

## No Bachelor Degrees Here



They couldn't very well get bachelor degrees, but they got law degrees any way from Columbus University at Washington, D. C. Shown in the clinches (left to right) are Mr. and Mrs. James Franklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kell. All ranked high in their classes.

## Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these ten questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. What animal produces the smallest offspring at birth in proportion to its size?

2. Who was Richard Lovelace?

3. Can the President order the coining of U. S. money?

4. Name the capital of the Madeira Islands.

5. What is a meteorite?

6. Is the U. S. a member of the League of Nations?

7. Name the place to which Jesus withdrew with his disciples on the eve of the Crucifixion.

8. What is the nickname for the state of South Carolina?

9. When did the U. S. begin to keep immigration records?

10. Where is the Golden Horn?

## REBEL TROOPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

which almost encircle Bilbao from northwest to south along its east

ern side are reported safe in nationalist hands—Galdacano, with its famous powder factory; Berio, Bergara—according to advices which reached us here in the front lines.

Many thousands of loyalist prisoners are on their way back through the nationalist lines.

West of Bilbao, nationalist reconnaissance planes report roads crowded with fleeing soldiers and civilians, women struggling along with their crying children.

Yesterday the basque resistance stiffened a bit, and the loyalist batteries occasionally dropped a shell a few hundred yards from us.

Last night the riflemen became active, and there was lively firing in the high hills northeast of the city.

To our south, bombers swept down on the remaining basques in their trenches, the bombers' machine guns blazing and the loyalists, crouching under the parapets

of their trenches, replying with rifles.

From a magnificent vantage point 1,500 feet above the valley, we looked down today into the southern suburbs of Bilbao, including the Firestone Tire factory and the dynamite factory of Don Caminos.

We are advised that the basques intend to blow up the dynamite factory as the nationalists enter the city.

Through field glasses I could see the red flag flying in this suburb but I was unable to see a single human being or any movement in the streets. In an hour of searching with the glasses I saw only two men and two motor cars.

Much of the city, straddling the Nervion river, is hidden from us by a line of hills to our right front, on our side of the river, toward

Red bereted nationalist "re-quêtes," the fascists, are massed everywhere waiting for the order to advance. From the front line trenches here we can see them on the brow of the hills outside Galdacano. As the men waited for the order to advance they lay sprawled inert, sound asleep in the hot sun, oblivious to the firing of the artillery batteries just behind them—like so many American soldiers I saw in the World war.

For miles behind us the heavy guns are being moved forward along the crowded roads while prisoners go back toward Vitoria, the general headquarters in the north.

The airplanes seem always active. Last evening I saw six different villages and hamlets lying along the banks of the Nervion river, is hidden from us by a line of hills to our right front, on our side of the river, toward

its estuary, burning at once after repeated bombings. Columns of smoke from some fires rose 1,000 feet.

The planes operate in groups of as many as six to nine.

As the refugees who are going with the loyalists move westward, other thousands who have entered the nationalist lines fight for space on the roads with the advancing artillery and reserves, walking beside oxcarts on which are piled their possessions and their children. Mattresses, chairs, cooking utensils are piled high. Often goats and calves trot along tied to the carts. In front marches a stoic sunburnt peasant with his wife. The wife sometimes carries a filled chicken coop on her head.

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Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

## "Rich Girl-Poor Girl" by FAITH BALDWIN

## CHAPTER XXIX

All's fair, Sally had said—in love and war. Well, this would be war, then, all through the bright and lazy summer and in battle strategy, attack is better than defense, and it is just as well to keep the enemy within sight. She could expect to see a lot of Rose Ward during the next few months, thought Sally, driving up the hill to her big house. And after all, she decided, leaving the car in front of the door and going in to the cool, darkened foyer, couldn't she do much more for Jonathan than Rose could...? The Sutton influence could further him as Rose could not. The idle thought she had had some time ago of being the perfect wife for a rising young surgeon in some city of good deal more important than this one, came back, and to stay.

Jonathan liked her. He was not committed to Rose. Very well, Rose should have her chance but she, Sally, would have hers. If she had an idea that the cards were stacked against the other girl, was that her fault?

