in a crimson velvet housecoat and matching flat-headed muffs, Anette raced to the third-floor wall instrument, depositing the open doors of the curious and the "all more daring girls who found excuses to loiter nearby. As she lifted the receiver with her left hand, she took hold lightly of the wire with her right to keep it from smacking.

"Hello?" she managed breathlessly.

"Hello, there! This is Jimmy Lyndon. How about lunch?"

Her heart fell right back into place. Or not? It fell much lower. Not even to entice eavesdroppers could she put animation into her voice. "I'm sorry," she refused with flat disinterest, "but I have a luncheon engagement."

"Dinner then?"

The girl's right hand, completely steady now, released the twisted telephone cord. "I think I'll be busy for dinner, too." With coffee and toasted sandwiches, very likely, she thought and smiled.

"Then you name it!" As she ventured a refusal, he broke in with a friendly chuckle. "Now look here, I have to go to New York the last of the week and from there to Bermuda. I'll be gone fully a month and I want to see you before I leave Chicago. So, again I say, you name it." Nevertheless, before she could answer he went on, "I'm sorry about lunch. I thought we might horn in on Lois. She is entertaining August Drake and your friend Peyton."

For an instant Anette wondered how she possibly could speak through the dryness in her mouth. And then, though cottony and completely lifeless, the words came out in a rush. "My date isn't terribly important. I'll cancel it and go with you. But I dare not be late for my lesson again today. I must be there at 3 o'clock."

"I'll see that you are. Be ready at 12:30. Lois' luncheon is at one."

Soon after James Lyndon had rung off, his sister's crisp little mechanical invitation came over the wire. And then another call, the costumer reporting her calico frock ready for the Wednesday performance. In response to both messages, Anette dashed through the hallway with the same hopeful eagerness she had felt for the first one, only to experience the same disappointment.

Sharply she rebuked herself. Why had she been so trustfully certain Laurence Peyton would telephone her for lunch? Why so trustfully certain he would telephone her at all? He wasn't duty bound simply because they had enjoyed a wonderful afternoon together the previous day. But oh, she please

inwardly, with a moon that actually was silent, yet roared in her ears, please let the telephone ring and please let it be Larry.

Two hours later she sat eating avocado and orange salad and salty little wafers, while others at the table did the talking. Not that she was enjoying her lunch. She was too miserable. She ached with misery. I feel as if I'd swallowed a porcupine, she thought to herself. Slowly she lifted topaz eyes toward Larry, who sat across the table from her, between his hostess and August Drake. He seemed critically unperturbed by the young girl's presence, still as unaffected as he had been when he first saw her among the guests.

As she watched, some remark of Lois' brought a wide smile to his handsome face, and his eyes sparkled. Encouraged, the debutante put up a slim hand and gave him a quick, childish pat on the cheek.

Lyndon criticized softly. "I don't see why my sister doesn't let up on Peyton. She ran him ragged in New York, then traded him to Chicago. I suppose she'll stay here until the show closes." He laughed in an embarrassed manner. "And she gets absolutely nowhere. She should realize she can't best August Drake."

Anette did not answer. But she looked at Lois Lyndon, bare-headed, with pale blond hair nestling above the milk collar of her navy blue velvet suit, and was jealous. Her eyes shifted to August, dynamic and magnetic in rust wood, a tiny green hat perched atop red curls, and though she knew the cascading veils were to soften a droopy jaw-line and a top-painted chin, she was jealous of August also.

In fact, the violence of her jealousy frightened her and made her ashamed. No good, all that stern advice from her grandmother, all those embroidered mottoes that had all but covered bedroom walls. Be maidenly. Be sweet-tempered. Softly insulting, such warnings, when what she wanted to do was scream and throw the dishes.

Lyndon was talking again. "Lois is like a thrilled kid entertaining these actors and having everyone stare. Of course she would much prefer a let-a-see luncheon with Peyton, but that is a little hard to manage. August does have a way about her, you know. And what a way!"

The girl at his side nodded and smiled faintly. "I think I know what you mean."

"Of course I respect the professional admiration between August and Peyton, but my sister will make a fool of herself over a convicted actor—oh, say now!" he exclaimed, as Anette's features changed from pure white to pink.

"forgive me if I've tramped on your toes." His clear blue eyes were filled with concern. "I thought you and our matinee idol were just casual friends."

