Miss Work spoke of many kinds of birds, giving much information about each.

Parts of the report of the Illinois Audubon society were read telling of the election of officers. Clifford Stout, a resident of Barrington and a member of the local bird club, was elected director of the state society.

House-Cleaning on Ships

On the seas between the two continents, there is no such thing as a spring or fall house cleaning. Passenger ships are house cleaned continuously all the way across the ocean and more thoroughly when they are in port.

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Hon. W. E. Brown Gives Lecture on Christian Science

Lack of Spiritual Vision Is Cause of Sickness and Poverty, Speaker Says

[illegible] the free [illegible] by Hon. [illegible] B. of Los [illegible] by the Scientist of [illegible] school auditorium. The guest [illegible] of the board [illegible] Mother Church, [illegible] Christ, Scientist, [illegible] introduced by [illegible] Pelatine town [illegible] Christian Science [illegible] founder, Mrs. [illegible] Brown said:

[illegible] difficult [illegible] than that [illegible] to the [illegible] which are [illegible] the things [illegible] eternal. From [illegible] the highest [illegible] to gain the [illegible] things of [illegible] centuries comes [illegible] Jesus the man [illegible] indicating the [illegible] Having [illegible] Paralleling this [illegible] there arises [illegible] measure com[illegible] of the Way [illegible] Lord that [illegible] In response [illegible] Science comes [illegible] the age-long [illegible] engaged in a practical [illegible]

[illegible] houses tonight a [illegible] which exists [illegible] purpose of providing [illegible] mankind, to [illegible] perceive the [illegible] Paul: 'Eye hath [illegible] heard, neither have [illegible] heart of man, the [illegible] hath prepared for [illegible]

[illegible] of gaining spirit[illegible] revealed by Solomon, [illegible] Where there is no vi[illegible] perish.' A careful [illegible] Bible in the light of [illegible] shows that a lack of [illegible] is the cause of sin, [illegible] and that the only [illegible] universal remedy for [illegible] acquire spiritual vi[illegible] to instruct others [illegible] vision.

Spiritual Understanding

[illegible] woman, Mrs. Eddy, [illegible] this age the fundamental [illegible] of gaining spiritual vi[illegible] whom did she receive [illegible] this impelling spiritual [illegible] the things of God, to [illegible] that she might show them [illegible] venture? She was led step [illegible] step proof by proof, to disclose intuitively believed to [illegible] this she writes in her [illegible] and Introspection' [illegible] discovery came to pass [illegible] During twenty years [illegible] every I had been try[illegible] all physical efforts to a [illegible] and in the latter part of [illegible] the scientific certainty [illegible] was Mind, and every [illegible] phenomenon.'

Material Versus Spiritual Sense

[illegible] esting and significant to [illegible] Mrs. Eddy's discovery of [illegible] in 1866 is now being [illegible] considerable degree [illegible] of today. [illegible] to see the universe as [illegible] the ultimate goal of [illegible] This ability is not de[illegible] without a wealth of [illegible] edge, but sound morals [illegible] necessity; in other [illegible] pure in heart can see [illegible]

[illegible] these points, do you [illegible] great moral force [illegible] Do you not see [illegible] salvation—the gain[illegible] begins immedi[illegible] all conditions? Do [illegible] Christian Science is [illegible] helping individuals, [illegible] the world real, per[illegible]

[illegible] an individual [illegible] spiritual thinking [illegible] improved morals, [illegible] and you have [illegible] factor in the [illegible] the world, a fac[illegible] begins to shape [illegible] accordance with the [illegible] and to cause [illegible] operation the [illegible] one is as much [illegible] as he is in record[illegible] encourages others to [illegible] the only real [illegible] of mortality."

Morris to Get New Bridge Over Illinois River

[illegible] highways recently [illegible] for the construc[illegible] highway bridge over [illegible] the Illinois and [illegible] Morris.

[illegible] Bridge and Iron Co. [illegible] awarded the con[illegible] structure on a pro[illegible] and the McClintic [illegible] of Chicago was [illegible] for the super[illegible] of $122,822.11. [illegible] start soon and the [illegible] to be completed [illegible] 15 months.

