

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 9

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1927

NUMBER 24

Wallingford, Bigamist, Free

Tuscola, Oct. 29.—The indictment against W. C. Wallingford of Villa Grove charging him with bigamy was quashed, Friday, and the man was released after eight months in jail. Wallingford, who has been in the county jail for about eight months awaiting trial, was a stock buyer at Villa Grove and had been a well respected citizen of that place, until one day a man appeared there claiming he identified Mr. Wallingford as his father, who had deserted his mother and him when he was a small child. This caused the arrest and incarceration of the aged stock-buyer who is said to be about 65 years of age. The stranger claimed that Wallingford's real name was Waterford. The situation caused a great deal of interest to be aroused in the case.

One Show Only

Beginning Saturday night, November 5th, there will be one show only, at the Broadlands Opera House, each Saturday night, at 8:00 o'clock.

What Does Mother Really Want?

Three Killed As Engine Explodes

Central City, Ky., Nov. 1.—Three persons were killed instantly and four injured, two perhaps fatally, when the engine of an automobile, which had stalled in the down town section here today, exploded.

The explosion occurred, witnesses said, just as P. C. Wells, a passerby, had raised the hood of the car. Wells and William Lewis, 16, who was standing near, were struck by fragments of the engine and apparently were instantly killed. Their bodies were recovered several yards from the wreckage.

The car, driven by Mrs. E. D. Porter, stalled as she was making a turn, she said. Wells, who was passing by, stopped to assist her. A group gathered about, and just as Wells raised the hood the explosion occurred. Mrs. Porter was slightly injured.

Robert Lewis, 18, a bystander was injured internally and died after being taken to a hospital.

W. A. Cooley received a carload of cattle, Wednesday. They are feeders and were purchased in New Mexico.

Try the drug store first.

Lillian Gish In 'Scarlet Letter'

The stern intolerance of the early Puritans, their hardships and their fanatical opposition to all that savors of pleasure, form the background for Lillian Gish's most startling and dramatic role, in "The Scarlet Letter," filmed from Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic, which comes to the Broadlands opera house, on Saturday night, Oct. 5th.

The Hawthorne story has been placed on the screen with an amazing fidelity under Victor Seastrom's direction, and the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature is of a magnitude that lists it among the most important plays of the year.

But the interesting thing is the work of Lillian Gish. She entered on the role with a devout spirit akin to that of the actors in the Passion Play, as for six years she has longed to play the story as a tribute to her Puritan ancestors. So she brings to the role of Hester Prynne, a breadth of understanding that makes the character absolutely live the tragic story of the woman, wall-eyed by intolerance, who bore a brand of shame to shield the man she loved. The dramatic climax at the pillory gives her an opportunity to rise to sublime heights in her portrayal.

The story is staged on a lavish scale; a Puritan village full of men, women and children is seen in the dramatic sequences, nearly a thousand people appearing in their quaint Puritan garb.

Lars Hanson, the Swedish Barrymore, makes his debut in America as Dimmesdale, the clergyman lover of the heroine.

Entertain G. T. Club

Mrs. Minnie Anderson and Mrs. Myrtle Boyd entertained the members of the G. T. club at the home of the former on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, baked apples, pumpkin pie with whipped cream, and coffee were served.

There were twenty-five members present.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscription and new subscribers for this paper during the month of October:

Mary Jacobsen
Alfred Zenke
W. R. Divan
Logan Hedrick

Must Call By Number

From this date, Nov. 4th, all patrons of the local telephone exchange will be required to call by number. This will save our operators a lot of time and trouble, and we wish to assure our patrons that their cooperation in this matter will be fully appreciated.

If you do not have a directory please call at the office and get one at once.

M. A. Phipps,
Manager.

Mark Moore and Ora Porter were Danville callers, yesterday.

The News always welcomes news or letters from subscribers, near or far. Let us hear from you, when you send your remittance.

Entertained Ladies' Aid

The Ladies' Aid of the U. B. Church was entertained at the home of Mrs. Eva Brewer on Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. Nola Donley assistant hostess.

A business session was held and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in darning stockings.

Refreshments consisted of pork sandwiches, carrot salad and coffee.

Visitors present were Mesdames Bertha Cook, Lottie Clesler, Misses Anna Edens and Merle Brewer.

Members present were Mesdames Anna Lill, Bessie Loomis, Mary Rayl, Lucinda Clem, Leona Bergfield, Jessie Bergfield, Jennie Nohren, Zermah Witt, Olive Rayl, Freda Maxwell, Huldah Seeds, Thelma Clem, Pearl Edens, Marie Swick, Allie Struck, Hazel Kesterson, Lillie Bowman, Della Reed, Nola Donley, Eva Brewer.

