

N. C. Electric Bureau Never Over-Spends

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel.

Raleigh, July 5.—The biennial report of the North Carolina Rural Electrification Authority, submitted to Governor Clyde Hoey by Director Dudley Bagley, throws a number of interesting sidelights on the development and progress of rural electrification in the four years since the State Authority began to function.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing shown by the report is the fact that the Authority has never spent its entire appropriation, a condition almost without precedent in the State's history, as it is usually the custom for every agency to spend right up to its last penny, if indeed it does not over-spend.

But here's the REA record: Appropriated Spent 1935-6 \$10,000 \$ 8,112.91 1936-7 10,000 9,317.78 1937-8 13,240 10,694.25 1938-9 13,240 12,086.91

During the fiscal year just ended the chairman, secretary and engineer traveled 21,765 miles, and spent 132 days in the field in the promotion of rural electrification.

For the four-year period ended July 1, 1939, a grand total of 93,678 miles have been traveled and 440 days have been spent in the field by the three officials.

Four years ago there were six county seats in North Carolina not served with electricity. Now there are none, Swan Quarter in Hyde being the last to get "juice."

The half dozen without lights in 1935 were Camden, Currituck, Gatesville, Hayesville (Clay), Danbury (Stokes) and Swan Quarter.

Much of the success of the Authority is attributed by Mr. Bagley to the splendid cooperation of the county agents, home demonstration agents and vocational teachers.

During the past year, in addition to regular routine work, Mr. Bagley, Secretary David S. Weaver and Engineer J. M. Grainger voluntarily visited 73 county agents offices. Special efforts were made to contact agents in remote counties. The purpose of these visits was to assist in rural electrification programs in the counties visited. Helpful data and comments were gathered on present conditions, and ideas were exchanged on the future possibilities of rural electrification.

Members of the Authority, in addition to Chairman Bagley, who comes from Moyock, are W. M. Sherard, Hendersonville; Dr. James S. McKimmon, Raleigh; Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., Chapel Hill; E. F. Allen, Lenoir; and D. E. Purcell, Reidsville.

The Authority hasn't even a hint of authority to construct any electric line. It accomplishes its ends by cooperation with an encouragement of other agencies, notably public utility companies, municipalities, the Federal Rural Electrification Administration and the cooperatives formed under auspices of the last-named agency.

Hitler says Germany needs a bigger living room. But the Germans, who are on reduced diets due to preparation for war probably would prefer a bigger and better kitchen.

Cotton Slips At The Close Stocks Firm On Advance

New York, July 5.—(AP)—Cotton futures opened one to two points higher on trade buying and covering in near months. Mid-morning prices were one to six higher. Off a point net at 9.45, July was three down from the best at midday. Other active positions were three to five higher.

Futures closed unchanged to three points lower; middling spot, 9.82.	
	Open Close
July	9.48 9.43
October	8.79 8.77
December	8.63 8.59
January	8.51 8.48
March	8.41 8.39
May	8.36 8.33

BRAZIL AND MEXICO CONCLUDE OIL DEAL

Mexico City, July 5.—(AP)—Conclusion of an \$18,000,000 deal with the Mexican government petroleum agency was announced today by Santo Vahlis, representative of the Brazilian firm of Correa and Castle.

Under the agreement, he said, Mexico will sell approximately 5,500,000 barrels of oil annually to Brazil along with asphalt and refined petroleum products.

The deal was expected to result in trade far in excess of the \$18,000,000 figure annually because, Vahlis said, it "naturally will open new means of commercial exchange between Mexico and Brazil." He emphasized that it was a cash and not a barter transaction.

Stocks Firm On Advance

New York, July 5.—(AP)—Cautiously-directed buying in a few industrial shares provided the stock market with a firm backbone today. Gains in the day's favorites ranged to more than two points. In the rank and file, fractional advances were the rule. Transactions were only about 350,000 shares.

