

Hundreds of Cities Are Waiting For Factories of the Kind Now Offered Sullivan

Growth is essential to every business that seeks success

THE SULLIVAN PROGRESS

The Progress Strives always to enlarge Sullivan's trade area

ED C. BRANDENBURGER, Publisher

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1929

ORGANIZATION FORMED FOR BIG SHOE FACTORY DRIVE

Executive Advisory Committee Headed by J. A. Webb, endorses project. Headquarters a busy Place for Workers

Brown Officials Here Today

Preliminary Activities Look Toward a Thorough and Efficient Working Organization, to Participate in a canvass of Everybody in the City and of Non-Resident Property Owners and Wholesalers.

The big task of organizing this community for the Brown Shoe factory drive is progressing satisfactorily. Some of the busiest men in the city have laid aside their important work, to devote practically all of their time and attention to this matter.

Meetings are continually in progress at headquarters or in offices of those interested.

Vice President McCarthy, accompanied by his chief engineer, general factory superintendent, and chief architect, came here this afternoon for a consultation.

While there is a feeling of confidence that success will

charge of the ward solicitation committees; Dr. J. F. Lawson will head the committee which will solicit the merchants; Paul M. Hankla is chairman of the committee which will work among the professional men; H. C. Shirey is chairman of the group that will work among the school folks; Dr. Wayne S. Williamson is chairman of the clean-up squad, whose duties will be definitely defined later.

Under the direction of vice chairman McLaughlin, the Progress editor is chairman of the newspaper publicity committee; Arlo Chapin of other publicity; Lieut. D. K. Campbell of rallies and parades.

C. R. Patterson is chairman of the Non-resident property owners solicitation committee; E. A. McKenzie heads the committee on wholesaler solicitation; Guy S. Little is chairman of the out-of-town committee to seek support in neighboring towns and O. E. Lowe heads the committee which will confine its activities to the farmers.

The Speakers Bureau

Judge George A. Sentel heads the speakers bureau and has already assigned R. B. Foster and O. F. Cochran to gatherings taking place in the county this week. Mr. Foster speaks tonight at the Jonathan Creek church chicken fry and Mr. Cochran will be at similar gathering in Bethany tomorrow. It is planned to have four-minute speakers at the Grand theatre before and during the drive. Raymond Scheer and Loren Brumfield are organizing for spreading

PHYLLIS ELAINE WOOD ARRIVED HERE SUNDAY

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. (Bo) Wood are the proud parents of a daughter born Sunday. This is the first born. Mrs. Wood before her marriage was Miss Phyllis Harshman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Harshman. The newcomer has been named Phyllis Elaine.

COUNTY LINE GRADE JOB LET

A letting was held here Saturday in the office of county superintendent Guy S. Little. The job was a grade fill on the county line road east of Findlay and west of the big new county line bridge.

This part of the bottom has been in bad shape during the winter months and at time was practically impassable.

The call for bids specified that there was to be a fill of 16052 cubic yards of earth borrow.

The bidders were as follows: Dan Cahill, Ramsey, 29c per yard—\$4654.08.

Pearl Loy, Sullivan, 27c per yard—\$4414.31.

Thomas Cruse, Peoria, 32c per yard—5136.64.

The Harris Co., Neoga, 24c per yard—3852.48.

Carnie Construction Co. Sullivan, 33c per yard—\$5297.16.

Eugene Kelley, Charleston, 35c per yard—\$5618.20.

J. P. Babcock, Paris, 18.39 cents per yard—\$2951.96.

On recommendation of the state engineer who was present for the letting, the height of the grade was increased, increasing the yardage to 24,000 cubic yards. On this basis contract was let to J. P. Babcock of Paris, Illinois who had been low bidder on the original specifications. He agreed to do the job at 17c per cubic yard. The total cost of the job will be \$4840. The work will be started in a few days with a drag line excavator and is to be completed by Dec. 15th.

The cost will be borne jointly by Moultrie and Shelby counties.

It will be noted that there was a wide price range in the bids submitted. Some bids submitted were almost twice as high as that of the successful bidder.

TWO YOUNG MEN HAD BIRTHDAY PARTY SATURDAY

Friday was the 5th birthday anniversary of Richard Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster. Saturday was the 5th anniversary of Tommy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Isaacs. In honor of the two young gentlemen their mothers arranged a party for them in Wyman Park Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Isaacs were hostesses to a large gathering of little tots who were present to help the birthday boys observe the great occasion. Ice cream cones and cake were served and each one attending was given a small favor.

Those present were as follows: James Lehman, Betty Queary, Billy Alumbaugh, Bobby Doner, Wilbur Rentfrow, Leah Rentfrow, J. C. Moore, Billy McIlwain, Charles Atchison, Jack Crockett, Myrna Crockett, Joyce Shasteen, J. C. Burks, Mary Cook, Betty Cook, Orville Foster, Billy Plummer, Bobby Peadro, Clyde Patterson Jr., Lois Tichenor, Betty Butler, Charlene Butler, Wvona Price, Bobby Drum, Junior McCorvie, Evan Hughes, Howard Billman, Helen Cook, Bernice Cummins, Doris Roley, Bobby Roley, Wayne Loeb, Shirley Loeb, Helen Baker and Donald Poisel of Decatur, Doris Foster of Lovington, Shirley Poland of Canton and Richard Foster and Tom Isaacs.

