

# SALUTE TO Love

by Rachel Mack  
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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Kate and Caroline Meed live on a farm, Mead Meadows, with their indolent, lovable grandfather, Major Sam Mead, and two old Negro servants, Althy and Zeke. Kate is engaged to Morgan Frontis, who neglects her for Eve Elwell, beautiful and wealthy. Major Mead loses the farm to Jeff Howard, a bitter young mountaineer. Kate hates Jeff for taking their home, but he, in spite of her insolent treatment, finds himself in love with her. Kate decides to give up Morgan, just as he is on the point of jilting her for Eve. Needing money, Kate and Caroline work up a cottage cheese route, but soon afterward their lives are changed. One day Kate finds Caroline crying. Questioning her, she learns Caroline is preparing to marry Mr. Grayson, a well-to-do widower whom she does not love. Kate protests against this sacrifice.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

## CHAPTER XXIII

CAROLINE hesitated, then burst out breathlessly. "Mr. Grayson promised me \$1000 a year for Granddad! For the house here. He says he's always admired Granddad and would consider it an honor to give it, through me. He's a kind man, Kate!"

Kate was too surprised to answer for a moment. Then she said, "Yes, he is kind—but he's even smarter than his kind, Caroline. He's buying you. You're 30 years younger than he is. You're other desirable things, too—pretty and feminine and easily managed. Aren't you worth a thousand a year bonus, over and above your board and keep?"

"You've no right to put it like that," Caroline protested.

"I've a right to discuss the bargain when my sister sells herself. You can't stop me. He asked you last night, of course? I thought you looked queer when you came upstairs. When he's coming for his answer? Plenty soon, I'll bet."

"Tonight," Caroline admitted. "I don't mind it, Kate. Really, honey! I don't know what made me cry. Just nerves, I suppose."

Kate asked, "Do you mind being poor so dreadfully? I mean, is it getting you down?"

Caroline twisted her hands together, like a child distressed. "It's not the work I mind, Kate. Or this dinky little house. Or even the doing without things. It's—it's the fear!"

Kate could not pretend to misunderstand. She, too, had felt it. Fear of debt and failure and family dissolution. Fear of sickness, even death, without money to carry it through.

CAROLINE said in a gentle, tired voice, "We'll not be able to pay out, Kate. Every week we go in debt a little deeper. With no coal and food, and warmer clothes."

"We can make our old clothes do!" Kate answered sharply. "Are you too proud to wear patches? We can eat plainer food! Caroline, we haven't time to go to the store. We won't have to burn coal till the dead of winter. There are old trees on the place that Zeke can cut. We'll get a man to help him, on shares. There's our fuel! And Howard's baked goods. There's several dollars cleared a week, right there!"

In excited staccato phrases she tried to show Caroline that they could weather the winter. "Besides," she said, "I still got that'll bring us in a few hundred! It's as good as done—only don't ask me about it yet. Oh, Caroline, promise me you won't throw yourself away like that! Promise me you'll tell him 'No'!"

Caroline was looking at her younger sister in bright relief. "You're wonderful, Kate! I thought I had to do it. I thought I was being noble, but I was just being a spineless fool. I'll tell him whatever you say."

KATE replied grimly. "I'll not trust you to do this anything. I'll make you write it. The man over-persuaded you last night. I'll not give him another chance at you. You're sort of weak willed, and yet you have an enormous capacity for self-sacrifice."

Caroline had reached for pen and paper. "I'm ready to write. Can you stop scolding long enough to dictate?"

"Yes," said Kate. "Write this, 'Dear Mr. Grayson: My answer to your proposal of marriage is 'no.' I appreciate the compliment you have paid me, and I shall always be deeply grateful for your inclination to help my grandfather, but those feelings are not enough for marriage. Are you keeping up, Caroline?"

"Yes, and I changed 'compliment' to 'honor.' That's kinder. Go ahead."

"All right. . . . Thirty years is too great a difference in age. Somewhere, I am sure, there is a woman more suited to you and a man more suited to me. Let us try to find one. Sincerely, Caroline Meed."

"I think it's a very good letter," Caroline remarked when she had written her name. "It's much plainer than I could have said it."