That summer was one of the gayest Rose Ward had ever known. School was out, not only for pupils but for teachers as well. She had completed her third year of teaching and dared to breath a sigh of relief. Now, unless something serious occurred, her job was secure. She wrote her uncle to that effect and Doctor Ballard, reading the letter in California some four days later grinned to himself.

"The probation time is over, so to speak, and unless I slap Mr. Martin's face or run smoke in a classroom I suppose I'm safe. It's been a rather curious year and I'm glad it's behind me. The appearance of Larry Dexter in the Junior Class has not been without its major and minor excitement. I'm sorry you were upset over the river business and hope my wife reassured you. The enclosed clippings tell one version of the story. Jonathan was marvellous, handled the boat like a veteran and kept his head. By the way, I'm seeing a good deal of Sally Sutton. She's nice really, under the veneer. Jonathan and I were guests at a country club dinner last night. It was fun. Only if I am to keep up with the Four Hundred I shall have to take time off and do a bit of sewing on my wardrobe."

Doctor Ballard sent her a check. He wrote,

"Now, don't scold me, you young whippersnapper. Never let it be said that the Ballards can't hold their own. Not that you are one in name. And speaking of names, I see Jonathan's cropping up frequently in your letters. Does this mean that poor Bill Lynd has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten men? Don't mind me, Rose, my dear, I suppose I'm homesick. Perhaps I'll get back East one of these days if only for a visit. Not that they aren't kind to the old crock out here. I have to take such good care of myself that sometimes I find the cottonwool getting in my scanty drawers."

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"Tell Jonathan to write me more often. I have occasional—and I must say very good reports of him from my old patients. How did he get along in the school work? His last letter on the subject was more or less of a tirade."

Reading, Rose smiled; shook her head over the substantial check, and sat down to figure with pencil and paper. The house needed some repairs. Would she be justified in letting them go until the autumn and squandering the money on things for herself? Her mother found her thus occupied and said definitely, "Nonsense, why shouldn't you have some new clothes? You spend very little on yourself, my dear, and now that you are going out more frequently you certainly owe it to yourself to be well dressed. Nothing gives a girl more confidence."

Rose was amused at her mother's attitude. Mrs. Ward had always listened to the arguments which raged about the house concerning the Sutton clan. She had seemed

to agree with the younger people's flat disapproval of Sutton and all his works. But now that Sally had begun to run in and out of the cottage as an intimate, she took it in her stride and seemed to think it a just tribute to Rose's power of making friends. Mothers, reflected Rose, even the most democratic, were slightly snobbish when it came to their children.

Frankly, she was enjoying herself; there were dances at the Club and parties at the house on the Hill, and excursions to the Island, picnics, swimming parties, and trips on one or the other of the boats. Sometimes Jonathan was with them, but not always. On such occasions it seemed to Rose that Sally appeared to console herself very well, with Phil or a visiting out-of-town man or one of the usual crowd.

The one less happy result of this new friendship was that she saw Jonathan less alone. When they were together in the evenings or Sundays, the general rule was that Sally and her crowd were with them. To be sure, he dropped in now and then on his way home from his calls or late in the evening. But for the most part they were surrounded by other young people.

Once he mentioned this to her. They were dancing, at Sally's, and he swept her through an open French window and stood with her for a moment on the big verandah high above the river. He said, leaning on the railing and looking across at the opposite shore,

"Seems to me I see very little of you nowadays."

"Jon...!" She began counting the times they had met during the last week—not to mention my early invasion of your garden the other morning and the cup of coffee Evelyn gave me...!"

He smiled, remembering. They had drunk the coffee at the kitchen table with Evelyn hovering around them the picture of a restrained and dour Benevolence; he remembered Rose's curly hair and her sparkling face and the funny blue eyes she had worn; he remembered the smell of doughnuts and the purl of Evelyn's grey cat, its round small head under Rose's hand. There was a pot of geraniums on the windowsill and the blue and white clock had ticked like an amplified heartbeat.

"Yes. Agreed. But we aren't often alone."

He drew closer to her, and put his arm about her waist.

"Rose—" he began—

Someone came out on the verandah, and with the opening of the French windows, the music of the radio came to them, not faintly as it had before, but loudly, insistently. Sally cried, coming up,

"Here, you two. This isn't allowed. Phil's doing his milk bottle trick, he wants a full audience. Come on, you can look at the moon some other time and the river won't run away."

