

TWO

By MARJORIE ELAINE PORTER

Think of your son! Aren't you proud of him? You can close your eyes and see every line of his dear form—the fine head, the clean-cut profile with its firm young chin—the sweep of his arm when he throws a ball—the sound of his voice when he calls "Hey, Mom!"

And out in the world, Monday of this week, while your boy and your neighbor's boy and millions of other boys throughout this land are being called to play in his final ignorance, a group of army officials planned a scheme which should be a challenge to every woman citizen in these United States!

Perhaps you read about it, if you, here it is. With all the cold-blooded nonchalance of militarism, a group of U. S. War Department officials and Army officers laid plans for a national lottery by means of which thirteen million men between the ages of 21 and 31 years, could be called arbitrarily into military service in time of war!

According to the plan which took these best of military minds four days to hatched, the lottery procedure would be followed, should the plan go into effect. Numbers would be drawn from a drum in Washington to determine the order of the draft. It is estimated by army officials that a million men could be summoned to arms the first month, after which they could be inducted into service at the rate of 200,000 the second month, 200,000 the third month, and 200,000 the fourth month.

Mechanical! Efficient! Unbiased! The mere drawing of a number from a drum in Washington would determine the order of the draft of a national lottery, that could, while a million mothers stood helplessly by, summon a million sons from their sides. Mechanically, efficiently, it would continue to operate, as these fell in battle, more could be summoned automatically to take their places. Once we lived in the fool's paradise that we had fought a war to end wars. Back in the shadow of half-forgotten years stand mothers whose tender consolation in their loss was the hope that their boys had helped in the realization of this ideal. But these are forgotten years, and now, boldly published on the front page of the American press, admission that the War Department is preparing a national lottery with the lives of Thirteen Million young American men as stakes.

It comes as a shock to those of us who dozed in the false security of political promises. But what of public opinion in this country? Can the War Department carry out such a plan in defiance of public opinion?

The officials of this Department have prepared a blank bill to be presented to Congress to authorize such a conscription agency.

A blank bill in Congress! You are a voter—think of your son. Aren't you proud of him? Are you going to stand by, and allow Congress to pass such a blank bill, affecting the future of your boy?

If you are one of those pathetic women who have regarded your precious right of citizenship with the same indifference that you bring in the morning milk, it is time to wake up and snap out of your lethargy!

If the force of public opinion could be brought to bear upon the men of which Congress is composed, such a measure might be defeated. Women could create a powerful influence were they to unite against such a measure!

If the millions of women who are organized in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National League of Women Voters, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, the American Association of University Women, the P. T. A., and all the other countless organized groups, should delegate members of Congress with letters and telegrams opposing such a conscription measure, the bill would, in all probability, be defeated.

Remember—This bill has been prepared and is to be presented to Congress. Now is the time for every woman her right as a citizen. Now is the time for every woman's club to justify its existence.

By CAROL DWELLEY

In a lot of ways, women seem pretty silly to me. They claim that theirs is the toughest existence, the perennial little end of the horn, and yet when they are rattling, all I can think of is the grim admonition of our grandfathers: "You've made your bed and now you can lie in it." A little more detached thinking on the lot of wonder why, if they don't like the way their lives are, they don't do something about it.

It started when someone mentioned a new bachelor whose timid little head had just poked over the horizon. The general attitude seemed to be "After him, girl! Never mind who gets him, just so long as one of us does." It's a tone to one shot that none of the females will successfully file for grim determination, and the wary male will take to his heels in terror.

A group of men hearing about a new and single woman would never be so rash, although they might react in the same way. Instead, they all act as though femininity in general were the least of their worries. They parade their charms, surely, but from a seemingly inaccessible position, while they look the poor gal over, and make sure that she is worthy their trouble. When one of them makes up his mind, he'll approach, but not until, by that time the lady is as good as won, whether or not she knows it.

If you don't believe it, cast your mind over some of the popular songs. The women chirp about "What's it matter if I say I'll go away, for he knows that I'll be coming back," "Caterpillar like 'My Man.'" And the sensible gentlemen, as far back as the era of the wild western dities, trill cock-surely: "If you don't want me, mamma, you sure don't have to fall for me. For I can give you wimmin than a passenger train kin haul."

