

LEGISLATIVE CHATTER

Daily Dispatch Bureau. In the Sir Walter Hotel. Raleigh, Jan. 26.—Echoes of Major L. P. McLendon's advice to the Democratic party that it do a bit of clean-up work with regard to the absentee ballot and election abuses generally are still being heard not only here in Raleigh but apparently throughout the State. Down east the election board chairman is being acclaimed as a keen physician who has correctly diagnosed a disease which is slowly eating away at the party's vitals. Old liners, however, who privately admit they don't think it's wrong to steal votes from Republicans, are sharpening stilettos for the good major whose political life may be endangered by his frankness.

A. D. (Lon) Foler, national executive committeeman from North Carolina, will arrive here Wednesday to remain the rest of the legislative session. He hasn't any particular aim and objective in view, he says, but naturally wants to keep a finger on the political pulse of the party and there's no better vantage point right down than here in the capital.

The address of Frank E. Bane, Social Security Board secretary, to be heard by the solons Tuesday afternoon, should do much to clear up many questions now agitating the minds of many legislators. An extremely large percentage of the House and Senate members are frankly widely uninformed about the whole S. S. program of the Federal government. This fact, no doubt, has something to do with Mr. Bane's visit to North Carolina at this particular time.

School officials—and school lobbyists—are beginning to ring the charges on the old standby—shortage of teachers. Every time the legislature convenes the appropriations committees are told they positively must increase teachers' salaries because if they don't the State's schools will not be able to secure a sufficient number of properly trained instructors.

Yet the cold figures show that even in the best times there were more than two applicants for every teacher post open in North Carolina. And throughout the worst of the depression this State was able to outbid practically every other Southern State for the services of competent teachers, as North Carolina salaries, even with big cuts, were higher than in other parts of Dixie.

Even in advance of the liquor hearing set for Thursday, "drys" have opened up with the same old battery of clergymen they have employed for years. First gun fired was by the Rev. Arthur Barton, of Wilmington, with a fulmination about the increase in bootlegging he claims has occurred in New Hanover since opening of county liquor stores. He cited no figures to sustain his assertions.

Opponents of reappointment—by which New Hanover, Nash and Rockingham would lose a member each to Guilford, Buncombe and Mecklenburg—are apparently much more optimistic than ten days ago. They feel the "unconstitutional" argument advanced by Representative J. C. Hobbs, of Wilmington, is bearing fruit and they are counting strongly on the fact that most of the legislators have no keen or close personal interest in the matter. Representative Rupert Pickens, Guilford, is buttonholing all and sundry, however, in his efforts to put his bill across.

Sunshine and wind are the two things most desired by the State Highway and Public Works Commission right now, since nothing else can dry out the thousands of miles of muddy county roads and thus make

it possible for the road forces to get to work on them. For road machines and scrapers are no good on muddy roads.

"Ten days of sunshine and wind would literally be worth millions of dollars to us at this time," Chairman Capus M. Waynick of the highway department said today. "For if we had millions of dollars to spend on these roads now—which we haven't—we could not spend it until after we had enough sunshine and rain to dry them out first."

Watch the joint appropriations committee wield its axe and chop millions of the requests for appropriations made by the various State departments and institutions recently. For while the various State agencies asked for some \$11,000,000 more than the Advisory Budget Commission recommended during the public hearings by the committee, expectations are that the committee is going to cut these requests back to about the same amounts recommended by the budget committee. This will mean a general fund budget of between \$37,000,000 and \$38,000,000 instead of one of about \$48,000,000.

You're Telling Me!

By WILLIAM RITT Central Press Writer

The groundhog dropped into the office today to see whether his forthcoming shadow-seeing tour was getting enough publicity. He was visibly upset on learning the presidential inaugural, the floods and the doings around Madrid have kept groundhog news down to a couple of lines on the want ad page.

"You know," he said, from the depths of the editor's wastebasket, where the only shadows visible were those cast by cigar butts, poems sent in by an elderly female subscriber and a couple of Christmas cards the editor's wife gave him to mail a month ago, "I'm getting sick of my job."

"Unless President Roosevelt or somebody," he continued, "changes the date of Ground Hog Day from Feb. 2 to some time, say, in June, I'm liable to stage a stay-in strike."

"It's no fun to come out of a nice warm burrow into an early February blizzard just to see or not to see my shadow. For no pay, too. You'd think the weatherman, for one, would be sport enough to slip a guy a couple of carrots or somethin'."

"It wasn't so bad when people paid some attention to my shadow-seeing. A fellow in those days could feel that his work was appreciated. Nowadays most folk don't even know that we'll have six more weeks of winter if I see my shadow."

"I blame it all on these new-fangled household devices like central heating and air-conditioning. People no longer care about weather predictions when all they have to do is to turn a knob or a switch to get June in January."

