Call It Love

By MARGARET N. HOFFMAN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

"ANNE, please say you'll marry me. Give me the right to take you away from all this—"

Peter's blue eyes swept the bright, noisy room disdainfully. The swaying huddle of humanity on the dance floor. A night club transported to a secluded retreat outside a big city. The latest venture of Vance Graydon, their suave, sleek-haired host.

"You're sweet, Peter. And I'd say yes in a minute if it wasn't for the last half of your proposal. But I couldn't live without this. Without crowds of people and music and excitement."

"But this isn't real, Anne. It's only a substitute. A sham. And I'm fed up with living on the surface of things. Anne, please give me a chance. I can teach you to like the things that I like—"

"I do like them, Peter. But that doesn't mean that we have to bury ourselves somewhere. To give up our friends."

"Friends? I suppose that means Vance. He's the god of gayety at whose altar you worship—"

Anne shrugged slim bare shoulders. "And the answer to that one is?"

"That you'd probably prefer to be hostess of a penthouse apartment and a night club instead of a home."

"I hope that's true," a voice cut in unexpectedly.

Engrossed with each other, Peter and Anne had not seen Vance Graydon approaching. Now he stood beside their table, flashing black eyes intent on Anne's dark beauty.

"Vance, what do you mean sneaking up on us like this?" laughingly demanded Anne.

"Well, there's always the chance of hearing something interesting, for instance."

"Having a good time?"

"Of course. It's a lovely party. But for the last hour it's been dying on its feet." Anne looked over at Peter. That wasn't a nice thing to say, of course, but then Peter really had gone a little too far.

Vance intercepting that glance leaned over Anne. "Never mind. I'm going to see the musicians about some extra features, then I'll be back for my dance with you."

"I'll be counting the minutes."

Peter sat silent. Anne, suddenly repentant, leaned toward him. "I'm sorry, Peter. I didn't mean what I said to Vance. Not really."

"Oh, that's all right. I suppose I'm rather a wet blanket."

Suddenly the beckoned to a waiter to fill his glass.

"Why, Peter! Drinking?" Anne's eyes widened. "I thought you never touched liquor."

"Never is a long time, Anne. And I might just as well begin. Because if you won't play the game my way I'm going to play it your way." He drained his glass, slowly, deliberately. "Dance with me, Anne?"

After their dance the floor was cleared. A troupe of gypsies came out to dance and sing. Later girls in sunbonnets and gingham dresses sang a sweet sentimental song about love in a little house, against a backdrop of daisies.

When the last note died away Peter got to his feet. "Hey," he shouted, picking his way carefully through the crowded tables. "This party is dying on its feet. Let's give the little play boys a hand." He grabbed the leader's baton. Whipped the orchestra into a savage frenzy of sound.

The floor filled with dancers, amused, smiling. Vance came over to Anne.

"Well, this sort of thing does seem a little more than our friend Peter can manage."

"Oh, Vance, hadn't we better do something about him?"

"No, he'll run down after a while. And now let's forget about him, shall we?"

Anne rose with slow grace. Drifted out on the floor in Vance's arms. Two or three turns about and he had guided her into one of the private rooms. Here he held her tightly, his dark eyes suddenly smoldering, inscrutable.

"Anne, I can't live without you any longer."

He kissed her passionately, possessively. And in that moment Peter in his roamings came into the room and stood for a moment swaying, unseen, in the doorway.

"But Vance, I don't understand—" Anne lifted grave, questioning eyes. "There's something you haven't said."

"Oh, darling, don't go provincial on me. I'm not the marrying kind. But don't you know that the substitute I can give you will be more exciting than the real thing with any other man?"

"Maybe you're right." She stopped, eyes suddenly intent upon a scene in the other room. Peter holding aloft a glittering ring. Around him a bevy of shrieking, laughing girls with outstretched hands. "But there's one thing you've forgotten, Vance. And that is that there's no substitute for—love."

In another minute she was out of the room. Something small and glittering suddenly flashed over her head and by a superhuman effort she caught it within inches of another's expectant, grasping hand.

And then Peter was beside her.

"But Anne, I thought—"

"Never mind, Peter. Just put this ring on my finger and then please—take me home."

Jasmine Origin Unknown

Jasmine, often considered the perfume most pleasing to men in general, is obtained from a shrub of that name common in Asia and Europe. The origin of the jasmine is unknown, but it is known to have been brought to Europe and Asia, where it met instant approval and the plant is to be found almost anywhere in the two continents where the winter is not too severe.

At maturity the shrub grows to a height of from 6 to 10 feet and is covered with evergreen leaves and bears a white, waxy flower.



Awarded Vail Medals



Richard G. Olson — James J. Geagan

SILVER VAIL medals and checks of $250 each have been awarded two Bell system employees by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for noteworthy public service.

James J. Geagan, Boston, conduit worker of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, saved the life of a diver who was overcome in thirty feet of water. Diving repeatedly to locate the drowning man, he finally was able to bring him to the surface where he assisted in his resuscitation, with the result that the man fully recovered. This feat occurred July 30, 1931.

Richard G. Olson, Buffalo, porter of the New York Telephone Company, foiled the attempt of a robber to hold up the cashier in one of the company's offices. After frustrating the robbery, he aided the police in the man's capture.

Vail medal awards are made annually as a memorial to the late Theodore N. Vail, former head of the Bell Telephone System.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

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PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need, to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

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New Schedule Is Announced For Bay League Nines

With Rock Hall winning pulled up in the first half of the Chesapeake Bay League season the second half of the pennant chase will get started on Saturday, July 9. Rock Hall went through the first half with the loss of but one game, that to Cecilton last Saturday.

