

SOIL PROGRAM IS ADVANCING

Conservation Committee Now Working On Dis- tribution Of Bases

Distribution of soil depleting bases and of corn acreage limits, the foundations upon which the 1937 Agricultural Conservation Program rests in Adams County, will occupy the attention of local community committeemen as the next step in the progress of fitting the program to each individual farm, announced L. E. Archbold, county agricultural agent, today.

Factors that will guide the committee in distributing the soil depleting bases and corn acreage limits, the county totals for which were received last week, are numerous, according to the county agent. The soil depleting base will be the same as was or could have been established under the 1936 Agricultural Conservation Program subject to revisions and adjustments for other farms in the same community, which are similar with respect to size, type of soil, topography, production facilities,

degree of erosion, ratio of soil depleting crops planted in 1935 and 1936 to crop land, type of soil, topography, degree of erosion, size and farming practices.

Corn Limit

The corn limit established for any diversion farm in the county will be based on the ration of corn planted on such farm in 1935 and 1936 to cropland, type of soil, topography, degree of erosion, size and farming practices.

PREBLE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bultemeier entertained Sunday in honor of their daughter Helena's birthday anniversary. The dining table was centered with a beautiful birthday cake. A delicious two course dinner and supper was served. The afternoon and evening were spent in playing, indoor golf, bocce, and numerous contests. The prizes being awarded to Eldora Schueler, Irene Ewell, and Ruth Schuller. The honored guest received many useful and beautiful gifts. Those present were the honored guest, Helena Bultemeier, Leona Wezel, Ruth and Lorine Schueler, Eldora Schueler, Irene Ewell, Florence Hoffman, Anita Koeneman, Alma Selking, Anita, Lillian, and Alice Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ehlerding and sons Vernon and Raymond of Fort Wayne, and Mr. and Mrs. George Bultemeier and daughters, Marquita and Adine.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Yake spent Saturday afternoon with the latter's sister, Mrs. Orville Heller.

The farmers cooperating with the farm management department have found it a desirable manage-

ment practice to balance soil building crops with soil depleting crops in their rotation.

Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goldner called on Mr. and Mrs. Eli Goldner, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirchner had as their guests Saturday evening, Mrs. Rosalie Fuhrman, Mrs. Louis Stetter and Mrs. Ardella Bueker, the occasion being a celebration of Mr. Kirchner's birthday.

Mrs. Charles Fuhrman and daughter Elizabeth and Mary of Decatur visited Mrs. Milton Werling of Spencerville, Ohio spent Wednesday with Bereneta Hoffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shady and daughter spent Sunday with Mrs. Albert Shady and daughter Ethel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Moeller called on Mrs. Mary Werling.

Viona Kirchner, Mildred Weber, Harold and Melvin Buuck, and Mr.

and Mrs. Hugo Fruenchtien returned home Monday night from a trip to Chicago. While there they witnessed the Concordia and Rivier Forest basketball game Saturday night.

On Sunday they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Al Wuerfelman and sons Walter and Al.

Mrs. Joe Drum returned to her home at Bluffton, where she visited Mrs. Milton Hoffman and family for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ross spent the week end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Newhard.

More Autos in Hawaii

Honolulu.—(UPI)—A new high

will be reached in Hawaii this year for motor vehicles tax collections, according to estimates by David L.

Conklin, city treasurer. Total, he predicted, will reach \$957,000 for 36,000 registered automobile.

Average tax per car last year was \$28.46.

SYNOPSIS

Keith Sheldie knew he was letting Denise Rendale down badly when he did not offer to marry her upon learning her father had gone bankrupt. However, there was nothing he could do about it, for wasn't he dependent on his wealthy father? And for some unknown reason, Sheldie, Sr., did not want his son to marry. To do so, meant being disinherited. Keith frankly explains the situation to Denise.

Though disappointed and broken-hearted, she bravely faced him and said: "Let's never see each other again. Good-bye!" At home, Denise's sister, Felicia tries to console the former in her matter-of-fact fashion by saying, "This time next year you'll have forgotten him or near enough. Didn't you know I had a broken heart once myself?" "Duane!" exclaims Denise.

CHAPTER III

Felicia's lovely white face was composed, even slightly amused, at herself or Denise. Denise could not tell. "I've been married to Eustace three years; Duane Fenton's been dead nearly two. That, just now this minute, is the first time I've said the name, Duane Fenton, since my wedding-day—on the morning of which I said it to myself over and over, all the time I was having my breakfast and my bridesmaids were hovering, as bridesmaids do. I said it to myself—as if three thousand miles away, he would hear me and come."

