

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 9

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NUMBER 25

Allerton Couple Given Charivari

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Smith gave them an old fashioned charivari at the home of the groom's father, on Wednesday evening Nov. 2nd. The couple had been married several days but thought their secret was not generally known, when their friends surprised them.

The bride was Miss Theresa Strain of Herrick, Ill., before her marriage.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith.

The happy couple will live on the Smith farm one-half mile north of Allerton.

Walz-Messman

Homer, Nov. 8.—A wedding last week which came as a surprise to their friends was that of Miss Pearl Walz and Clarence Messman. They are now taking a wedding trip in the west. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Messman and the bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walz, all of Homer.

They are selling the Corson entire stock of Dry Goods and Clothing at Levin's Store at Villa Grove.

Date Set For Andrew's Death

His eight months' stay fruitless, Herschel Andrews, colored slayer, must die Friday, Dec. 19.

A mandate ordering his execution on that day was mailed on Tuesday by C. W. Vail, clerk of the supreme court at Springfield, to Sheriff Geo. W. Davis. The death sentence, passed last spring by the circuit court, presided over by Judge Boggs, has been upheld by the supreme court.

Andrews was last scheduled to hang Friday, April 22. His execution at that time was prevented by his attorney, Forrest B. Gore, who staged a dramatic night-long auto drive to find a supreme court judge who would grant them a writ of error. He found the friendly judge in the person of Justice Frank K. Dunn, at Charleston. He returned to the court house with the writ just two hours before his client was to have started the death march.

The condemned man killed Thomas Tate, also colored, last Christmas day.

What Does Mother Really Want?

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

Thomas Meighan In "Tin Gods"

"Tin Gods" featuring Thomas Meighan, Renee Adoree and Eileen Pringle appears at the Broadlands Opera House, Saturday night, Nov. 12.

Imagine the story of a man who marries a beautiful woman, she loves him but also has a passion for politics. Time passes and soon she has forgotten her first love for the second. A child comes but she continues to spend her time away from home. Then one day, the little boy passes on. After a terrible argument, the husband packs his bags, and rushes to South America.

At a small town which has sprung up because of the building of a bridge, he finds solace in rum. Losing his position as engineer in charge of the structure, he sinks deeper and deeper. Sickness comes but he is nursed back to health by a native girl.

Days pass and then—like a wind from the north, the wife reappears. Misunderstanding his eagerness at seeing her, the second girl, whom he really loves, hastens away to kill herself. He learns of her intention and follows—too late.

The picture ends, as it began, showing him enter a chapel he built under the bridge to the memory of his life's one beautiful love.

Mr. Walter Towne Renews Subscription

Mr. Walter Towne, of Monte Vista, Col., is among our renewal subscribers this week.

In his letter to Mr. Coolley, he says in part:

We are having about the finest weather you can imagine. Had a few cold nights at the beginning of October and as the potatoes were not all dug at that time have had more or less frost in all dug since that time, and has hurt the market a lot. Every cellar and frost proof storehouse are full, with a very dull market at around 75 to 85 cents a hundred. Have had the finest bright sunshine for sometime and threshing all done. No snow in the valley yet but a heavy snowfall in the hills on all sides, and the early snow makes the dependable water for irrigation next spring. Have noticed by the paper some people from Broadlands got out as near us as Colorado Springs and thought they had seen the mountains, but when Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were out here they decided they were wasting their time stopping there. I was out in Oregon about 2 months last spring after a long tussle with the "flu" visiting Florence and her boys, and Edna was home in July. Have made no plans for winter yet for we are very comfortable and hope the coal strike will be settled soon or some of us might get cold. My eyes continue about the same. Am at a south window and get along very well but do not try to read in the evening. Hope this finds all well. With kind regards to all.

Will Kracht Breaks Leg

Will Kracht had the misfortune to break his leg last Saturday morning, and had to sit around in the house most of the day, waiting till Chas. Bruhn went to Champaign to have the member repaired. However, Will says he is thankful that it was his wooden leg instead of his good one.

PAUL BLOCK IS SUMMONED

Dies Very Suddenly At Lakeview Hospital On Wednesday.

