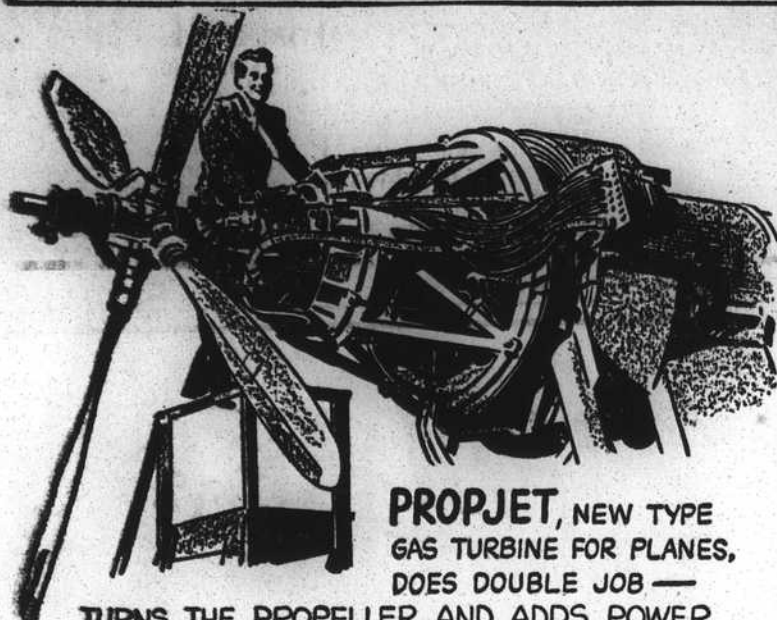


The combined factors of worn machinery and short labor will probably result in a farm production somewhat below 1946 goals.

Poultrymen are encouraged by prospects that poultry prices will continue strong because red meat supplies will continue to be short through most of 1946.

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Auction Sale

Saturday, April 20

10:00 A. M.

at my home on Route 21 at Glade Valley, across the street from road leading to Glade Valley High School:

- 6 cows, 1 fresh now; others to be fresh soon. 2 Jersey heifers, coming fresh. 2 Guernsey heifers, age 9 months. 1 Guernsey bull, age 1 year. 1 team of mules. 1 wagon with rubber tires. 1 mowing machine. 1 Standard walking tractor. 1 Hillside plow, 1 flat land plow. Other farming tools. 1 cider press. 1 Blacksmith forge blower. 1 five-ton pull jack hoist. Large pipe wrenches, chain tongues. 2 high tension truck magnets. 1 plumber's heating torch. 3 milk cans, 2 strainers. 26 White Rock and Plymouth Rock chickens. One 100-egg electric incubator. 1 blonde bedroom suite. 1 three-quarter blonde bed and chest of drawers. 1 cedar chest, 1 wardrobe. 1 writing desk. 1 library table, 1 center table. 1 piano. 2 radios, 1 table model, 1 floor model. 1 two-piece living room suite. 1 Victrola, 1 heating stove. 1 dining-room table, 5 chairs. 1 kitchen table, 4 chairs. 1 China cabinet, 1 kitchen cabinet. 2 kitchen ranges. 1 Westinghouse refrigerator. 1 General Electric washing machine. 1 electric iron, ironing board. 1 pressure cooker, 1 electric hot plate. 1 electric drink mixer, 1 electric food mixer. Other things too numerous to mention.

ROSCOE COLLINS, Auctioneer.

G. M. Siepert GLADE VALLEY, N. C.

DEADLINE LADY By Georgia Craig

Sarah stared at him with eyes that were cold and almost hostile. "Well, that seems a pretty silly question under the circumstances," said Sarah curtly. "After all, when two people are honestly and sincerely in love with each other, they do something that usually involves a minister and orange blossoms and 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden,' or something equally final, don't you think?"

He looked down at his tight-locked hands, where the knuckles made white mounds above the brown skin, and his voice when he answered was a little harsh because he was trying so hard to keep it under control. "Ann understands perfectly why I have not asked her to marry me."

"Ah, yes," Sarah's voice was still bright, polite, as though only casually interested, though her eyes were intent on Tracy's face, watching every change of expression. The look in his tormented eyes, every flicker of expression that touched his face. "Something to do with a young person named Marvin, I believe—Lissa Marvin?"

Tracy nodded, his eyes on Ann, who sat huddled away from him, her hands hiding her face.

"It has—everything to do with—Lissa Marvin," he stated flatly. "I explained to Ann—long ago. There are—certain obligations that I cannot shirk—"

Tracy had looked startled at Sarah's suggestion that he marry Ann, then his broad shoulders had drooped a little and he had said grimly, "I'm afraid there's not much hope of that. I feel quite sure Lissa has no intention of marrying—anybody—at least, not at present."

