

From State Exemptions Opposed

Daily Dispatch Bureau.
In the Sir Walter Hotel.
By HENRY AVERILL.

Raleigh, Dec. 12.—The county commissioners of North Carolina are still adamant in their opposition to any tax exemption for owner-occupied homesteads, and are not willing to compromise the matter on the basis of any "equalization" fund set up to aid those whose revenues would be hardest hit by such exemptions.

Meeting here this week, representatives of more than half the hundred counties endorsed the proposal, along with other probable legislative programs, and came to the conclusion that there is no equity in the equalization fund idea.

"We are still of the opinion that you can't take care of the situation with a \$1,000,000 equalization fund which will aggregate at least \$3,000,000," said John Sanner, executive head of the North Carolina Association of County Commissioners.

He cited as an additional reason for opposition the fact that the \$1,000,000 fund would come from "money which already ought to be used" for the revenue from tax levies on mortgages.

And so he summed up with the conviction that there is no point in accepting a so-called compromise which called upon the counties to use their own money.

"If the equalization fund, as they call it, were \$10,000,000, it still would be only half large enough," he said.

The equalization fund plan, he said, is a proposal endorsed by Dr. Clarence D. Carter, editor of the Progressive Farmer, and a prominent figure in the "Balanced Prosperity for the South" program.

Uzzell To Stay In Race For Speakership

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By HENRY AVERILL.

Raleigh, Dec. 12.—Representative George Uzzell of Salisbury is in the race for Speaker of the House to stay and has not the remotest intention to withdraw and leave the field to Shelby's Odus M. Mull, the Rowan law maker told your reporter.

"This flat statement that he'll stick by it was made in order to set at rest repeated rumors that Uzzell will come down before the caucus of Democrats of the House on the eve of the General Assembly.

"I think I have a good chance to win, and I intend to carry on the fight to the end," said Uzzell, then laughed and added jokingly:

"I'll still be in as long as my colleague from Rowan is willing to nominate me and I can second the nomination."

He said that in an extended campaign among the House members he has found a great deal of sentiment against bestowing political honors and posts upon natives of Shelby, the feeling being very general that too much has already been done along that line.

Uzzell said that his legislators and other interested political sources appear convinced that Governor Clyde R. Hoey and Mr. Mull are using the current speakership race in order to promote their own future political fortunes.

"I have heard repeatedly that the governor wants to run against Senator Reynolds in 1934 and that Mr. Mull is setting his cap for the gubernatorial campaign of the same year."

On the Mull claims of 90 to 95 votes in the caucus, the Rowan representative said: "I think Mr. Mull is a fine man, quite able along many lines; but I think he's way off on his mathematics. He's much too long on addition."

On Wings of Song

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

By MARIE BLIZARD

CHAPTER FORTY SEVEN

THEY ATE their dinner together for the first time, but it was a silent meal. A shadow had fallen over Kit. Her ready wit had deserted her. They sipped their coffee without talking. Then Vance said, "This is the last night out, you know."

"I know," she said, her voice low.

"There's a ship's concert and all sorts of goings on. You'd better get ready."

"You mean that you'll take me up?"

"If you like."

"I'll get my bag," she said.

But when she came back, she said, "I don't want to go to the concert, Vance. It isn't wise. Someone might recognize us."

"What if they do?"

She laughed grimly. "Our names would be mud, Vance. Don't you suppose that everybody on this ship knows that a man and woman are occupying A-163? It would make a scandal of some proportions if our identity were to become known."

"I hadn't thought of that," he answered. "Maybe you're right. Well, we can go up and look at the moon from the hurricane deck."

"That would be a good place," she said. "I'll have to talk to you tonight, Vance."

All day she'd known what she was doing to have to say to him. But the words stuck in her throat when she tried to say them.

"I'm sorry, Vance. Terribly, terribly sorry." That was the way she began.

"Sorry for what, honey?"

If she had not been so intent on what she was going to say next, she would have heard the gentleness in his voice.