The second half schedule has been changed somewhat by President Metcalfe in order that the same teams will not play each other on successive dates. The schedule as arranged for the second half is:

July 9—Rock Hall at Sudlersville, Barclay at Cecilton, Church Hill at Chestertown.

July 16—Barclay at Sudlersville, Rock Hall at Chestertown, Church Hill at Cecilton.

July 23—Sudlersville at Barclay, Chestertown at Rock Hall, Cecilton at Church Hill.

July 30—Sudlersville at Church Hill, Rock Hall at Barclay, Chestertown at Cecilton.

August 6—Chestertown at Sudlersville, Barclay at Church Hill, Cecilton at Rock Hall.

August 13—Sudlersville at Rock Hall, Cecilton at Barclay, Chestertown at Church Hill.

August 20—Cecilton at Sudlersville, Barclay at Chestertown, Church Hill at Rock Hall.

August 27—Sudlersville at Chestertown, Church Hill at Barclay, Rock Hall at Cecilton.

September 3—Church Hill at Sudlersville, Barclay at Rock Hall, Cecilton at Chestertown.

September 5—Sudlersville at Cecilton, Chestertown at Barclay, Rock Hall at Church Hill.

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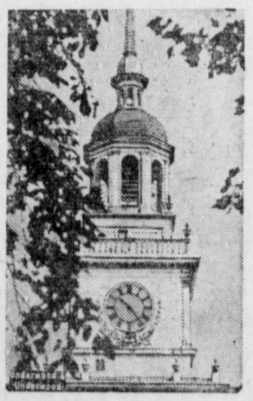
WORTHY HERO HUSBAND

The United States Gazette of July 31, 1828, published an oration given at a Valley Forge celebration by Peter S. Duponceau, who had been a companion of Washington, Greene and Lafayette.

"It is but little known and, it ought to be known everywhere," said Duponceau in conclusion, "that Washington's incomparable wife shared with him all the dangers and hardships of this never-to-be-forgotten winter. Yes, Mrs. Washington encamped at Valley Forge in the winter of 1778, undauntedly following the fortunes of her husband and of her country. I still see her at the head of that table, her manner reflecting the feelings of the hero whose name she gloried to bear. Her presence inspired fortitude, and those who came to her with almost desponding hearts retired full of hope and confidence in the wisdom of their rulers, in the talents of their chief, and in the high destinies of their country."—Detroit News.

LIBERTY'S SACRED SHRINE

Independence Hall Still Stands as Patriotic Inspiration.



Scattered along the Atlantic coast region from Boston to St. Augustine are countless historic old brick structures invested with the glamor of romance, of stirring, adventure, of heroic sacrifice and earnest, patriotic devotion to country, but nowhere is one instinctively moved to bare his head in a sincere reverence so much as in Independence hall, where something more than 150 years ago a handful of patriots dared the wrath of Great Britain and declared for American freedom. Even today one seems to feel the presence of those dauntless spirits in the very atmosphere of those plain, old-fashioned rooms, hung with mementoes of the days of '76.

About it hovers the best traditions of American patriotism. Other walls have rung with patriotic declaration, with impassioned oratory and bold defiance, but nowhere has loyalty to country and earnest devotion to the cause of liberty found such deathless expression as was voiced in that Declaration of Independence announced by the ancient Liberty bell in the cupola overhead on that memorable Fourth of July so many years ago.

Doubtless more loving care has been lavished upon this old building than upon any other in America. It stands today virtually as it was in '76.

Here the Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4, 1776.

The convention which adopted the framework of the government of the commonwealth, including the Bill of Rights, met there in 1776. On July 9, 1778, the Articles of Confederation and perpetual union were signed there by eight states, the others signing later. Here sat the Supreme Court of the United States from 1789 to 1800. Its name was changed to Independence hall after Lancaster became the state capital.

"GODFATHER" OF OUR NAVY

Belated Honor Accorded Great New Englander.



A short time ago the courthouse green of the old town of Edenton, N. C., enjoyed an animation it had not experienced for a century. The occasion was the unveiling of a monument in commemoration of Joseph Hewes, "a godfather of the American navy." Charles Francis Adams, secretary of the navy, was the principal speaker.

Hewes was born at Princeton, N. J., 220 years ago. In 1760 he moved the headquarters of his shipping business to Edenton. The town has changed little since that time. In the Revolutionary era it was said that "within the vicinity of Edenton there was in proportion to its population a greater number of men eminent for ability, virtue and erudition than in any other part of America." Their spirit seems to haunt the place. The whole neighborhood is in effect a monument to the Eden patriots of 1776.

The Hewes monument is of white marble, designed in the Georgian tradition. The concept of the architects, Robert Perry Rodgers and Alfred Easton Poor, is in tune with the time at which they say the memorial should have been set up—150 years ago. On the front face a frigate has been carved instead of the conventional coat of arms usual in the Eighteenth century.

Joseph Hewes was a well-to-do ship owner. He was sent to the Continental congress as a delegate from North Carolina. Because of his great knowledge and experience in maritime matters, he was chosen secretary of the marine committee and was the guiding spirit in developing its original fleet of thirteen ships.

Hewes had among his friends John Paul Jones, and it was to him that Jones applied for a commission in the Revolutionary service. Jones never failed to testify to his gratitude to Hewes, and throughout his career managed to maintain an epistolatory correspondence with the committee secretary, who was his "political angel."

Hewes died at Philadelphia November 10, 1779, just before the arrival of the news of Jones' victory over the Serapis. His importance to the cause of independence is summarized in a phrase written to him by Jones: "You more than any other person have labored to place the instruments of success in my hands."

Hewes' name appears among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Like Washington and Carroll, he staked a fortune as well as his life when he signed.

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