The citizens of Broadlands were greatly shocked and grieved last Wednesday morning, when they learned of the death of Paul Block, who died very suddenly that morning at 7:55 at Lakeview hospital, Danville. Mr. Block entered the hospital last Monday for treatment and while his condition was serious his death was unexpected and occurred before his family could reach his bedside. A complication of diseases caused his death. Mr. Block had been in failing health for about a year. His severe illness, however was of only a few weeks' duration and his death was a great shock to his family and friends. Mr. Block was one of our most prominent and highly respected citizens and will be greatly missed in this community.

The deceased is survived by his wife and one daughter, Miss Maude; his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Block; one sister, Mrs. Alvin Zenke, besides other relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral rites will take place at the late residence (today) Friday at 1 o'clock p. m., followed by services at the St. John's Evangelical Church at 2 p. m. Rev. D. A. Blasberg of Middletown, Ohio, a former pastor, will conduct the services.

Final Game In Stadium

Urbana, Ill., Nov. 7.—Illinois' battle with Old Man Stagg's Chicago Maroons looms formidably on the Orange and Blue football horizon.

The game with Chicago will be the last of the season in the stadium and the date, Nov. 12th, has been designated as Dad's Day when fathers of University students will visit the campus.

It is expected that a crowd almost equal to the homecoming attendance will see the old rivals play. The demand has been brisk but it is probable that seats will be obtainable up to the day of the game.

The Chicago Maroons are traditional rivals of the Illini. The two teams have played 31 games since 1892, Chicago winning 17, Illinois 11 and three were ties. Since Zuppke has been at Illinois his teams have won eight of 14 games played. Two of the games being deadlocks. Chicago hasn't beaten Illinois since 1922, coming closest in 1924, when Red Grange counted three touchdowns, the last in the waning minute of the play, to tie the Maroons 21-21. Chicago was Big Ten champion that year, thanks to three tie games and no defeats.

After a discouraging start, featured by a defeat by Oklahoma, the Maroons, coached for the thirty-sixth season by the veteran A. A. Stagg, staged a startling comeback, winning in succession from Indiana, Purdue, the conqueror of Harvard, and Pennsylvania, the victory over the Quakers being the first in the Chicago-Penn series. Stagg believes in strong lines and the November 12 invaders are likely to present a typical Stagg forward wall, anchored at the center by Captain Kenneth Rouse.

Red Rides In The New Ford

O. J. Harden and H. K. Allen returned from a trip to Detroit, Mich., Tuesday. Red took a ride in one of the new Fords while there. And it was the wildest ride Red ever had, for the gentleman who did the demonstrating drove thru ditches, over logs, and what have you? Red says he was simply scared stiff. We can imagine how red headed and wild Red looked when the demonstrator stopped the Ford.

George Dohme was a Champaign visitor, Tuesday.

"The Turn of The Tide"

The sparkling comedy drama, "The Turn of the Tide," will be presented by the Community Orchestra of Rankin, at the Broadlands Opera House, on Friday night, Nov. 25. The entertainment is sponsored by the Royal Neighbor lodge of Broadlands. Two former citizens, J. E. and J. L. Benefiel are in the cast. The play is said to be a knockout and all who fail to see it will miss a real treat.

Jos. Kuhn & Co. place a large ad in this issue.

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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.

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Nov. 12th to Nov. 18th only

3 lbs. Beans	21c
1-2 gal. Syrup, light or dark	29c
Raisins, lb	11c
Fig Bars, lb	12c
English Walnuts, new crop, lb	29c
Spinach, No. 2 can	16c
Peaberry Coffee, lb	37c
Chili, can	13c
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Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Baby Beef Calf Club Organized

The Broadlands community saw a good deal of activity Friday morning, Nov. 4th, when a boys and girls baby beef calf club was organized with a membership of 31 boys and 5 girls, each of whom drew by lot and received a Hereford calf. Two boys in the group took two calves apiece, making a total of 38 calves. A carload of 54 calves had been secured by the committee who had charge of buying the lot. The 38 calves distributed are all high grade and very fine quality white faced spring calves averaging a little under 400 pounds in weight apiece. They were purchased from a Texas ranch and loaded from a station in the state of New Mexico. These calves were selected out of a group of over 300 head in Texas as number one calves and after being received in Broadlands the local men selected the best 38 head out of the 54 in the carload and the extra calves were sold to farmers in the community. After all expenses were paid they were able to turn the calves over to the club members at a cost of \$48 a head.

