



Lee never approached the door and read her name without a small, secret glow in her heart.

(Illustration by A. S. Facker)

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Unharmful
 - Hand blow
 - Irritating, as to smell
 - code
 - Castles' ditches
 - Proportion
 - A sphere
 - Five-dollar bills: slang
 - Proposition
 - Long wearing period: colloq.
 - World War II admiral
 - Remarkable: colloq.
 - Indian mahogany trees
 - A gondoller, in a sense
 - To catch, as a thread
 - Noisier
 - Expect
 - Chinese pagoda
 - Formed
 - Girl's nickname
 - Moses' older brother
 - Pulverize
 - Kind of beet
 - Suspends
 - Mask
 - beverages
 - Goddess of the rainbow
- DOWN**
- An arachnid
 - Street urchin

AMUSE STALE
CANAL CITILIA
HILY HOCHTIC
SLEET
SANEER EASEL

22. Not new
23. Assemblies of Quakers
24. Office boy's duties
26. Founded taro root
28. Youth
30. Proceeds on
32. An Algonquian of Michigan
33. Triumphant exclamation
34. U.S.S.R. inland sea
35. Actor Paul
37. Greek letter
38. Rowing Blade

Saturday's Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9				10			11
12				13			
14				15			
16		17	18				
19	20			21	22	23	24
25				26			
27				28			
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32	33	34				35	
36				37	38		
39				40			
41				42			

Champaign - Urbana's Views Of The News

By LUCILLE JOHNSON
Mt. Piziah Baptist church was the guest of Pilgrim on Sunday, July 8. The Rev. Sneads presented the sermon of the day, and his wonderful church choir furnished the music.
Deacon James Bell's brother died in Madison, Ky., Mrs. Cora Dillon's mother died in Peoria, Ill.
MAIN STREET REJUVENATION
The city of Champaign recently called for the abolishment of the Negro business section on Main St. east of the

Illinois Central Station. The city claims it needs more parking facilities. However, no Negro in Champaign is nonsensical enough to believe such an outlandish motive. The real motive behind the move is to kill off the area. The city has long wanted to move the Negro further into the interior of the north end, and here it's chance.
At the risk of killing off some of what little business the Negro possesses, the city is apt to reap more hardship on Negroes. Could it be that they want to stifle what a few

HEARTHES FOR SALE BY PEGGY GADDIS

CHAPTER 1

THE SIGN across the ground-glass panel of the office door said, "John Marshall Purvis, Atty-At-Law." In the lower left-hand panel, a small black and gold sign said modestly, "Lee Folsom: Licensed Real Estate Broker."
Lee never approached that door without a small, secret glow in her heart. And when she opened the door, her fingers managed to brush across the words with a caressing gesture.
Sinful of her, she often told herself, to feel such delight in the fact that she had passed the Real Estate Board's examinations and now had her license. But it hadn't been easy, and she loved her work, so why shouldn't she take pride in this proof that she'd made the grade?

Finding homes for people, fitting the homes to the people, dickering over vacant lots with shrewd investors, and letting them think her a simple-minded child who did not realize the inherent value of the property—it was a profession that Lee felt surely must be one of the very best any woman of twenty-four could achieve.
She came into the office this morning, glowing happily with the feeling of accomplishment that always accompanied the closing of a successful deal. The Lacey property was so right for Bill and Jane Endicott, much better for them than one of the smaller development houses with a tiny lot that wouldn't even have provided space for a sandbox for the baby Jane and Bill were so eagerly anticipating before Christmas.
The Lacey house was solidly built, sturdy, and set in the midst of a full acre of tree-shaded lot. Oh, the house was neither new nor as smartly up-to-date as the split-levels in the housing development; but it would still be standing, serene, solid and gracious, long after the housing development had become a slum.
Polly Wickett, John's briskly capable young secretary, looked up from her typewriter when Lee came in, and smiled.
"Congratulations on the deal, Lee," she said nappily. "Mr. Purvis wants to see you."
"Thanks, Polly. I'm happy for Jane and Bill. I know they're going to love the Lacey place when they get settled," said Lee happily, and went on to the door of John's private office. "Morning, Uncle John." She beamed at him.