—Mrs. Fred Book who spent a week with friends and relatives returned to her home in Mattoon Sunday.

Men Who Manage Banks and Loans Back Factory Drive

The men who manage the banks and building & loan association together with the officers of the Sullivan Community Club have been organized into an Executive Advisory Committee.

They are heartily in favor of putting this Shoe Factory proposition over the top.

At a meeting of this group Tuesday night at headquarters, John A. Webb was selected as chairman. A resolutions committee consisting of C. R. Patterson, F. J. Thompson and R. B. Foster was named and drew up the following resolution pertaining to the factory matter, which was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS the Brown Shoe Company has proposed to locate a unit of their factory in our city, and whereas the proposition has been submitted to the public in a mass meeting called and held for that purpose, with the result that a request was made of those active in the matter that an effort be made to meet the requirements of the Brown Shoe Company.

AND WHEREAS persons present at this meeting have been selected as our executive committee, to have general charge and supervision of the efforts to be made by the community to meet the requirements of the company, and whereas the proposition has been explained to this meeting and it is the consensus of those present that the same is fair and equitable and that the establishment of the factory will be of great benefit to the community.

NOW THEREFORE, be it and it is hereby resolved that said proposition be and the same is hereby endorsed and recommended to the people of the community, and that they be requested to give said proposition their unqualified support.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the following memorandum of endorsement be executed by all present at this meeting and that said endorsement be made public.

ENDORSEMENT

To all citizens, tax payers and property owners of the community of Sullivan and to all people interested in the Brown Shoe Factory proposition.

We, the undersigned, who have been selected as an executive committee for the Brown shoe factory drive, do hereby endorse said proposition and heartily recommend it to all our friends and business associates, and respectfully solicit your earnest cooperation as we feel that the success of the proposition is of vital importance to the future prosperity of the city of Sullivan and surrounding community and neighboring cities and villages.

SIGNED:

Officers and Directors of the Merchants and Farmers State Bank

J. A. Webb, Frank Gibbon, F. W. Wood, C. R. Patterson, O. F. Dolan.

Officers and directors of the First National Bank

J. B. Tabor, Bliss Shuman, C. R. Hill, Dr. J. F. Lawson, G. R. Fleming, Chester Horn, J. L. McLaughlin.

Sullivan Building and Loan Association

Frank McPheeters, E. O. Dunscomb, Webb Tichenor, Raymond Getz, C. R. Hill, Paul Hankla, C. E. McFerrin, Chester Horn.