"Has she ever told you so?" "Many times!" He was pretty grim about it.

"And you felt that she might some day expect you to marry her? In short, you felt that a time would come when she would grow tired of being—what is it they call working girls nowadays? A career girl? A time when she would want the security of a home and a man to earn her living, you felt she would turn to you and you must hold yourself available?"

Tracy met her dark, shrewd gaze straightly and his jaw set hard.

"I gather from your tone that you feel I am several kinds of a tool to have—allowed such a state of affairs to exist!" he said dryly.

Sarah made a little gesture with her bony, jeweled fingers and said pleasantly, "We-e-ll, let us say rather that you seem to be a rather unusual young man, to feel as you do about your obligation to Miss Marvin. But of course, since I have always felt that only a most unusual young man would be worthy of my granddaughter, I was interested. It's possible that I am prejudiced in thinking Ann is—rather special—"

Tracy's look caressed Ann where she sat on the pouffe and his voice shook a little when he said quietly, "She's—the most special thing that ever lived. The loveliest, sweetest—"

Ann was on her feet, scarlet with shame, tear stains on her flushed face, her eyes hurt and angry and shamed.

"Sarah—you—you're being—perfectly outrageous!" she wailed. "What right have you to—meddle in something that—that doesn't—actually concern you?" "You're quite mistaken, my dear," Sarah told her pleasantly. "It concerns me a great deal, as you shall presently see. And it seemed about time someone with a little common sense took a hand in matters."

Ann faced Tracy, her head high. "I'm—more ashamed than I've ever been in my life," she told him tremulously. "I—can't think what makes Sarah behave like this—she—she never—did such a thing before—I mean—she's—never tried to meddle before."

"It's all right, sweet," said Tracy gently. "Please don't feel badly—she has a perfect right to—ask my intentions—"

Sarah said dryly, "That's very kind of you, Mr. Driscoll—and if you'll both sit down and listen, I'll explain why I have—er—meddled—and I think you may even be grateful—"

"I've heard enough!" said Ann hotly and moved towards the door.

"Ann!" Sarah's voice was not loud nor was it sharp, but there was authority in it that Ann, in the infrequent occasions it had been used to her in all her life, had never been able to deny. "Sit down, Ann," said Sarah, in that quiet, authoritative voice.

Ann made a little helpless gesture, and looked at Tracy.

"I—might as well—" she said huskily, and dropped down once more on the pouffe.

Sarah turned to the table beside her, took from it a book and from the book a folded piece of paper.

"There was a telegram for you this afternoon, my dear," she said to Ann, and then to Tracy she explained politely. "This far from town, telegrams are telephoned out, and it happened that I answered the telephone, and took this one down. I—deliberately kept it from Ann until now, for reasons I believe you will agree with me, were good."

She adjusted her reading glasses, unfolded the paper and said briskly, "It was sent from a little town just across the state line."

Having made her explanation, she unfolded the paper and read, almost without expression, "Miss Ann Clayton, Howard Ferry Road, Midland City. Wanted you to have the news as your first scoop. Lyn Frazier and I were married here this afternoon. Honey-mooning until his new job begins. Remember me to Tracy. Love and kisses."

She folded the paper, took off her reading glasses and finished quietly. "The telegram is signed, 'Lissa Marvin Frazier.'"

Ann sat perfectly still, wide-eyed, staring at her grandmother. And Sarah said automatically, as though Ann had been a child, her tone one of gentle rebuke, "Mouth is open, darling."

"Lissa—and Lyn!" said Ann, as though putting the names together like that helped her to realize what had happened. "Lissa—and Lyn! But—but—I had lunch with Lissa this noon—how could they possibly—"

"It's not quite a two-hour drive to Lockwood," said Sarah quietly. "And the telegram was sent at 6:10 this afternoon."

Tracy said, "You didn't know that Lyn and Lissa had been going around together?"

"You told me," she admitted. "And then at lunch today—she left me to go to see Lyn—you see, we ran into Julie Barton at the Magnolia Room, as we were leaving and she—well, she put on rather a show—and—I suppose Lissa thought Lyn ought to know—"

Sarah and Tracy waited, watching Ann. And suddenly Ann was on her feet, white-faced, stammering, "But—how could Lissa marry Lyn? Why—she must have been in love with you—any girl, given half a chance, would be—and then she caught her breath and set her teeth hard and stammered, avoiding his eyes, "I—I mean—well, after all, you've been so good to her—"

Sarah said gently, almost tenderly, "Never mind, darling! He's just admitted that he adores you, so why should you mind letting him know you love him?" Ann put both shaking hands to her forehead for a moment, and then she stammered faintly, "But—I don't get it! Lyn's—been so terribly afraid of any sort of scandal—and—now that he's jilting me so publicly—won't people—well, talk?"

