

right, I hardly expected to rent it instantly, anyway. Did Tom tell you what I have to get for it?"

"Oh, yes, he did, Edward," said Dorothy, "and we can pay that, can't we, Jack? We didn't mean to pay quite so much, but it is such a dear little house we just simply have to have it, don't we, Jack?"

"It looks like the place we want," Jack Smith agreed, smiling fondly on Dorothy. "I'll drop in and talk it over with you, Ed—the lease and so forth."

They had to go then, Dorothy said, because they had an engagement at the Inn, and with many backward looks at the cottage they got into Jack Smith's little runabout and drove away.

Edward, as he went through the cottage with Tom Belden, felt an inexplicable glow to which he was not accustomed. It was not that he was so satisfied with the cottage, nor that he had so quickly rented it, but—although he did not know it—the brief contact with Dorothy Dale had warmed him.

He had never known her well and he had never bothered much with girls but he was suddenly aware that Dorothy was a lovely person, and he felt that slight jealousy that almost every young man feels when someone very nice is pre-empted by some other fellow.

That evening as Edward was going

awful things. So I just told him I could never, never marry him, and he got so angry. I got out of his car right here. And—oo-hoo!"

There were people coming up the street, people bent on looking at the cottages already erected in Tom Belden's Brightwood Acres, and it was not seemly to have Dorothy boo-hooing on the doersill. Edward unlocked the door and opened it.

"Come inside," he said. "People will see you."

Just how it happened Edward never exactly knew. They went inside and he turned to close the door and when he turned back Dorothy's head was against his shoulder and she was sobbing there, leaning on him. It was easier to retain his balance by putting one arm around her. Her sobs lessened. She was lovely even when she cried, and presently her sobs died away and she rested there in his arms a minute, and then looked up at him with a pitiful sweet smile.

"You're so good, Ed-ward," she said. "I don't know why you are so good to me."

That was the first time she used that caressing "Ed-ward," clinging to the last syllable of it, and it thrilled Edward.

"I couldn't help—no one could help being good to you, Dorothy," he said earnestly. "You're so pretty

"Yes, but wait, Ed-ward," pleaded Dorothy. "I can't get out unless somebody gives bail. I have to have a thousand dollars bail."

"Good heavens, honey!" gasped Edward. "But I haven't got a thousand dollars."

"I know, Ed-ward," said Dorothy even more meekly, "but you don't have to have a thousand dollars, not in money. Mr. Giffing says any real estate will do, so if you just bring the deed for our dear little house you can get me right out, Ed-ward. You will, won't you, Edward? Because you don't want the girl you are going to marry to be in jail, do you, Edward?"

"I certainly do not," said Edward grimly, "but what are you in jail for?"

"Why, it's scandal—no, libel. That's it, Ed-ward—libel. I wrote a letter and I guess it made Jack Smith just awfully mad, so he's suing me for libel, Ed-ward. For \$10,000, Ed-ward."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Edward again, and he hung up.

He got his deed out of the safe and hurried downtown to the jail. Dorothy was not actually in jail; she was in the courtroom, sitting in a chair near the corridor that led to the jail, with an officer in another chair and Lawyer Giffing in another.

When Edward appeared Lawyer Giffing led him to the bail-clerk and in a minute Dorothy was free until her case should come up. Lawyer Giffing seemed to think that nothing tremendously serious would come of the matter.

"I'll have to go into it," he said, "but you need not worry; this little girl will never go to prison."

"And, Ed-ward," said Dorothy as if all her troubles were now over, "he's only going to charge us \$200. Isn't that lovely?"

"Oh, yes; certainly—certainly," said Edward but without much enthusiasm.

It was not until the next afternoon that he heard from Dorothy again. She called him at the office and her voice had a triumphant ring.

"Edward," she said, "I've just had a conference with Mr. Giffing, and he says he is sure I won't have to go to prison. And he says \$10,000 fine and damages is just ridiculous, Ed-ward. He says they always ask for more than they expect to get. Isn't that grand, Ed-ward?"

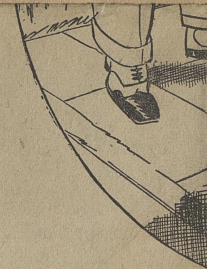
"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," said Edward.