The middle-aged man behind the massive old-fashioned desk lifted his prematurely white head and beamed at her, his full-fleshed face pink and carefully barbered, his blue eyes twinkling warmly.
"Morning, Miss Folsom!" He grinned at her, and waved to the client's chair beside his desk, on which Lee perched as she

returned his warm smile. "Now that we've got the Lacey property so pleasantly settled, it's time we started considering what's to be done with the Eastman place, don't you think?"
Lee groaned. "Oh, Uncle John! As if we hadn't both been struggling to find a buyer for that place ever since Mimi and Holly came to town to live with Miss Cora—very much against Miss Cora's wishes, I'm afraid—or am I being catty?"
"I don't think so," Uncle John said contentedly, a twinkle in his blue eyes. "After all, she just did it because of her deep sense of family obligation. Her brother had run through his share of the estate, while she had lived carefully and invested hers. And then she was burdened with two charming flibbertigibbets! I admit they are charming, but I insist they are flibbertigibbets!"
"And catty though it may be, I agree with you!" Lee said firmly. "But where, in all of Lewisville and the surrounding area, are we going to find a buyer for three hundred acres of worn out land and a big old house that will cost at least ten thousand dollars before it can be made habitable? I ask you, Uncle John!"

"And I'm telling you, Lee honey! We've found him! Or rather, your boy friend Kermit Dalton at the bank has." Uncle John was obviously very pleased. "He'll be here at eleven, for you to take him out and show him the property."
Lee's brown-gold eyes were shining, and there was a tinge of color in her cheeks.
"But, Uncle John, who is he? Not a native, I'm sure. Nobody who actually knows what the Eastman place is like would waste time going out even to look at it," she protested.
"He's from New York," Uncle John answered. "He's looking for a place to raise cattle, do a bit of farming and, I gathered from Kermit, get away from the hustle and bustle of so-called civilization!"
"Well, on the basis of that, Oakland sounds perfect for him," Lee conceded uneasily. "But will he have the money for repairs? Cattle will mean cross-fencing and pasture planting and rebuilding the barns and outbuildings as well as the house."
"According to Kermit this Whitfield could buy up all of Lewisville, if he felt so inclined, and turn it into another Williamsburg and scarcely feel the pinch. In short, Lee my girl, the man is several times a millionaire!"

"Well, for Pete's sake, what's he doing in Lewisville?" Lee gasped.
Uncle John laughed. "My dear child, a remark like that, in the

wrong quarters, could get you thrown out of our fair city!" he protested. "Why shouldn't he come to Lewisville, with all his millions? Our Chamber of Commerce—"

"Oh, fiddle-faddle, Uncle John!" Lee cut in. "I love the town as much as you do, and I'm as sinfully proud of it as you are; but after all, what do we have to offer to a man who is several times a millionaire?"
"That, my girl, is for you to find out when you show him the Eastman property," said Uncle John firmly. "He'll be here at eleven o'clock."

Lee stood up and nodded.
"And he'll leave thirty minutes after I begin showing him around Oakland," she answered.
"Well, that will be something we can't help, if it happens," he said. "Kermit and I agreed that Oakland was the only place in the whole county that sounded as if it might interest him. I'll leave it to you, honey. I know you can handle it."
Lee moved slowly back to the outer office and the open window as Uncle John dismissed her. Outside, the soft early spring breeze brought the fragrance of the fields and meadows beyond the small town, which was tainted with the smells and sounds of a city. For Lewisville was really a city of some twenty-five thousand souls.

Polly, busily hammering away at her typewriter, glanced curiously at Lee, and her fingers slowed.

"You got problems?" she asked, interested.

"Hasn't everybody?" Lee answered her question with another.
Polly studied her curiously. "It's that darned Eastman place, isn't it Lee?" she asked. "You no sooner place the Lacey property than the Eastman gals demand that something be done about their ancestral home! Or was it poor Miss Cora, who must be fit to be tied at being saddled with those two?"

Lee shook her head. "It was neither," she answered. "Kermit phoned to say there's a New Yorker in the vicinity hunting for a property where he can raise cattle, and Uncle John thinks he might like Oakland."

"Unless he's fond of spooks, and snakes and a place that could easily fall in on him the first night he starts to live in it, then—I'd say that was very unlikely," Polly said thoughtfully. "Unless, of course, he's nuts or a phony."

Lee shook her head. "Kermit checked his financial rating, and it's so good it scares me!"
"Then he's nuts," said Polly firmly, and went back to her typing.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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enterprising Negroes have worked hard to accomplish?

Perhaps, as a means of showing the city of Champaign that a person need not be out just because he is down, business people in this section should pool their resources and move into bigger and better pastures.

WEEKEND VISITORS
Rose and Catherine Shelby, 1210 Dorrie Miller Dr. C., had as weekend guests, Mrs. Matly and Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler from Madison, Ky., and Chicago.
DEATHS

Woman Survives Five Floor Fall

A 27-year-old woman, who had just been arraigned in Holiday court before Judge Hyman Feldman on charges of prostitution and burglary Saturday, survived a 5-floor

fall from a window of the Criminal courts building.
After being put in the women's lockup behind the courtroom, Miss Margaret Guest, of 5746 State st., reportedly ripped her dress into strips, knotted them together and lowered herself from a window. Guards said she lost grip and fell to the grass below. County hospital officials reported that Miss Guest suffered a broken back and leg.