"However, I guess I've been doing my stunt so long now that I might as well continue. Will you be sure and send a reporter over Feb. 2? And a good cameraman. That fellow last year had me way out of focus."

With that remark he waddled out of the office, humming a tune to himself. It was rather faint, but sounded something like the recent song hit, "Me and My Shadow."

The Day That I Forget

READ THIS FIRST: Janet MacLeod has just married Joel Paynter, second-rate actor, whom she met a few weeks previously at a cocktail party. Because Joel asked Janet to stop work, she has had to economize. Martha Colby, her best friend, visits Janet in their one-room apartment. Joel tells Janet his show is closing.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 4

THE LIGHT was red but Janet didn't notice that. She stepped from the curb and a hand jerked her back roughly. She hadn't even seen the taxi turning the corner. She murmured her thanks and saw that her rescuer was gone. The slight adventure was enough to unnerve her; she felt her eyelids string with the tears that sprang to her eyes.

The hot pavement burned through the thin soles of her sandals. The July sun beat mercilessly down upon her. It was a long hot walk across the park to West Seventy-third street, but a bus would have cost 10 cents. It was an extravagance she could ill afford and she resisted it, striking out bravely on her path homeward. There was no need to hurry for Joel seldom returned to her before 6 and more than ever today she dreaded going back to the airless room where the bright colors were less attractive in the hot light.

She was filled with unhappiness but not with envy, thinking of the lovely, cool apartment she had left but a few minutes before.

She had been leaving the bank where she deposited the check for the rental of her old apartment, a check that allowed no profit, when she heard herself hailed by Margaret Peyton. Margaret, like herself, was a bride and like Janet, had been a minor executive at the Faber-Johnston store.

Margaret, sitting at the wheel of a smart little roadster, said, "Come along with me, Janet, I'm dying to hear about what has been happening to you. I've got to get home early and I want you to see my place."

So Janet, having nothing to do but worry, had gotten in.

Margaret was a bride who might have been created by a woman's magazine. She had radiance; she had, also, an air of assurance, of security. She had a trousseau with everything a bride could want. Janet exclaimed over the lovely hostess gowns, the smart little evening frocks, the jaunty sports things. She murmured "lovely" and "how fortunate" and all the other things that were expected of her over the linens and glass and china. And she missed none of the beauty and completeness of the big, comfortable, cool living room, the spacious kitchen, the well-stocked pantry.

She sipped her iced tea and nibbled imported English biscuits and told Margaret that Joel was "temporarily at liberty" but they couldn't get away this summer—Margaret and her husband were going to Maine for the month of August—because "Joel is considering a part in a new production."

"His show closed in March, didn't it?" Margaret asked. "I was interested in it when I heard you had married him and I wanted to see it but when we got back from our honeymoon, it had closed."

Janet smiled very brightly. "Yes, I was glad it did. I had hardly had him to myself. We didn't have a real honeymoon, you know. It was nice to have him more of the time."

It HAD been at first when they were both filled with optimism. There were new shows in production then, shows that would go on the road for the summer. There had been no need to worry then. They'd had over \$200 in the bank, including Martha's wedding present.

There was less than \$25 now. The English biscuits that cost a dollar a pound felt dry in Janet's throat as she thought of the dinner she had planned. Lamb stew



"Come along with me, Janet."

again. It wasn't a summer dish but it had its virtues; it was cheap and the leftovers could be served as a meat pie the next day. With a crisp salad, it would make a nutritious meal for Joel, who looked these days as though he needed nutrition.

Sometimes Janet was stricken as she thought of the responsibility she was to Joel, yet she knew that if he didn't have her to eke out his pennies—and to do it so that he would not realize that he was practically penniless—his lot would have been worse.

"Do you ever miss working?" she said rather unexpectedly to herself, addressing Margaret.

"Heavens, no! I don't have time. My dear, when you keep house, the day just flies. I have marketing and little things to do around here and suddenly it is time for Jim to get home and the day is gone. I don't suppose you have either. It must be rather a story book life and full of glamor to be married to an actor, isn't it?"

"Yes," Janet said, "it's very different. One feels so completely an individual . . . that is . . . every-one seems to be doing something." She realized her words made little sense.

"I was surprised to hear that you gave up your job," Margaret picked up ice cubes from a silver bucket with a silver spoon and dropped them in Janet's glass. "I was in Faber's the other day and Mr. Hoadley—he had been Janet's superior—was bemoaning your departure."

Janet felt as though her ears were distended toward Margaret but she gave no sign.

"He said he couldn't take a vacation because he had no capable person to take charge. You know he hasn't been able to find an assistant since you left? I guess your job is there if you want to go back."