Mrs. Regnier Entertains In Honor Of Her Son

Mrs. Florence Regnier gave a birthday dinner last Sunday in honor of her son, Oscar Mitchell, and his daughter, Betty Lou, of Indianapolis. There were 12 present and a large cake decorated with candles formed the centerpiece for the table. Mr. Mitchell was presented with a nice present.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Bell, Miss Lela Nelson, Oscar Mitchell and daughter, of Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Reasor of Allerton; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Huffman, Mrs. Florence Regnier.

Hallowe'en Parties At Public School

The grammar room of the public school held a Halloween party at the school house Monday night. Hilda Zenke won the prize for the best mask. There were 25 present. Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, perfection salad and cocoa.

The primary and intermediate pupils were also entertained at Hallowe'en parties.

Attend Kentucky Fox Hunters Meet

Dr. T. A. Dicks, Carl Dicks, Roy Hobbs and James Handley returned Wednesday from Richmond, Ky., where they attended the National Fox Hunters association meet. They report a good time and a fine trip.

Shucking Demonstration

The Harden Sales & Service held a corn picking demonstration with the Fordson tractor and Continental corn husker, at the Paine farm, north of Longview, yesterday.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. E. BUSEKROS, PASTOR.
Sunday School 9:30.
Divine Services 10:30.
Theme—The Plague of Darkness.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Morning worship 11:00. Subject: "Nine Years After the Armistice."
Epworth League 7:00 p. m.

Moity Confesses Double-Slaying

New Orleans, Nov. 1.—Police announced today that Henry Moity has confessed that he alone killed his wife and sister-in-law and then packed their bodies in a trunk after beheading the two and amputating their arms and legs.

Previously Moity has insisted that his wife and Mrs. Joseph Moity, his sister-in-law, were murdered by a red haired sailor. He had admitted however, that he assisted in packing the bodies in the trunks where they were found late Thursday in the Moity home.

Mark Moore Sales Opens Sales Room

The Mark Moore Sales has opened up a sales room in the Cooley building. He has one of those beautiful Oakland All-American Six Landaus and a Pontiac Coach on the floor now and cordially invites the general public to call and see them. Read his announcement on the back page of this issue.

Mystic Roses Give Party

The Mystic Rose club gave a party at the home of Miss Myrle Brewer last Saturday night.

The game of bunco was enjoyed during the evening and refreshments of orange ice, chocolate ice cream and cake were served.

Those present were: Misses Marjorie Freeman, Anna Edens, Marie Struck, Juanita Bergfield, Margaret Gore, Cecil Maxwell, Myrle Brewer; Messrs. Delbert Smith, Arthur Struck, Wallace Kirkpatrick, Elmer Mohr, Edward Schumacher.

The Brewer - Chevrolet Sales reports the sale of six new cars during the past two weeks.

Arlin Barnes Flees From Work Gang

Arlin Barnes, who was recently brought back here from Ohio on a charge of having deserted his wife and five young children now residing in Homer and who was given a year in the workhouse, ran away on Wednesday morning and has not been captured.

Barnes was doing some work at the county farm when he made his break for liberty and officers have since been searching for him.

Barnes is alleged to have been living with a 16 year old girl in Ohio and he is in constant fear of being picked up by federal officials under the Mann act. It is believed that fear is what caused him to make the break for liberty.

Mrs. Earl Greenwood Undergoes Operation

Mrs. Earl Greenwood submitted to an operation for the removal of a tumor, at Lakeview hospital, Danville, last Monday. She is doing nicely. It probably will be about ten days before she is able to return home. Mr. Greenwood was at her bedside, yesterday.

Broadlands Folks Attend Home Coming Game

Those from Broadlands who saw Illinois beat Michigan 14 to 0 last Saturday at the Illinois Memorial Stadium were: George Dohme, Harold Anderson, P. O. Rayl, Charles Swick, E. C. Schumacher, Henry Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cook, Kenneth Dicks, Mrs. T. A. Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Ward, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Allen, W. W. Witt, J. F. Darnall.

Don't fail to read Red Harden's ad in this issue.

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The latest books by the best authors are yours three days for ten cents.

RENT---don't buy---latest books of fiction.

New books every week.

We also sell all popular magazines.

Crain Drug Company

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Try the drug store first

"His Check Came Back"



NOTHING undermines a man's credit more than to have that happen. Even tho an error, it's a signal that something is wrong with that man's finances. Folks hesitate to accept his check again. The notation "not sufficient funds" has given a black eye.

We dislike to return these checks, but we can't legally pay them with funds that belong to someone else. You know the money we have here isn't the bank's money—it's really the property of our depositors who have left it here for safe-keeping. We must be prepared to give it back to them when they ask for it.

Keep a liberal balance on deposit all the time. Then you'll know your check is always good.

First State Bank of Broadlands

Read the Messages of the Bankers of Illinois In Prairie Farmer.

BROADLANDS, ILL.

Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Patterson Springs To Have Big Lake

The proprietors of Patterson Springs Amusement park are planning a number of improvements, the greater part of which will be completed by the time the park is opened next spring and chief among the improvements will be the proposed slake, which will cover about 35 acres of ground.