"He says it can't possibly be more than \$4,000," Dorothy went on. "And we can manage that, Ed-ward, because Mr. Giffing says the Savings Bank will be glad to lend us 70 per cent of the cost of our dear little house, and 70 per cent of \$6,000 is \$4,200."

"Oh!" said Edward. "And that comes out perfectly right," said Dorothy happily, "because that will be the \$4,000 I'll have to pay, and the \$200 to pay Mr. Giffing. And you'll come up to see me this evening, won't you, Ed-ward dear?"

"Er—no," said Edward hoarsely. "Not this evening. I—I don't feel very well. I feel sort of sick, Dorothy. Not this evening."

The next morning, somewhat pale and shaky, Edward went to the Sav-



"It's the dear little house we just simply have to have it, don't we, Jack?"

ings Bank and Billy Stross, cashier, was glad to lend him on our dear little house. He gave Edward a long application sheet to fill out and that afternoon Edward was reading the sheet and filling in the blank places after the questions it, now and then pausing to look out of the window, his face long as his whole attitude one of reluctance. The phone on his desk rang.

"That pest!" Edward muttered before he had time to think what was saying.

"Ed-ward?" queried Dorothy in voice. "Is that Ed-ward?"

"Yes, this is Edward," he answered. "What is it, Dorothy?"

"Why, I've got the grandest news for you, Edward," she said. "I me I hope you won't be awfully angry. Because you won't have to mortgage your dear little house, Ed-ward. And you can get your deed back because I don't have to be on payment anymore."

"Good!" said Edward. "Good! What happened?"

"Why, Mr. Giffing thought I ought to write a letter of retraction to Jack Smith, so I did, Ed-ward. Because there wasn't a word of truth in what I wrote Margaret Miller."

"Margaret Miller?"

"Yes; Jack Smith began to quarrel with her when I—when we had our quarrel, and I didn't think it was right for her to get engaged to him and marry him, perhaps, unless she

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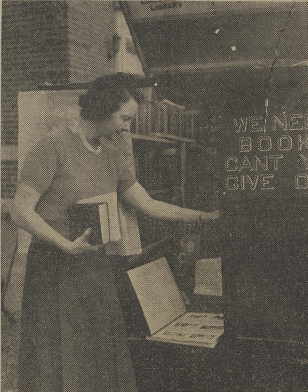
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A Library On Wheels Brings The Riches Of Literature To Rural Fayette



Note The Concentration—This Story-Teller's One Of The Best



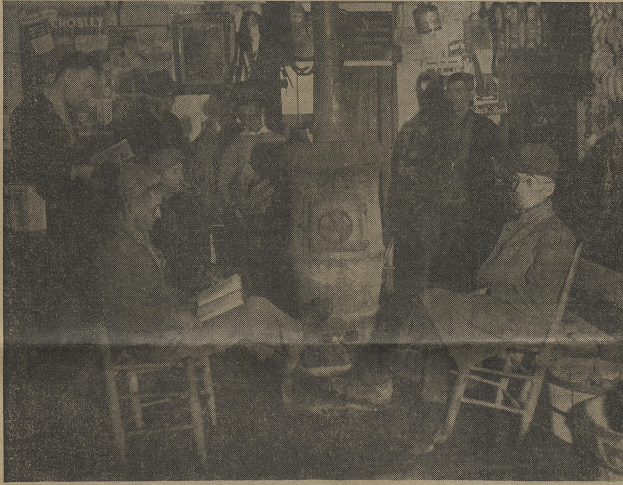
Mrs. Dugan Looks Over The Stock



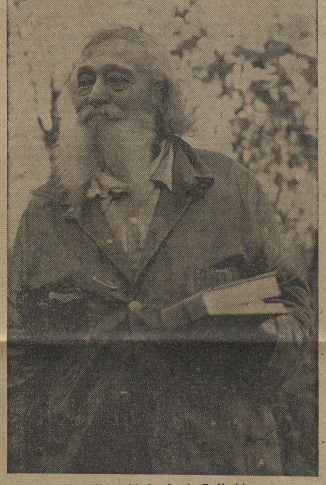
A Circulator Sees That Rural Boys Are Provided With Books