Kate was getting into her riding clothes. "Now lick the flap," she instructed, "and I'll deliver it at once."

KATE lost no time. In half an hour she was leaning from her horse, putting the letter into Mr. Grayson's hand. "It's from my sister, Mr. Grayson. . . . No, thank you. I won't stop. I'm in quite a hurry."

She rode away and left him frowning the envelope in surprise. She thought, "I hope he doesn't read it till I'm out of sight. I hope he isn't too much broken up over it."

She could not feel greatly concerned for Mr. Grayson because he had brought all this on himself. He needn't have gone out of his way to pick out Caroline, 30 years his junior. There was Miss Alice Fenwick, who'd been in love with him for goodness knows how long. Even before his first marriage, people said, Miss Alice was a handsome woman not much past 40 with a cheery disposition and many excellent traits of character. If Mr. Grayson had any sense at all he'd appreciate her.

No, Kate decided, she would not distress herself over Mr. Grayson. She had rescued Caroline from a ghastly mistake and that closed the chapter. Something else must be done now. Something that required more courage than tossing a letter at Mr. Grayson.

SHE touched Brown Boy with her crop and turned his head toward home, but when they reached

Rickety House she did not turn in. Her destination was two miles up the road. She came to the Hold farm and let herself and Brown Boy through the gate that led to the barn. There she found Mr. Hold, for whom she was looking.

She said to him, "Last year you wanted to buy my horse for your son. I told you I'd never sell him, but I've changed my mind."

Mr. Hold who had come up to prosperity from the tenant class and was wholly proud of the fact, was a man of few words. He now yanked a suspender strap and spat reflectively.

Kate said, "I wouldn't offer him to anybody else, Mr. Hold. I know you'd never work him. Brown Boy wouldn't stand being worked. He's proud."

"Yeah," Mr. Hold remarked. "But I been thinkin' of a thoroughbred for Ralph. Man over near Lexington's tryin' to interest me."

Kate shook her head in disapproval. "A thoroughbred costs a lot of money, Mr. Hold. And then what've you got? Just a fast step-horse. Ralph ought to have a gaited horse. He ought to have a big comfortable riding horse like this one."

SHE rode Brown Boy up and down the lot, exhibiting his several gaits. Then she got off and held his head while Mr. Hold inspected him. "The man asked, 'How old he exactly?'"

"Turning 8 years, Mr. Hold. Just a youngster."

"Me an' you know 8 years is no youngster, Miss Kate," the farmer said with a laugh. "But he's a fine lookin' animal, at that." He took off the saddle and ran his hand approvingly along the horse's glossy back from withers to croup; stooped to hoof a strong hind leg from hock to hoof. "How much are you askin' for him?"

"You offered me \$400 last year. That was last year. Horse's older now and I'm harder up. If I put a lot of money in a horse, Miss Kate, I'd buy a thoroughbred."

"Will you give me \$350?" Kate asked.

"Yes, I will."

"Then write me a check right now."

away," Kate urged, "before I change my mind. I'll leave the saddle and bridle here and pick them up some other time. I'll walk home."

"You're sudden, ain't you?" Mr. Hold said with a laugh. "Will you come in and sit with my wife while I write the check?"

"No, thank you," Kate answered. "I'll stay here with Brown Boy." But she did not look at the horse, or pet him. She stuck her hands in the pockets of her jacket and tried to recite a crazy poem she had learned as a child. One of her shoulders rested against the horse's warm side.

Presently Mr. Hold came out with the check and she signed a receipt, holding the paper against the barn door. He said, as she started off, "It's a right smart walk for a hot day. Get on the horse and ride him home, Miss Kate. I'll send Ralph over for him later."

"No," Kate answered quickly. "No, I'd rather walk." She saw that Brown Boy had turned his head and was staring at her quizzically as she moved toward the gate. "Good-by to you, Mr. Hold. He's a horse that likes plenty of oats."

"Sure," Mr. Hold replied good naturedly. "He's a big fellow. Eats his head off, I reckon."

Kate paused again and came back a few steps. "You understand I wouldn't sell him to just anybody, Mr. Hold. Ralph's a nice boy with horses. I've watched him plowing."