H. E. Wiese was elected by the club members to act as chairman of their local leaders committee. Henry Kilian, Jr., and O. P. Witt will act with him in following the work of the club thruout the year and assisting the members in making their work a success. A beef calf manual and record book were given to each club member. Settlement for each calf was made at the local bank through the help of Will A. Coolley, president, and H. K. Allen, cashier. A survey of the club membership showed that 31 of the 36 boys and girls were of club age, which is from ten years old next July first, to 20 years inclusive. Five members were under the club age. They will receive all the benefits of the local club, but will not be eligible for county or state recognition. A survey of the club membership also showed that all but four members had a supply of legume hay available on the farm to feed the calves, and the other four expressed their willingness to secure it. This survey was made since it is considered necessary to the economic success of each of the members in fattening their calves to have at least a ton of clover hay or other nitrogenous roughage.

C. C. Burns, farm adviser, who is the county club leader, assisted in organizing the club and getting the proper arrangements made, and C. E. Gates, assistant specialist in junior club work, talked to the club members and their parents who were present, on the organization of the local club, the officers, their qualifications and duties, and explained the record book which each member of the club will be required to keep.

A club charter will be issued to the Broadlands baby beef calf club and a program committee will be formed from among the members to make out the monthly programs throughout the coming year in which each club member will participate in learning how to feed and care for his calf on an economic basis. Feed records, club tours, and social and

recreational programs will be included in the year's work. Each club member is required to show his calf next fall at a local baby calf club show.

In cooperation with the local banker an insurance scheme was proposed by the county club leader by which each member paid \$2 into an insurance fund which will be kept intact until next fall after the calves are sold. If a member should lose one of his calves he will be reimbursed for his loss, and if several losses occur the fund will be distributed equitably. Should no losses occur, or if there is any money left in the fund at the end of the year it will be returned to the members. The insurance is an added safeguard to the success of each club member, and where the members of the club gave notes to the bank for the calves the credit is protected.

A second meeting of the club members and their parents was held at the Broadlands bank last Saturday evening, at which time the club was formally organized, and the following officers were elected: Roy Sanders, President; Carl Zenke, Vice President; Geo. Smith, Sec. Treas. The program committee was appointed by the President as follows: Harry Nohren, Murrell Denny and Jessie Witt. After organizing, Mr. E. T. Robbins, Livestock Extension Specialist of the University of Illinois addressed the club on "how best to start management and feeding of calves," which was interesting and instructive.

The next meeting will be held on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3rd. The members are Mabel Bahlow, Vera Bahlow, Geo. Smith, Chas. Smith, Raymond Kilian, Herschel Bruhn, Jessie Witt, Ray Sanders, Carl Zenke, Carl Craig, David Freeman, Mildred Freeman, Alfred Luth, Raymond Luth, Oscar Limp, Walter Thode, Walter Messman and Wm. Zenke, Jr., of Broadlands; Norman Miller, Stewart Miller, Don and Carl Place of Homer; Harry Nohren, Marcelle Nohren, Chas. Boyd, of Longview; Wilbur Swan of Newman; Maurice Gorman, Lyman Furnish, Geo. Furnish, Earl Gasser, Robert Schindler, Robert Hance, Murrell Denny, Harold Denny, Byron Denny, Clifford Leerkamp, of Sidney.

Charleston Couple Held Up and Robbed

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Madding of Charleston were held up at the point of a pistol last Friday night a mile south of Fair Grange as they were returning home from Camargo where they had been on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Madding, driving at a very moderate rate of speed were passed a time or two by an old Ford touring car occupied by two men. After they reached the next corner, the men in the Ford stopped as if they were lost, one man asking Madding when he approached the way of the road.

Madding who accommodatingly stopped, was then relieved of about \$68. The case was reported to the sheriff's office and it was purposely kept under cover for the purpose of chasing down on Saturday and Sunday any possible traces. Madding could give but a brief description because it was very dark and he saw but one man. He knew however, another held the steering wheel.—Oakland Ledger.

Those Little Birds

The little song, 'Little Birdie in a Tree,' that we sometimes sing in the spring when the first robin comes to town, is changed to one of disgust in the fall when the myriads of blackbirds park for weeks in every tall tree and keep us awake night and morn. Really we are more in the mood to sing in a plaintive strain, Bye, Bye, Blackbird, hoping with every breath that we are warbling the words truthfully.