Work on constructing the dam was begun last week and this work will be pushed with all rapidity that the weather will permit. The dam will be built on the west side of the road where the ball park was located last season and the lake will be formed west and north. Additional land has been leased of Mrs. Josie Rice-Goff so that the water can be extended over a greater surface of land.

A drive will be constructed around the entire lake and along this drive will be cottage sites, and a number of cottages will be erected there the coming spring. The lake when completed will range in depth from about fifteen feet at the deepest back to the shallow shore lines. It will be stocked with fish and a number of boats will be ready for pleasure rides and fishing next summer.

Patterson Springs has long been recognized as among the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the state and the amusement park there last season was the gathering place for large crowds practically every Sunday. With the added features for comfort and pleasure that the management will have installed by the opening day next year this beautiful park should rank among the leading pleasure resorts of the state.

Diphtheria Spreading; More Fatal

Springfield, Oct. 24th—Running twenty-five per cent heavier than at this season last year and noticeably more fatal, diphtheria prevalence now is twice what it was in August with the probability of becoming even more widespread before beginning to decline, according to a statement issued here today by Dr. Isaac D. Rawlings, State health director. Case reports are averaging 140 per week in the state.

Not only is diphtheria more prevalent this year but the percentage of cases that terminate fatally is greater than it was last year.

Practically everybody knows that diphtheria can be cured if antitoxin is given early enough but the trouble is that this disease often masquerades under such innocent manifestations that scarcely anybody can recognize it until late in its course. Too often parents may regard the onset of diphtheria as simple sore throat whereas a swab of the throat that can be examined free at any of the eight State laboratories would establish the facts within 24 hours.

Even that much delay is dangerous however. This fact makes prevention recommend itself. Toxin-antitoxin is an almost certain preventative and the State distributes this without local cost.

Two New Fords Arrive

Considerable interest was aroused here by the arrival of two new Fords. While not ready for exhibition purposes, the Fords have been observed by several and much approval of their fitness and finish has been voiced. Their bodies are finely lined and graced with pleasing curves. Their color job is of a quality that shows richness and well being, and their lines in general are wholly fitting for the work desired of them. Probably not without reason the design follows that of former models, but there are individual differences. They are generally quiet, but there is considerable sound under heavy stress of exertion. Their speed and durability have not yet been tested, but their fuel consumption, at least at the present time, is surprisingly low. Methods of caring for the radiator everflow remain the same. While formed on the same general principles, there is much difference between the two models received here which is not surprising when it is considered that one is a boy and the other is a girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ford. The babies have not been named, but they and their mother are reported to be doing well.—Prairie du Chien Courier.

"He Wouldn't Eat Dinner; I Shot Him"

Chicago, Oct. 31—"I cooked a big dinner and he barely tasted it," said Mrs. Rose Emrich today in explaining to police why she killed her husband, Paul, a police officer.

Casually and without emotion, police said, Mrs. Emrich told how she and her husband had been drinking, and how she had been ordered to prepare a good dinner.

"I had a few drinks, but I wasn't drunk," she was quoted as saying. "When he sat down and barely tasted the food, I thought of all the trouble I went to. Then I got his gun. He was standing by the sink, a big man and easy to aim at. I fired and saw him slump to the floor."

Boy Breaks Neck While Playing Football Game

Orange, N. J., Oct. 31—Harry Kernan, 17, a junior in the Columbia high school, died today of a broken neck received on Saturday in his first football game with the school team.

Saw Wife Murdered

New Orleans, La., Oct. 31.—Police announced today that Henry Moity, held for the "trunk murder" of his wife and sister-in-law, had admitted he witnessed the crimes but said they were committed by "a Norwegian sailor."

The dismembered, beheaded bodies of the two women were found stuffed into trunks in their French quarter home here Thursday, 24 hours after Moity disappeared. He was arrested at Cut-off, La., late yesterday.

Motive for the double murder, Moity told police, was jealousy because of domestic troubles. He charged the two women had been friendly with other men, and said he told his "troubles" to the Norwegian sailor on the day before the murders were committed.

Both Die Of Shock

Findlay, O.—When the physicians attending Perry C. Thomas 74, pronounced him dead, Mrs. Thomas screamed. Her husband was not dead; the scream caused him to open his eyes, attempt to rise. Mrs. Thomas swooned, died of fright and shock. Mr. Thomas, disturbed by his wife's death, died three hours later.

Subscribe for The News. The price is \$1.50 per year.

Craig's Crazy Creation

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright.)

HILLIARD CRAIG, neither young nor old, well-to-do, well dressed and decidedly good looking, suffered from what his enemies might have called a superiority complex.

Immediately upon his arrival in Warrenton to take over the branch office of the D. B. Securities he became the social lion of the Warrenton Golf and Country club set. Marriageable widows and matrons with marriageable daughters besieged him with invitations. He saw and understood and smiled to himself, for Warrenton women were not the first who had looked at him and found him good, but Hilliard Craig had certain fixed standards of his own for women, and especially for the woman whom he might choose to be his wife. And that lucky girl whom he should finally choose to share his name would have to live up to his standards or there would be a scene in the house of Craig.