"Sure," the man repeated, patting Brown Boy's anxious head. "Sure. Ralph'll treat him fine, Miss Kate. He's a good rider. They'll get along."

Kate was wearing a fixed smile. She let herself through the lot gate and walked out on the dusty lane. She walked very rapidly and did not look back. She said aloud, beating the weeds with her crop, "I could stand it all right if there was any way to make him understand why I did it—!" She meant Brown Boy.

(To Be Continued)

## Don't Forget to Vote.

By Shan Gray

Daily Short Story

OPERATOR, get me Royal 8888.

"Hello, may I speak to Mrs. Morrison, please? Oh, she's entertaining guests at dinner? Well, please call her anyway. This is important. . . . Hello, is this Mrs. A. J. Morrison? I just called to ask you to vote for Mr. Tumulty for Mayor tomorrow."

"Why, yes, I'm a representative of one of the women's clubs. We want to find out how much of a chance Tumulty has. . . . Oh, you were expecting to vote for him? That's fine. Col. Delafield would make nearly so good a Mayor."

"Yes, I know you must get back to the party but—just a minute, Mrs. Morrison! How about your three sons? Are they tumulty for you? I thought they would be. Thank you for your time. Good-by."

"Maritime 4543. Hello, Lorna? How do the votes?"

"I just called Mrs. Morrison. This is swell system! But don't you wish that we could vote, too?"

"I know—we are helping him by getting votes, anyway. Has Aunt Matie heard you phoning yet?"

"No, mother's out, and I'm all alone in the library. I'm all set to make another call."

"Royal 8888 again, please. . . . Hello, I'd like to speak to Mr. George Morrison. . . . But it's very important. Tell him—it's from headquarters. . . . Thank you. . . . Hello, Mr. George. . . . What? Uh—no—Jack—out about that deal yet. . . . But this isn't Sadie! . . . Mr. Morrison, I just want you to vote for Tumulty tomorrow. . . . What? . . . Well, you might be a little careless of your language! But—you must vote for Tumulty! Col. Delafield is not the right man. . . . Oh, you were going to vote for Tumulty, but after this. . . . Hmm—hung up on me, did you?"

"HELLO. . . . Oh, yes, Lorna? You seem kinda hoarse. . . . Do I too? I oughta sound older then. I don't sound like 17, do I? . . . Well, I still have a long list of the 'uncertain' ones. We'll get him elected, you bet. So long for now."

"I want Royal 8888 again. . . . Hello, is Mr. Harold Morrison there? . . . We'll, he asked me to call. . . . Hurry, please! . . . Oh, Mr. Morrison—I—I met you at a party once and you asked me a telephone sometime. . . . Who am I? You guess. . . . Yes, I know you are having a dinner. But you guess now. . . . No, I'm not Elsie. Nor Betty. . . . Well, I'll let you go. We'll, I'll let you go. Remember black hair an' soulful eyes. . . . I want Royal 8888 again. . . . But you haven't guessed me! . . . Did you say 'What's the big idea of all this?' Well, the idea is to get you to vote for Tumulty tomorrow. Oh, what's wrong with this phone! . . . What? . . . Am I the one who's been pestering your mother and brother and spoiling the dinner? Well, there are several of us phoning. . . . Now, Mr. Morrison, we don't intend to be nuisances. We just want you to vote for Tumulty. . . . All right. Good-by!"

RING Maritime 4543 again, operating. . . . Lorna? Am I all in? Politics is no cinch. It's sure taxing my poor brain. . . . don't laugh. I never had to think so fast before. Did you rope in the McDowell's? . . . Nice going! Have to get to work now. Bye."

"Royal 8888, once more, operator. . . . Hello, let me talk to Mr. Evans Morrison. Tell him it's about the football game. . . . Did I call a while ago? It must have been some one else. . . . Thank you. . . . Hello, Mr. Evans Morrison? I wanted to tell you how much I liked your playing in the college game last Saturday. . . . Oh, I'm just an admirer."