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More Or Less Happy

We now have the seedless orange, the ginless gin and the tasteless apple; also the horseless carriage, the hornless cow, the skinless hot-dog, the slitless coat-tail, and the dressless lady came in with the onward march of civilization. But still we are a happy people, as long as we are debtless and have the money to buy the gasoline that keeps the world from being moveless.

Staley Bean Mill Starts

The Staley soy bean mill at Decatur started operations recently and is now grinding beans daily. Staley chemists say the beans this year are heavy in protein but short in rubber content. The amount of rubber in the bean is what governs the price and as a consequence the market is down.

What Does Mother Really Want?

The Newest Fake

If you get a post card from a firm or individual notifying you that they have information you will be interested in, don't bite. It's only the latest scheme to separate you from a dime or a quarter. These people write all over the country for sample copies of newspapers. From them they clip their items, and without stating what paper the clipping is from they offer to mail it

to you on receipt of a certain sum. Curiosity leads hundreds to answer, and when the clipping comes they find that it was clipped from their home-town paper and they had read it before. Don't let your curiosity get the better of you, but toss the offer away and save your dimes and quarters.

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

Broadlands Opera House
Saturday Night, Nov. 12

Thos. Meighan

In

"Tin Gods"

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.

Why not call on us and let us show you our complete line of new cards?

Broadlands News

Selling Dad a Son-in-Law

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

MR. MILO PARKER couldn't see radio any more than he could see his daughter Sally marrying a garage hand he had never met—and never would meet, if he could help it.

"But he isn't just a garage hand," Sally would protest vainly.

"Works in a garage, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"Does he own it?"

"No, dad, but—"

"Well, there you are!" And there you were, indeed.

"Same way with radio. 'Fad of the moment,' he dismissed it. 'Like mah-jongg. And where if I may ask, is mah-jongg now?'"

"I believe, Kent," she remarked one evening to the young man in question as she waited for him to be relieved by one Floyd Pennybacker, the night man, so that he could walk home with her, "that if dad once met you in an unprejudiced sort of way, he'd fall for you. Just as he'd go wild over radio, if he ever heard a decent set. Now I've got an idea in my head," she continued tentatively, "which I think will work if you'll only agree to it. It means sacrificing you temporarily."

"Sound* like a heck of an idea," grumbled Kent from beneath a huge car with whose transmission he was tinkering.

"Well, just listen," begged Sally earnestly. "Dad has been at me to visit Aunt Helen in the Berkshires on the supposition that if I do I'll forget you. Now this is my scheme. I'll tell dad that I'll do that little thing—go to Aunt Helen's for a month and while there not write to or hear from you—provided he'll let me get a radio. You must tell me some simple sort of way of putting the radio on the blink. I'll give dad the number of this garage to call in case anything goes wrong with the set. Then you must beat it up here and—well, then it's up to you to sell your personality."

"Well," said Kent thoughtfully, "I dare say I could smuggle you up a couple of old B batteries to substitute for the new ones."

"Then you'll do it? Oh, you darling!"

That was the genesis of the scheme by which Mr. Milo Parker found himself possessed of a radio and Sally found herself playing tennis, golf and bridge in the Berkshires.

Some of the enthusiasm for her plan had oozed away as her father evinced no interest in the radio.

Therefore, it was by way of being a pleasant surprise when, at the close of the month, she let herself in at the front door to the sobbing strains of a saxophone solo.

After the amenities of greeting were over, Sally put the question which trembled on her lips. "Did—did you have any occasion to call in the radio man?"

Mr. Parker patted his daughter's hand. Then, "But, dad, how—"

"The 'B' batteries are in the attic," explained her father promptly. "I was looking for an old atlas—"

"An old atlas," broke in Sally helplessly.

"That's what I said. An old atlas. Found it on top of two brand new 'B' batteries. You see, I had already called in your young man for what, according to him, was a case of static. He could suggest no remedy, but fortunately it cleared up next day. He was sure sore at being called out at that time of the morning."

"Morning? But you're not home in the morning!"

"Guess I'm home at two o'clock in the morning! It happened I was listening to a minstrel show in Chicago when rip—roar—crash—smash—Well, I got information and she said the telephone number you gave me was a garage, so, on the chance it was an open-all-night one I called it and the fellow said he'd come up. But what's the matter?"