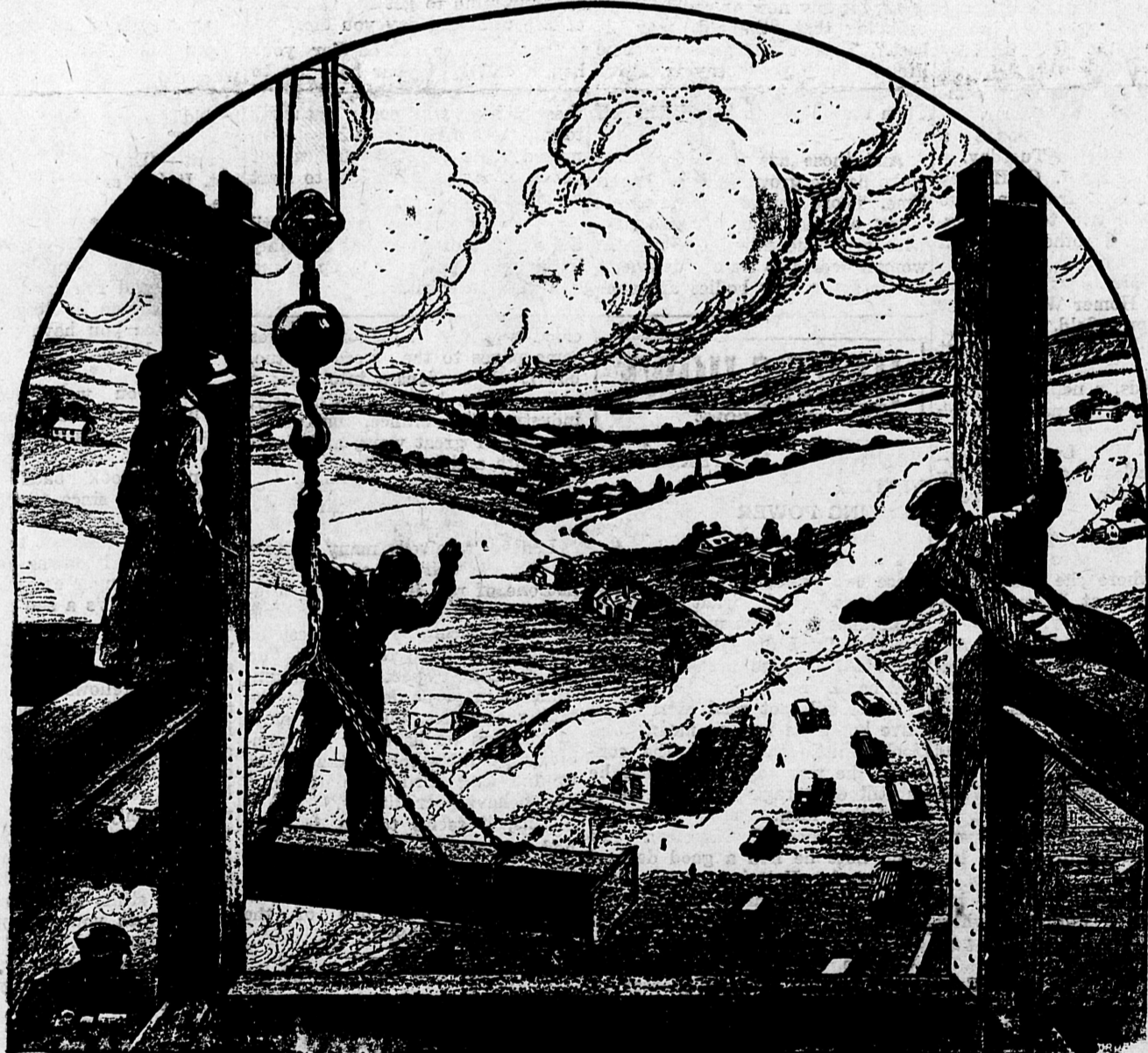
Moultrie County Savings Association

Frank Gibbon, F. W. Wood, J. A. Webb, R. B. Foster.

Community Club

Ed C. Brandenburger, E. A. McKenzie, John Gauger, F. J. Thompson

COL. CRAQUE HONORED
Friday of last week was the 88th birthday anniversary of Col. A. J. Craque a member of the interesting people who reside at the Illinois Masonic Home. Col. Craque is well known in this community because of his exuberant ebullition of optimism and good cheer. In honor of having reached the advanced youth of four score and eight, Superintendent A. E. McCorvie brought the Colonel with him as his guest at Kiwanis luncheon. Upon being introduced to those present the Colonel was greeted with vociferous applause and responded with a philosophical oration, short in duration, but freighted with advice which all will do well to heed.
The Colonel in his palmy days was an auctioneer, selling anything in the realm of divine or human creation.
—H. H. Studebaker who has just returned from an extended visit from the East is spending a few weeks at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Barnett before returning to his home in Lodi, Ill.



Building Shoe Factory, will start Sullivan on prosperity's road

attend the community's efforts, there is absolutely no assurance that such will be the case. The very utmost will be done to achieve success, but the outcome depends entirely upon the support given by the entire community.

Tuesday night the Executive Advisory committee consisting of about twenty-five men were organized. This includes all the officers and directors of the M. & F. State Bank; all the officers and members of the First National Bank; all the officers and directors of the Moultrie County Savings Association; all the officers and directors of the Sullivan Building and Loan Association, together with the Community club officers. John A. Webb, president of the Merchants & Farmers bank was elected chairman of this group. A resolution putting this committee squarely behind the proposition was adopted and signed. This resolution appears in today's paper.

The vice chairmen of the Executive Committee of five have been busy organizing the various groups under their direction.

Solicitation Chairmen

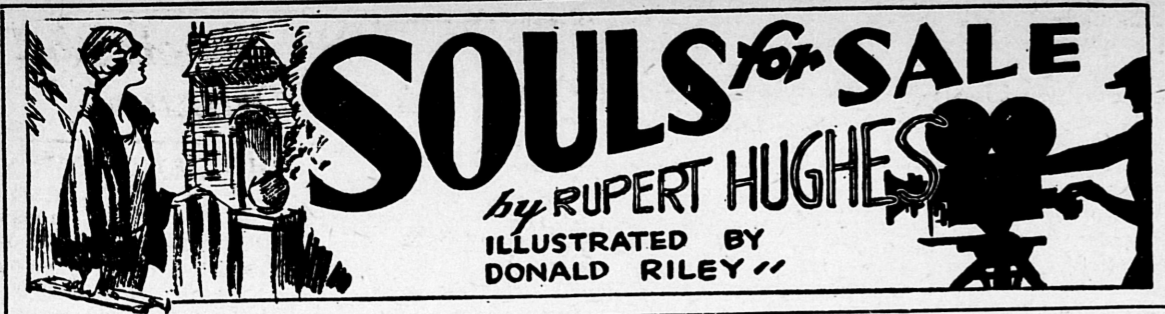
John J. Gauger announces that Dr. Johnson will be in

the information through the schools of the city.

Nailing a Few Rumors

As is usually the case, rumors and reports have been set in circulation which cannot be ignored. These rumors are to the effect that the men who are giving of their time and attention to this matter will profit substantially thru some of the funds raised. None but the suspiciously ignorant will believe such a canard. It is so absolutely ridiculous that it really deserves no mention, but as some people are prone to believe anything they hear, it may be well to state at this time that the committee in charge of the drive will publish an itemized statement of every detail of its work. It will give a close accounting of every cent subscribed and paid into the shoe factory fund. It will list in detail every expenditure. This matter is in the hands of all of the business men of this community, assisted by every other progressive Sullivan citizen.

