

Clara Bow Returns to Catlow in New Type Dramatic Roll

Extra Feature for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Program

Country and... Clara Bow... dramatic roll... Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday Program

Lady Blanche Farm A Romance of the Commonplace By Frances Parkinson Keyes

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Mating through Vermont, near the village of Hamstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, meets the acquaintance, in unconventional fashion, of Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. From her, in conversation, he learns something of her family history, including her revolutionary father, Starr, a convicting from a serious illness and being a long distance from Burlington, his destination, Blanche suggests the small, cozy, bustling hotel that he become, for a night, a guest of her family, Manning.

You suppose I've lusted to be room-mate and rest—end pretty whenever Paul saw me I guess I'm just as human as any other girl, thing? Just as well as you do. "Well, I should manage to do them then, and to look well at the same time," retorted Violet so on, "your woman's duty to herself. "What about her duty to her family, if she's not content?" "Mercy, Mary, what a temper you have! No wonder Paul couldn't stand it! I'm sure I do my duty to my family, if any woman ever did, but I keep myself up, too. If you had more system about your household you could get it done all right ahead in this life. Nevertheless, "used her up" to have Mary so shockingly impertinent to her, as he turned to Jane in telling her about it afterwards, and she did not attack her in this same way again. Instead, she brought Blanche's letters and read them to her. And listening to these accounts of Blanche's happiness was to Mary, like having said she desired a little happiness, and she was thoroughly human, and she was very intelligent. She would have known how to squeeze out of every drop of pleasure that she could have had. But this was not the worst of it. The man whom Blanche loved, wanted to lavish all his good things on her, while the man whom she, Mary, loved, neglected and ignored her, and finally insulted her and cast her from him. Mary listened to Blanche's letters in silence, or said merely, "I'm glad she's having such a good time in a few roles, but when Violet left her alone again, she always sat for a time cleaning and unclenching her hands, dry little sobs of agony rising in her throat. But hardest of all—harder than facing the village gossip, harder than facing Violet's complacency—was facing her own heated pride her own accusing conscience. Long ago—she knew it only too well—she should have told Paul that unless he mended his ways their engagement must end. She had evaded an issue which she should have met. She had been a coward. Because she feared losing Paul, she had compromised with right, and now she had lost him after all. She felt that she deserved her unhappiness, and this was more bitter than any other she could feel. The man whom she had lost him. The thought of the words Paul had spoken to her in the hall that night after Blanche's wedding, the memory of his heavy breath and violet kisses, branded her with shame. She was chaste, proud, degraded in her own eyes, that any man should have dared to behave so to her, and that was lost in the memory of her being chaste and degraded in the eyes of her family. Had she, after all, deserved that, too?

You keep talking about having twins? she asked. "You'll have just one baby, I guess. "You wait and see! But I didn't send for you to talk about twins. I've got a new scheme, and I want to see what you think of it. Now that David and Jacqueline have built that splendid cottage hospital, I think we've come a long step forward in Hamstead. But after all, that only looks out for the people when they're sick or convalescent. I want to build something that will look out for them when they're well." Mary dropped her sewing. "What do you mean?" she asked excitedly. "Hamstead's the loveliest place in the world to live in," went on Sylvia, without apparent connection, "that is, I think so. But I can't imagine that it wouldn't have, when I was a youngie—especially if I'd been a boy. There isn't much to do."

"I see," said Mary, beginning to think that she did. "And so, as long as there isn't much to do, I'll just stay here, when I was a youngie—especially if I'd been a boy. There isn't much to do."

"I can't understand, myself," Sylvia said, "how many boys would have been here, if it were not for the fact that it's a perfectly normal and normal for a boy or girl to crave excitement and pleasure and activity and change. I'm a pretty good Episcopalian, but I believe that boys' souls have been saved by gymnastics as by churches! And I want that nice new coast of yours to start in on as soon as possible. The man whom she loved, neglected and ignored her, and finally insulted her and cast her from him. Mary listened to Blanche's letters in silence, or said merely, "I'm glad she's having such a good time in a few roles, but when Violet left her alone again, she always sat for a time cleaning and unclenching her hands, dry little sobs of agony rising in her throat. But hardest of all—harder than facing the village gossip, harder than facing Violet's complacency—was facing her own heated pride her own accusing conscience. Long ago—she knew it only too well—she should have told Paul that unless he mended his ways their engagement must end. She had evaded an issue which she should have met. She had been a coward. Because she feared losing Paul, she had compromised with right, and now she had lost him after all. She felt that she deserved her unhappiness, and this was more bitter than any other she could feel. The man whom she had lost him. The thought of the words Paul had spoken to her in the hall that night after Blanche's wedding, the memory of his heavy breath and violet kisses, branded her with shame. She was chaste, proud, degraded in her own eyes, that any man should have dared to behave so to her, and that was lost in the memory of her being chaste and degraded in the eyes of her family. Had she, after all, deserved that, too?