Sally was convulsed with laughter. Her father must have got Floyd Pennybacker, the night man. Her scheme had failed, but how ridiculous of her father to think she had wanted to marry Floyd!

"Don't get hysterical over it, Sally," said her father gently. "I wrote to him he must cease his attentions and—"

But Sally's laughter had ceased as abruptly as broadcasting an S. O. S. "You wrote him?" she gasped.

Before he could answer, the doorbell rang sharply and Sally rose in reluctant response.

A moment later, hearing odd sounds in the hall, her father followed.

There stood Sally, sobbing wildly, with her head on the shoulder of a perfectly strange man.

"There, there—" soothed the strange young man. "That's all right. Your father got the name right, having heard it from you, even if he connected it with the wrong face. The letter came to me and that's why I've come."

But Mr. Parker recognized defeat when he saw it. Also, any father would be glad to find his daughter was in love with a fine young fellow like Kent Burgess rather than with a shifty-eyed Floyd Pennybacker.

"Guess there's been a mistake all round," he said genially. "And, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to the jolly Joy boys."

It is doubtful if either Sally or Kent heard him go. Four weeks' absence is four weeks' absence, and there were other things to be made up besides explanations!

Smile Awhile

Wheah you all bin?
Lookin' foah work.
Man! man! Youh cu'osity's
gonna git you into trouble yit.

Freshman making hasty getaway: I fooled 'em that time. The sign said, 'parking one hour' and I only stayed twenty minutes.

Patient (gasping): I seem a little better, doctor, but I'm still short of breath.

Doctor: Well, just have a little patience, and we'll soon stop that.

On mules we find
Two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind
Before we find
What the two behind be for.

Bill: Papa, are caterpillars to eat?

Father: Oh, don't talk about such things at the table.

Mother (getting curious): Billy why did you ask that?

Billy: I just saw one on pa's lettuce; but it's gone now.

Dad: That's a fine fishing rod you have there, son. I've always wanted one like that, that you can take apart and keep in your vest pocket.

Sheik Son: Heck, dad, that ain't no fishing rod. It's my new cigarette holder.

He strode in dolefully, as if suffering from the loss of a dear friend: I got sad news. My dog died last night.

What did it do; swallow a tape-line and die by inches, or did it run up the alley and die by the yard? asked a sympathetic friend jestingly.

Naw, it crawled under the bed and died by the foot.

I fear, dear, that you don't love me any more; not as you used to at least.

Why?

Well, now you always let me get up in the cold morning to start the fire.

Ah, my dear; your getting up to do that makes me love you all the more.

A bod-haired, scantily clad flapper was making her application at the pearly gates, and St. Peter was putting her through her category.

What was your occupation? he inquired.

Men called me a gold-digger, she tittered.

I'm sorry—but on account of the paving we can't let you in here.

A railroad had paid a claim for injuries to Mandy and her husband demanded half the money.

Sam, you don't get none of dis yere money. It was mah face dat was wrecked and ruined, not yours. Ah did all de sufferin', not you.

Ah'm entitled to mah share, Mandy. Why, after de wreck dere you a lyin' alongside de track, stunned and senseless wid nothin' de matter wid you an' ah had de good business judgment to go over an' kick you in the face.

The conductor noticed that one of his lady passengers was crying so he went over to say something by way of consolation.

Why are you crying, lady? he inquired.

I am taking the body of my poor husband to the undertaker's to have it cremated, she replied.

Just then the conductor observed that another lady passenger was crying, and went over to console her.

What is the trouble, madam? he asked.

It just ain't fair for some women to have husbands to burn when I can't get one.

My Poultry Project

By Kerna Block

Taking up the course of agriculture, I found it was necessary to have a Project, so I took up a choice of hogs which has always been my favorite farm animal, while living on the farm. This was mainly* for experience and bookkeeping so I just fed the hogs which belong to our Estate. I had eight head of Chester Whites when I began to feed them last fall in September. They weighed seventy pounds at the time I started to feed them.