Tracy's face was dark and grim. "That's just why I'd like to have Lyn Frazier's neck between my bare hands for about two minutes," he said grimly. "They'll talk their heads off—but about you! You are the jilted one—oh people will feel he's a 'cad' and a 'bounder' and all that, but of course, they are going to wonder why he threw you over at the last moment—"

"Not when your engagement to her is announced in the morning," said Sarah placidly. Tracy looked as though she had kicked him hard and without warning. He looked at Sarah, startled. "My engagement to Ann?" he repeated, and was still.

"Well, naturally," Sarah answered, as though resenting his stupidity in having to have that explained. "What better could we do to offset any—unpleasant repercussions from Lyn's behavior?"

There was a little taut moment, and then Tracy said very quietly, "I—can't ask Ann to marry me, Mrs. Clayton."

Sarah had picked up her stick preparatory to rising to her feet, but now she put it down once more and looked straight at Tracy; while Ann sat very still, her hands locked tightly together, a little sick and dizzy with the reaction from the breathless, ecstatic moment when her heart had shrieked to her that with Lissa gone, she and Tracy were free to belong to each other.

"So?" said Sarah after a moment, and now there was ice in her voice and in her eyes. "I think you had better explain that, young man. First you say that you cannot ask Ann to marry you because you are under obligations to Lissa! And now that Lyn Frazier has taken those obligations off your shoulders so neatly, you still maintain that you are not free? Are you trying to say, young man, that you don't want to marry Ann?"

Tracy said sharply, "I want more than anything else in the world—but what can I offer a girl brought up as Ann has been? I'm the fellow from the other side of the tracks. I can't even remember my parents—I am not even absolutely sure they were married. The thought never seemed of any terrific importance, until lately. I made my way the best I could—sort of—slugging it out. I sold newspapers, slept in doorways—got what little education I could by reading the papers I hadn't been able to sell. It was all right; I'm not complaining. It's not a bad way to grow up—but it certainly doesn't train a fellow to make a fit husband for a girl brought up as Ann has been!"

"Oh," said Sarah scoffingly, with a little gesture of dismissal. "If that's all that's bothering you—"

"It's not all, but it's important, and you know it," Tracy cut in grimly. "I'd—shame and humiliate her a thousand times a day. I—don't even feel sure I'd know which fork to use at the dinner table of one of her society friends—"

"Stuff and nonsense, man!" thundered Sarah, who had lost what little patience she began the scene with. "I've never heard such idiocy—"

"Please, Sarah!" Ann was on her feet now, straight and slim, managing to look almost regal as she stood drawn to her full height, quite pale now, her eyes blazing.

"It's quite obvious that Mr. Driscoll hasn't the faintest desire to marry me, and hasn't had from the beginning—"

"That's not true!" snapped Tracy hotly. "And you know it!"

"I only know," Ann stated in that composed, taut, cool voice, "that you put up quite a nice little show, with Lissa playing the part of the supposedly insurmountable barrier to our happiness. Now that Lissa is no longer playing the part, it's necessary for you to think of something else; so you come all over—"

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noble and pretend that you are unworthy—which is about as feeble an excuse—

"It's not a feeble excuse, it's good, sound common sense," Tracy told her furiously. "Take a sensible look at the picture; you were born of a long and famous line; I am an orphan, not even sure of my own name except that when I was found in the dark hallway of a Bronx apartment house, the name was written on a slip of paper and pinned to my baby dress, when I was at the ripe old age of about two weeks. How could a man who's lived as I have hope to make a girl like you happy?"

Before Ann could manage an answer, Sarah thumped her cane violently against the polished

floor, to silence them and gain their attention and when she had it, she said sharply, "How can you make her happy? I never heard a sillier question asked by a grown man of supposedly sound sense! You fool, don't you know all you've got to do is to take her in your arms and tell her you love her? And keep on telling her over and over again? Women in love ask little more, me fine lad!"

(To Be Continued)

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NOTICE IN THE SUPERIOR COURT BEFORE THE CLERK STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF ALLEGHANY J. F. COX, Petitioner VS. Ida Waddell and others. Respondents.

The respondent, Mildred Cox, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the superior court of Alleghany County, North Carolina, which action is for the partition of land situated in Alleghany County; and the said respondent will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the clerk of the superior court of said county in the courthouse in Sparta, N. C., within ten days after the 2nd day of May, 1946, and answer or demur to the Petition in said action, or the petitioner will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said Petition. This April 2, 1946. S. O. Gambill, Clerk Superior Court. 4-4-46

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NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Phoebe Moseley, deceased, of Alleghany County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned, on or before the 22nd day of March, 1947, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This March 22, 1946. Troy Pugh, Adm. of Phoebe Moseley. 3-28-46

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