When he finally met the girl of his dreams he would make it plain from the start what would be expected of her.

Strange, when a man is fancy free where his fancy will alight. Marjorie Hips, airy and fairy as she could be, completely captivated Craig from the first day he met her at the golf links, all sparkling and flushed from exercise, her golden hair scintillating in the sunshine—a perfect doll of a girl.

"Here is something altogether sweet and pliable," thought Craig in a flash. "Too young to have opinions of her own and not too full of brains to grow 'em later in life."

"Oh, I say," he laughed in acknowledging the introduction, "you look like a wild flower just picked out of the woods. Can you be real or are you going to float away like a pipe dream? I'm afraid to take my eyes off you for fear you will disappear, so don't mind if I stare, will you?"

She laughed the gayest, most unselfconscious little laugh, like rippling water, and glanced up at him with her cornflower eyes.

"You're a dreadful flirt," she teased. "No, I'm serious. It's only flirting when you don't mean it."

Craig became like a man possessed. He gave Marjorie the rush of her rather rushed young life. He made himself irresistible, but all the time he never lost track of his working plans. He spoke freely to Marjorie of a first marriage and subsequent death two years later of his wonderful, beautiful wife, Edith. He brought her into his conversation frequently.

"No, Edith was always so fair and just, she always understood; no quarreling or nagging. Wish you could have known her."

Marjorie was at first sorry for the man who had lost the woman he loved and admired so deeply, but after a while Edith got on her nerves. At times she almost wished she didn't love Hilliard, but she did love him; in fact, she knew that right then she was as good as engaged to him and she also knew that there was no one else on earth who could give her the happiness that his very presence gave. If only he'd stop talking about Edith!

"Now, Edith was always so sensible. . . . I remember one time. . . . Craig began one evening.

"Hilliard, darling, come with me a minute," she said, her face flushed, her eyes like stars.

She led him out of the room, then suddenly turned back and quickly closed the door on him.

"Now, I've had enough," she told him through the keyhole. "I don't ever want to see you and your Edith again." Her voice rose and broke in a sob, but she gulped it down and continued: "You're as much in love with her as you ever were and I'm not going to have her thrown up to me with every breath you draw. Edith was like this, Edith was like that. Everybody had to come up to Edith's standards. I guess not! I'll be myself or nobody. And you can go hunt you some other fool girl who's willing to be a slave to a dead woman, for I'm not and never will be."

Then Marjorie flung herself on the divan and burst into tears.

"Darling, let me in," begged Craig, rattling the doorknob. "I want to explain. You're breaking my heart. Do let me in."

But Marjorie made no move and after a moment she heard a key rattle in the lock. Craig entered, wild-eyed, rushed across the room, and, throwing himself on his knees, buried his head on her shoulder.

"Oh, Marjorie, precious, I never thought, I never realized that it would hurt. I just had certain standards for my wife and I wanted to let her know my ideas beforehand. Angel, I—I never was married in my life. I swear it was just my fool idea of a tactful way of putting it."

Marjorie removed the little ball of a handkerchief from her eyes and stared at him.

"Honest, honest," he swore. "I can prove it. She was just a crazy creation of mine, and if you'll only marry me your standards shall be mine. I promise. I thought women were putty, but I've found out they're iron." "You silly boy," she laughed after a moment; "but don't ever try that on me again."

He didn't. He married his little flower of a girl and everybody marveled how she could wrap her great big husband around her little finger.

**Broadlands Opera House
Saturday Night, Nov. 5**

Lillian Gish

In The

Scarlet Letter

Also A News Reel

One Show Only-----8 O'clock

Christmas Cards.....

Do you realize that Christmas is just around the corner and there are so many friends whom you wish a "Merry Christmas?" Now a beautiful Christmas Card is one of the most impressive messages to a friend.

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Broadlands News

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MUCH GOOD FROM SCHOOL MUSIC IS SEEN BY KINLEY

Elkhart, Ind.—Music is one of the greatest cultural elements in education, David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois, told the Conn Music Center here.

"For some years now," said President Kinley, "I have watched the development of musical organizations here with the keenest interest and approval. Music has a very definite part to play in a comprehensive, well-rounded educational program. I am particularly gratified to see its study and practice extended among the young people of our high schools. More of them are becoming performers instead of listeners every year until now it is possible for almost every high school to have its own band."



President Kinley, U. of Illinois.

What Does Mother Really Want?

Her Ma—Daughter is shedding tears.

Her Pa—Well, they're the only thing she has left she can shed.

The Perfect System

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

TWO things Manager Latham Little of the Palm Tree hotel prided himself upon above all others. One was his son, a rising lawyer, and the other the Palm Tree's perfect system of identification. The son, except for the fact he had never taken to himself a wife and was inclined to look intolerantly upon womankind, was worthy of the pride. The system was indeed, wonderful.