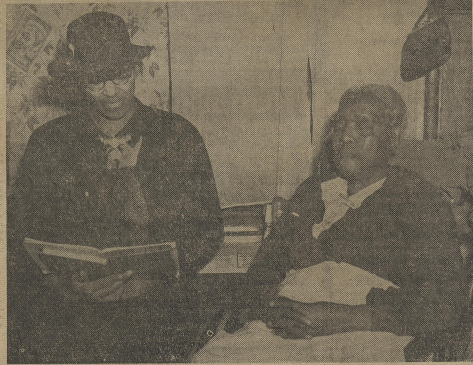
A Store Of Fun For Nights At Home



Changing Times In The Rural Store—Gone The Whittler And The Cracker Barrel



Reading Maketh A Full Man



A Voice And A Book Enlighten A Darkened World

If you go into the rural sections of Fayette county these days, you may come upon a trailer and an eager group of youngsters and oldsters and a man or woman with an armful of books taken from the back of the car.

The trailer will be the vehicle of the Fayette county circulating library, the man or woman the circulators, and the crowd the readers.

This traveling library for rural folk, established last August, was the first of its kind in the United States. Its results have been amazing. In its six months, it has distributed 21,217 books and magazines to country readers. The periodic arrival of the trailer, or of one of the cars which is used in lieu of a sufficient number of trailers, is eagerly awaited at 10 centers or stations.

The books come, in large part, from the Lexington public library, which, after 14 1/2 years, thus extends its service to rural residents. The books are loaded from the library building, in the basement of which branch headquarters is located.

Other sources of books are the library of the Fayette county board of education and interested individuals and eastern libraries. (Already, more than 1,100 books and thousands of magazines have been donated to the branch.)

The county circulating library is supported by four civic organizations, the public library, the Fayette Community Council, the county board of education and the Works Progress Administration.

A \$14,000 project, it has given employment to 22 men and women, who are pretty well convinced that they have the most fascinating job in the world—that of bringing to others the riches of literature.

First of its kind, the library also established the first Negro library center in the county, the first service to blind Negroes and shut-ins to whom books are read aloud, and the first story-telling for groups of Negro children. Incidentally, the "baby" station in the library's rounds is the Kentucky Houses of Reform at Greendale, where both boys and girls benefit as a result of it.

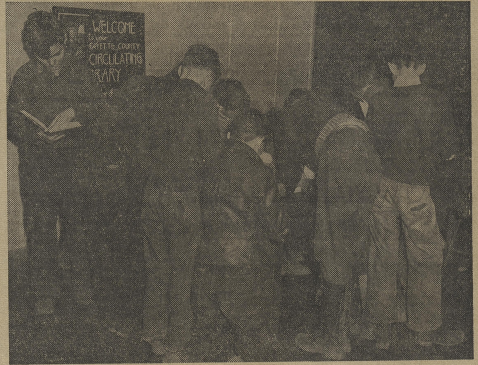
"Read-aloud" hours are conducted each Thursday at the Durbin's tabernacle branch on the Richmond pike. Boys' reading clubs have been organized, and children's radio story hours are conducted twice weekly. This month's program includes original stories based on authentic incidents in the lives of famous Kentucky pioneers.

"People have walked two or three miles from their homes to the centers to get books or to listen to stories. Even bus drivers on routes to centers have become patrons." Mrs. Hammond Dugan, supervising librarian of the county project, said in describing the enthusiasm with which she and her associates have been received. "Many county people have been so out of touch with public library books since they left school they did not realize the thousands of good books which have been written in more recent years."

A supervisory body of women, known as the "friends of the Fayette library," acts in an advisory capacity for the project. Mrs. Preston Johnston is chairman of the group.

Other co-operating agencies include the county agent's office, Fayette county Homemakers, county P. T. A. units and 4-H clubs.

By Frederick Jackson



When Books Arrived, They Didn't Notice The Photographer



These Young Readers Wait To Check Out Their Books



"Wizard Of Oz," "Alice," Or "Mowgli" All Grist For Their Mill