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C. I. P. S. Co. advertises in this week's issue of The News.

**Lock-Out**

By DOROTHY BARNES

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WNU Service

IT REALLY wasn't Anne's fault. It was the wind's fault—or John's sister's fault—or the puppy's fault. But not Anne's.

To begin with, Anne and John had chosen Green Nook cottage because it was in such a secluded position. Anne wasn't afraid. There were no tramps. Besides, there was the friendly collie puppy. And Green Nook cottage was the prettiest place Anne had ever dreamed of owning. It was on a little spur of cliff that reached out into the ocean. The winds were so tempered that trees grew protectingly around the little house. And trees and ocean were combined to make a really beautiful outlook.

Of course, if you turned the other way, you saw the road. And you knew that, a mile along that road, there was quite a little settlement of cottages.

John and Anne settled for their first summer of marriage at Green Nook cottage. After they had been at the cottage for a few weeks, John's older sister Prudence, wrote that she would like to come visit them.

"Never mind, Anne," John had said. "Pru isn't so bad as she sounds. Of course she's rich. And she's had so much money for so long that she forgets it isn't convenient for other people, perhaps, to drop everything and entertain her whenever she wants. But she's not so bad."

So Prudence was coming to visit. With her husband, and two sons of fourteen or fifteen. And Anne had spent a busy day getting ready for them.

The two rooms for Pru and her family were all in order—excepting that the pillows needed pillow slips. The living room was in perfect order—excepting that the dust mop and dust pan leaned against the chimney, for a last run-around after dust. The dining room table was set—but Anne's Italian lace and linen napkins were even now piled on the ironing board in the kitchen, where the electric iron was heating, to be pressed into sparkling smoothness. Dinner was under way. Floating out the kitchen windows came tantalizing odors, even now, of this and that cooking on the stove and in the oven.

And now Anne was locked out. To get through the rest of the matter quickly, Anne had suddenly discovered that the cream was not as fresh as it should be and had decided to run down to the nearest village for more. She had given a quick mental look around and realized that everything was good for twenty minutes. Then she had rushed out the front door—and the door had slammed. A perverse gust of wind had done the trick.

The windows were all screened, with screens that hooked in on the inside. Anne decided she would go for the cream and think of a way to get in on her trip. If she couldn't think of a way, she'd get help. But when she reached her car, she realized that her keys were in her handbag. And that's where the dog came in. She had left her handbag on the porch, but the dog had dragged it with doors. He liked to chew leather handbags.

Anne walked around and around the house, peering in the windows, taking stock of things. The collie pup chew contentedly on her handbag in the living room, and each time she circled past the kitchen door the pots and pans steamed a little more tantalizingly the fact that soon one of them might go dry. Everything seemed to mock at Anne.

Minutes had passed—perhaps half an hour.

Finally Anne started to walk for help. She didn't know just what sort of help she was going for. Perhaps just a strong knife to cut out a hole in one of the screens. Perhaps a locksmith with a master key—only of course there wouldn't be one within miles. But anyway Anne, still dressed in a pink gingham house frock, started to walk for help.

An then the wayward breeze, that had so unoblingly closed her front door, played her a pleasant trick. Turning, it suddenly brought her the sound of an approaching automobile. And John's automobile, at that. None but his could make such a chuckling, coughing sound and still progress; John's automobile had seen better days. But it went, and with Anne's for her use and their use together, it did quite well enough until the cottage was paid for.

The breeze shifted again, and waited for several minutes before she had further news of John. Then she saw his car round a bend in the road not far away. In a few more minutes, they were back at the cottage door, Anne's troubles explained.

She bounded from the car the minute it stopped. "You dash back to the village for some cream, John. And just give me fifteen minutes—just fifteen minutes—and everything will be perfect. Hurry and open this door. I can smell something almost boiling dry!"

Anne put her hand on the knob of the front door in her impatience. It turned.

She looked sheepishly at John hurrying after her with his key. "The latch was off," she said. "Well—just give me twelve minutes, and I'll have this place ready!"

**Sidelights**

Hoarded gold is "illegal tender," an Oklahoma City woman found out when she tendered a \$5 gold piece to Joe McCuen, a court clerk, in payment of a fine for a traffic violation. Joe said, "Sorry madam, I can't accept it; maybe it will be worth something some day." So she gave him a \$5 bill instead.

It is said that one cannot get blood out of a turnip, but it appears there is blood in a potato. In any event, in an account of the development of the Katahdin, a new potato said to be almost perfect, government scientists relate that expeditions were sent to the original home of the tuber in Central and South America to obtain new potato "blood lines."

A new version of the origin of the term "honeymoon" is given by Harold M. Krebs, California bee expert. He declares that it was an old Babylonian custom to spread honey on the bricks above the door of a newly married couple, and that the aroma was supposed to cling to the house during the 28 days of the moon's complete revolution, or a lunar month. Therefore, we assume, the honeymoon should last 28 days.

Virgil Bennett, a 21-year-old farmer of Halls Summit, Kan., has a heavy heart, and has had for some time. Not because his sweetheart jilted him, or because of financial worries, but on account of a bullet it carries. Three years ago he was accidentally shot in the neck and the bullet gradually worked down until it lodged in the fibrous heart covering. He is said to suffer no inconvenience, does heavy work, and keeps track of the leaden missile through periodic X-ray examinations.

**Annual Township Meeting**

Notice is hereby given that the legal voters, residents of the Township of Ayers, County of Champaign, Illinois, that the Annual Town Meeting of said Township will take place, Tuesday, the 3rd day of April, A. D., 1934, being the first Tuesday in said month. The town meeting will open in Town Hall at the hour of 2:00 p. m. and after choosing a moderator will proceed to hear and consider reports of officers, to appropriate money to defray the necessary expenses of the Township, and to deliberate and decide on such measures as may, in the pursuance of law, come before the meeting.

Given under my hand this 10th day of March, A. D., 1934.

Harold O. Anderson,  
Township Clerk.

Rubber is produced from sap. And a good deal of rubbering is done by saps.

Women can keep a secret, all right, but sometimes it takes about a hundred of them to do it.

The Colorado National Service provides shelter huts for travelers in the Rockies.

Now the money changers may leave the temple because they can't find out what their money is worth.

A moment after Henry Winstead of Cincinnati remarked to friends, "I never felt better in my life," he fell dead of a heart attack.

More Americans wear spectacles than any other people. But think of the strain our eyes have been under during recent years.

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The total wholesale value of trucks and passenger cars produced in the United States and Canada in 1933 was \$970,200,000. Permanent on paper, but washable from clothes, a new ink is sold in a bottle that is hard to overturn.