The visitor to the Palm Tree, after inscribing his name in the register, was treated to a series of surprises. The elevator boy, hallman, bellboy, telephone girl, waiter, head waiter, everyone in the place, became acquainted as if by magic with the name and residence of each guest.

"Yes, Mr. Jones," they would say, "and when do you expect to return to Minden?" A man might enter the Palm Tree feeling unimportant and alone. Before a half-hour passed, with men and women calling him by name and in deferential manner, he became a person of consequence. If he were a curious soul and acquainted with the difficulties, he wondered how the signature, in so short a time, could have been snatched from the register and sent to the far places in the big hotel. And all the time the key to the mystery, the originator and operator, Agnes Ladd, sat behind the partition in her little office beside the telephone booth.

It was Agnes Ladd who printed each guest's name on a pad and turned the switch of the electrical mechanism which caused it to be printed again at various posts in the hotel. It was she who invented the identification system which may be suggested by the following typical notation:

"Jasper J. Higgins, Parlowville, tall, square watch chain, red nose, gold tooth at left.

She took the idea from the banks where signatures are sent from tellers to bookkeepers with the mere writing on a pad and she made of it one of the greatest advertising assets and, in fact, a great part of the Palm Tree.

Latham Little at first gave the girl full credit. When he boasted of her to his son with a result that the son became interested in the girl and took to calling at her office, the father thought he had overdone the praise. Within a month he was claiming the idea as his own, and before two months had passed, he believed it.

"Look here, Mason," he called the son to task, "You have consistently refused to pay any attention to the young women who, well, of whom your mother and I approve. Now don't come in here bothering Miss Ladd."

Mason grinned, for he understood. It was the father's dream that Mason would marry into that society which, somehow, had never opened its doors or hearts to the elder Littles. Agnes Ladd was a brilliant girl. He would continue to be her friend.

In time Latham became alarmed. He would have to warn the girl; tell her that her place was in danger. It wasn't right that she would be smiling at the son of the proprietor. Who, asked Latham, did she think she was?

"And if that's the case," Agnes answered in temper, "if you think I am harming your precious son by being decent to him, I can quit."

"And if you did," the proprietor was heavily superior, "it is likely the hotel would continue to operate."

After that, there was nothing to do but quit. Agnes spent the afternoon cleaning up her work, pausing to dab her eyes with a handkerchief and tell to the furniture and walls, her opinion of the fat and satisfied Latham Little. Also, she did some queer things to the precious system.

Next day the Palm Tree shook in a wind of anger and disgust. "And why?" asked the imperious Mrs. Lancy Verillo, "do all the flunkies in your hotel address me as Mrs. Spiffkins? You will make out my bill at once; I am going to leave."

Latham apologized but was interrupted.

"It is bad enough," a red-faced man roared at him, "to have a name like Beake, but when a whole hotel starts calling me Nosey, it's an insult." Another customer checked out.

The desk was a bureau of complaints; the proprietor was besieged on all sides. His system, the perfect system which had made a name for the Palm Tree, had broken down with the first day of Miss Ladd's absence. Latham had apologized so many times one more didn't hurt. He telephoned the girl.

"I'm wrong. You get all the credit for the system and the hotel can't run without you. Come back or all the guests will quit."

A thin voice, ringing with triumph, was the answer. "I'm sorry but I can't come back. I'm going to be married tonight. Do the best that you can until Mason and I return from our honeymoon trip. Then, if you speak to me nicely, I might repair the damage."

Latham Little called a hurried meeting of the staff. "Don't 'mister' anybody," he ordered, "until my daughter-in-law comes back to tell you how."

The Sarcastic Wretch

Mrs. Meddle—That old maid across the street hasn't much to talk about, John.

Mr. Meddle—Nope, she hasn't even a husband, Jane.

In the Society Columns

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

LAWRENCE CARPENTER had a very pretty and very prim young lady in his office who did his stenography and typewriting for him. Her name was Florence Capwell—and her other name was efficiency. He likewise had a daughter, who was very pretty and not at all prim. Her name was Rose, and she was of about the same age as Florence, that is, about twenty-five. Rose came often to the office and always stopped to chat with Florence. In fact, they had become exceedingly good friends, although Rose was decidedly in the social swim and Florence as decidedly was not. To say that Florence did not feel a little envious of Rose would be to say that she was not human.

She had got into the habit of reading the society column in the newspapers. And she noticed that whenever in a list of "among those present were" Rose's name appeared the name of Lucius Dartmore began to appear, too—and with increasing frequency. This added to her discontent. For she knew Lucius Dartmore and he had every outward quality calculated to attract the admiration of an unmarried young lady of twenty-five—looks, wealth and a most captivating manner. He was Mr. Carpenter's wife's nephew. Whenever he visited his "uncle's" office, which was frequently, he was always very polite to Florence. She had even taken "dictation" from him upon occasions and enjoyed the work.

