WILLY---THE YOUNG CLERK

LEILA MADDOX went to the telephone table that stood under the stairway in the rear hall of the old Maddox homestead out on the Bradley road.

To the average young woman of twenty-eight, this would have meant nothing. Leila had come with her carefully compiled grocery list in her hand to order the day's necessities over the telephone.

After she had called the number she wanted, trembling, for the voice to answer.

"Hello," came in mellow tone across the wire.

"Good morning," said Leila, "who is this, please?"

And always the same answer would come: "It's Willy—the clerk."

Then Leila would proceed, asking in detail about each item. Was the butter fresh? Were the oranges sweet enough for mother? Would the boy come early?

Leila's mother had been an invalid for years and the entire responsibility of the household had fallen on the girl's shoulders. She seldom left the house, and perhaps that is why the voice of "Willy—the clerk" at the big grocery store where she traded in an adjoining village had become so important in her daily life. She had never seen the owner of the voice, but she gathered from the even tone, day in and day out, that Willy led about as exciting a life as she, herself, led.

After she had rung off each morning and had replaced the telephone receiver, she went about her tasks of housekeeping and nursing with a feeling that the day's pleasure was over.

One morning the old village doctor came downstairs a little more briskly than usual.

"My dear," he began, "I find that your mother will need a stimulant today in the shape of this prescription. She seems a little weak."

"But—are you going back to the village, doctor, or are you on your country rounds?" she asked, perplexed, for a moment, as to how she was to get the medicine from the druggist. Her father was away for a few days and there was no one to go on the errand.

"Ain't the grocer comin' this way, maybe?" asked the resourceful old doctor.

"Oh, yes, of course. I'll call them right away," said Leila, her face lighting up. She was so accustomed to her mother's "weaker" days that they no longer depressed her.

The doctor said good-by and left Leila at the telephone.

She found that the delivery boy had left for the Bradley road section but Willy—the clerk—assured her that he would find some way to get the prescription filled and delivered to her.

Inside of an hour Leila opened the door to greet a tall, good-looking man of perhaps thirty years.

"Miss Maddox?" she asked.

Leila knew the voice, at once. "Why—yes," she stammered.

"This is the prescription from White's. The chemist asked me to explain to you that you must be careful to keep this out of reach. Perhaps the doctor told you. Too much of it would be—well, it wouldn't do."

"Won't you come in a minute?" asked Leila, suddenly remembering that this man had made the trip of four miles for her during busy hours and that the least she could do would be to show her appreciation.

"I was only too glad to be of service. I—" He hesitated for an instant and then went on. "I have rather wanted to see Miss Maddox for a couple of years. After so much telephone—a—communication—I—well, I just wanted to see what you were like. I am 'Willy—the clerk,' you know." He laughed oddly and Leila wondered what he hid beneath the twinkle in his eyes. She found herself liking his eyes as well as she had learned to like his voice.

"You've been with Warner & Co. a long time," she said.

Willy nodded. "So long," he laughed, "that I am now—Warner & Co."

Leila was taken completely aback. "Then—"

He cut her short. "Yes—I know what you would say. But when I started in at the grocery I was 'Willy—the clerk,' and it became such a habit with me to answer to that name on the phone that I have continued it—with certain customers, just for old times' sake."

"And you are—"

"William Warner," he said, simply. "I hope that it won't make any difference?" There was deep concern in his tone and in his eyes.

"Oh—no," Leila hastened to assure him.

"I hope your mother will be better," he said as he left.

Leila thanked him. How her heart thumped as she tried to tell her mother casually of the kindness of the grocer! For some reason or other, she did not reveal more of the story.

But it was not many months before it was necessary for her mother to know all. Leila and "Willy—the clerk," were engaged to be married.

"But, remember," Leila explained to her lover one night when he had come out to sit with her and play nurse. "it was only the voice of 'Willy' I fell in love with."

Think It Over

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done.

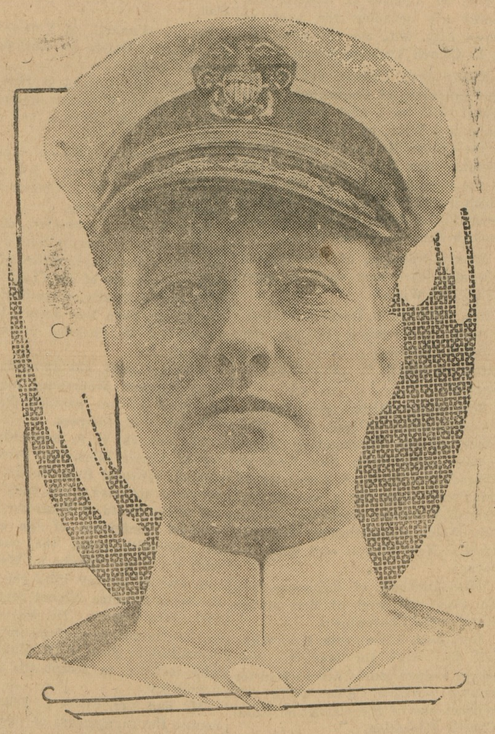
An Aberdonian in Rome

Two Scots met at the club last night. Said Mac from Angus to Mac from Aberdeen, "I hear you've just come back from the grand wedding in Rome. How did you get on? Did you do as the Romans do?" "No, man," was the answer, "Ah did the Romans."—London Morning Post.

Not a Heart Breaker

Another peculiarity is that no financially poor man ever breaks a heart.—Arkansas Gazette.