The executive advisory committee headed by Mr. Webb will formulate the general policy of the campaign. It will not set the quotas. That is being done by a committee to which this task was delegated by the executive committee. (Please turn to page four)



NINTH INSTALMENT

He never said anything, however, that he might not have said before a crowd. He never tried to hold her hand or snatch a kiss or filch an embrace. Mem was constantly set quivering with expectancy that he would make some advance, some gesture of endearment, yet always unable to decide just what she would do if he did. But he didn't.

The picture and its final retakes were finished on a Saturday afternoon. There was an evening's idleness ahead. Claymore asked Mem to take a drive in his car, a long farewell flight about the familiar and the unvisited roads. She accepted meekly. Something told her that this drive was important to her fate.

Something was always telling her something. Nine times out of ten it was false, but she forgot the failures and recalled the coincidence.

Nobody had yet asked Mem for her self-respect as an initiation fee or an initiation rite. She was paid a weekly wage based upon her ability, her experience and her usefulness. She was paid in coin of the realm.

Her price would rise and fall according to the general market for moving pictures and her specific value. Her emotions and her beauty were commodities, and Steddon stock would be quoted on the Soul Exchange as the demand for it rose and fell, as the bidders for it increased or diminished. Claymore had been chaperoned by the company and his own reverence for discipline. But now she was outside his authority. Both were outside the Bermond inclosure. And they were as helpless together as any other twin whom nothing restrains or separates in the undertow of passion. They were two emotional people without a barrier.

Among the countless things said about the hows and whys of women's surrenders one motive seems to have been too much ignored, though it must have exerted a vast influence as women go more and more into the worlds of business, of art, and of freedom with only themselves for their guardians.

Good sportsmanship, a hatred of smugery, a contempt for too careful self-protection, a disgust for a holier-than-thou self esteem—these are amiable attitudes of mind that make for popularity. To be a miser of one's graces, a hypochondriacal cooiler of one's virtues, is to be unloved and unlovable.

So many a man will gamble,

break a law, risk his career, his health, his life, get drunk, steal, slay and play the fool rather than face the reproach that he is a mollycoddle, a Puritan, a prig, a Miss Nancy, a coward, a Pharisee.

And many a woman who would not yield for love or luxury must have consented for fear of seeming to be overproud, stingy, cold, prudish, disobeying, superhuman, subnormal, unspportsmanlike.

Mem had been swept once beyond the moorings by a summer storm of devotion to young Farnaby, her first love. Now she was to feel her anchors cut adrift by the gracious gesture of good fellowship with a colleague.

The Ocean Drive stretched along a forest of palms like huge cocoons dark against the gaudy west. The automobiles of every make were so many that they were almost one long automobile, or at least a chain on which they slid as black beads. Their lights were coming out now like early stars pricking a twilight sky. For miles and miles the highway mounted and writhed along the steep slopes of precipices, hugging the rocks to let pass car after car with lamps flashing in front of blurred passengers.

In almost every "bay" where there was a bit of space a motor had stopped and drawn close to the cliffside in the dark, each car a wheeled solitude, a love boat at anchor in a stream of cars ignoring and ignored. There was a strange influence in this recurrent mystery. Everywhere lovers were hiding themselves in conspicuous concealment. Mem felt disgust at the first dozen, amusement or contempt for the next fifty, tolerance for the next, and—

Claymore did not speak of them or of anything else. He was too busy twirling the wheel and gauging the little distances between the edge of the cliff and the cars that whizzed past.

Halfway up the canon his headlight ransacked a black cove and found no motor in possession of the estuary of night. And here, to Mem's dumb astonishment, he abruptly checked his car, swung off the road against the wall of rubble, and stopped short with a sigh of exaggerated fatigue.

"Well," he groaned, "this is a drive! I'll rest a bit if you don't mind. Pretty here, eh?"

From their cavern of gloom they looked across a fathomless ravine to a mountain on which the risen moon poured a silent Niagara. In the dozing radiance a creamy shaft of yucca stood, a candle blown out in a deserted

cathedral. The night air was of a strange gentleness, and the cars that shot past threw no light into their retreat.

There was a long, long silence that filled Mem with a terror she could not quite fail to enjoy. She could not tell whether she heard her own heartbeats or his, but excitement was athrob together in the little coach that had brought them so swiftly to this remote seclusion.

Claymore was dumb so long that Mem had time to cease to be afraid of what he would say, and to begin to wish that he would get it said, so that she could know what her answer would be.

She felt a baffling uncertainty of herself. She could not imagine what she might do or say. She had not had much experience of men, but enough to know that before long he would initiate the immemorial procedure that starts with an arm adventuring about a waist and a voyage after a kiss.

She told herself that the only right and proper thing to do would be to resist, protest, forbid and prevent at any cost the profanation of her sacred integrity. If necessary, she must fight, scratch, scream, escape, run away, appeal for help to any passer-by, or, as a last resort, leap over the cliff and die for honor's sake.

But who was that She and who was that Herself that told each other so many things?

Herself told She that Mr. Claymore could not be treated as an ordinary ruffian, an insolent, outrageous knave, a fiend. He had treated her with most delicate courtesy from the first, he had given her his admiration, his praise, his devotion, his mute but evident affection.

If he loved her and revealed his love, she could hardly reward his patient chivalry with prompt ingratitude and violence and fear. That would make her the insulter not him.