"I'm glad she's having such a good time in a few roles, but when Violet left her alone again, she always sat for a time cleaning and unclenching her hands, dry little sobs of agony rising in her throat. But hardest of all—harder than facing the village gossip, harder than facing Violet's complacency—was facing her own heated pride her own accusing conscience. Long ago—she knew it only too well—she should have told Paul that unless he mended his ways their engagement must end. She had evaded an issue which she should have met. She had been a coward. Because she feared losing Paul, she had compromised with right, and now she had lost him after all. She felt that she deserved her unhappiness, and this was more bitter than any other she could feel. The man whom she had lost him. The thought of the words Paul had spoken to her in the hall that night after Blanche's wedding, the memory of his heavy breath and violet kisses, branded her with shame. She was chaste, proud, degraded in her own eyes, that any man should have dared to behave so to her, and that was lost in the memory of her being chaste and degraded in the eyes of her family. Had she, after all, deserved that, too?

Would Create County School Board System

Reduction of Illinois' 12,000 school districts was recommended in a report read by B. C. Moore, dean of Lincoln College, and approved at the closing session of the state teachers' 79th annual meeting in Springfield, Dec. 27, 28 and 29. Establishment of large districts would effect a saving of from 8000 to 10,000 annually in each, it was stated. Officers of the association elected for the coming year are: Mrs. F. Blanche Peck, Chicago, president; George O. Smith, Princeton, first vice president; Senator N. M. Mason, Oakley, Miss Lela Hill, East St. Louis, Frank Jensen, Rockford, members of the executive board. Robert C. Moore, Carlinville is secretary of the association.

Use of Leisure

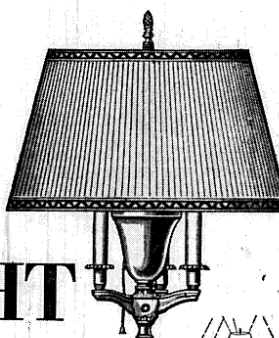
"Of course, it is true that some persons kill themselves solely by overwork, but the fatalities that can be definitely traced to that cause, are few. It is the work and play combined that usually do the real damage; or to express it more succinctly, it is the misuse of one's leisure time." In the opinion of J. Clarence Plunk, who writes "Is Your Leisure a Menace or a Help?"

Who has an old time picture of Barrington?

Have you any pictures of old Barrington—street scenes, buildings, persons or points of interest—taken over 20 years ago?

We want all such views we can get for display purposes. Will you lend them to the bank for a short time? Prizes will be given for the oldest and most interesting pictures. Look over your old pictures; you may have a prize winner. Contest closes Saturday, Feb. 4, 1933. All prizes will be returned to owners. Prizes will be announced later.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of BARRINGTON



This lamp gives the NEW LIGHT everyone is talking about

It's a simple thing but what a difference it makes in your living room lighting! Hidden under the shade of this new lamp is a reflector that focuses indirect light up to the ceiling and diffuses it evenly over the whole room. It's the bright-but-soft, flattering kind of light you need for entertaining. Because there is no glare, not a single heavy shadow, it's especially fine for bridge games. And there is a separate switch that turns on direct light for reading.

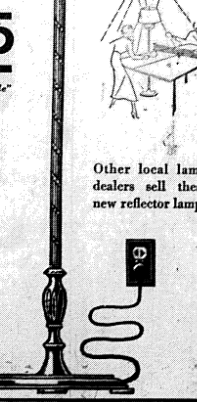
Pictured right is the outstanding reflector lamp value we know of. Its three-candle base is beautifully finished in gold or in bronze. Its pleated silk Celanese shade comes in gold, tan, rose or green, edged in braid to match. See it today at your Public Service Store. Only \$9.95 \$1 down "little by little"

Also featured at your Public Service Store is an indirect floor lamp with bronze base and pleated rayon shade in choice of green, rose, rust or gold. A remarkable bargain at only \$6.65. Another special—de luxe reflector lamp in either toned gold or bronze. The shade is silk crepe gold, tan, rose or green trimmed with metallic braid. \$14.95 cash. \$1 down "little by little".

Many other lamp specials featured this month

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Several outstanding facts about this Company should be well understood: (1) It is purely an operating company and is not owned or controlled by any other company. (2) The majority of its stockholders live right here—it is "home owned". (3) All of its officers and employees live here. (4) Its future is irreversibly dependent upon the growth and prosperity of northern Illinois.



Other local lamp dealers sell these new reflector lamps

GOLD STAR MOTOR SERVICE, INC.

27 East Station St. BARRINGTON, ILL. Furniture Removals Local and Long Distance Hauling

MARY ONLY Sale of HOSIERY As You LIKE IT

50c Retail Price 75c Fine Cotton and Service Weight Every Good Shade

RED TIME ONLY Shoe Store

Mike Blake I Know

Men who are old father ask his advice. I can give you all the information I want from Mike Blake. I know him by the marks by using any other farmers, Mike Blake is the cost of a telephone is of being without one.

Mike Blake I Know

Men who are old father ask his advice. I can give you all the information I want from Mike Blake. I know him by the marks by using any other farmers, Mike Blake is the cost of a telephone is of being without one.

A Fictional name