

Every Day . . . In Michigan . . .

5 People are KILLED In Auto Accidents

You May Be Next!

A dead man never gets a second chance! Let's use our brains while we're still living—the trouble with us motorists is that we think we're pretty good drivers—accidents can't happen to us. But don't kid yourself, that's just the attitude that death grows fat on—overconfidence! Overconfidence is just a ritzy word for carelessness—carelessness that will send you to your grave or years of crippled living. But your life isn't the most important thing—no sir, we know plenty of motorists who'd give their lives and more if they could bring back to life those they had killed.

Let's knock some sense into our heads—let's drive carefully—let's save 5 lives a day! Or would you rather learn by experience—all right, go ahead—kill yourself . . . that will teach you a lesson you won't have to worry about forgetting. But listen—don't kill an innocent victim—because living as far as you're concerned is all washed out. You'll always hear the sickening impact of flesh against car—a heart-rending scream—a bloody body and gruesome death—you'll wish it was you who had died. We know people who had that experience—some of them went crazy.



Lon. Stase
SECRETARY OF STATE

Space for this advertisement is donated by this paper in the interests of life-saving.

GO INTO YOUR CLINCH

By THAYER WALDO
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WNU Service.

WHEN Audrey March announced her engagement to Dr. MacGregor, Hollywood evinced only a mild interest.

In the light of later circumstance, this seems amusing.

The film town rarely misses a chance to wag its collective tongue.

On the morning of the day that later papers carried the news of her betrothal, Audrey was seated in Arnold MacGregor's office.

The good doctor—a pleasant-looking, pink-faced man past thirty-five—perched upon the desk corner near her, wiping his spectacles.

"You know," said Audrey in her clear, crisp tones, "this is all really splendid. Don't you think so? I mean, so few couples plan things out sensibly the way we have."

"Yes, my dear, you're quite right."

"Of course," she went on brightly, "it's been a same arrangement from the very beginning. I'm tremendously glad you feel the same as I do about too much emotional nonsense. When I see how most of the men and women I work with act toward each other—well, it's perfectly asinine!"

Dr. MacGregor carefully pinched on his glasses and amended: "Very upsetting to the health, too."

She sat forward then, exclaiming: "Oh, that reminds me! Now that we're announcing this, I'm going to see that they put no more love scenes in my pictures. These silly clinches, I mean. I suppose there's a certain class of people who demand what they call 'heart interest' so far as the plot's concerned; but I'm through with promiscuous kissing and caressing. I think a dance has the right to expect that. And, anyhow, it's disgusting!"

"A fine idea! Thank you, my dear," said the doctor, beaming benignly upon Audrey.

Now most certainly there would have been no death of talk had she carried out that plan. But for some reason, Audrey changed her strategy, if not her mind.

Perhaps the tactical about-face was due in some measure to the assignment that next week of Mr. Lyle Crenshaw, Zenith studio's latest Broadway recruit, as her leading man. Or it may have been that Audrey felt a more subtle approach was needed to carry the day.

At all events, though her new picture was replete with good old fashioned trappings, she went through each stipulated piece of business during rehearsals, in a reserved but adequate fashion.

Hollywood shooting schedules are traditionally arranged with a fine disregard for continuity.

Thus it came about that when the picture was ready for actual filming, its last sequence went before the cameras first.

This was largely Director Newsum's doing.

He had a penchant for starting every production with the major love scene between the principals.

Said it broke the ice and made for a friendly, informal feeling all around.

They gathered early one morning on sound stage 9.

There were just 12 of them, including technicians and the camera crew.

When Audrey and Lyle Crenshaw had taken their places on the set, Bill Newsum urged:

"Now let's have everything you can give it. Remember, this is the big thump—where you finally admit for the first time that you love each other! I want sincerity, ardor, and a real honest-to-God clinch!"

Just what Audrey might have said or done if left to her own devices remains a matter of conjecture, for at this point fate took a hand.

Of course the hardened pragmatist might say "coincidence"; but the fateful element seems hard to ignore.

Anyhow, what happened was that a door shut softly somewhere off to the left, and of those on the stage only Audrey heard it.

She glanced around and saw Dr. Arnold MacGregor slowly approaching from the wings.

He stopped when he caught sight of her and waved with a motion that ended in a deprecating gesture.

Audrey flashed him a quick smile, and turned to Newsum with a most decisive air.

