

STORM DRIFT

by Ethel M. Dell

CHAPTER 43

JUST AS THE darkest hour precedes the dawn, so often in life, when hope is most dismayed, the coming of a happier epoch is at hand. From the day that Spot made his experiment and bore his patient out into the sunshine, surrendering her as it were to the kind offices of nature, Viola began to improve. Very slowly, barely perceptibly, her strength which for so long had seemed to wane rounded the curve and began the difficult ascent. They hardly dared to believe it at first, saying only to each other that she was at least no weaker, but as the golden days slipped by it became apparent that she was indeed gaining ground. The children were allowed one by one to come and see her, and though she spoke but little she enjoyed their visits and was not worried by them. The transparency of her pallor which had so alarmed Tiggie changed gradually to something more nearly approaching the flower-like whiteness which he had observed in earlier days. The purple shadows grew less intense. Her smile became more frequent, and at times her eyes smiled also as though her spirit were slowly emerging from the gloom and rising into the light of day.

They had no intimate talks together in those days, avoiding by mutual consent any topics that might cause her agitation. Such conversations as passed between them might have been overheard by all the world without being construed into anything other than the most casual talk of friends, but Tiggie spent more and more time by her side, and none questioned him for so doing. That his presence gave her pleasure was fully obvious, and Spot, noting the change in her, was the last man in the world to attempt to check anything which might assist towards the improvement.

He was also the last to admit that the change was permanent, but when one day Harvey walked him with a strange hunger in his eyes and asked if he might be allowed to congratulate him on the triumph he had achieved he did not renege the compliment.

"There is certainly less cause for anxiety," he said, "and I don't think we need fear any sudden collapse now."

"I should like to congratulate her too if it won't upset her," said Harvey. "She knows me, you know."

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said Spot, who regarded the artist as an amiable freak who knew how to gain the favor of children—probably on account of his frankness. "Don't stay too long, that's all!"

"I'll be discretion itself," declared Harvey, and departed at once with his impulsive gait to pay his respects to the invalid.

She was lying in the corner of the tiny garden in a cranny of the cliff which had come to be regarded as especially her own. Tiggie had been with her for an hour or more and had just gone down to the sea for a bath with the children. Her eyes were open and saw him the moment he paused at the gate, which was but a yard or two from where she lay.

He stood bareheaded, looking up at her with a certain fire, though the gesture with which he sought admittance was full of civility.

She raised her hand a little in answer, and he lifted the latch and entered.

"It's all right. I have the doctor's

leave," he said as he reached her.

"You're better now?"

It was characteristic of him to waste no time in greeting. He did not even take her hand. Conventionally held out no appeal for Harvey.

"Yes, thank you. I am better," Viola said, and she did not address him as a stranger though a slight tremor of nervousness assailed her.

"I'm glad of that," said Harvey. "May I sit down?" He took the chair beside her which Tiggie had recently occupied and turned it round deliberately so that he sat with his back to the sea and the sunshine and fully faced her. "It's nice to look at you close," he said.

"Peering at you through field glasses at a half mile range isn't nearly so satisfying."

"Oh, did you do that?" said Viola.

"I wonder why."

"I wanted to see you," said Harvey.

He got up suddenly and adjusted the sunshade which was fixed to the head of her chair. Then he sat down again, surveying her critically.

"That's a better effect. They only think of comfort—these people."

He spoke with a sort of contempt.

"Doesn't comfort count?" asked Viola, faintly smiling.

He looked at her with a momentary indignation that melted into an answering smile.

"Depends what one most wants. But you're just as comfortable with the shade at that angle—and infinitely lovelier."

"Oh, don't!" said Viola with a slight movement of shrinking.

Harvey's brows came together.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But why not?"

"I surely can't matter to you whether you are lovely in my eyes or not."

A faint rare tinge of color rose in her face, and he leaned forward, intently watching her. "It isn't that," she said slowly, after a pause.

"I know—quite well—loveliness is only a relative term—the gift of appeal."

Certain types—she spoke rather painfully with her eyes downcast—"appeal only to certain people."

"Well, but that's obvious," said Harvey. "It may not gratify you to know you appeal to me—but I don't see why you should mind. I'm quite harmless human—at least I think I am."