She must be very gentle with him and ask him kindly to forbear and not to spoil the pleasant friendship that she had prized.

If Mr. Claymore should propose marriage, that would make his caresses acceptable—according to some canons, though not to all. But he could not marry her and she did not want to marry him. She did not want to marry anybody just now. She was a free woman in a free country.

She was not free, however, from the witchery of this night, this dream, the vast yearning of this mountainous beauty. She was not free of the disaster of desire, the hunger to be embraced and kissed and whispered to, the need to be kept warm in the cold loneliness of the world.

Her thoughts spun giddily in her mind, all entangled with a skein of romantic threads. She was young and pretty and time was wasting her flowery graces. Some one bloomed!

While she debated with herself, as doubtless innumerable women have plights, Claymore's own mind was a chaos of equally ancient platitudes of a man's philosophy.

At length he found the courage or the cruelty to slip his arm about Mem's waist and to draw her close to him. He was almost more alarmed than delighted to find that she hardly resisted at all.

He took her hands in his and

whispered "Your poor little hands are cold!"

Then he kissed them with cold lips that he lifted at once to hers and found them warm and strangely like a rose against his mouth.

He was as much amazed as if hers were the first lips he had ever kissed—as if he had just invented kissing. Then in a frenzy of wonder he closed her in his arms with all his power. He did not know that the wheel bruised her side, and neither did she.

But she forgot to debate her duty or to think of her soul. She thought only of the rapture of this communion, and her arms stole around his neck and she clenched him with all the power of her arms.

Mem, swooning she knew not whether she was awakened from her mad rapture by a low voice across her shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt you, folks, but I need your money!"

She turned and found herself blinded by the glare from a motor halted at a little distance. Dazzled as she was, she could see the gaunt hand that held before her a black pistol with a glint outlining its ugly muzzle.

Claymore was sane enough to attempt no resistance, though he almost perished of chagrin. He endured the insolence of the masked stranger who stole the chain and a wallet and the loose silver.

The blackguard held his clubbed pistol over Claymore's head a moment, then forebore to strike, and dropped from the step with a last warning.

"Sit pretty now and keep 'em up till I get goin' or I'll—"

His car shot around the curve. Claymore brought down his aching arms. They were too much ashamed of themselves to return to their late post about Mem's shoulders.

A preverse remorse filled their souls with confusion; a remorse because of a wrong remorse, a disgust for an unaccepted temptation and for being so temptable.

A woman never quite forgives a man for not dying for her at the first opportunity. She probably never quite forgives him for dying either.

So the clever man evades the situation where a choice is required, as virtuous man evades temptation while it is yet far off. (Continued Next Week.)

BRUCE

Miss Emma Evans was a Sullivan caller Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Jessie Sampson and son Ollie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sampson and daughter Ruth spent Friday with Tom Reed and family of Bethany.

Miss Mabel Waite of Mt. Vernon is visiting relatives here.

Miss Ruth Kinsel is visiting in Windsor with friends.

Miss Letha Ledbetter was unable to teach school Monday on account of illness.

John Miller went to St. Louis Monday to seek employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Sears were visitors here Saturday night. Church services were well attended Sunday night.

GAYS

Mrs. Otto Shaffer and granddaughter Elsie Bernice Clawson and Francis Shaffer spent the week end with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Winings entertained relatives from St. Louis Sunday.

The Christian church held their Annual chicken fry in the basement of the church Thursday of last week. \$170.00 was cleared.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Fuller and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Smith in Mattoon.

Helen Estes of Mattoon spent the week end with her aunt Minnie Bolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Mont-

gomery and Mrs. Mayme Bell spent Sunday evening with relatives in Shelbyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Moberly and family spent Sunday with relatives at Turkey Run.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Price of Humboldt, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hopper of Allenville, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Patrick and family of Loza and Clara Price of Mattoon spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Newt Hopper.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Burkhead and family and Mrs. Albert Hopper and sons spent Sunday with Mrs. Kate Huntington.

May Shadow has gone to Terre Haute to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith attended a birthday dinner for her sister Mrs. Robert Waggoner at the Waggoner home near Paradise Sunday.

Mrs. E. Elza of Sullivan has returned home after a visit with relatives.

Fern Cullen spent the week end with her cousin Opal Curry.

Mrs. Emma Waggoner visited her sister in law Mrs. W. Swits last week.

Minnie Shadow and Billie Hummell spent Sunday with Mrs. F. Mills.

Mrs. Mabel Pleasant and family returned to their home in Indiana after a week's visit with relatives.

Mrs. Thomas Brinning entertained the Ladies Aid at her home here Thursday. About 30 were in attendance. Refreshments were served.

Lawrence Gammill and wife have moved into their new modern home which has just been completed.

Mrs. Harry McCulley and Mrs. Hattie Smith were Windsor callers Friday.

COLES

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clawson, Miss Katherine Clawson and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Davis and daughter Mary spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Bud Davis and daughter Fern.

Mrs. Frank Fugate and children Ellie and Bruce and Mrs. Bessie Spillman spent Wednesday with Mrs. Anna Armantrout and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clausen and Mrs. Katherine Clausen of Iowa and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Davis and daughter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Davis and daughter Fern, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Edwards spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cooley and family of Mattoon.