Ads Bring Results

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

THE STORY

CHAPTER 1.—A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly and speaks of "an awful shock." When he leaves her for a moment at a drug store she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, still wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. From the evidence of her clothing and wedding ring, inscribed "H. L. V. to D. M., May 19, 1932," she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. At the Biltmore the nameless girl meets a young woman who speaks of her desire to go to Reno for a divorce, if she can get the money. The woman vanishes with the nameless girl's purse, and $900.

She had thought of the long mirror in the ladies' room. Surely one good look at her face and figure would bring back something important. She walked rapidly now, feeling more hopeful. Wasn't there something unconsciously directing her? She fervently hoped so.

Then the face of the only man she knew flushed before her. The man in the taxicab. Her reverie ended abruptly. She turned into the ladies' room, saying fervently, "Oh—oh—perhaps—perhaps—after all that man wasn't my husband!"

Then she saw herself in the mirror. And everything else faded from her mind because though she said with relief that she was young and pretty, that she was well dressed and had an air of smartness, not one flicker came into her mind of any kind of recollection. She could not even decide whether she had ever seen herself before or not. She stood and gazed and gazed deep into her own eyes.

"Well, you'll know yourself the next time you see yourself, Girlie," said a voice. "But if you haven't anything to do for the rest of the day, would you let me take a crack at that mirror for a minute?"

She turned.

A girl was grinning at her. A rakish dashing girl with lips a lively red.

"Hello," she faltered. Perhaps this girl was her friend.

"Move over, Cutie." The stranger's violet eyes were ringed with mascara. Her pretty lids were painted blue. "Got something in my eye, and this is the only mirror I can get close to."

"That's a shame," said the nameless girl sympathetically. She wanted to shout. Do you know me? What's my name?

The new girl fished a speck of black out of her eye. "There. That's that!" She stood back and eyed herself with critical admiration.

The nameless girl watched with a friendly eye, hoping that the new comer's greeting had meant a former acquaintance. But the girl took no further notice of her for the moment.

The nameless girl took off her gloves to wash her hands. There was the wedding ring again. She thought: Wedding rings are usually inscribed on the inside. She drew it off and began to examine it.

She found the inscription:

"H. L. V. to D. M. May 19th, 1932."

H. L. V. to D. M. The bride groom would be H. L. V. And he had given the ring to the bride, D. M. And on their wedding day which was May 19, 1932.

She examined the ring wondering, turning it in her fingers.

The other girl spoke again. This time her voice held a note of humorous sarcasm.

"You're lucky that way, too!"

"Lucky?"

"Yeh! Got a wedding ring. I'm that way, too." Her husky voice grew more satirical. "Lucky, lucky me. How do I get so lucky?"

"You don't sound as if you liked being married." The nameless girl spoke disinterestedly.

"Do I look crazy?"

"Not at all. Tell me—" The nameless girl paused. She wanted to ask if this talkative woman had ever seen her before. But it was hard to find the proper words. Such a question would seem very odd. She fingered her ring thoughtfully. May Nineteenth? She wondered how long ago that was. "Do you know the date today, by any chance?" she asked finally.

"Do I know the date? Ask me? I'll do ask you."

"She asks me. She asks me the date. Ask me now if I can forget it. The answer is no. No, I can't. Excuse me, Girlie, for inflicting my personal personal life on you, but you asked me the date. The date is on tag. Get it—der tag!"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"You wouldn't. It's just one of those things."

"The day—"

"The day I say good-by to all this. The day the big fight starts. And believe me, it's going to be a good old war while it lasts. The day, in words of one syllable, that I go off to prison."

"Prison!"

"Yeh. But I don't mean what you mean. I'm going to be a bird in a gilded cage, dearie, see? But, excuse me, you asked me for the date, didn't you—it's the nineteenth."

"Not May—Not May the nineteenth!"

The talkative girl swung around, and put her hands on her hips. Her expression was a little sarcastic. "Now listen. No kidding! Do you think it's December the nineteenth? It's May the nineteenth, Girlie, and—" She went on talking, but her audience was no longer listening. She was thinking. This was the nineteenth of May and—her wedding day.

She looked once more into the mirror. Her eyes were starry with excitement. Beside the varnished face of the other girl she looked very young and very beautiful, but she was not thinking of that now. She was thinking that some of the pictures of her jig-saw past were beginning to fit in. She had been married that day to the man in the cab. She hated him. The shock of marrying him had made her lose her memory, and no wonder.

"If I Had the Dough, Baby, Believe Me, I'd Be on My Way to Reno Now."