The first two weeks they made a daily gain of two pounds per head. Then for awhile they fell back to what an average hog gains, of one and a half pounds. They were fed on corn and oats with the slop from the house. They never received a bit of mineral, but if they had it is sure that they would have gained more per day than they did. They were in a good shed and had a good feed floor to eat off of in bad weather. This was made of bricks and cement which are the best there is for hog feed floors. My hogs were healthy, and the shed was clean as it was new, and I tried to keep it as possible and disinfected it a little every week. The hogs had plenty of exercise for they run in a twenty acre pasture, and had enough grass to eat without hunting for it.

When these hogs were sold they never brought the top market price but when figuring it made the corn which they ate, bring a dollar a bushel. When I weighed them there was only four pounds difference in their weight. They nearly all weighed the same when I first started feeding them. Their feed was weighed every day and the time I spent on them each day, was put down and recorded. There is not much expense to raising hogs so therefore I think it is a good proposition to make money on the side.

High Price For Cows

Joseph F. Gamble and son Claude shipped two dry cows to the Indianapolis market this week and received \$226.95 for them. If two dry cows are worth \$226, good milk cows will doubtless come quite high. Both of these cows had considerable age on them and one weighed 1360 pounds and sold at 9c a pound. This price will be considerably increased when the Porter House steaks are served at the leading hotels.—Arcola Record.

They are selling the Corson entire stock of Dry Goods and Clothing at Levin's Store at Villa Grove.

Dr. C. G. Bacon

DENTIST
NEWMAN, ILL.

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Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

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Many Employed In Stalk Harvest

One hundred and seventy-three persons are now being employed by the Cornstalks Products company in preparation for the opening of America's first manufacturing plant of its kind—to make cellulose from cornstalks at Tilton. Of this number, 141 are engaged in the harvesting of stalks. Most of them are farmers.

A new boiler plant is being built at the factory which the company purchased in Tilton. Test wells are being sunk in preparation for supplying a daily demand of three million gallons when the plant actually starts. Part of the machinery already is in transit, according to Earl Harding, development manager.

All switching at the cellulose plant in Tilton will be done by traction thus lessening the fire danger as regards the immense supply of stalks to be stored there. No locomotives will be on the grounds. Switches are being repaired.

Harvey Sconce, in charge of supplying raw material, is especially well pleased with the method now being employed in the vicinity of Fithian—one of the many harvesting schemes tried out in the past few weeks.

Three one-row corn binders gather the stalks. Two of them are pulled in tandem by a tractor. The other is drawn by three horses. Wagons carry the stalks from the field to a 10-role husker, set up beside the farmer's corn crib. The husker throws the corn into the crib and shreds the stalks, blowing it into the hopper of a baler. The bales are then loaded on wagons for transportation to storage. Under this system, from 25 to 27 acres a day can be harvested. It takes three men to feed the husker-shredder.

All operations, from the purchase of the plant on down, have it is said, been taken care of by eastern capital. Ten percent of the financing was made available locally, and it is understood that the books are now being closed.—Commercial News.

C. I. P. S. Declares Fourth Dividend For Year 1927

The Board of Directors of the Central Illinois Public Service Company, at their meeting last week, declared a dividend of \$1.50 per share on the cumulative preferred capital stock of that company for the quarter ending December 31, 1927. This dividend is payable January 14, 1928, to all preferred stockholders of record, on the books of the company at the close of business December 31, 1927. This is the fourth quarterly dividend for the year 1927.

Letters Urge Spreading Of Leprosy In U. S.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 8.—Discovery of letters advocating the spreading of leprosy and anthrax in America, alleged to have been received by William Nash, today found him held without charge in the city jail.

One of the letters was addressed to "Commissar, Dept. V-19, Department of Foreign Trade, Vladivostok, Siberia. Another was sent to someone in Mexico City, and was returned to Nash marked "unclaimed," and one had been sent to Nash from Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

Farmers Husking Corn

Corn husking was begun in this vicinity the first of this week. Shuckers are coming in every day from southern Illinois and elsewhere. They are receiving 5 and 6 cents per bushel.

Miss LaVaughn Hardyman is attending school at Champaign.

Long View News

Miss Sadie Hart visited Mrs. Guy McEwee at Sidney, Sunday.

Robert Vance of Villa Grove was a caller here, Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. O. T. Rowen were callers in Villa Grove, Tuesday.

Mrs. E. Downie spent Friday in Broadlands with Mrs. O. J. Harden.

Miss Catherine O'Neil has returned to Chicago after visiting relatives and friends here the past two weeks.