She put a possessive arm about each and led them back to the big room and the other guests. Jonathan could have turned her over his knee and spanked her cheerfully. What had he been going to say, she wondered and then thought, happily, "There's plenty of time, he'll say it's a dozen Sallys can't stop me."

He had known himself what he was going to say. He'd known only that he missed her, that latterly she always seemed surrounded by a dozen unimportant people and that it was imperative that they be alone together for a little while, perhaps not even talking much but just standing close together, with their regard on the stars... and their awareness of each other. For certainly if he sat as close to her as he had a moment before, she must have felt something for him if only a dim reflection.

Later, dancing with Sally, she inquired, her impertinent little face close to his,

"Did I break up something interesting a little while ago?"

"Did you?" he asked evasively.

"I'm asking you. Poor dear, you're so terribly transparent. I suppose you know that Bill Lynd is contemplating everything from a sensational suicide to a trip to Tibet. You shouldn't come into a strange town and flutter the doves to it, it isn't fair to the local young men," she said, laughing.

He was not like Phil Dexter, nor for that matter like Bill. He hadn't any comeback, he wasn't quick on the trigger, as they were. He muttered something which she didn't bother to catch. She complained, "You might hold me a little closer, I'm not poison ivy, you know."

Mechanically and obediently, his arm tightened about her. Rose, talking to the Senator over by the fireplace, saw them dancing by, apparently absorbed and very near together. The Senator regarded them with raised eyebrows. He commented genially, "It's nice to see Jonathan really enjoying himself. He's too serious for his years."

His profession perhaps," he added vaguely, "although," brightening, "I have known some young doctors!" He laughed and looked down at Rose. "Never mind them," he added. "Anyway I've never seen Sally as contented to remain in Riverport before. I'm grateful to Kim, if he's the immediate cause. I was getting tired of being dragged all over the map when I had a perfectly good home, excellent golf, all the swimming and fishing I could want, right here."

Jonathan and Sally passed them again. Sally's cheek was so close to his that the yellow tendrils of her flyaway hair brushed his face. Rose followed their progress and as they came up close to her Sally's left eye closed in a slow and wicked wink. Rose's heart which had been ridiculously leaden, lightened at once. Sally was flaunting her "conquest"; Sally was amusing herself; Sally was telling her so. It didn't mean anything.

Summer went by very quickly. The last event was the party Sally gave over Labor Day on the Island. She had asked her guests down for a full week. Jonathan, when approached shook his head.

"It couldn't possibly, my dear."

"But you are entitled to a vacation. All the doctors in town take vacations, two weeks, a month," she reminded him, frowning.

"I can't," he told her definitely.

"I have patients who need me and a possible minor operation."

Doctor Jameson was away on his annual trip to Europe. Several minor operations were coming Jonathan's way. He and the older man were on much better terms than formerly. Jameson was under an obligation to Jonathan Kimber. It had galled him but he had tacitly acknowledged it. It had been a little matter of mistaken diagnosis. Jameson had been called away on a case out of town and his patient, having grown worse, Jonathan had been called. He had made the second diagnosis, and saved the woman from consequences which, while they might not have been serious, would have been uncomfortable at least. But he had managed to cover Jameson, very neatly. When Jameson returned and the report was made to him, he had flushed, stammered, and lost much of his refrigerated poise.

Jonathan had passed the matter over, covering Jameson even when the two men were alone and there was no need for stately pretense. And Jameson had been grateful and had shown it; not that gratitude made him like the younger man any better personally; on the contrary, human nature being what it is. And Jonathan had been suddenly sorry for him. The mistake was one that anyone might make... most medical men had made it in their day. But Jameson was old, he had always been so sure of himself, he was the big frog in the little puddle, people were used to accepting his pronouncements and feeling that from them there could be no appeal. Perhaps he had grown a little careless, confident that the king could do no wrong.

He had known himself what he was going to say. He'd known only that he missed her, that latterly she always seemed surrounded by a dozen unimportant people and that it was imperative that they be alone together for a little while, perhaps not even talking much but just standing close together, with their regard on the stars... and their awareness of each other. For certainly if he sat as close to her as he had a moment before, she must have felt something for him if only a dim reflection.

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