"Of course Rose will marry Lucius," she thought, "and they will live happy ever after with yachts and country houses and expensive cars with liveried chauffeurs, and—oh, everything; and I shall make shorthand notes and pound this infernal old typewriter until I get too old to work any more. Then what? I don't know. The old ladies' home for me, I guess."

Florence made three mistakes in taking dictation that day and was so cross that Raymond Hartley, who was deeply in love with her, was heartbroken. Raymond was one of Mr. Carpenter's "bright young men," a sort of confidential clerk, whose feet he was guiding along the rocky road to success.

Florence liked Raymond—he was, to her, the most companionable person in the office. She even allowed him to take her to dinner occasionally. But what a commonplace fellow he was compared to the gorgeous and all-conquering Dartmore! "No more to be compared to Lucius than I am to Rose," thought Florence a little bitterly. But the day after she had been so cross with him she was sorry, and made atonement by being unusually agreeable; whereat Raymond's pessimism vanished.

Then things began to happen and happen rapidly. Three days after "Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Carpenter announced the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Mr. Lucius Dartmore" Rose eloped with a lieutenant of marines—of good family, it is true, but no money—and was married. The matter was smoothed over as well as it could be—as such things always are among sensible people of the world—the truant bride was forgiven by her parents, in form at least, and the bridegroom escaped court-martial.

It was a sensation, of course, while it lasted, but it was soon forgotten. The manner in which Dartmore accepted the situation was delightful to see. His manner took on just the proper tinge of resignation, just the becoming hint of heartbreak, just the admirable air of rising superior to the blows of fate. In his heart Lucius felt rather relieved. The match between Rose and himself had been made by his aunt and he had accepted the proposition.

But having got the idea of marriage into his head, Lucius did not readily get it out again. "No more heiresses for me," he thought. "I've enough money of my own. And no society butterflies, either. Now there's that little Puritan in Uncle Lawrence's office. She's just my idea of what a girl ought to be to make a good wife. No desire for society, no longings for all the flubdub which makes up the life of the wealthy." Little did he guess how with longings and envy Florence had read the society column when he and Rose were cavorting about the social arena. "Miss Florence Capwell," mused he, "I think we will change your name to Florence Dartmore."

It is needless to go into the details of how Lucius sought out Florence and paid court to her. He did it all very properly, deftly and dexterously, as became an adept in good practice. At first Florence was flattered—and fluttered. All the glittering visions which had arisen from the mists of the society column became realities within her reach. But as realities she found she did not fancy them—they did not glitter worth a cent near at hand.

The day after Lucius had proposed—and been rejected—Florence went to the office as usual; but in an unusually thoughtful mood. "Raymond," said she about four o'clock that afternoon, "you may take me out to dinner at Archaubeau's tonight, if you want to." He did want to. But it was six months before they were married. Raymond, on Mr. Carpenter's death, took over the business. In the society column you sometimes see the name of Miss Florence Hartley. That's the daughter of our Florence.

Smile Awhile

What rot is this? demanded the Big Editor. Love's Cold Embers! Did you ever hear of any cold embers?

Why not? retorted the Poet. How about Nov., Sept., and Decembers?

Judge: Where did the automobile hit you?

Rastus: Well, Judge, if I'd been carrying an automobile license number it would have been busted into 1000 pieces.

Halloa, Jimmy, where are you going?

I'm going home. Ma is going to spank me.

But why are you in such a hurry?

Because, if I don't get home soon, Pa will be in and he'll do it.

I'm never going to get married. Why?

Because you have to have sixteen wives. It says so right in the marriage ceremony, four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer—and four times four are sixteen.

When, Professor, asked the student, should you say we will have a return to normalcy?

The Instructor in Economics replied:

I'd say, young man, when beef stew is 10 cents and you can buy a nickel's worth of diamonds.

Judge: Well, John, I can give you this divorce, but it will cost you three dollars.

John: Three dollars, boss?

Judge: That's the fee.

John: Well, boss, I jes' tell ya. I don't b'lieve I wants no divorce. There ain't three dollars difference 'tween dem two wimmen.

A vaudeville wizard of the blackboard was calling for long words.

Incomprehensible, called a voice from the pit.

Thank you.

Rubber, suggested the gallery god.

That isn't long.

You can stretch it.

My grandfather, said the English boy, was a very great man. One day Queen Victoria touched him on the shoulder with a sword and made him a knight.

Aw, that's nothin', the American boy replied. One day an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel!

The applicant for the place of cook was rather untidy in appearance and moreover insolent in manner. Don't engage her, whispered Smith to his wife; I don't like her looks.

But, remonstrated Mrs. Smith, just consider the reputation she bears?

That doesn't matter, said Smith, we don't want any she bears cooked. We don't like 'em.

Gentleman (seeing two schoolboys beating another one): Why are you so cruel to this poor chap?

The Boys: The teacher said he has his sums wrong.

Gentleman (astounded at the answer): What does that matter to you two?