On another tack, we find the socialites—the lives of every party—the couples up to their necks in the social swim. In the life of an evening's gaiety in a mood which is anything but gay. He's had a hard day at the office, and would rather step into his coffin than his evening clothes. She replies that he's mistaken if he thinks her day has been an easy one, and that she'll probably look like his grandmother at the party.

The silly part about it all is that she's the one who arranged it. He, reasonably enough, reminds her of it, and asks why the dickens she accepted an engagement for the maid's night out. The best answer she can summon up is "Oh, because I had to." Don't kid yourself, sister. You didn't have to, but you're no more to blame than your prospective hostess, who probably didn't want to invite you either. Your husband's act along all right because once at the party they'll make for the nearest arm chair, in a body to the library or the billiard room and lock the door. But you'll have to waste an evening and your own energies by being determinedly gay, just because your sister sheep expect it of one another.

Comes the last straw—the women who try to justify their own styles. "I hate to wear lipstick," one will say, "but after all, one has to do so and without it there's no man living who could force even the meekest woman to wear lipstick, if women in general didn't favor the idea. The same goes for arch-cracking shoes, impractical hoodies, bothersome coiffures and all the rest of it.

Now, we women have made our beds, and we're lying in them. And, being women, we're complaining about it. When life looks good we get lucid spells where we can laugh at our own foolishness. Perhaps it's a sign that we're waking up, but I doubt it.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1938.

In the Matter of the Estate of John S. Black, Deceased. Present, Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

It is Further Ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of bearing in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

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HOLLAND SETS STAGE FOR GAY TULIP FESTIVAL

Holland, Michigan, May 10: Plans are being made by this city of 30,000 persons of Dutch birth or descent to care for the crowds, anticipated as five times greater than the city's population, for the picturesque "Tulip Festival" which opens Saturday, May 14 and continues through May 22.

The pleasant weather is bringing the three million tulip bulbs to bloom nicely along the eight miles of tulip lanes—residential streets bordered on each side with endless varieties, in addition to mass plantings in the many parks.

To help accommodate the tremendous surge of visitors, the two cruise ships of the Georgian Bay Line, the S. S. North American and the S. S. South American which are docked in winter quarters here will be acting as floating hotels. The entire stewards' and purser's crews will be brought in from Chicago for this occasion to serve meals and provide regular hotel service.

The opening ceremony, Saturday afternoon, will be street scrubbing held in hundreds of men, women and children in Dutch costumes, followed by a gigantic costume parade with several bands and milk carts drawn by dogs, as in the Land of Dikes.

Village green dancing and singing by costumed children will feature each evening's entertainment, save on Sundays. Wednesday, May 18, the children's day parade of schools will take place; on Saturday afternoon, May 21, a score of the finest bands in the world will enter in a gala musical festival to be followed afterwards by a gigantic parade.

One of the new features of the festival will be the 2,500 square feet of Lilliputian Netherlands—a diorama to scale—showing turning mills, Dutch men and women, rolling boats, fields and gardens. This exhibit will be in the Armory.

On Wednesday, May 18, the foreign consular representatives at Detroit will be guests of the Georgian Bay Line aboard the S. S. South American.

Baldwin—A doe deer, full grown, walked into town one Monday night a short time ago and apparently paraded down the main street, stopping occasionally, perhaps to do a bit of "window-shopping."

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In the Matter of the Estate of Mary J. Davidson, Deceased. Present, Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

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In the Matter of the Estate of Frederick H. Hathaway, Deceased. Present, Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

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CHECK THESE PRICES... Before making out your Week-End Shopping List!



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PRIME STANDING
AGED 5 WEEKS

ROLLED ROAST - GENUINE 1938 SPRING LAMB L.B. 34c

READY BAKED - GEORGIA PEANUT HAM L.B. 36c

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FRESH CALVES SWEETBREADS L.B. 39c

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FRESH WHITE FISH, HALIBUT STEAK AND SHRIMP. PERCH, HADDOCK AND PICKEREL FILLETS

IMPORTED FRENCH ROQUEFORT CHEESE lb. 49c

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CASE OF 24 PKGS. - \$5.00

CLEAN QUICK SOAP CHIPS 5-lb. Box 27c

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