Her action in leaving that man had been purely instinctive. But she was glad that she had done it. Still, she wondered, was it as simple as it now seemed? She married a man she hated and then lost her memory because he was so horrible, and then had left him. She was not satisfied. It seemed too easy an explanation. Why had she married him? She would have to find him again sooner or later and tell him that she must divorce him. She could do that at Reno—for this strange chatty girl to whom she had scarcely been listening was talking about Reno.

"If I had the dough, Baby, believe me, I'd be on my way to Reno right now."

"It's easy to get a divorce in Reno, isn't it?"

"If you have the dough! But that's a big if, Girlie."

"How much does it cost?"

"About a thousand dollars, including the trip and everything, but I know a girl who did it for seven hundred and fifty. She had a friend living out there, and her living expenses didn't cost her anything."

"It doesn't take very long, does it?"

"It takes exactly six weeks. Oh ask me anything about Reno. I know. I've been studying up on it like it was the Bible. You got to go out there and establish a residence, stay there six weeks, then file your suit. . . ."

As she talked the nameless girl was wondering. It was a little fantastic to be thinking of Reno when she did not yet know for certain that she was unhappily married. Could it be possible that the man in the cab was not her husband? Surely in a few moments she would be able to remember about herself, and when she did there would be time enough to make plans.

"So it's actually the nineteenth of May today."

"Hi—I yes. There you go again."

The nameless girl slipped her wedding ring slowly back on her finger.

The girl in the blue coat winked. "Not so crazy about it, eh—well, there are a good many like you, Baby." She leaned over and examined the nameless girl's ring more closely. "It's not a bad little item to hock," she said.

"I think I'll throw it down the first sewer I come to," said the nameless girl.

The women grew kindly and fervent. "There's always Reno," she said. She became thoughtful. "If that cheap-skate husband of mine weren't so d—n stingy—Baby, there's always Reno, if you have the dough. And you seem to have plenty!"

"You mean I could get a divorce?" said the nameless girl.

"It's easy in Reno—specially for a girl like you with plenty of cash."

The woman's eyes had dropped to the open hand bag on the dressing table. The nameless girl wondered if she could divorce a man whose name she did not know.

"Reno!" said the girl in the blue coat. "G—d! And if you knew what I have got to go through you wouldn't hesitate." She rambled on in a tone that was full of a resentment and self-pity. The nameless girl paid little heed. Again she noticed the woman's eyes on the bills that were visible in her purse.

Now it occurred to her to count them and find how much she had. As she did so a silence fell over the small room of which the two were for the moment the only occupants.

There were nine hundred dollars in bills. And something under ten dollars in her coin purse.

She closed her purse, and as she did so, she was aware of a certain tenseness in the atmosphere. She turned her head to stare at the other girl, and she could have sworn that as she did so the woman turned away as if to give the impression that she had not been watching the younger one. Her former friendliness was washed from her face, but there was a watchfulness in the lines of the figure that the nameless girl could not understand. Perhaps the other girl did know her. Perhaps that was why she had spoken. And perhaps the lack of response in the nameless girl had offended her.

So she reasoned, not in any way connecting the girl's sudden change with the large roll of bills she had shown.

"I've met you some place, haven't I?" she said at last half timidly.

But the other girl no longer wanted to talk. "Doubt that," she said briefly.

The nameless girl saw a towel rack and a row of wash stands in an adjoining room. She rose and went in, leaving hat and purse on the tiny dressing table.

Her feeling of depression had now completely lifted. She was separated from a man she hated. She was in a comfortable hotel. She had plenty of money. She would make up a name, register under it, and try to get a good rest.

She washed her hands in warm water. Then she let ice water chill her wrists and hands, thinking that the shock might restore her memory. She looked up thoughtfully in the glass. She was completely alone. Yet somewhere surely she must have friends. Perhaps they were looking for her now. She smiled. She would remember. Of course she would remember.

She turned to go into the outer room. The girl was gone.

She went to the small dressing table and picked up her hat and fitted it slowly on her head. Then she looked for her purse, made the gesture of picking it up, and found that her fingers slid over the smooth surface of the dressing table only. The purse was not there.

It was not on the floor. It was not in the room.

She walked out into the lobby once more. It was evident that the girl had taken it, but she was nowhere to be seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nearly All Dairy Herds in State T.B. Tested

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