The Boys: Well, sir, we copied them, they was wrong and we got licked.

An English coal porter is credited with a clever retort to a member of parliament who was pushing his way through a crowd at a show:

Make way there! Don't you know, cried the pompos M. P., that I am a representative of the people!

He'll retorted the porter, don't you know that we ARE the people!

Local and Personal

What Does Mother Really Want?

O. C. Harden of Tolono was a visitor here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller were Danville visitors, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bosch are entertaining a fine baby girl who arrived at their home on Sunday.

Levi Hardyman and family of Champaign spent Sunday here with relatives.

O. J. Harden and son, George Eugene, made a business trip to Chicago, Wednesday.

Mrs. Dora Wainright of Danville spent the week end with Ora Timmons and family.

Clyde Owens of Danville visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clester, Sunday.

Mesdames Edna Dicks and Irene Witt were Champaign visitors, Saturday evening.

Dennis Boyd of Chicago spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Minnie Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Taylor of Philo, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gaines of Chicago spent the week end with Jess Ward and family.

Wallace Kirkpatrick of Indianapolis spent the week end here with friends.

Broadlands was well represented at Newman's Hallowe'en celebration last Monday night.

Fred Kalk and family of Newcastle, Ind., were guests of Robert McCormick and family from Friday till Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Luallen are entertaining a fine baby girl who arrived at their home last Saturday.

The Ladies' Guild will hold a food and bakery sale at J. A. Clester's restaurant, on Saturday, Nov. 19th.

Miss Gladys Zenke attended a Sunday School Convention at Ottawa the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Allen and daughter, Mary Ann, spent the week end with relatives in Champaign.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple left Sunday night for Charleston where the former underwent a tonsil operation, Monday.

Mrs. Jas. McCormick and son of Jacksonville; Mrs. Fred Gray and Mr. Robert Smith of Woodson visited their sister, Mrs. Milcah Laverick, over the week end.

Ora Porter and family of Newman moved to Broadlands, Tuesday, occupying the Cable property. Mr. Porter is an associate dealer of the Mark Moore Sales.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Wilkins of Chicago spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Jess Ward, and all attended the football game at Urbana, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Harden returned home from Rochester, Minn., last Friday, where Mrs. Harden had undergone a goitre operation. She is recovering nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray L. Bowman entertained at dinner last Sunday the following: Mr. and Mrs. John Rayl, Del Struck and family, John Nohren and family, Ed Nohren and family, Mrs. P. O. Rayl and son.

OAKLAND

PONTIAC

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to the general public that I have opened up a sales room in the Coolley Building at Broadlands. I have an Oakland All-American Six Landau and a Pontiac Coach on the floor now. Come in and roam around.

I will take your old car in trade or sell on easy terms.

Mark Moore Sales

J. Mark Moore, Prop.

Coolley Building

Broadlands, Illinois

My Poultry Project

By August Gerike

The following is one of a series of 15 articles written by the Agricultural students of the Longview Township High School which will be published in the Broadlands News, one project appearing each week.

Last fall, after taking up the course of Agriculture in the Longview Township High School I decided on the project which I was to take. The project was backyard poultry. I chose this project because I was interested in finding out the advisability of a backyard poultry flock. I began intensive work on this project the twenty-ninth day of November, nineteen-hundred and twenty-six. The work involved in this project consisted of the feeding, watering and other necessary care of the poultry. It also consisted of the job of keeping the poultry house clean and disinfected so as to be free from lice and mites. The chickens were fed a scratch ration consisting of corn and oats. They were also fed a commercial mash. The chickens were fed for egg production. There were twenty-two head of poultry in the flock. Most of the poultry in this flock consisted of young pullets of the light Brahma breed. These hens proved to be fair egg producers when fed the proper kind of feeds. The chickens were fed twice daily. In the morning they were given a light feed of scratch grain. They were given the same in the evening. The mash was fed to the chickens in a self-feeder and a liberal supply was kept by them at all times. They were allowed run to fresh water at all times. This was all the work which was done along the line of feeding, watering, etc.

The work in the cleaning and disinfecting of the poultry house consisted of cleaning the house

once a week and providing a new supply of fresh straw on the floor for the chickens to scratch in. This work usually took up a period of half an hour to one hour of my time on Saturdays. The house was usually disinfected once a month. This was done to keep down the prevalence of lice which might arise in the house if this work was not carried on in the right manner. The labor bill for the whole period of the project amounted to twelve dollars and forty cents.

The total time that this project was in progress was five months and three weeks from the date of starting. By carrying on this project I have come to the conclusion that the business of backyard poultry is not the thing for any person to carry on unless he has sufficient room to accommodate a flock of over one hundred. From my project I find that I have an average loss of about twelve or fifteen dollars in the period of time which the project was in progress, which goes to show that it would be very unwise to start into such a business unless one was wishing to get rid of a little surplus money.

If one would ask me my personal opinion of the raising of backyard poultry, I would advise them to not start into the business unless they had ample room to accommodate at least one hundred or more in the flock.