Mrs. Nate Hinton and Mrs. Omer Messmore spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Nellie Shirey.

Mrs. Daisy Kinsel has been visiting with Mrs. Nora Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hunt who have been visiting with his sister Mrs. Harold Hinton have

MONEY to Loan

I would like to make some small real estate loans. Parties interested inquire.

J. A. WEBB

We Grind Grain Into Feed

Just as fine or coarse as you want it

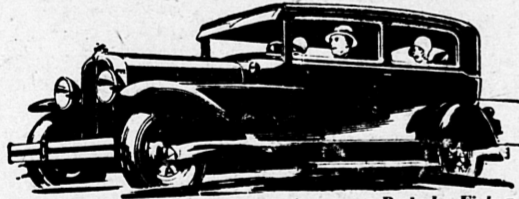
We can supply you with any kind of feed you may need. You can't beat our quality and prices.

ROSE & McDAVID

PHONE 74

SULLIVAN, ILL.

Outperforming all other low-priced sixes at lower cost than ever



During 1928, a large public utilities corporation operated 996 automobiles of 33 different makes. And according to its own accurately recorded cost figures, its Pontiacs cost one cent less per mile to operate than any other low-priced six in the field at that time. Yet even that great record of economy is being surpassed by the Pontiac Big Six because of a number of refinements and advancements which this latest Pontiac includes.

PONTIAC BIG SIX at \$745

- FASTER** ▲ ▲ ▲
- SMOOTHER** ▲ ▲ ▲
- MORE POWERFUL** ▲ ▲ ▲
- SAFER** ▲ ▲ ▲
- MORE RELIABLE** ▲ ▲ ▲
- LONGER-LIVED** ▲ ▲ ▲

S. O. B. Pontiac, Mich. 3-Door Sedan Pontiac Big Six, \$745 to \$895; f.o.b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lowley shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.



JENKINS GARAGE
Sullivan, Illinois

Trustee's PUBLIC SALE

119 Acre Black Land Farm
3 Miles North of Sullivan, Ill.

All fertile deep black soil with fine drainage outlet—good improvements—splendid location—bona fide sale to settle an Estate.

TERMS REASONABLE.

Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1929

At premises, known as George F. Landgrebe Farm.

Write or call for full particulars.

Chester Horn

At First National Bank, Sullivan, Illinois

Trustee for Heirs of

George F. Landgrebe deceased.

J. L. McLaughlin, Attorney.

First Count In Progress' Big Subscription Campaign To Be Published Tomorrow

Candidates Making Special Effort to Get Every Subscription Possible In Order to Lead the List.

Tomorrow's issue of The Sullivan Progress will contain the first published standing of candidates in our big "Everybody Wins" Campaign.

Candidates are hustling here and there, trying to get in every available subscription tonight, so as to lead that count if possible. They all realize that the public interest will be with those candidates who are out doing their best every day.

And, interest is running high in the community. Each candidate has his or her friends who are back of them to win and the campaign is fast whipping into a race that bids fair to be a real one.

Now is the time to give YOUR FAVORITE that promised sub-

scription. This is the time when your subscription counts the most. If you want to see your favorite win that DeSoto Sedan, worth \$1180, get behind him or her and do your part.

Tonight will see many reports handed in to this office and each candidate is urged to get in all he can for the count in Thursday's paper. It is by these counts that your friends see what progress you are making and it sure pays big dividends to be as high in these standings as possible.

The campaign office will be open until 8:30 and any candidate that wishes to come in after supper may do so. The point is—get in those reports if you expect to be near the top in tomorrow's count.

Pick Your Favorite!

IN THE SULLIVAN PROGRESS' BIG SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

LIST OF ENTRIES

Candidates listed in alphabetical order with the 5,000 Entry votes only:

MRS. FERN BLACK, Allenville	5,000
MRS. THURMAN CAMPBELL, Sullivan Rt. 3	5,000
MISS SLYVIA COWGER, Dalton City	5,000
DALE CUMMINGS, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. HARRY FOSTER, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. CLARENCE GASTON, Windsor Rt. 4	5,000
MR. ANDREW GOUGH, Bethany	5,000
MRS. EARL LOY, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. LOREN MONROE, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. MAE ROSE MONROE, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. ETHEL NEWBOULD, Sullivan	5,000
MRS. VIVIENNE M. RANDOL, Sullivan	5,000
MR. VINCENT RYAN, Arthur, Rt. 1	5,000
MR. WALTER SPAUGH, Allenville	5,000
MISS ERA WEST, Sullivan Rt. 5	5,000
MISS MAURINE WILT, Lovington	5,000

ORGANIZATIONS FORMED FOR BIG SHOE FACTORY DRIVE

(Continued from Page One)

tee of five. The Advisory executive committee will pass on any matters brought to its attention, with the aim always in view to make the drive a success, in the shortest possible length of time.

Not a Closed Factory

Another matter that will prove of interest is evidenced by the question often asked: "How do we know that this factory will operate steadily after its opening. It may be closed a good part of the time?"

The answer to this is that the Brown Shoe Company is building this factory because it needs it. It's business is growing rapidly and no matter what turn general business conditions may take, the demand for shoes will not slacken very much. Furthermore, Mr. McCarthy says that his company can get all of the foreign business that it may want, but it has never actively sought it, as it prefers to cater to the American trade and the American demand has kept it busy.