"We are just casual friends," came her clipped agreement, as her eyes returned to James Lyndon's, after a purely impersonal encounter with Larry's, when they were strangers. Anette's heart shivered and as quickly began to soar until it felt like a gusting plane in brilliant summer sunshine.

Still wearing that impersonal, disinterested mask, Larry was talking to his hostess. "Lois, this is a mighty fine lunch. I'll remember it when I'm having my rabbit sandwich before the show."

"Rabbit sandwich?" the blond girl echoed.

Rapidly Laurence Peyton explained his master diet. This a

daily event. Same food, same place, same hour, same girl."

Lois leaned back of him to stare at August Drake. "Not me!" August denied with graceful disdain, although her heavily tinted face was puzzled.

Larry deftly switched the conversation as he supplied meaningfully. "She is busy with other things at that time of day."

His insinuation forced visions of herself at that hour, masked and chin-strapped, into the red-haired woman's mind. Instinctively she lowered her face into the veils about her throat, and breathed thanks that a newspaper photographer, armed with camera, suddenly provided a rescue from her taunting leading man.

Pleasure brightened Lois' face as she realized the paper would carry proof of her chummy friendship with the stars of "Orchids Can Choke You." She leaned even closer to Larry. He also was pleased. August put on the careful peep smile that wouldn't rip wrinkles into the corners of her eyes. No one would dream she had covered that press agent. "Have him there before I've eaten my face completely out of shape," she had instructed him. "Lunch with the Lyndons should land us on the society page instead of the theatrical."

On Wednesday at the matinee performance, Anette stood near a spiral staircase in backstage gloom and knew she had been tone too good in her first scene. Verrazano was standing beside her, instructing her. He moved away and immediately returned. Or so she thought. Instead, it was Laurence Peyton who, without a word of greeting, opened his hand beneath her startled gaze.

"Look! In the dim light she sees three locks of hair. Red, blond, black. August's, Lois', her own. Larry bragged boastfully, "I'm making a collection. All I need now is a gray and white."

For what seemed a tormented century Anette just stared. It wasn't entirely the three curls. The lock-of-hair idea had been ridiculous all along. It was the long wait upon when he hadn't even arrived. It was his telephone call the evening day, friendly and explanatory, but scarcely apologetic. It was the two frightful days after that when he hadn't telephoned at all. It was the ridiculous mourning over the newspaper picture because he looked so completely happy with his partner and Lois Lyndon, and because she herself looked so plain beside the sober-faced James Lyndon. It was all those things, suddenly enmeshed by three locks of hair, and made more detestable because he now seemed so provokingly unaware of wrongdoing.

She dragged her gaze from Larry's palm and inquired in stangled, childish sarcasm, "Are you stuffing a sofa?" Her eyeballs felt like marble slabs. Actually they were soft beneath uncontrollable tears.

She realized with sick helplessness, "I'm crying my makeup—I must not cry!" And while she stood there, beneath Larry's strange smile, her teeth clamped, hands tightened into fists, neck and spine rigid, fighting her emotion, trying to ignore the tears that persistently rolled down her cheeks, a second thought raced to her. "But I must cry. I'm supposed to cry. This is it!"

She walked onto the stage, shoulders bent beneath the burden of her heartbroken sobs.

(To Be Continued)

## BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

in the Spring  
a lady's fancy  
turns to

**NEW SHOES**  
Styl-EEZ  
A SELBY SHOE

"That new 1942 look" is here! In the new Styl-EEZ shoes for evening, daytime and sport. Modern as tomorrow... created to flatter you and your ensemble while "gentling" your feet. Do come in and see the selection, today. The lines, leathers, colors and fabrics are simply superb!... Compare and you'll wear Styl-EEZ!

\$6.95

As advertised in  
MADEMOISELLE  
and McCALL'S

LUCKY NAMES THIS WEEK

10%—Miss Dean Laid, Esther Bullock, Mrs. David Hovle, Mrs. W. G. Watkins, Jr.  
20%—Miss William Fleming, Miss Jessie Curran, Miss Lillian Adams, Miss Cynthia Glover.  
30%—Mr. Wacey Rowland, Miss Eva Wicker, Mrs. Carl Herndon, Mrs. E. B. Wilkinson.  
40%—Miss Mary Sills Petty, Miss Dean Laid, Buelah Davis, Mrs. S. H. Caldwell.  
50%—Miss Eva Leatherwood, Mrs. W. E. Harris, Mrs. C. P. Tanner, Miss Elizabeth Harrell.

**E. G. Davis & Sons Company**