

COCKTAIL HOUR DIVORCE SCANDAL STIRS HOLLYWOOD

Midnight Raid on Mansion Features Suit of Rogell Against Wife.

Los Angeles.—Hollywood's amazing "Cocktail Hour" divorce drama is furnishing the film capital with sensations, action, thrills and denouements outrivalling the most sophisticated screen story ever mimed under blazing klieg lights.

Principals in this startling marital melodrama are Al Rogell, nationally famous film director; his pretty blond wife, Ena Gregory, former actress, also renowned on the silver screen as Marian Douglas, and William Van Remsen-Smith, wealthy young Beverly Hills attorney.

Fast and Furious.

So fast and furious have developments followed each other in this astounding "triangle" that even those directors, studio executives, actors and actresses who have produced many "heart throbs" talkies find it difficult to follow the Rogell-Smith-Rogell "script."

These developments include:

Rogell swears to a divorce complaint against his pretty wife, charging she attends too many cocktail parties and is over-friendly with other men. The scene for this "take" is the office of Rogell's attorney, Milton Cohen, Jr.

Midnight raid on Beverly Hills mansion of Smith three nights later, where raiders, including Rogell and his lawyer, find Smith clad in pajamas and dressing gown and Mrs. Rogell hiding in closet, dressed except for shoes and stockings.

Formal filing of divorce suit by Rogell the following morning.

Suit for \$150,000, charging alienation of affections, filed against Smith by Rogell two days later.

Amendment to divorce complaint filed by Rogell next day, directly naming Smith as the "other man" with whom wife has been "over-friendly."

Buses for \$600,000.

Damage suit for \$500,000 filed against Rogell and his lawyers by Smith, as aftermath of midnight raid.

Cross-complaint for divorce filed by Mrs. Rogell, who also asks \$750 monthly alimony and \$5,500 for counsel fees and costs.

Amendment to \$500,000 damage suit filed by Smith, specifically charging Rogell and his lawyer with theft of personal property, including jewelry of value of \$3,000, as well as of destruction of door in forcing entry during midnight raid.

And other sensational developments are promised before the various legal battles are fought out in court.

Ena Gregory gave up her career in motion pictures for love. For nearly eight years the Rogells were looked upon in the film colony as the happiest married couple in Hollywood.

Music at Christmas Time

THE first Christmas night was God's special benediction on music. By His divine sanction it was the means of proclaiming the advent of a hope and happiness hitherto not considered ordained for humanity. On the night when the Christ child was born, heavenly singers were sent forth and the music of celestial choirs was heard for the first time by human ears. The melody of that glorious hymn came and passed into the harmony of the spheres beyond our ken and only the message of peace was handed down to the generations to come. How different the destiny of music had the pattern of celestial harmony and the melody the angels sang been preserved for us. It was left for man to find within himself the heavenly music.

No event in the history of the world has set vibrating the finest chords of music in the hearts of the gifted ones equal to the festival of the birth of the Christ child. The supernatural messengers announcing His coming, the loveliness of character of His mother, the heavens themselves exulting at His birth are subjects which to contemplate but a moment awakens music in the heart and forms a song in the stillness thereof that is the echo of that song that rang through the universe that starry night 2,000 years ago. Yet the melody the angels sang was lost.

Mary, His mother, gave vent to the fullness of her heart when she knew that she was to be the chosen one of her people in the magnificent "Magnificat," the poetry of which still has power to thrill whenever its spontaneous glorification of the Lord is heard. Yet the melody the Virgin sang is lost.



Tender Lullabies Were Crooned by the Young Mother.

The lullabies crooned by the young mother in the stillness of the moments when the divine child was lulled to sleep have had no listener who passed them on to an eager world. What could have been the burden of the intimate things of which the mother sang when the restless world was shut away and the two, closely entwined, communed together, with the knowledge of their destiny hovering about them. Did she sing Him tender baby songs that made no reference to His divinity or did she praise Him as her God and sing her fidelity as she held Him close and soothed His earthly weariness? Did she beg of Him to spare her the suffering she knew awaited them or did she encourage Him in tender human fashion to bear the terrible human agony fore-ordained for Him? The lullabies that soothed the sacred child were never heard by profane ears.

In the life of Christ there must have been much music. Descended from the greatest singer of all times, the psalmist David, and His advent into the world proclaimed by the singers from His heavenly home, there was a human and divine heritage of music woven into the scheme of His existence on earth. In the childhood years of the Lord, what were His childish pleasures, what were His childish songs? Was the soul of the young Saviour stirred and for singing or did He fashion Himself songs from a heavenly source whispered by angels or did He sing the songs of His people heard on the lips of His companions? In the synagogues did He praise His Father after the manner of David and to the tune of the lute and was His sacred voice heard when He read from the scriptures. The songs the Saviour sang have vanished.