The complete steadiness of her voice was somehow a little dreadful. She said then: "So—no need I should mention that or him, even once again. The only reason for it, at all, is that I do want you to know clearly that I understand. Because there's something I want you to do, quite quickly, and you're more likely to do it if you believe I know what I'm talking about."

Denise said: "I'd do almost anything for you, Felicia. I suppose you would for me. We've always got on, more than most people."

All right, with that very slight encouragement I shall make a planned speech. What I want you to do is not for me, but principally for yourself, and a little for Father and Mother. I want you to marry, fairly immediately, an enormous rich husband."

Denise tried to laugh, not very successfully. "You are rather out-

rageous, you know."

"No, I'm just rather sane. Or perhaps it's the same thing. You haven't known who was in the room for a year, when your own dear love was present. All right. I won't be patronizing. Your own dear love is the handsomest man I ever saw, has charm, paints not badly, is suitable family, will have money in two years, or ten, or twenty, when his father dies. I won't be patronizing; I'll be candid, though. Besides those attributes, he shivers if Keith Sheldie, Senior, raises his voice; he thinks life without his father's allowance wouldn't be worth living; and generally speaking, he's no good at all."

Denise made a sound, of protest and indignation, but her sister swept right past it. "There are also Father and Mother to be considered. They won't know what to do. Father's so terribly honest, he'll probably go out selling pencils to get a few extra pennies for his creditors. My Philadelphia relatives by marriage won't help, and Eustace can't. We live up to every

bit of his income. He likes owning horses. I like owning furs and jewelry. There it is. I can cut a thousand or two a year out of my dress allowance, actually, to see that Mother and Father eat, and have a roof over their heads; but that isn't much. As you say, they'll hate to leave this house."

"What are you leading up to, Den-

ise, life goes on you know. One has to do the best one can, and hold one's head up."

She stopped and then said: "Denise, life goes on you know. One has to do the best one can, and hold one's head up."

"Good-bye!" At home, Denise's sister, Felicia tries to console the former in her matter-of-fact fashion by saying, "This time next year you'll have forgotten him or near enough. Didn't you know I had a broken heart once myself?" "Duane!" exclaims Denise.

CHAPTER IV

Townes came into the room, quietly as usual, said, "Mr. Windon to see Miss Rendale," and departed.

Felicia said very quickly: "I may as well tell you the rest. Gilbert confided in me weeks and weeks ago. Westerners! They're not like us, you know; they are sort of simple and direct. New York, in the set we go about in, at least, is so oblique. Well, there is more. Father's not going bankrupt tomorrow certainly. I got Gilbert to put up some money this afternoon. Father will know about it by now, I expect."

She stood up, with her quick grace. "So I've put you into exactly the position of the girl in the cinema who sacrifices herself to keep the sheriff away from the old homestead. Only, Denise, you are my little sister whom I have adored, and I've watched what was happening rather helplessly. I was able to predict almost to the day (Father's crisis hurried it, of course) when you would just have to know what Keith wanted of you, and would find that he wanted nothing important. Really, you had better go down to see Gilbert."

She went out of the room suddenly, before Denise answered her.

With rage and indignation struggling in her (and a kind of wry amusement too, for the position was so precisely that of the girl in the cinema), Denise sat quiet for a long minute. What she would do, she did not know, except that she would not pretend to Gilbert Windon that she loved him and further Felicia's preposterous notions!

There was a small sound at the door, and she turned. Her mother came into the room, a small slight person, rather like a Dresden figure in pale colors.

Automatically, Denise smiled at her. Both Sara Rendale's adored her. She was not either a modern mother nor an old-fashioned one, but had a kind of timeless quality of gentleness and serenity. One of those women who have always been sheltered and cherished, so that they are enabled to feel that the world is an orderly place.

Yet, Sara was a resolute small person. She had taken the immaturity of her husband's bankruptcy with extreme fortitude. So Denise was the more surprised now to see that she had been weeping.

She said, in her quiet voice: "My dear child, the most lovely thing has happened. That nice young man Gilbert Windon has lent your father

(To be continued)

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some one else—as Keith will marry some one younger and prettier than you'll be then, some day when his father dies and he can do as he pleases.

"Or the other thing you can do, is marry. I married."

Denise looked at her, who was pretty, so restless, so gay and sometimes so oddly unhappy, and she could not, simply could not, be angry any more.

Very softly Felicia spoke: "I married. I survived. It seems important to survive. My husband loves me in his casual way. We get on. . . . It's all like a succession of schools. One graduates from one, and there's another. I've graduated from the place where you are."

Felicia, Felicia!"

"You sound as grieved as if I'd told you to go commit murder. I'm only telling you to have some sense."

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What are you leading up to, Felicia?"

she asked.

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