So much for the demand for Brown's products.

There are other causes for factory closing besides decreased demand for what may be manufactured.

There is the question of labor.

The record of the other factories of the company will serve to answer this. Shoe factories usually close down a few days in the fall of the year for stock taking, making of inventories and a general housecleaning and overhauling. New machinery may be installed during such short close-downs. This has been the history of the Charleston, Salem, Litchfield and other plants. The plant at Brookfield, Missouri was closed a few months some time ago for a complete change of machinery so as to adapt it to the making of another kind of shoe. The big plant at Moberly, Missouri is the only one that has ever closed because of labor trouble. A labor situation developed in that city some years ago that led the Wabash management to move its shops out of there. The same conditions were facing the Brown factory. It closed down and remained closed for a period of six months. It reopened and today is working harmoniously and steadily.

The people of the community are asked to get all of the information they can pertaining to this factory proposition. All of those who are enlisting in the management of the drive will gladly impart any information at their disposal. The entire matter is to be absolutely above board. It is strictly a business proposition. There is nothing to hide, nothing to misrepresent.

If anything is brought to your attention that is open to question, do not believe a mere rumor. The facts are very easy to ascertain. The committee firmly believes that the more you know about this proposition, the stronger you will be for it.

Read the statement of the Executive Advisory committee that appears today.

Tonight the various committee chairmen and the executive committee of five will meet at headquarters. It is planned to have a meeting of all of these folks together with the committee members which will soon be announced Thursday night.

There must be no lagging or slowing up in this work. The campaign is now being organized. When the drive starts it must be efficiently organized. That is the aim now in view.

If you are not on any committee, you can do your part by boosting. Help sell this community on this proposition.

The Stowaway in His Wagon

By KATE EDMONDS

HILARY DICKSON slapped the lines across the back of the fat white pony attached to the small canvas-covered cart in which he was roaming the countryside. He was selling books, new ones, and now and then buying second-hand ones, usually first editions. There were not many of these, but he did not worry, for he had money enough to satisfy any man. He was seeking little adventures, getting next to humanity in life's open spaces, for Hilary Dickson was a writer of fiction.

He was sitting hunched over, the lines hanging loosely from his slackened brown fingers. He wore gray tweed knickers and a soft white shirt and well-polished tan shoes—one might have imagined that his clothes would grow shabby, driving around in the gay cart all day, but, of course, they did not know that Mr. Dickson always found some swimming pool night and morning, and that he had brought three dozen soft white shirts with him and that the cart held trunks of other clothing as well as a complete set of light housekeeping things, and also a fireless cooker.

So on this lovely morning, he was driving aimlessly along a green country road. The canvas-covered cart moved sedately on its way, always an object of friendly interest. Mr. Dickson was feeling very lazy and comfortable this morning. The commissary department was working well for all concerned. Had he not consigned to the fireless cooker a beautiful chicken pot pie, was there not ice in his tiny refrigerator?

So Hilary was singing "tra-la-tra-la-la-la," in rather a growly voice, when a snappy-looking state policeman halted the cart.

"Halt!" said the policeman. "Sure enough!" retorted Mr. Dickson. "What can I do for you, officer? Or are we doing something wrong?"

"Do you know anything about Madeleine Wright, five feet five, curly brown hair, brown eyes, rather good looking, wearing light blue shirt, dark blue knickers, carrying a gun? Wanted by her stepfather, George Martine, of Little Lebanon." "What is the charge, officer?" inquired Hilary.

"Incorrigibility—ran away from home."

Hilary laughed. "I'll bet you she's safe enough—probably ran away from stepfather—did that myself, sixteen years ago!"

"Move on," grinned the officer. "You're no help."

Hilary ambled on his way, drawn by his fat pony, his eyes speculative, his lips puckered into a whistle. The noontide drew near and the covered cart turned into a wooded path that evidently led to shade and coolness. When he reached a desirable spot where a tiny waterfall dropped from the heights above, Hilary drew rein, loosened the girths, and finally led the white pony to a spot where the grass was lush. He stood there in meditation for some time and then, getting back into the seat, glanced all around at the utter solitude of the woods. Then, he spoke guardedly, his face gazing meditatively toward the east but not glancing into the cart behind him. "Lost, strayed or stolen, Madeleine Wright, five feet five, brown hair, brown eyes, light blue blouse, dark blue knickers, packs a gun!"

Then, out of the gloom of the cart, behind him appeared a young face. Came a sweet little voice trembling with weariness.

"Of course, that is for my benefit—I stole into your cart this morning at eight o'clock, when I ran away from home and hid in the lane. If you would only let me ride until tonight, I am sure that I can reach Beatty, where my own uncle, Timothy Bruce, lives."

"And your mother? She will worry?" asked Hilary. "Of course she will worry! But she cannot do anything for me when my stepfather is that way—he is unreliable, and we are afraid. He seems mad."

"You will find some dinner in the cooker there," said Hilary. "If you will help yourself and hand me a plateful and a cupful of coffee from the hot bottle there—keep under cover all you can."