"Ah!" Her voice was very low.

"If I'd only known that—long ago!"

Harvey nodded. "I remember. You were afraid of me—wouldn't believe that the poor crank had his points. Well, I don't blame you, my dear. I was more or less of a wreck in those days. But I didn't mean any harm."

"I know," she said. "I know now."

"How do you know?" he questioned curiously.

"Because of Tiggie." Very simply her answer came. "Because you're Tiggie's friend."

"Oh, my stars!" groaned Harvey. "Come halo—that! I doubt if I can live up to it. But I'll try." His regard was suddenly whimsical. "He's a good lad—Tiggie, though the last person I should have expected you to take up with."

"Do we any of us do—the expected?" murmured Viola. The color had deepened on her face, and Harvey sat watching it with the appreciation of a connoisseur.

"Well, I don't," he said. "And I dare say you don't either. We'll hope not. This world really wouldn't be endurable if everybody toed the line at a given signal. After all, our ancestors only made laws for the fun of breaking 'em, and I don't see why we should take a different view."

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Government Can't Stop Sale Of Tax-Paid Liquor

Daily Dispatch Bureau
In the Sir Walter Hotel.
BY J. C. BASKERVILLE.

Raleigh, March 14.—Agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau are without any authority to interfere with the sale of regular government bonded whisky in North Carolina or even of "bootleg" whisky, if those selling it can show that the Federal tax of \$2.10 a gallon has been paid on it, Charles H. Robertson, collector of internal revenue in North Carolina, said today.

"Our deputies are constantly on the lookout for either liquor, school, wine or any other distilled or fermented spirits on which the government tax has been paid and have seized and destroyed thousands of gallons on for Robertson said. "On the other which the tax has been paid," Collector, whenever the possessor of any of this liquor is willing to pay the tax and does pay the tax, we must accept the tax and permit him to keep the liquor. He can also sell this liquor at present without any label or stamp, as long as he can prove to Federal officers that the tax has been paid on it."

The only officers which can bother those who have paid their Federal taxes on whisky or other spirits, either "blockade" made or Government bottled-in-bond, are state officers, acting under the Turlington Act, the State's prohibition enforcement law. Indications are that possessors of large amounts of liquor do not seem to be much worried about being arrested by county law enforcement officers—the State has no prohibition enforcement officers—since many of these possessors of liquor are coming up voluntarily and paying the Federal tax of \$2.10 a gallon on it, Robertson said. For the government does not require the revenue officers to inquire into the source of the liquor but only to collect the tax. And as long as the tax is paid on it, the man who owns the liquor cannot be bothered by Government officers.

Asked if he had heard that a good many filling stations, speakeasies and bootleggers were actually selling real bottled-in-bond liquor in various parts of the State on which the Federal tax had been paid and if the Internal Revenue Bureau had any power

liquor on which the government tax had been paid, Collector Robertson said:

"Yes, I have heard reports that a good deal of genuine government liquor was being brought in the State. But there is nothing much we can do about it, since it is perfectly legal for a car or a truck loaded with liquor on which the Federal tax has been paid to pass through the State if it can show that the shipment is in interstate commerce. Thus a load of liquor that has a bill of lading showing the shipment is from some state where legal liquor can be legally sold, such as Virginia, to some point in Florida, for instance, it cannot be interfered with by either Federal or State officers. But many of these undoubtedly drop cases of liquor here and there within the State while passing through, or the entire load. If they are caught in the act of delivering liquor to some person here in the State, they can be arrested by local or county officers. But it is pretty hard to catch them in the act."

There is one check which the government has, however, against the selling of liquor in dry states, even legal, tax-paid liquor, Collector Robertson pointed out. This is that in order to sell any liquor or any alcoholic beverages, including beer or wine, a license must be obtained from the Internal Revenue Bureau. And in order to obtain these licenses, the persons applying for them must show that they are persons of good character. And most of them are able to do that. Thus any filling station operator or cafe proprietor who can show that he is of good character and can obtain a Federal license, could go ahead and sell tax-paid Government liquor in North Carolina without being in any danger of being molested by Revenue officers, Collector Robertson admitted. He would then have the local city or county law enforcement officers. These licensed dealers could even sell bootleg liquor, provided they could show that the Government tax had been paid on it.