American Radiator	12
American Telephone	161 1-2
American Tob	83 3-4
Anacosta	23 3-4
Atlantic Coast Line	16 1-8
Bentley Refining	20 1-2
Bonding Aviation	22
Bethlehem Steel	53 1-4
Chrysler	69 3-4
Columbia Gas & Elec	6
Commercial Solvents	9 3-4
Consolidated Oil	7 5-8
Curtiss Wright	5 1-4
DuPont	149 1-2
Electric Power Light	7
General Electric	34 1-2
General Motors	43 1-2
Liggett & Myers B	105 1-4
Montgomery Ward & Co	38 7-8
Southern Railway	54 3-8
Standard Oil N J	41 5-8
U S Steel	46 1-4

Silver Vote Shows Jumble of Congress

(Continued From Page One)

was very beneficial to Uncle Samuel. Well, as previously remarked, this presidential power was about to determine itself by limitation on June 30. "F. D." wanted it extended. The House of Representatives acquiesced. The Senate balked. Thereupon the two chambers appointed a joint committee to see if a compromise could be agreed on. As I'm writing, this committee is still deliberating, so I don't know how the discussion will have come out by the time these lines can be printed. That isn't the point, however. The extraordinary jumble involved in the Senate's original vote is what was so amazing.

No Sense to It. In the first place it's to be remembered that, on paper, both houses are overwhelmingly pro-administration. Why, then, didn't they both vote as the administration wanted them to vote? The Senate kicked over the traces, however. Since the senators considered that they had their reasons for doing so, despite the President's expressed wish, why didn't the representatives feel that they had the same reasons for disregarding his

wish likewise? To be sure, the Senate's action was explicable.

By congressional mandate the treasury has been buying silver at a considerably higher price than it can be sold for in any ordinary market. Senators from the silver-producing states wanted the treasury price hiked higher yet. Said senators mostly were friendly to continuing the presidential devaluation authority.

Another group of senators opposed both devaluation's extension and higher treasury offers for silver. But there weren't enough silver senators to put across their higher price program. And there weren't enough anti-devaluation senators to head off devaluation's extension.

So the silver senators said to the anti-devaluation senators, "If you fellows will vote for higher silver prices we'll vote against devaluation's extension." The anti-devaluation senators answered, "It's an awful sacrifice from our standpoint, but it seems to be worth it. It's a dicker." In short, it was a pro-silver-anti-devaluation partnership. Yes, that's understandable. But why wasn't there a similar partnership in the house of representatives? Echo fails to tell us.

How They Voted.

And look at how those senators voted! Glass? Though a Democrat he's an anti-New Dealer. It isn't surprising that he voted against devaluation, but he voted pro-silver!—which must have been inexpressibly repulsive to him. Pittman? He's a corking good New Dealer, but he's from a silver state, so he voted against the New Deal's devaluation policy.

Altogether 29 Democrats voted anti-presidential devaluation and pro-silverly (though at least half of them are anti-silverites) versus 28 who stuck with the administration on devaluation—a pretty punk showing for an administration which is supposed to have a 69-to-27 majority in the Senate.

The Republicans were solidly anti-administration, except Senator Borah. He comes from a silver state, too. A New Dealer at heart, though a Republican, evidently he let conscience be his guide in this instance. He didn't join the coalition.

The ultra-liberal mavericks were split also. Shipstead (Farmer-Labor) was against the administration. La Follette (Progressive) and Norris (Independent) were with it.

Who ever heard of such a partisan jumble!

NEW MINISTER DELIVERS SERMON AT SANFORD

Sanford, July 5.—Rev. A. C. Todd, who recently accepted a call to become the pastor of the Sanford Congregational Christian church, delivered the sermon at the evening service

in the First Baptist church at the joint services in which the congregations of the Steele Street Methodist church and Sanford Presbyterian churches participated. These are being held on Sunday evenings during the summer by the congregations of the three churches.

Rev. A. V. Gibson, of the Presbyterian church, who was in charge of the services, extended a welcome to Rev. Mr. Todd in behalf of the church and citizens of the community. He responded expressing the appreciation of himself and Mrs. Todd for the cordial reception given them and pledged his co-operation with the ministers of the community in their work.