So they ate a silent meal, and he heard the girl moving softly inside the cart. He told her about the deep, stuffed chair near the front of the cart, where she might take a needed nap, and the cart went on its way again, this time more briskly, with a definite object in view, for they had to make Beatty that evening and find Madeleine's Uncle Timothy Bruce so that the lovely young girl could have a safe shelter.

Then came twilight, a lunch eaten while the white cart hurried toward Beatty, and then, at last, they drove into the wide-open gate of the Bruce place. When Mr. Timothy Bruce took hold of anything, he ran it down to victory, so that the mad Mr. Martin was duly incarcerated in a private asylum, and his poor wife was finally restored to her normal health, and the great estate was sold. Of course, Mrs. Martin would want to live with her daughter Madeleine Wright Dickson, for of course, Madeleine fell in love with Hilary, who loved her at first sight. How could you expect a canvas-covered romance to end otherwise than happily? (Copyright.)

Knows His Emma

A woman's idea of perfect-fitting shoes are those she'll kick off as soon as she gets in the house and then go limping upstairs in her stocking feet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Society Complex

A man is sent into the world to do a job, not to be a dinner companion.—American Magazine.

When He Found the Right Girl

By CORONA REMINGTON

"I've had a wonderful time, Mrs. Denton, and I hope I may call again soon," said Robert Foulaine sincerely.

"You're a dear boy," smiled his hostess, "and I'm very fond of you. Of course you may come again and as often as you wish."

"It's great to have you to confide in, and I don't know how I'd ever get along without you."

"You'll learn how, pretty soon, after you find the right girl. You'll forget all about that middle-aged friend you used to run to with your troubles," laughed Mrs. Denton.

"But I never expect to find the right girl and you know I shall never forget you."

"Pooh! I've heard that a thousand times before and from many discouraged young people; but don't you worry, she's probably waiting for you right around the corner this minute."

"Well, we'll soon see—as it's now—(he drew out his watch) "ten minutes of eleven there isn't much time left."

"All right," she smiled, "and good-night once more."

Foulaine went down the broad steps rapidly and jumped into his car. In a moment he was whizzing along the boulevard home. His talk with Mrs. Denton encouraged him as it always did, and he felt decidedly optimistic as he slipped into his garage and turned the engine off.

"Oh, where am I?" He looked quickly about the garage as he heard the frightened voice of a girl.

"You're all right," he assured her. "Where are you?" Wait till I get my flash—thought it was in my hip pocket—no, here it is.

"What! Not in the car?" Foulaine exclaimed as he saw a terrified young face looking out at him from the back seat of the car he had just left.

"How on earth did you get in there?" he asked, his eyes growing big with admiration.

"I—I must have fallen asleep."

"Something tells me you did," he laughed, "but how did you get in the car in the first place? By mistake, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't a mistake, either; but I'm ashamed to tell you. It'll seem so crazy to you."

"Nothing you could ever do would seem crazy to me," he told her as if he had known her a lifetime.

The girl smiled gratefully at him and went on with her story.

"Just after dinner this evening I was up in my room and I saw an acquaintance of ours coming up the walk. I knew he had come to call on me, and I knew, too, that mamma would make me see him, and I didn't want to. I made up my mind last time that I—I'd never never, never, see him again. So, without even stopping to get a hat or a wrap, I slipped down the back stairs and out the kitchen door. I had no idea where I was going, but realized that without money I couldn't get very far, so I spied your car standing next door and jumped into it. It seemed providential to me, and I felt so thrilled as I sneaked in and shut the door," the girl laughed.

"A very sensible thing to do," he assured her.

"What time is it?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty minutes of twelve. You must let me take you home. It's five miles from here to Grant Place."

As they drove slowly along the boulevard, Robert talked to her as if he had known her always.

"I'm scared to tell you how much meeting you has meant to me," he said solemnly.

"And to me, too," she answered simply. "You—you're so sympathetic and you understand."

"And I'm going to bring the car here every night in the hope that fellow'll come and you'll run out and hide in it again."

"All right," she smiled, "and thank you ever so much—you've been so good to me."

"Not half as good as you've been to me."

He escorted her to her door, then stood there absently a few seconds after she had slipped noiselessly into the hall.

He looked up at Mrs. Denton's house, large and somber in the half light of the night, then tiptoed around the sidewalk and threw a pebble against her window. The girl next door heard the funny "pinking" sound and went to her window to see what it could be. She recognized the man standing below and waited breathlessly. He threw another pebble.

"What on earth is he doing that for?" she wondered.

A second later he threw one which was followed by the light flashing in Mrs. Denton's room, and in another moment a plump silhouette advanced toward the window.

"Who is it?" she asked, peering down into the darkness.

"It's Robert," said an exultant voice. "and I've found her! I've found the girl for me!"

"You crazy boy. I told you you would. Now go to bed and tell me about it in the morning."

With a joyful little squeak the girl next door buried her head in her pillow.

"So he feels that way, too," she kept saying unbelievably, as she finally dozed off to sleep. (Copyright.)

These Hawks Similar

The European sparrow-hawk is an accipiter, similar to our sharp-shinned hawk, says Nature Magazine. Our ancestors would have shown better judgment if they had named the common falcon which they found in the New world the American kestrel, and used the term sparrow hawk for our common small accipiter. There are many misleading names in bird terminology.

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