Yet the music of that sacred time is not lost, for it is here again in the hearts of the great composers. But by what melody that was heard the first Christmas night has come back to us distilled from the past, the specially chosen, and who is there to say it is not akin to the music of the celestial choirs? The inexplicable urge of melody, the grandeur of musical thought, the loftiness of inspiration must surely be from the same source as was the music that was heard but once on earth.

It was not without intent that the message of peace was sent out on the wings of song, for that is the power of music—to bring peace. Nor was it by chance that the melody came from the heavens, for after the inward eyes of the soul turn inwardward under the influence of great earthly music, the radiance of the star shines in the heart under the touch of melody and the heart responds to a fuller comprehension of the promise for eternity.



Photo by Frank Fournier

AFTER FIVE YEARS A Christmas Story KATHERINE EDELMAN

"I REALLY am nervous," Madge Crowell admitted to herself as she dropped one of the ornaments she was hanging on the Christmas tree. "Well, who wouldn't be in my place—Ben has been gone more than five years—maybe he'll find me changed—that he'll be disappointed. . . . I—I couldn't bear that."

"What are you talking to yourself about?" A boyish voice spoke at Madge's elbow. "Is Christmas having its effect upon you, or is it the thought of a certain young man who is coming this evening?"

"Both, I guess," Madge answered lightly. Then, turning to her brother, she spoke more seriously. "Richard, do you think Ben will have changed very much—do you think he will like me as well as he used to?"

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he has become a little bit tanned from the African climate, or if he has grown a mustache, or got a bit stouter, but as to whether he will like you as much as he used to—I'd say 'no.' He's bound to like you a lot better, that is, if he's kept his eyesight."

"Of all the foolish, flattering brothers! I should have known better than to ask you such a question!" But Madge's eyes were pools of dancing light as she looked at her brother. "Just for such a flippant answer, I'm going to put you at the task of cleaning up all this mess. I—I really must run up and dress; the clock seems to be running a race."

Madge's wardrobe was not extensive, yet it took her some time to decide on what to wear. She finally chose a simple blue gown. She remembered that Ben had always liked her in blue; she used to say that it matched her eyes. . . . But that was long ago; they were both little more than children then. Would he find her as de-



visible now as he used to—would his eyes glow with love and pleasure as he looked into her face? Well, she would soon find out; he was due almost any moment now.

Her heart pounded as the door bell rang. Nervously she hurried down the wide steps. In a moment Ben was clapping her hands and whispering words that she thrilled to hear. "And all this time you were in a long tender look, Madge knew that she was going to have the very happiest Christmas of her life."

DEATH TAKES PAL, AVIATRIX FLIES ON

Helen Rickey Undaunted by Partner's Crash.

Pittsburgh.—Death rode Frances Marsalis down out of the sky, but Helen Rickey, her pretty flying partner from McKeesport, Pa., is continuing her aerial career undaunted.

It was Helen who won the contest during the National Women's air races at Dayton, Ohio, the day Mrs. Marsalis, with whom she had broken the women's endurance flying record, crashed from a low altitude and was killed. And it was Helen who, though saddened by the tragedy, flew in the air cortege across Pennsylvania to Roosevelt field, Long Island, where funeral services were held for the famous aviatrix.

Not so long ago it was Helen and Frances—together in the Outdoor Girl, the sturdy cabin plane they called home during their endurance flight.

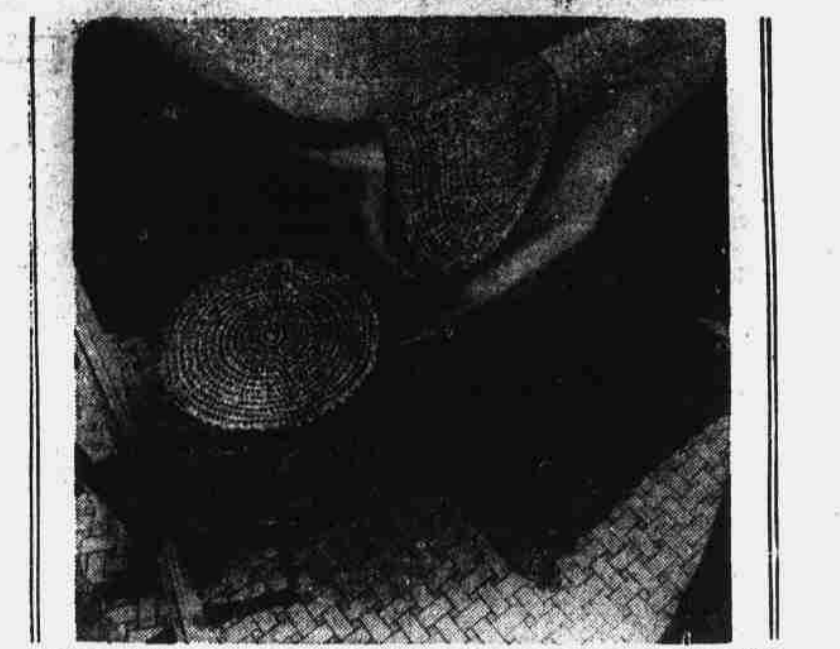
But the "powder puff" team is no more. The only fate which could have separated these two flying mates for long overtook the New York woman as she was rounding a pylon in her racing plane. Caught in the backwash of five other planes and too close to the ground to recover, she crashed and died almost instantly.