"For doing what I have done to you. For embarrassing you and making you uncomfortable—for being such an idiot! I was so sure of myself. But I was wrong. I guess I was pretty unbalanced about the whole thing. I thought because I've been in love with you ever since I was sixteen that maybe the kind of love I had was big enough to attract yours. There's absolutely no danger from fire or anything else. But if this crowd smells smoke they'll probably start a panic."

"A panic at sea?" she said, whitely.

"A disgrace to the line, and Lord knows what can happen if they lose their heads. Sparks tells me that we'll be intercepted by the Georgian within the hour. When she is in sight, Wyncoop, second officer, will go below and announce what's happened. He doesn't dare do it until she's sighted."

"Can't he tell them now?"

"No, dearest. There's been enough not going to be the flash tonight. YOU are! First, we'd sing my theme song. Then we'd sing anything you want. But I want you all to sing. Remember the story about the man who said he couldn't sing good, but he could sing good and loud? All right, everybody, here we go—

"Just a song at twilight . . .
When the lights are low . . ."

Vance slipped through the companionway and walked across the deck to the rail. Back of him he heard voices lifted in Kit's song. He felt sick.

Dinly he was conscious of footsteps hurrying on the deck above him.

Then he saw it. A great, white ship steaming toward them.

"Shine on . . . shine on harvest moon . . . for me and my gal."

They were still singing lustily back in the salon.

Kit had done it.

The music was muted. There were a few minutes of silence. Then cheers and applause rent the air. Men and women were pouring out of the doors to the deck, sweeping him along with them in their excitement to see the Georgian. The excitement, he realized with that part of him that was not numb, was the excitement of curiosity, not the excitement of fear.

He looked for Kit in the deserted salon. She was not there.

He found her in his sitting room, seated on the lounge where he had found her four nights before.

"I had to do it, Vance," she said simply.

He nodded dumbly.

"Poor kid," he said. "It was a sad day when you met up with the likes of me. I guess things are fixed for you now."

"I guess they are," she said cheerfully. She was a funny girl. Any other girl, knowing she'd thrown away a career, would look mighty unhappy. She said, "What were you going to say to me up on deck?"

"You ought to know now, Kit. You don't think I give a darn about myself, do you? Why do you suppose it makes me sick in my heart to know what those people are going to think about you?"

"They'll forget it when we're married," she said complacently.

Vance said, "Come here!"

A few minutes later she said, "Remember when you said this was a bad habit to get into?"

"I take it back," he said, kissing the tip of her nose. "I'm going to make it a life-long habit. Speaking of our lives, what are we going to do now?"

"You'll go to law school and become a pillar of the law. I'll stay home and keep house and be the most respectable woman you ever heard of. Oh, darling, don't you see what happened tonight? If you could only believe there's a reason for everything we do in life, you'd believe that it was intended for you to be in radio so that you could—could be an instrument of destiny as you were."

"Do you believe that?" he asked

anything. Your job's waiting for you. I told Gregory you'd be back in two weeks. Nobody'll ever know that you ran away. Hereafter, try to be yourself. Be simple, because being simple means being you, and that's enough for everybody. Nobody likes a wise guy. Be content with knowing that you're what a nice, lovable, human person."

"Gosh, Kit!"—he could hardly say it. His hand hovered timidly over her shoulder that was turned away from him. "I guess love doesn't always strike you at first sight, but that doesn't mean that you don't fall."

"Vance!" Kit's voice was sharp, her eyes fixed on the running figure that had come on deck.

His eyes swung around, to follow it. He could hear the low, sharp command of the second officer giving orders to one of the wireless operators at his side. The second officer took the steps to the bridge two at a time as the other man saluted and hurried off to his office.

"Something's up," Vance said. "The engines have stopped!"

"I'll find out what it is. Stay here, Kit. Do you understand? Stay right here until I find out what goes on. Don't move!"

She drew back in the shadows, her eyes following him as he hurried to the deck below to the radio office.

When he came back to her, his face was white, tense.