The music for the services was in charge of Mrs. Fred Ray, Jr., organist.

RETIRED MERCHANT STRICKEN AT DUNN

Dunn, July 5.—Josephus Jernigan, 79, retired merchant and farmer, died here late yesterday afternoon at the home of a son, Fletcher Jernigan, prominent Dunn and Erwin business man.

Jernigan had been in ill health for the past few years. Recently he had suffered three separate strokes of paralysis. His condition became suddenly worse yesterday.

A native of Sampson county, Jernigan spent most of his early life near Dunn, but later moved to Durham, where he operated a business firm. He moved back to Dunn about 12 years ago and had resided here since retirement.

WAYNE COUNTY NEGRO IS SHOT TO DEATH

Goldboro, July 5.—Harvey Hardy 27, negro of Saulston township, was shot and killed at 5:30 Sunday afternoon at a store in Saulston township. He was shot in the back, the lead entering under the right shoulder blade and coming out under the arm.

Jack Bynum, Negro, was arrested later by Deputy H. B. Gardner and placed in the Wayne jail without bond to face trial for murder at the August term of Wayne Superior court.

FARM AGENT RE-EMPLOYED

Warrenton, July 5.—R. H. Bright, of Warrenton, present farm agent for Warren county, was unanimously re-elected farm agent for another year by the board of county commissioners Monday at the regular monthly meeting. No opposition to Mr. Bright materialized at the meeting. A recorded vote was taken and all five of the commissioners voted for him.

The smart man never gets angry because his wife bowls him out, for not having shaved. Because, when she doesn't care about that—well she just doesn't care.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Vance County Recorder's Court, of Vance County, North Carolina, the undersigned will sell for cash at public auction at the Court-house door in Henderson, N. C. at 12:00 O'clock Noon Monday, July 24, 1939; One V8 Ford Pickup Truck Motor No. 18-2168570 License No. 123853, seized from Tom Coghill for illegal transportation of Whiskey in said truck, and who was tried and convicted in Vance County's Recorder's Court, Tuesday, June 27, 1939. Sale is in compliance with section 3411 (f) of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina.

This 28th day of June, 1939.

L. SWANSON, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Harrison Wortham, deceased, late of Vance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at Henderson, North Carolina, on or before the 31st day of May, 1940. This notice will be pleaded in Bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 31st day of May, 1939. CHARLES W. WILLIAMSON, Administrator of Harrison Wortham, deceased.

31-7-14-21-28-3

NOTICE OF SUMMONS. In The Superior Court Before The Clerk.

State of North Carolina: County of Vance: **Tobe Young and wife, Mary Clark Young; Wesley Young and wife, Annie Webb Young; Lucy Young Clark, Widow.**

vs. **Ed Young and wife, Lulu Young; David Cook, David B. Cook, Jr., Vernice Cook (minor), Johnnie Belle Cook (minor), Marie Cook (minor), Otella Cook (minor), Joe Clinton Cook (minor), Calvin Cook (minor), Leonard Cook (minor), Mingo Brodie and wife, Geneva Brodie; Isabelle Brodie Hunt and husband, Sylvester Hunt; Janie Brodie Howard and husband, John Howard; Walter H. Brodie and wife, Novella Brodie.**

The defendants, Novella Brodie, Janie Brodie Howard and John Howard, will take notice that an action entitled as above, in the nature of a Special Proceeding, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Vance County, North Carolina, for the sale of real estate for partition; and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Vance County, in the Court-house in Henderson, North Carolina, on the 14th day of July, 1939, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This 13th day of June, 1939.

E. O. FALKNER, Clerk Superior Court, Vance County.

Gholson & Gholson, Attorneys for Petitioners. 13-20-27-4

FORECLOSURE SALE.