Helen is no "Jinx" convert. She's going on in the flying game, just as she is certain Frances would have done had she been the winner and Helen the "loser" in that fateful Dayton air race.

Soberly and not unmindful of her friend's skill as a pilot, she says: "Of course it will not interfere with my flying. It's like a friend being killed in an automobile. We think such an accident will never hit us."

R. H. Crouse, Haywood county agent, is working hard on the dairy program for securing more good cows for the county.

HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS



CROCHETED ACCESSORIES FOR THE BATHROOM

STANDING on a cold floor with wet feet is uncomfortable; standing on a rug with wet feet is impractical; so crochet yourself this little bathmat of knitting and crochet cotton which will wash and wash without losing its color. It will save both your feet and the bathroom rug from a lot of useless wear and tear. The knitting and crochet cotton is used double throughout when making this mat which makes possible grand color combinations such as blue or yellow and white, or a combination of the stronger colors so popular now—brown and yellow, black and white, etc.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mrs. Joseph Henry Towe announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Ethel, to Mr. James Merrell Eason, of Crewe, Va. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, December 26, at "The Little Church Around the Corner" in New York City.

Rayon
Undies
Hank-
kerchiefs
Sweaters

Buy
Your
Christ-
mas
Things
Here

Table
Sets
Scarfs
Shoes
Bed
Room
Slippers

Come
And
See
Our
Hosiery

GIVE HER HOSIERY For Christmas

● We have just received a big selection of new shades in Hose . . . just in time for Christmas: Sheer chiffon and service weights . . . pure Silk Hose that wear—

49c 69c 79c

SIMON'S
STORE OF VALUES
HERTFORD, N. C.

Northwest Indians Vie in War Canoe Contest

Coupeville, Wash.—Northwest Indian tribes, which warred with one another during centuries before the first white men came, battled again for more peaceful trophies in the International Indian Water Festival here.

Thousands of spectators, white and red, watched 11 bronzed young warriors from the Saultich tribe of Victoria, B. C., send their fragile 50-foot war canoes, Saultich No. 5, through the chippy waters of Puget Sound to win the principal event of the festival.

The crew covered the three-mile course in 23 minutes ten seconds. They finished a length ahead of the Mermaid, paddled by the 11 George brothers of the Burrard tribe, North Vancouver, B. C. Nine tribes entered the race.

The canoes, ranging from 48 to 52 feet in length, were identical with those used by the Northwest natives for generations. Each was hewed from a cedar log, thin, light and barely wide enough to seat the paddlers. They were painted in curious, gay designs.

Indian participants were stripped to the waist, revealing powerful, corded arm and chest muscles, developed by years of swimming and paddling.

Removing His Wet Hat Saves This Man's Life

Salt Lake City.—Earl W. Stauffer is alive because he took off his hat.

He was standing on the summit of Bald mountain here, when a sudden thunderstorm came up. While standing under shelter from the rain, he removed his wet hat.

Lightning struck him, at his shoulders, traveled down his body and through his left leg, burning the shoe and tearing a hole in his left foot.

He was unconscious for about an hour and was found later by another group of hikers, wandering up and down the mountain, delirious, carrying his shoe.

Physicians said the fact he had removed the wet hat accounted for his being alive.

Trial by Torture by Fellow Seaman in China

Peiping, China by torture is known to Kwoon, a Chinese seaman, who has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for a crime of which he was innocent. He was accused of having killed a fellow seaman with a plane, but the trial was a farce, and the verdict was a result of the torture.

HORSES and MULES

PLENTY OF THEM

Just Arrived From Indiana

A LARGE ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND TO CHOOSE FROM

See Them Today at

Hobbs & Moran Stables

DENTON, N. C.