School Children Hear Byrd on Veedol Hour



This summer's vacation for more than twenty-five million school children did not include a more enjoyable hour than Rear Admiral Richard S. Byrd's radio talk Monday evening. For to these young admirers the South Pole explorer dedicated his first important broadcast.

The event immediately followed Rear Admiral Byrd's official welcomes in New York, Washington and Richmond, Va., and on the air between 9 and 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time, June 23rd, from the studios of WABC over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Sponsors of the program were the Tidewater Sales Corporation, makers of Veedol Motor Oil and Tydol gasoline, used exclusively by Byrd on his expedition into Little America.

It was the first extended radio description of Byrd's historic flight on November 28-29 last; its dedication to the boys and girls in the United States was one of Byrd's United States was one of Byrd'soJ first requests on returning to his family after an absence of almost two years.

So young America welcomed Admiral Byrd. He talked for about 25 minutes. He gave a vivid descripti of the hardships encountered on great adventure, and presented interesting picture of life on the edge of the great Antartic ice barrier and its tremendous value to geographic knowledge.

Where Agriculture Gets Off Today

Responsibility for the prevailing economic distress as seen by Representative Harry C. Canfield of the fourth Indiana district, a member of the House Ways and Means Committee, is attributable in large measure to languishing agriculture threatened with further prostration by a tariff bill designated to promote the grasping greed of selected industries.

Elaborating his views Mr. Canfield said:

"When we reflect that the farm population represents nearly one-third of the Nation's total buying power, and that buying power is curtailed or destroyed, it is easy to understand why so many factories are either idle or running only part time and why millions of working people are either wholly without jobs or are working only part time.

"We will never have permanent and continued prosperity in this country until agriculture is placed on a permanently prosperous basis. Agriulture will not be restored to a prosperous condition until the recent appaling shrinkage in the value of farm lands and buildings is repaired and until the farmer can sell his products at a resonable margin above the cost of production.

"It is appalling to consider," continued Mr. Canfield, "that whereas the 1920 Federal census placed the value of farm lands and buildings in the United States at more than sixty-six billion dollars, in 1929, according to the Department of Agriculture, their value had fallen to forty-five billion dollars, a shrinkage of more than twenty-one billion dollars. Add to this the fact that during the last year, prices of staple farm products such as wheat, cotton, corn, etc., have touched the lowest figures since before the World War, and we get something like an adequate picture of the serious condition of American agriculture.

"With the exception of Senators Smoot and Grundy, and a few others like them nobody has been found who would say a good word for the pending Hawley Smoot tariff bill, yet it looks as if that monstrosity will de forced on the country and has President Hoover signed it, despite its denunciation by experts and laymen alike, and despite the fact that it appears it will involve us in a ruinous trade war with nearly every other country in the world."

"During the first four months of this year we saw our experts fall more than 380 million dollars under our exports for the same four months of 1929, while the total of our foreign commerce dwindled more than $700,000,000 under the total for the same four months of last year.

"The so-called Hoover farm board has been operating for almost one year. During that time, wheat and cotton have reached the lowest prices in more than fifteen years. The farmers are getting less than cost of production for their crops. If the Hoover administration is to be measured by the sucess or failure of its effort to keep its pledge to relieve the farmers distress, then the adminisration is a failure."

Ideas Must Be Carried Out

Ideas are fine things to have; the world wouldn't get far without them. But the idea must have behind it execution if it is to become worth anything. Remember, what you do counts for far more than what you believe.

Watt—So your wife isn't to be trusted with a car?

Howe—No, half the time she doesn't look where I'm driving.

Resolve to save!

Not now and then, but week-in, week-out. That's the kind of thrift that makes your cash reserve pile up speedily—try, and see.

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This KNOCKLESS Motor Fuel will improve the performance of your car

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... and it sells at regular gas price

TEST IT in your own car against any gasoline or motor fuel ... regardless of price

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THE ONLY TRUE BLUE

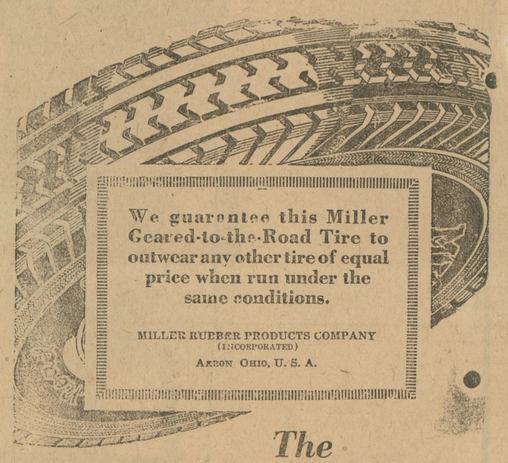
Test for KNOCKLESS QUALITIES as follows:

ON any smooth road get your car going about 25 miles per hour. Now advance the spark to the limit and throw the gas throttle wide open; then with your hand brake, gradually diminish the speed of the car until a perceptible motor knock is heard. At this exact point notice the miles per hour and set down this figure as the "knocking point."

The knocking point will vary in different motors, but the comparison of different fuels will be the same. Keep a record of the speedometer readings for each gasoline. Obviously the slower the speed before the knock is heard, the better the knockless qualities of the gasoline.

Your findings will prove the high knockless rating of BLUE SUNOCO

... A premium motor fuel at regular gas price ...
You save 3 or 4c per gallon



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