"Kit, you must get below at once," he said. "Don't open your door until I come for you. WHAT-EVER HAPPENS, you're perfectly safe and I'll get you out of this without anyone ever knowing you were on shipboard. But you must not be seen."

"What is it, Vance? Tell me!"

"Don't be afraid, my darling. There are a couple of things the matter, but there's no real danger. Our cargo of felt is on fire. It's under control, but it makes a lot of smoke—"

"But the engines have stopped."

"I know. There's been something wrong with them. Nothing to do with the fire. We'll be here another four or five hours. There's absolutely no danger from fire or anything else. But if this crowd smells smoke they'll probably start a panic."

"A panic at sea?" she said, whitely.

"A disgrace to the line, and Lord knows what can happen if they lose their heads. Sparks tells me that we'll be intercepted by the Georgian within the hour. When she is in sight, Wyncoop, second officer, will go below and announce what's happened. He doesn't dare do it until she's sighted."

"Can't he tell them now?"

"No, dearest. There's been enough

champagne flowing tonight to float the darned ship," he said, hurrying her along the deck and down the narrow stairs.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I may be able to keep things going. I'll watch the crowd and if I see them getting nervous, I'll put on a show until Wyncoop can talk to them."

"You can't go, Vance. You, too, have a reputation to look out for."

"A panic at sea, Kit, is pretty bad. If I can hold 'em off, prevent them from being scared, it's only my duty. I'll leave you here. If we were able to save every life on this ship, they still wouldn't forget what they think we've done. I can take it—you can't. Don't come below!"

He was gone from her side.

He slipped through the companionway to the main salon, his eyes keen, his mind tabulating, facts as his glance swept the room. His plan already was materializing as he spotted a university professor, a radio comedian, a noted English wit, the woman whose horse had won the last derby, Gloria Le Brun, a movie star. This was his material if he had to use it.

The Sailors' quartet was finishing a number on the platform.

Vance's glance covered every movement of restlessness; he felt the vague growing tenseness in the crowd tightly packed, row on row. He knew that it would not be long before that restlessness became a sweeping panic.

A woman near him half rose, a hand to her mouth, her eyes crazily searching the air for smoke.

In swift strides he cleared the distance to the platform and stood before the microphone, raising his hand for silence.

"Hello, folks," he said. "This is Vance Healey, bringing you an innovation in shipboard entertainment. You've heard the program arranged for you. Now—this is our little surprise. We're ALL going to take part in a broadcast that will make radio history. From the Atlantic ocean, we're going to give an informal program"—he was careful not to say that it was actually on the air—"that has never been equaled. In our roster of guest stars—and I hope you will all co-operate—we will have a variety program of news, interviews, music, comedy and drama."

He paused his quick chatter only long enough to look at the clock at the back of the room. It was exactly 10:10. Wyncoop had said the Georgian was speeding to them and should reach their side within the hour. He hoped he could hold them that long.

(To Be Continued)

MIDDLEBURG TEAM DEFEATS JUNIORS

Middleburg whipped the Junior varsity girls last night on the Middleburg court, 20 to 3, with the first half of the contest being close.

Coch Coach Harrison's crew of young-sters took to the game like ducks to water, and their performance was pleasing to the mentor. He plans to have other games for his juniors during the year.

Zeb Vance At Middleburg

The boys' basketball school gymnasium in Middleburg, December 12, at 8 o'clock, was engaged, the match being to the boys.

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Matinee 10c and 40c Night (All Seats) 55c Sun. Only, Dec. 15, 1930 Doors open 2:00 P. M. and 8:00 P. M.

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On the Screen Joe E. Brown in "So You Won't Talk"

Aycock Here Tonight For Two Games

There's a doubleheader basketball game on tap tonight at Henderson high gym, with the Aycock teams coming up for contests with the highs. Aycock is undefeated in the county, and has packed up a double win over Middleburg.

Each year, Aycock turns out fair ball clubs, and this season, the aggregations look on par with those that have gone before.

The first game gets underway at 7:30 o'clock.



NOAH NUMSKULL JUST FOR THAT YOU'LL GET WALK HOME!

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