Well, perhaps we could meet—sometime. But, Mr. Morrison—you're 21, aren't you? . . . I thought so. You can vote then? . . . What? . . . Am I going to ask you to vote for Tumulty? Why, yes—you see, Col. Delafield. . . . The whole dinner party has been upset? My goodness, are you folks still eating? . . . Er—I said Tumulty is too the best man! I thought you would vote for him, and I just wanted to make sure. Your mother? Is that what the noise is? . . . Oh, all the guests are by the telephone now, too? . . . She

wants to talk to me? . . . Hello, Mrs. Morrison. What? . . . Could you talk a little lower? Did you say Tumulty? But, Mrs. Morrison! Oh! My ear! All right! Good-by! Don't forget to vote!

"SWITCH me back to Maritime 4543. . . . Lorna? Do I sound weak? . . . Yep. How you coming? . . . Spiffy! Think I'll call election headquarters now. . . . Oke."

"Main 1234. . . . Hello, Miss Burns? This is Maybelle. How does the election look? . . . Grand! . . . Oh, is he there? Let me talk to him, if he's not too busy. . . . Hello, Dad. . . . I just wanted to see how things were coming. You mustn't worry about the old election. Lorna and I have just been getting votes for you! . . . Oh—sort of soliciting. . . . Honestly! . . . Yes, I'm going to bed early. Big day tomorrow. And just think—about this time tomorrow night, I'll be the daughter of the new Mayor of Berkeley! . . . Oh, it sounds swanky? . . . Miss Maybelle Delafield, youngest daughter of his Honor, Mayor William Henry Delafield! . . . Okay. Goodnight, Daddy."

THE END.

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The characters in this story are fictitious.

Ask The Times

Enclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th-st., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—What is the best way to clean white bone buttons?

A—If simply dirty, articles of bone may be cleaned effectively by scrubbing with ivory soap and tepid water, using an old tooth or nail brush for the purpose. Grease stains may sometimes be removed by applying a paste of chalk or whiting and benzol, covering the article so that the benzol may not dry too rapidly. When dry, rub off with a stiff brush. If not removed with the first application, repeat the process. Articles of bone may also be whitened by exposure in a weak solution of Javelle water. The latter may be purchased from any drug store.

Q—How many votes were required to sentence a man to death in the Great Sandhedrin in Jerusalem when Jesus was tried?

A—In matters affecting life and death a majority vote was required, at least 23 members being present. But a majority of one was accepted only when 71 were present. That is, a vote of guilty by 36 to 35 could send a man to death. A majority of more than one was required in case fewer than 71 members were present. The vote began at the side that is, with the younger men, so that their vote would not be influenced by the votes of the older men.

Q—When was the outlaw, "Pretty Boy" Floyd shot and when and where was he buried?

A—He was shot on Oct. 22, 1934, and his body was sent to Sallisaw, Okla. He was buried in a little hillside cemetery near Atkins, Okla., on Oct. 28. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. W. E. Rockett of Sallisaw Baptist Church, assisted by the Rev. Owen White of Atkins Baptist Church.

Q—How many patents were issued by the United States Patent Office in 1933, 1934 and 1935?

A—In 1933 there were 50,766; in 1934, 48,523; and in 1935, 41,621.

Q—When was John P. Altgeld Governor of Illinois?

A—From 1893 to 1897.

Q—When was the initial showing of "The Big Parade" in New York City, and how long did it run?

A—It opened at the Astor Theater Nov. 19, 1925, and ran 97 weeks.

Q—What nationality are Bebe Daniels' parents?

A—Her mother is of Spanish descent, and her father was Scottish with a trace of French ancestry.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

