

TO ENTERTAIN AT N. C. E.

A tea for young women interested in the various types of training offered by the National College of Education will be held in the college Sunday afternoon from 3 to 5. The guests will have the opportunity of meeting Pres. Edna Dean Baker and other members of the faculty, and of seeing the building and equipment. A musical program will be presented by the glee club and orchestra.

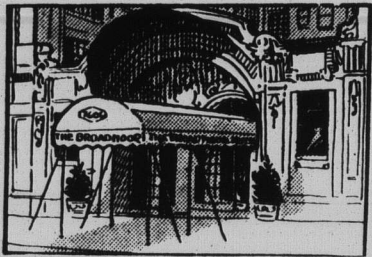
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Saturday, January 7th

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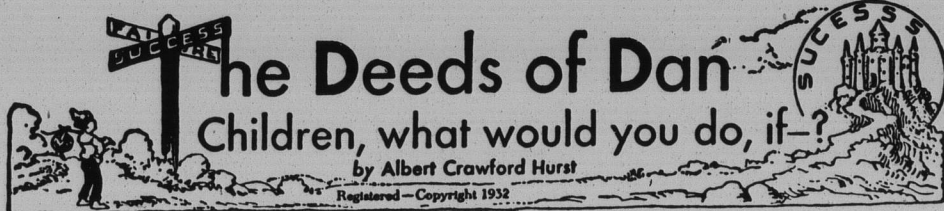
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DAN WRITES AN ESSAY ABOUT RACES

The spring term of school was drawing to a close. For a final test in English composition Dan chose the unusual subject of Roman chariot races. Somehow, Dan had acquired a real interest in things Grecian and Roman. Wherever he went or was taken, even during early childhood, he admired the kind of curves, angles and lines that represent the art and sculpture of those ancient people. He liked Roman history so much that he adored his good friend Antonio Amato the peanut vender, who operated a roasting machine on the corner in front of Sam Sharp's hardware store.

He would sit with him for hours and ask questions or chat about Roman holidays, Roman battles and buried cities. There was nothing surprising about his unrestrained joy, when he awoke one morning and found Middleton plastered with the brilliantly colored posters of the Bells-Gloto circus which was advertised to arrive in town just ten days thereafter.

There was no rest in the Newton household from that day to the day of the circus. Dan and his sister Nan made Mr. Newton promise to let them go to the circus. Mr. Newton was forced to back up his promise by making an immediate donation of two dollars to each to pay expenses for tickets, including the main tent, the side shows, peanuts and lemonade. Never were two dollars more carefully saved than those that jingled in Dan's pockets during the unforgettable ten days of waiting.

Dan's teacher at school had offered a special prize for the best English composition. He set his cap for it, for he was always in need of extra spending money and he considered writing an essay an easy way to earn it. He ransacked the school library for all kinds of material on chariot races and had written several drafts of his essay, but even he admitted they lacked punch and feeling. He was worried, but when he saw those posters of Ben Hur, inspiration burst forth within him. His eyes were riveted to the spot; there they were, golden chariots drawn by great black and white horses steaming through mouths and nostrils. The racers were rounding a dangerous curve of the arena. The chariots were almost on top of each other and the horses were "raring" on their hind legs, virtually flying through the air. Here was fire for Dan's imagination and his pen.

The eventful day finally arrived. Long before sunrise the rumble of heavy wagon wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs broke the stillness of the early morning, as the caravan traveled past the Newton home to the ball park where the tent was being pitched.

The park that afternoon was a seething mass of humanity. Middleton had suspended business and the Superintendent of schools had declared a holiday. The line in front of the box office stretched nearly around the ball park. Those who had already bought tickets jammed the entrance to the main tent. Need one add that Dan and Nan were there in the thickest of the crowd? They were squeezed tightly against the ropes. Except for Dan's protecting arms and his resistance to the jostling crowd, little Nan might have been crushed to pieces. Thus Nan was more free to look about and listen to the amusing remarks of the

barkers on the platforms at either side of the entrance. A little girl stood near her crying bitterly. With some difficulty Nan reached out and drew the child to her. By pushing her forward and putting her arms around the child's waist she was able to speak directly into her ear.

"Why are you crying?" inquired Nan.

"I lost my ticket!" she replied.

"Oh, you poor dear; haven't you any more money to buy another?" Nan continued.

"No! Mother couldn't afford to give me the money; one of our neighbors gave me the ticket and now I've lost it. I thought I had it in my pocket but it's not there," she said, crying afresh. Nan thought quickly; the attendant at the entrance was already tugging at the knot and getting the ticket boxes in place for the mad rush. "Get your tickets ready! Everybody hold your own!" he shouted.