ROOSEVELT URGES SAVING CULTURE

Chapel Hill, March 15.—President Roosevelt has written a letter to Paul

Green, chairman of the advisory committee of the first annual National Folk Festival to be held in St. Louis the first week in May, urging that "the original fibres" of American culture be kept "so intact that the finest of each will show in the completed handwork."

The letter follows:
The White House,
Washington, March 2, 1934.

My Dear Mr. Green:
We in the United States are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture. We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk and folk from all parts of the world.

In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength let us keep the original fibres so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed handwork.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Night Policeman Kidnaped While Store Is Robbed

Gray Court, S. C., March 15.—(AP)

Dennis Owens, night policeman here reported he was kidnaped early today by two armed men who robbed the Abercrombie and Owings store here of several hundred dollars worth of goods and fled after releasing him 15 miles away.

Owens was released at Maudin, eight miles from Greenville, and then walked back here, where he reported the abduction.

He said two men alighted from an automobile about 1 a. m. under the pretext of seeking information from him.

"In a flash," he said, "both pulled guns, covered me and took my pistol." Then, the policeman, reported, the two tied him with ropes and pitched him into their car, after which they leisurely looted the store and drove away.

Guilford Woman Held for Murder Is Allowed Bail

Greensboro, March 15.—(AP)—A habeas corpus hearing for Mrs. Emma Pulliam, 58, of High Point charged with the first degree murder of Lee H. Harvell, was abandoned here today and bond of \$7,500 was set for the prisoner's release.

The hearing was called off when the State and defense decided to call no witnesses. Attempts were being made to arrange the bond.

No action was taken in the case of James Sledge, Harvell's 19-year-old grandson indicted with Mrs. Pulliam for murder. He is still in jail.

As Mrs. Pulliam's hearing was called, Solicitor H. S. Koonz announced he had a number of witnesses, and that the hearing probably would be lengthy. On the other hand, Thomas J. Gold, defense counsel, said he had very few witnesses and that he desired the hearing to be as brief as possible.

A compromise resulted in no witnesses being called.

General Motors Is Dead Set Against Recognizing Union

(Continued from Page One.)

while, still was the Bankhead cotton control bill in the House, and the guarantee of principal of home loan bonds in the Senate.

Advocating the Wagner bill to strengthen the labor board, Green told the senators the automobile industry "is on the verge of one of the greatest strikes in the history of the nation," and that it would be traceable to the efforts to compel workers to belong to company unions."

Notice was being given the labor board by automobile leaders that they would refuse to recognize unions. They declined to admit the board had any jurisdiction over disputes with their employees.

While these proceedings attracted major attention through the day, there were a number of other developments that shared in discussions in Capitol cloak rooms.

Pasquotank Girl May Win 4-H Club Award of \$1,000

College Station, Raleigh, March 15.—Mildred Ives, former 4-H club girl from Pasquotank county, has been selected as North Carolina's candidate for the \$1,000 fellowship to be awarded this year by the Payne Fund, of New York City, for study in the United States Department of Agriculture

at Washington, announces Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon, head of the department of home demonstration work at State College.