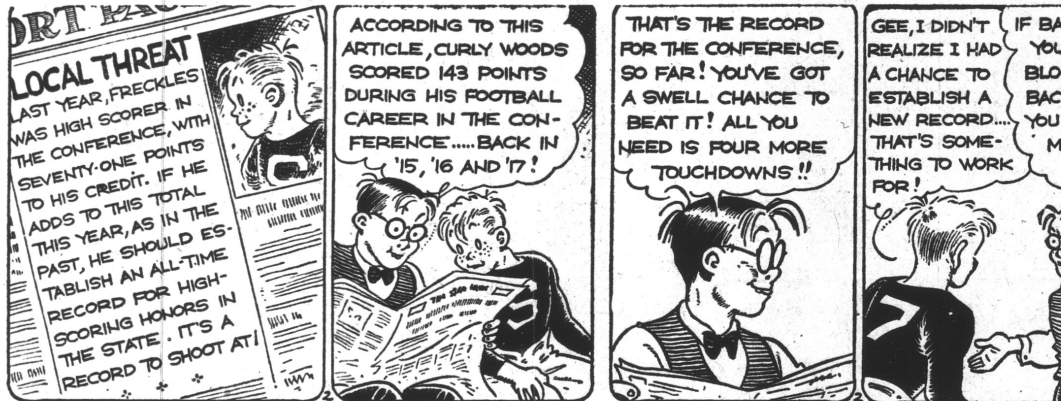
By Sylvia



LIL' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

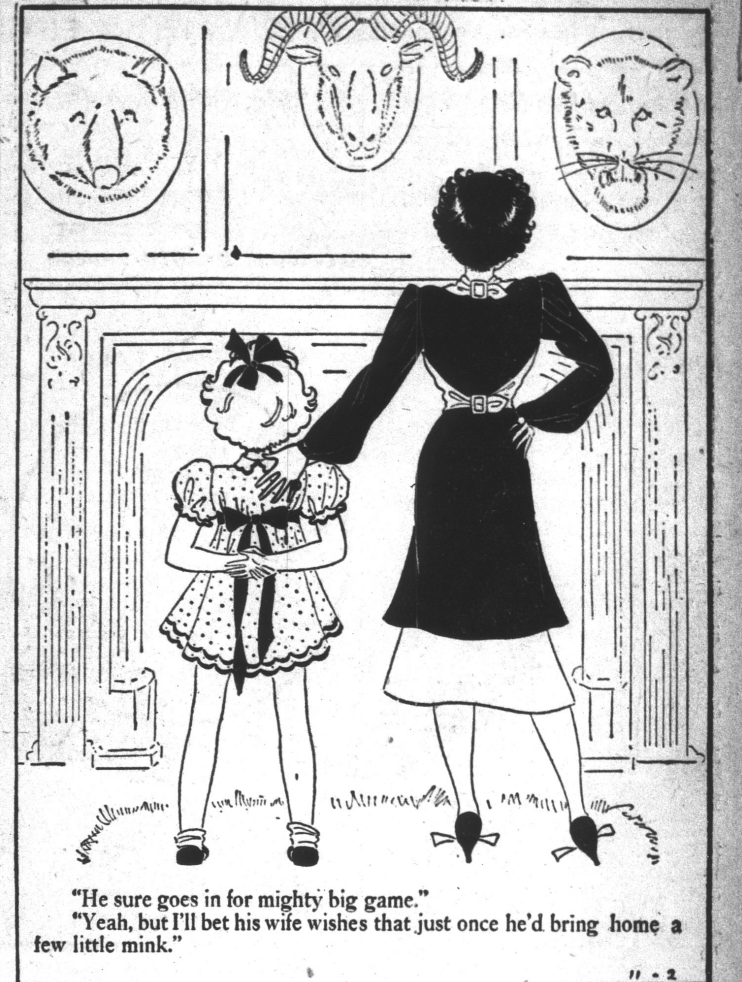


ALLEY OOP

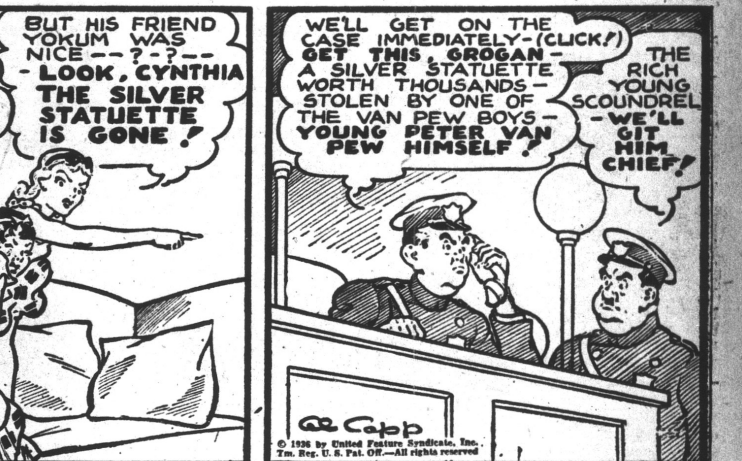


GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



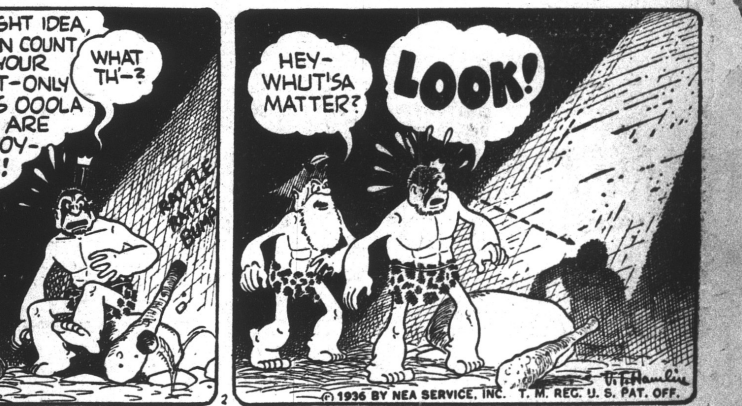
—By Al Capp



—By Blosser

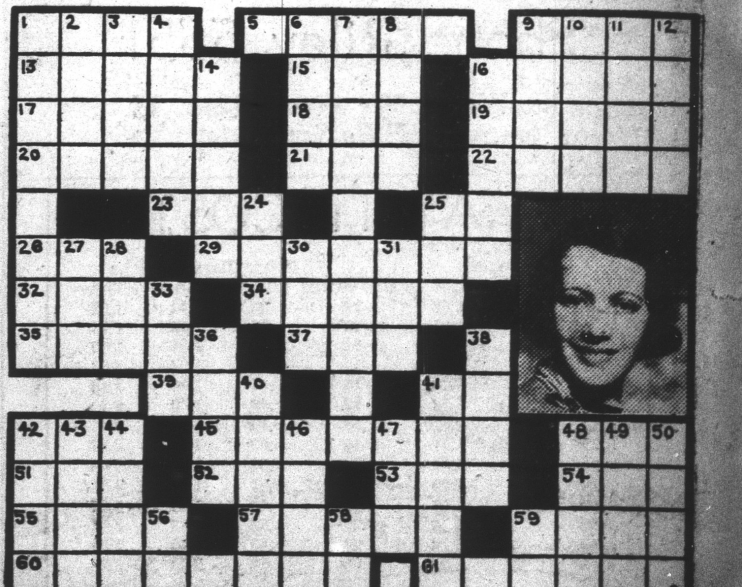


—By Hamlin



## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL												
1, 9 Diva who stars in motion pictures.	21 Turf.	22 Made a ballot choice.	23 Eye tumor.	24 To dine.	25 To doze.	26 To doze.	27 Cherubs.	28 To prepare for publication.	29 Nuisance.	30 Name.	31 To purchase.	32 Dower prop-erty.
3 Breakfast meat.	4 Quere.	5 Opposed to dead.	6 Ancient.	7 Imprisonment.	8 Queer.	9 Card game.	10 Age.	11 To dine.	12 By way of.	13 Electrified particles.	14 Yellow resin.	15 Nuisance.
10 To leave out game.	11 Wheel hub.	12 Sleigh.	13 Birds' homes.	14 Declaims.	15 Still.	16 Pronoun.	17 Sur.	18 Brooch.	19 Chest bone.	20 To handle.	21 Thick shrub.	22 Drove.
23 Indian cotton cloth.	24 Cravat.	25 Hodgepodge.	26 Fold of thread.	27 Finished.	28 Branches.	29 Born.	30 Kill.	31 Flat round plate.	32 Desert fruit.	33 Senior.	34 Before Christ.	35 Father.



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