By virtue of the power contained in that Deed in Trust executed by Mrs. Elizabeth Hale to the undersigned Trustee on the 13th day of November, 1931 which Deed in Trust is recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Vance County in Book 162 Page 522; Default having been made in the payment of the note therein secured, and at the request of the holder of said note I will on Monday the 17th day of July, 1939 at 12:00 Noon at the Court House Door in Vance County, North Carolina offer for sale at public auction for cash the following described property:

Begin at the corner of Wiggins Street, west side of Henderson-Warrenton Road and run thence N 89 degrees West 150 feet to a stake, corner of the heirs of Owep Davis, thence by the Davis line 72 feet to the line of Thomas Perry, thence S 8 3-4 degrees East 73.8 feet to the public road, thence along the public road 106.6 feet to place of beginning. Being Lots 44 and 45 of the Wiggins Murray plat, by which T. T. Hicks sold the same.

This 13th day of June, 1939.

JASPER B. HICKS, Trustee. 13-20-27-4



CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE RAIN had gone, and a cellophane moon wasn't adding much light to the darkened churchyard where Sarah Anne stood with Bob Kennedy. It didn't seem strange to her that Bernice was married.

The events of the evening had been too upsetting to make any one thing important, so far as Sarah Anne was concerned.

"Bernice?" Sarah Anne repeated. It might be the calm, dark beauty of the night that had caused Bob Kennedy to become impulsive for a moment.

That name checked whatever had been on his lips. "Bernice was married at five o'clock this afternoon. You should have been around to throw rice."

"Married. And not to you?" "Married to the accompanying count. He's not a bad sort. I rather liked him, and he's going to hunt a roller coaster now when he wants a quiet moment. His life will be a tornado. But he may like it."

"Are you much cut up?" Sarah Anne asked simply. She might have been a disinterested party. The events of the night had set her aside, for the moment, from the actual impacts of life.

"Just astonished. It was such a bang-up exodus for the lady." Then his eyes grew more matter of fact, and his voice matched it. "Look here, Sarah Anne, you'll have pneumonia if you don't get out of those things. Come on."

"You haven't asked any questions. Don't you want to know where I was?" She felt a little disappointed because he didn't look surprised at her bedraggled appearance.

He shook his head but his jaw set. "None of my business, you might tell me. And it isn't, is it? I'd say, off-hand, you swam home from somewhere. But while I'm on the subject, I don't like Lynn Rhodes. Sorry, if he's something special in your calendar, but he doesn't register very high with me."

"Why not?" She was frankly curious. "Scatters pale lilies and daffodils. I mean he gives his pretty speeches with such pathos. But forget it! Maybe he's the debutant's delight."

Now she spoke. "No, the policeman's quarry. He won't be back." She explained briefly what had happened omitting only the mention of the marriage that the man was purported to have made with a girl who wore a white polo coat and a big picture hat.



"I don't want him," she repeated, her voice breathless. It wasn't the time for linen sun frocks and sandals. She even picked up the dark blue beret, white gloves and blue bag that completed the ensemble.

As she walked down the broad white staircase she prayed briefly: "Dear God, please don't let it be Corrinne whom Lynn married. Please don't let it be."

She knew, though, that it was a useless prayer. Knew that she should amend it and say: "Please help me to get Corrinne out of this trouble."

And yet—maybe Corrinne wasn't involved, in spite of her curious questions, and her hurt surprise when Lynn's frowns had not been for her.

There were pink-sprigged curtains at the 1.7 windows of the dining room, and they were blowing in the morning breeze. Only Corrinne sat at the table, playing with a cold slice of melon. Her eyes were heavy, as though she had thought in the night, instead of sleeping.

"You were late last night," she addressed her sister. "Now for the light note, the gay note. No moralistic preaching. No fearful approach to last night's danger."

"What a night!" She picked up a spoon and started to eat the cold melon at her place. "I lost my good luck charm and my luck, both! I hid from the police, I swam a lake after darting down a chute, and then I hitch-hiked until a truck picked me up."

"Sounds like a nightmare." Just polite curiosity in Corrinne's voice, but her eyes were strained with fright waiting for the story. "You had dinner with Lynn, didn't you?" "Yes." The pretense wasn't working. Time was fleeting. She would be frank. "Corrinne, did you know the police wanted Lynn?"