And as the wild crowd pressed forward, Nan put her own ticket into the child's hand and pushed her through the entrance. With a grateful smile to Nan the child turned a parting glance and was lost from view.

"Dan dear, you go on in, I can't go. I gave my ticket to the little girl who lost hers," shouted Nan into Dan's ear.

"What?" gasped Dan, "you did what?" he repeated, to make certain his ears hadn't deceived him. He had been absorbed in other things.

"Why, Dan, I couldn't help it; she took it so hard. I don't care to go! You go in; I'll try to push my way out and go home," she volunteered.

Dan was made speechless by his sister's act. He had spent all their money visiting the side shows and for eats. In the despair of the moment he moaned to himself, "I must see those races! I must" But there was poor Nan being pushed from side to side. It looked as if her little body would be crushed to pieces. With every step backward the children were shoved two forward. "Hey you! Make up yer minds! Git away there! Git away there and let 'em through!" yelled the attendant.

Dan had difficulty in holding on to Nan. Torn by the pleasure-bent crowd and the confusion of his thoughts of not seeing the circus, he nearly crushed his own ticket to pieces. How could he let Nan turn back and face the on-coming mob? What would his mother and father say if she returned home without seeing the circus? What would his friends say when they found out? Again the attendant yelled, "Git away there! Ya bother me! Ya bother me! Let 'em through!" Dan was trying hard to decide what to do.

Children, what would you do if you were Dan?

EDUCATORS TO MEET

The Central Council of Childhood Education will hold its regular monthly meeting Saturday, January 7, in the Central Eleanor club rooms Room 1800, Stevens building, 17 North State street. Miss Pearl Monks, principal, Wade Park school, Cleveland, Ohio, will be the speaker.

Miss Georgiana Weedon, 204 Fifth street, returned to her studies at the University of Kentucky Saturday and her sister, Miss Vivian, left Monday for Ohio State college.

Fred Bird, Jr., Wins That One Dollar Prize

After reading last week's "Deeds of Dan" story, Fred Bird, Jr., of 515 Eleventh street, Wilmette, has decided that if he were Dan he would be brave for the sake of his mother. Fred's letter to this effect won for him the one dollar award this week.

Each week Mr. Hurst publishes one or more letters written by readers of the "Deeds of Dan" in response to the question: "Children, what would you do if you were Dan?"

This "Deeds of Dan" serial is published every week. Every child is invited to write in each week and answer the question. A one dollar award is given for every letter published.

In order to be considered in the competition, letters must reach WILMETTE LIFE by the first Tuesday following the appearance of the "Deeds of Dan" story. Letters about the story in this issue should reach WILMETTE LIFE on or before Tuesday, January 10.

Fred's prize-winning letter reads as follows:

515 Eleventh street,
Wilmette, Ill.
December 31, 1932.

Dear Mr. Hurst:

If I were Dan I would continue on my way to Dr. Knoble's house. Even if I did imagine ghosts and spirits were after me, I would keep on going for my mother's sake.

I read your column every week and find it very interesting.

Sincerely,

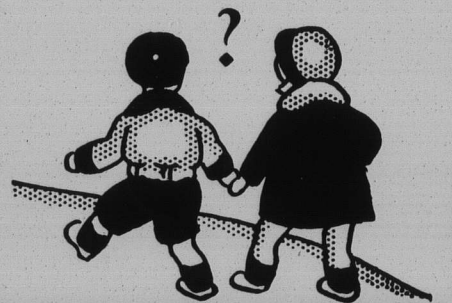
Fred Bird, Jr.

ANNOUNCE MARRIAGE

Captain and Mrs. Varm Lawrence Hosner announce the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Millen Hosner, to Richard Corbin Shuck on Saturday, December 31, at Pleasant Ridge, Mich. Mr. Shuck is the nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Dilks of Kenilworth with whom he has made his home the past six years. He is associated with the Adams Clark Building corporation. The young couple have taken an apartment at the Oak Crest in Evanston.

A daughter, Caryl Faye Ives, was born on Christmas day at the Evanston hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford E. Ives, 1630 Washington avenue. Mrs. Ives and the baby are returning to their home today from the hospital.

BOYS and GIRLS
WHAT
would you do if
YOU WERE DAN



READ

"The Deeds of Dan"

Each Week in WILMETTE LIFE

CASH PRIZES

for winning letters

COMPLETE DETAILS

further in this issue!