A Religious chautauqua is being held in the Church of Christ from Monday to Friday, Nov. 7 to 11, and Monday to Friday, Nov. 14 to 18. Services start at 7 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services. A different minister each evening.

Mrs. A. Reed Hales entertained the members of the J. F. F. club on Thursday afternoon of last week. Progressive rook was enjoyed, Mrs. Charles Bengston winning first prize and Mrs. Oscar Rowen winning second prize. Mrs. Dan Thomas of Brocton and Mrs. Fred Messman of Broadlands were guests. Refreshments of sandwiches, fruit salad, cake and coffee were served. Members present were: Mesdames Thomas Babbist, Charles Bengston, James Carleton, Charles Churchill, Frank Dalzell, Henderson Daniels, Evan Downie, P. T. Madigan and O. T. Rowen.

W. W. Witt has been confined to his home by illness the past few days.

Bosco, Who 'Ate 'Em Alive', Dies In Prison

"Step right this way folks, and see Bosco, the snake eater. He eats 'em alive."

Remember this old chatter of the street carnival days, some twenty-odd years ago? Well, Bosco is dead. He died a few days ago in the Iowa state prison at Fort Madison, where he had served 21 years for a crime. A brief dispatch from that city telling of his death failed to say what he had been sent up for. He was there for life, however.

Bosco must have been sent up shortly after he appeared in this city. His first time here was the time the Elks held a street fair. That was in September, 1903, and was one of the biggest ever staged here.

Bosco actually ate snakes that were alive—when he started, at least.

It was a terrible exhibition but attracted large crowds at all times. His was one of the best paying concessionaires of the street and it kept the management busy to supply live snakes for the act.

His correct name was William Steamboat Davis. He claimed to be a native of South Africa. He must have been close to 70 years when he died, as he was about 44 years of age when he appeared here.—Commercial News.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. E. BUSEKROS, PASTOR.

German Service at 9:30 a. m. Sunday School at 10:30.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart."

U. B. Church Notes

REV. R. L. WEBBER, PASTOR.

Preaching at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., Bessie Harris, leader.

The Sidney and Longview high school basketball clubs will play at Longview, tonight, Friday.

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

Local and Personal

What Does Mother Really Want?

A. M. Kenney was here from Decatur, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Walker and son of Sidell visited Mrs. Charlotte McCormick here Sunday.

J. T. Handley went to Danville Tuesday to purchase supplies for his shoe shop.

Ora Timmons and family and Miss Mamie Darnall visited relatives at Champaign, Sunday.

Mrs. Avery Henson and children of Urbana visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Phipps and daughter, Miss Onida, were Tuscola visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick and Mrs. O. E. Anderson were Danville visitors, Monday.

Stop in after the show Saturday night and get a cup of hot chocolate.—J. A. Clester.

T. W. Bergfield was in Chicago Monday buying Christmas goods for Bergfield Bros. store.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bosch are entertaining a fine boy babe who arrived at their home on Thursday.

Miss Marie Witt and O. P. Witt attended the funeral of Mrs. William Mumm at Philo, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Allen spent the latter part of last week in Chicago with her daughter, Mrs. Norman Westfield and family.

Henry Dohme returned Sunday from a visit with his daughters, Misses Hazel and Anna Dohme at Bloomington.

Mrs. Dora Harden of Covington, Ind., spent the past few days with her son, O. J. Harden and family.

They are selling the Corson entire stock of Dry Goods and Clothing at Levin's Store at Villa Grove.

Mrs. Ray Bowman, Mrs. T. W. Bergfield, Misses Helen Smith and Juanita Bergfield were Danville visitors, Saturday.

Mrs. Nora Griffin will be hostess to the Ladies' Guild, on Thursday, Nov. 17th. Mrs. Emma Jackson will be the assistant hostess.

Mrs. Nora Stutesman, son, Everett, and Miss Rose Clapp of Clarksville, visited J. T. Handley Sunday. Mrs. Stutesman is Mr. Handley's sister.

J. A. Clester has purchased and installed an electric hot chocolate cup in his restaurant. And you can now get a cup of hot chocolate in two minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick and Mrs. Barbara Johnson visited relatives at Champaign on Sunday evening. Mrs. Johnson remained for a few days visit.