Walking home through the park an hour later, Janet thought of that. And she made a decision. Once she had done so, she hastened her steps. No matter what Joel said, she had made up her mind. She couldn't stand that strained look in Joel's eyes. She was sick to death of lamb stew and pork chops and hamburgers. She wanted broiled chicken and sweetbreads. She wanted them for him. It would only be for a little while

and in the autumn Joel would surely find a part.

"You knew what your chances were when you married me. So you're sick of it? Well, go back, forget me, have your little satisfaction that you married a 'no-good'!" Joel flung down the dish towel with which he had been wiping a plate.

Janet's voice was patient and had the quality of a mother speaking to her child, "Darling, you don't mean a word of it. You're a bright, intelligent man and a reasonable one, too, only you haven't seen the point yet. I can go back to my job and earn \$40 a week. I'll give it up when you get a part and in the meantime we'll have money for carfare and clothes and decent food."

"For better or for worse," Joel muttered and paced the small floor.

"Let's consider this for the better," she said as she wiped the last plate and put it on the shelf. But Joel went on, angrily: "You know it's a matter of principle with me. Why will you be stubborn? You know I cannot allow you to go back to work! Janet, if you go, this is the end between us. It tells me only one thing—that it means you aren't willing to share my luck. Do you want a husband who has no pride?"

Janet thought: Twenty dollars and the rent is \$12 a week. What next?

She saw herself back at her job, back in the sweet little rooms on Twelfth street. She saw the long, empty nights without Joel.

She walked across the room and put her arms around him.

"No, darling, I don't want anything but what I've got. You'll get something. You've got to! Forget that I said anything about going to work. Let's go out and sit in the park. It will be cool there and nothing terrible is going to happen to us tonight. When tomorrow comes, who knows what will turn up?"

That was their first quarrel if it could be called that, and Janet had met it as she was often to do, by recognizing the importance of Joel's pride. It was part of him and she loved all of him.

The next day something did turn up.

(To Be Continued)

SAFETY MOVEMENT GETS BIG SUPPORT

Over 1,200 Carolinians Back Plan of Press and Motor Club

Charlotte, Jan. 26.—More than 1,200 Carolinians last week were enrolled in the mobilization for highway safety movement sponsored by the Carolina Motor Club and the press, it was announced today at Carolina Motor Club headquarters here.

There are no costs or obligations in connection with becoming a part of the movement to curtail the loss of life and damage to property as a result of traffic accidents, other than a promise to drive carefully and endeavor to go through the year 1937 without accident. Those who enter are mailed cards recognizing their safe driving records and their names are recorded at Carolina Motor Club headquarters. Those who maintain "No accident" records throughout the year will be presented with certificates of award.

The first of a series of local committees was organized at Charlotte during the week. J. Caldwell McDonald was named chairman for the Charlotte area. He will appoint chairmen of sub-committees on location and causes of accidents; laws, ordinances and enforcement; engineering and traffic signals; public education; enrollment and awards.

Similar committees will be organized in outstanding communities throughout the Carolinas. The movement is receiving wholehearted support from industry, commercial, civic, fraternal, religious and educational organizations and from officials and individuals interested in safety throughout both North and South Carolina.

"Any individual or any organization, regardless of race or creed, is invited to enroll in the mobilization for highway safety," Coleman W. Roberts, president of the Carolina Motor Club, said. "We are tremendously pleased with the response and endorsement

Money Need Big Ally Of Liquor Folk

(Continued from Page One.) Profit Motive Paramount. And so, despite the fact that controllers have tried to keep the "profit motive" in the background of the liquor fight, there is no question but that this feature is becoming paramount in the minds of many.

Everybody knows that liquor does yield a big revenue and the more certain legislators think of that fact the more inclined they are to vote for some plan whereby the State can tap this fruitful source. Too, the counties are almost as sorely pressed as the State, and the law-makers are ever-mindful of the folk's "back home" and anxious to give them a lift whenever possible.

As a result, advocates of county and of State control are growing more and more easy to reconcile, and it now seems likely that there will be little difficulty in their getting together on some plan whereby the State will receive a large slice of the "heavy sugar" produced by liquor stores.

Even the controversy over taxation of intangibles may be settled amicably through the liquor question, with the counties being allowed to retain the levies they now collect on solvent credits and the like in return for support of a heavier State share in liquor revenues.

On the dry side, there has appeared a clear-cut difference of opinion over the question of providing a machinery act for the sale of liquor in the event a referendum should result in a "wet" majority in the State. Uncompromising friends of prohibition are not prepared to yield one iota and insist they will vote for nothing except submission to the people of the State of the simple question—which they artfully word—of liquor or no liquor.

Others who are dry mostly because they think their counties would vote that way, insist that any referendum bill should include a system of liquor control in the event of a wet victory.

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