"I'm sorry, Bill—the clinch is out. I meant to tell you before the man I'm going to marry agrees with me that it's a oily fair."

The series of expressions which swiftly crossed Bill Newsum's face would have made a swell cloudburst.

It took him a full three seconds to find words enough to splutter:

"What the—say, are you trying to—well, cut me down for a reason! If this is your idea of a gag—"

"Not at all; don't be ridiculous, Bill," she said, very cool and dominating now.

"I mean every word of it, so you may as well stop arguing."

"Now you look here, young woman, I'll—"

"Oh, why not let it go!" cut in the smooth voice of Lyle Crenshaw. "Personally, I'm all for the idea." That gave Audrey an unexpected shock.

She stared at him rigidly, with a noticeable lack of gratitude.

Mr. Crenshaw was lighting a cigarette. He seemed rather bored.

Newsum exploded: "So you're both going to tell me how to run this, huh? All right—we'll find out whether I'm the director around here or just a stooge!"

With that, he stalked off in the general direction of the administration offices.

Crenshaw raised his shoulders slightly and murmured: "Tch—too bad."

Audrey tried one more glare, but it roused no visible reaction.

She left the stage battling against angry frustration.

MacGregor had gone.

The discovery fed Audrey's irritation.

It was like his silly squeamishness to pussyfoot away at a time like this. Probably find him waiting meekly somewhere, ready to apologize for his existence.

She passed the built-in door on the way to her own dressing room.

In the first instant the voice that came dimly from beyond it meant nothing.

Then she stopped short at sound of a familiar chuckle.

"Now, doctor," feminine tones cooed, "I just know there's something the matter with me. Take a real good look."

Audrey turned her head and found she could obey that injunction.

Through the hingeside door crack Dr. MacGregor was to be seen looking very closely at a young woman whose hands were on his shoulders.

He repeated the soft, chorale and remarked:

"Seems to be a biological problem."

After that, the two forms became somewhat indistinguishable.

Audrey clenched her hands until the nails dug in.

A surge of furious and partly new emotions swept her as she walked away and up the stairs.

It was still intensely active when she rounded a corner and bumped smack into Lyle Crenshaw.

She gazed up at him for a split second, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him authoritatively.

"Is that," she then demanded, "what Bill wants?"

His grin and his embrace were genuine.

"I think so. Anyway, it suits me."

She tried to go on sounding matter-of-fact, but the dimples at her mouth corners seemed to interfere.

"Well," she sighed, "of course it's Bill. I'm thinking of, so perhaps we'd better have some more rehearsals."

Peanuts Popular; Bring Huge Income to Growers

In the tidewater region of Virginia and back and around the dismal swamp, and down into North Carolina and Tennessee, and in the Southeastern and Southwestern parts of the United States there exists a strange plant called *Arachis hypogaea*.

It extends its yellow flowers to the sun and its straggling roots into the sandy soil, and having reached maturity bends down its stems in modesty and determination and buries them in the ground. Two to three months later men come with diggers.

The harvest is a rich hay for stock fodder and from underground a small legume pod used for human food. The pod is a peanut.

Last year from about 1,700,000 Southern acres came a peanut harvest of 1,200,000,000 pounds, representing an American consumption of 10 pounds per capita. This country produces 99.8 per cent of all the peanuts it uses, says a writer in *Fortune Magazine*.

Although it produces less than one-tenth of the world crop of between 15 and 20 billion pounds, it nevertheless ranks fourth in production behind China, India and Africa. And it is peculiar among peanut-growing countries in that it likes peanuts as peanuts.

Most of the world supply of peanuts is pressed for oil. Most of the American supply of peanuts is consumed as roasted peanuts in the shell, salted peanuts, peanut butter, peanut bars and other peanut confections.

At least 1,200 separate manufacturing establishments are engaged in the peanut business in one way or another. At least 40,000 farms grow peanuts every year and last year their direct income from the peanut harvest was around \$44,000,000.

Girls Given Title of "Mrs."

In olden times all women in this country over twenty-one years of age, and sometimes even young girls, were given the title of "Mrs."

says *London Answers Magazine*. In the register of burials for the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster the burial of Milton's second wife and his infant daughter, aged five months, are both registered as "Mrs. Katherine Milton," the only mark of distinction being the letter "C" for "child" after the second name.

Flaming Torch Lake

Lac du Flambeau in Wisconsin, "lake of the flaming torch," was so named by the French because the lake abounded in fish which were caught by torchlight.