Mrs. Lottie Astell entertained at dinner, Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson and daughter, Marjorie, of Newman; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Schecter of Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rayl entertained Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Biggs, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Biggs, Mrs. Flora Bailey of Ridgefarm; Mrs. D. C. Struck and daughter, Etta, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rayl, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman.

The Girl That Flunked

By JANE OSBORN

PROFESSOR HEATON liked to have the men and girls in his classes sit according to the alphabetical arrangement of their names. So it was—and for no other reason—that Constance Pearce sat next to Jim Peberdy in a class in solid geometry which they were both taking during their senior years. Freshman required subject though it was, Jim Peberdy was taking it because he had failed to pass it in Freshman year and had somehow managed to put off making up this deficiency until his last year in college. Constance had transferred with advanced standing at the beginning of her last year from another college where solid geometry had not been required for a degree. Before final examinations Jim was willing to admit to himself that Constance Pearce was the only girl among all the co-eds he had met who interested him one little bit, and Constance felt assured that Jim Peberdy was a young man apart from the ordinary.

And once shortly before finals Constance spent a whole evening in one of the reception rooms in the girl's dormitory trying to help Jim to a better understanding of solid geometry. "But really it doesn't matter," said she, knowing that it was useless, as well as untrue to tell Jim that he did even tolerably well in the hated subject. "You get wonderful marks in philosophy and languages. No one knows as much Greek as you do, so it's silly to mind about the mathematics."

"Silly nothing," said Jim Peberdy. "I can't get my degree unless I pass all required subjects—and no degree will mean no chance to take the Smith prize in Greek, which means, if I get it—a summer of research in Athens. If I do my work well there in Greece it means perhaps a pretty good appointment here next autumn."

There was nothing unfair about the examination—still it was difficult. Other examinations followed and it was not until the day before commencement that final marks were all available and that the names of those about to receive their degrees were posted in the dean's office. Constance fairly ran into Jim as they both hurried from different directions to look at the important list. Of course, Constance felt sure for herself—but she was eager to know about Jim.

"It's all right, Jim. I am so glad," she was saying, and Jim standing behind her merely uttered an amazed and dejected "Gosh."

"But you're through," said Constance.

"It isn't that—" whispered Jim. "It's you—but it must be a mistake." Then Constance looked at the list again. Her name was not there.

"Oh, of course, it's a mistake," said Constance.

She went cheerfully enough into the dean's office, explained her errand and waited while he consulted reports strewn over his desk. "I am afraid, Miss Pearce," he said gravely, "that you have not filled the requirements. That is the difficulty that transferred students frequently have. You've tripped up on geometry."

Constance listened in amazement. The mark sent in by Professor Heaton for her was so low that it could not possibly be raised. Of course, there was no mistake about it—and as Professor Heaton had sailed that morning for Europe he could hardly be consulted.

Back in her room Constance thought the matter over, and after awhile she began to smile. "When she went out to meet Jim she was still smiling."

"It's all right," she told him. "Of course, I just didn't get through."

"But you know you passed that geometry—you must have if I did."

"I'm not much surprised," lied Constance. "You see, I was a transfer—the dean says that transfers have trouble keeping up—but I really don't care much."

"It was hard enough going away from you, anyway," Jim told her, "but now it's terrible. But if I don't go, I won't make good—and making good means that I may dare ask you when I get home to marry me."

Late that summer Professor Heaton returned from Europe, and shortly afterwards Constance Pearce paid him a call. She simply asked to see her examination book.

On the top of the pink paper cover was written in blue pencil the figure "98." The old professor almost wept in his confusion and chagrin.

"If there is anything I can do to make up to you—for the embarrassment this has caused—" he stammered. "Of course, I'll report my mistake to the office—you will have your degree and there will be a general explanation."

"May I see Jim Peberdy's book?" asked Constance gravely. It was speedily produced. "96" was the rating marked on the outside of this book.

"All you need do," said Constance, "is to destroy that book—burn it. You needn't even report your mistake to the dean. I'm very fond of Jim—and—"

Professor Heaton took Constance's hand in a warm clasp. "I understand," he said. "I'm almost glad I made the mistake."

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What Does Mother Really Want? Read Bergfield Bros. ad for Saturday specials.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Darnall motored to Casey, Sunday.

Carlos Brewer of Camargo, visited his brother, Dan Brewer, Monday.

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