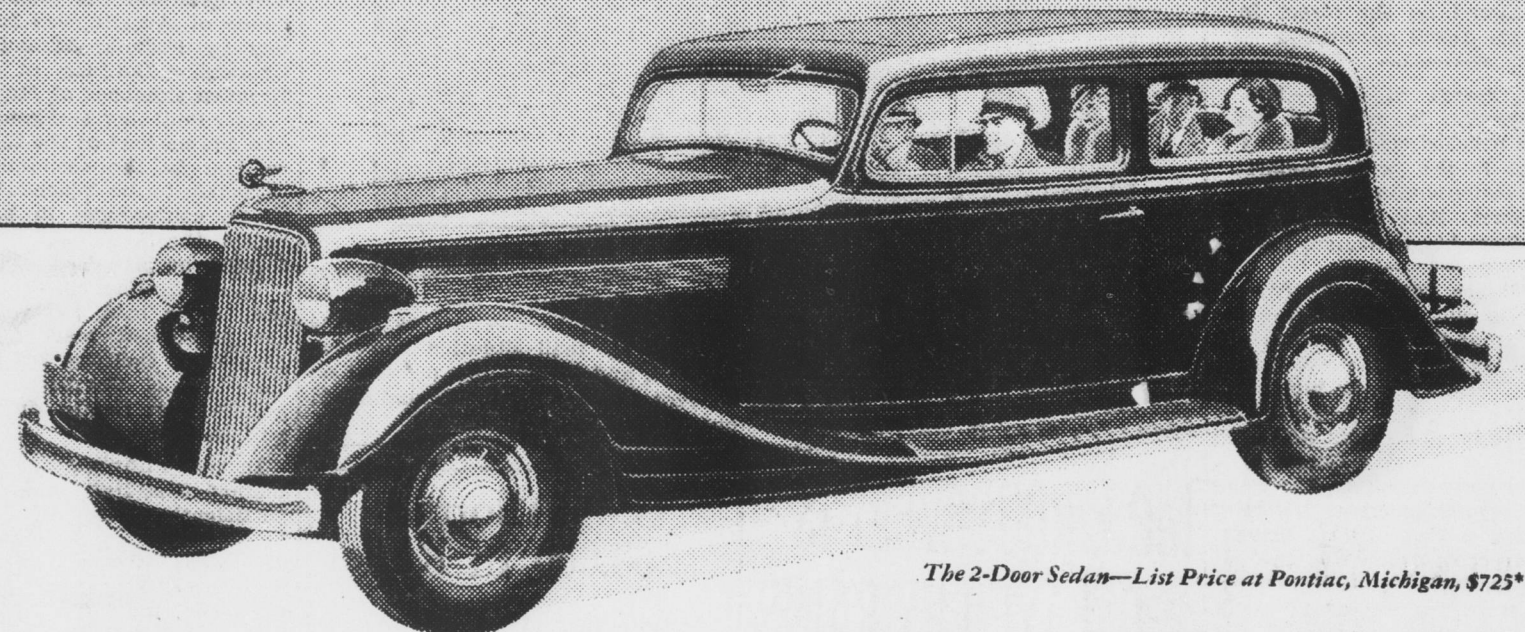
"Miss Ives has been a club girl for eight years," Mrs. McKimmon said. "During that time she has made an excellent record in her projects as well as being a competent leader among club members. Her records show outstanding work in foods, clothing, home improvement, gardening, poultry and club recreation. Since her first year in club work, she has been recognized as a leader and during the eight years she has held every important office in her local and county club organizations. For one year she was vice-president of the State 4-H organization and represented the club members of North Carolina at the Camp Vah training school in Connecticut."

The fellowship for study in Washington is open to club members of the nation, with one boy and one girl to be selected. Mrs. McKimmon believes that Miss Ives has an excellent chance to be selected in the national contest. Reports and nomination blanks have been filed with the Payne Foundation by the State College Extension Service.

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

By virtue of power contained in a deed of trust executed by H. C. Abbott on 23rd October 1926, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Vance County in book 140 at page 174, default having been made in the payment of the note therein secured, at the request of the holder of the same, I shall sell, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door, in Henderson, Vance County, N. C. at 12 o'clock, noon, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of April 1934 the following described property:

Adjoining the lands of Henry Greenway, W. R. Kittrell, and others and bounded as follows: Begin at a Pine, Hunt and Rogers line, run thence S 86 1-2 E 1156 feet to stone, thence S 86 1-4 E 2056 feet to stone on Ruin Creek, thence up Ruin Creek as it meanders to a stone, Harris corner, thence west along the shares of 8, 5, 4 and 1 of the Bobbitt farm 3971 feet to a stone on the edge of a road, thence S. 245 W 725 feet to beginning, containing 57.81 acres being lot No. 9 of the Bobbitt Farm as shown in plot book A page 29, and the land conveyed to H. C. Abbott by Henry Greenway in book 89 page 422. This is sold subject to Joint Stock Land Bank mortgage recorded in book 127 page 405.

J. C. KITTRELL, Trustee.

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