"The exclamation was so startling in its surprise that Sarah Anne recognized its honesty. "Oh, no!" "And now they have him." "They have—Lynn? But why?" She had dropped her spoon, and her hands were folded together, the nails digging into her white flesh. Corrinne saw the red imprint they were making and opened them.

"You know as much about it as I do." Sarah Anne told the story much as she had given it to Bob early that morning. Only this time, she added: "That name, Robin—why did Lynn tell you about it?" "He said it was a special name old friends used and I shouldn't be surprised if I heard it. He said I might use it, too, but I never did."

Corrinne was looking at Sarah Anne curiously. She stood up. "I've some errands. I'll be back in an hour or so. Mind if I take the car?" Watching her sister's hurried exit, Sarah Anne saw that the car gained speed quickly. The old parsonage runabout hadn't gone so rapidly since the first year of its locomotion. Corrinne was hurrying away from something. She saw what it was the next second. A police car was drawing up to the curb. He had not taken her into his confidence. And besides—she never had loved him. He had been fun, and an escape from loving Bob.

"Corrinne, it may be funny, but I can't laugh if you don't tell me the reason," the boy with her was saying. She sobbed instantly. "Bob, how much faith should one human being have in another?" "If you mean me," he answered, "don't fret. I know Rhodes was nothing to you. . . . You had a little gaiety with him, that was all."

"What do you know about Lynn Rhodes?" she asked, instantly on her guard, both hands wrapped around the slender lemonade glass. "Why, nothing. See here, Corrinne, what's eating you?"

So Bob chose to forgive her for dating Lynn, rather than to admit he had strayed away with that house guest. The house guest was still around, too. Once she wouldn't have mentioned the girl to him, but now she said: "Aren't you busy elsewhere—household entertainment and all?"

He bridled. "Listen, my imaginative shrew. When I need to be given a name to be nice to, I'll be wobbling on my last legs! Moreover, I've a date with the dame tonight, but—what are you doing for lunch?"

Corrinne sensed that whatever charm the other girl had exercised had worn off, although Bob never would admit it. But it didn't matter now. She had felt ill ever since Sarah Anne had mentioned the way in which Lynn became drunk. She had seen it happen to him once at a luncheon table, too—his wedding luncheon, and she had known then that she had let a few sentences pronounced by a justice of the peace blight her life.

Now she leaned toward Bob. "Do you know you're out with an old married woman?" He gulped. "Wh-what?" "Un-hum. Me—I mean, I'm Mrs. Something-or-other—I don't know just what."

"You're hysterical." Under the brown his face was pale and taut. "No, just foolish. Shall we leave?" He caught her wrist. "Listen to me, nut! You're fooling, aren't you?"

Even in that frenzied moment Corrinne wondered why life could not time her scenes better. So much depended on the hour when a thing happened. Had Bob stopped her like this, four days ago, she never would have gone off with Lynn, to that register's office. But he hadn't stopped her.

"Your lodger!" Bob gasped. "So that's where I'd seen the man," the manager began to ponder. "He seemed familiar that night, but he had a heavy coat collar pulled up around his neck and a green felt hat down over his eyes. I thought it was a strange get-up for such a night, but then, I supposed he was an actor or a politician, trying to escape the public."

"Another woman . . ." "Was she pretty?" Corrinne asked. "No, sort of old and taking him to account about something. I mean, not eighteen, more than likely thirty-eight."

Bob was whistling in surprise as he continued the story. And now Corrinne read, too. Lynn was the head of the biggest dope ring in the country. He had posed as a magazine writer of business articles, thus gaining admittance to factories where his henchmen contacted him.

So that accounted for the long hours away when he had left her or Sarah Anne watching a movie while he went about his work. She saw a picture of his old car, and read that he had disposed of it as soon as the police learned its number. An accomplice, Funk Edwards, had pretended to steal it to get it safely away. An accomplice?

The pieces of the story were fitting together neatly. But why had he married her? And who was that other woman?

(To Be Continued.)

(To Be Continued.)

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