And She Slept

Cleveland, O.—The father of little Rachel Sternberg, 3, left her asleep in the back seat of his car when he parked it the other night for what he thought would be a few minutes. When he came back, the car was gone, but was found five hours later, abandoned, with Rachel still slumbering. The thief is believed to have left it to escape a kidnapping charge.

Allerton News

T. W. Harrison and family visited relatives at Mattoon, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stickrod attended the football game at Urbana, Saturday.

Harry Flemming attended the foot ball game at Urbana, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lazzell of Willow Hill are spending a few days here.

Roy Dunn of Allerton and coach Couets of Sidney attended a pep meeting at the U. of I. at Urbana, Friday night.

Forrest Clester returned home Saturday night from Lakeview hospital where he underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils.

Miss Thelma Flemming who is a nurse at Lakeview hospital, Danville, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Flemming.

Mr. and Mrs. Couets and Miss Helen Grubb of Oakland City, Ind., motored to Allerton last Friday evening and spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Couets. Saturday the two families with Miss Grubb and coach Henry Couets of Sidney attended the home coming game at Urbana.

Roy Dunn of Allerton won the cross country race held at Allerton Friday afternoon. The race was run two miles on the pavement between Allerton and Broadlands. There were five teams entered in the race but the Camargo team failed to show up. The Allerton team won the medal, having the lowest score of all teams. The men on the Allerton team were Roy Dunn, Ross Bid-

dle, James Turpin, Shorty Harrison and Elmer Smith.

The score of each team was: Allerton 19
Indianola 32
Hume 33
Sidney 58

Long View News

E. C. Hagerman was a Champaign caller, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Mason were Tuscola callers, last Friday.

Mrs. Nellie Hart entertained relatives from Michigan, Sunday.

Robert Edwin Hanley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hanley has been ill.

Mr. Charles Bengston and son, Earl, were Villa Grove callers on Tuesday evening.

Howard Harshbarger and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Sperlin.

Miss Susie Barnett of Indianola spent the week end with Misses Lillian and Frances Daniels.

Mrs. Harry Jarman has entered a hospital at Kirksville, Mo., for medical attention.

O. Dury and family of Camargo spent Sunday with O. L. Brooks and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Deere attended the home coming at Champaign, Saturday.

Mrs. John McCormick and Mrs. Charles Jones and son visited with Mrs. James Coslst at Sidell, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Vance and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vance and son of Villa Grove spent Sunday here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Nellie Hart and daughter, Sadie, and Helen Wade were business callers in Champaign, last Friday.

Joseph Ringo and Hubert Coolley and family of Charleston spent Sunday with W. E. Ringo and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries and children of Charleston, Mr. and Mrs. Tom McCormick Jr. of Philo were dinner guests of Miss Anna Keefe, Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Douthit and grandson, and Mrs. Floyd Seeds of Broadlands, Mrs. Albert Kaufman, Mrs. B. C. Paine and daughter, Ada called on Mrs. G. C. Vance at Villa Grove, Tuesday.

Local and Personal

Mrs. J. A. Clester visited relatives at Allerton, Thursday.

John Bahlow and family visited relatives at Mattoon, Sunday.

Mrs. A. A. Cable spent the week end with relatives at Chicago.

Mrs. T. A. Dicks spent the first of the week with relatives in Danville.

Mrs. Edith Snow and Miss Pearl Clester were Sidell visitors, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Phipps of Charleston visited Mark Phipps and family here Tuesday.

Fred Bruhn, Arnold Kracht, Will Kracht and Ed Bosch were Shelbyville visitors, Wednesday.

Mesdames O. E. Anderson, Barbara Johnson and Hazel Kesterson visited Mrs. H. L. Griest at Oakland, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Cable and son returned to their home at Chicago, Wednesday, after a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable.

Mr. Lon Turner and Miss Goldie Hipsher of Decatur, were guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. John Bahlow and family last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Haines entertained, Sunday, in honor of the latter's birthday, Edgar Hogan and family, W. O. Cranford and family, Wm. Fagenbush and family, and Miss Anna Wendler.

Banker A. G. Anderson and family of Oakland, and Mrs. Emma Anderson of Newman, motored thru Broadlands last Sunday in Mr. Anderson's new Buick sedan.

Mark Moore an Ora Porter attended and Oakland-Pontiac sales meeting and banquet at the Inman Hotel, at Champaign, on Wednesday night.

He Was Me

It was two in the morning and Ross made so much noise trying to locate the key hole that his wife came down to the door.

What's the matter? she asked severely, well knowing when she gazed upon Ross who was leaning in an all too careless attitude against the railing.

Found a fellow down on the porch tryin' to get into the house, he explained glibly.

Do you know who he was? Sure—he was me.

Father Knows

Teacher—Is this world round or flat?

Jimmy—Neither.

Teacher—Why do you say that?

Jimmy—Father calls it crooked.