

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 9

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1927

NUMBER 29

Mrs. Schumacher Hostess To Aid

Mrs. Henry Schumacher was hostess to the Ladies' Aid of the St. John's Evangelical church on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 1.

Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, cake and coffee.

Those present were: Mesdames Peter Edens, Carl Newkirk, Henry Kilian, Sr., Henry Kilian, Jr., Clarence Kilian, John Nohren, Ed Nohren, Emil Schumacher, Alfred Zenke, Will Zenke, Frank Boyd, E. H. Wiese, Henry Mohr, Fred Mohr, Henry Bergfield, Howard Mohr, Lyman Mohr, Geo. Bergfield, E. Busekros, John Jordan; Misses Freda Schumacher, Florence Schumacher, Gladys Zenke.

We Thank You

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who in any way helped to make our bazaar and supper a success.—U. B. Laddie's Aid.

Woodmen Elect New Officers

Broadlands Camp No. 2072, M. W. of A. elected new officers for the coming year at their regular meeting last Tuesday night as follows:

Counsel—Ray Thode.

Adviser—Virgil Reed.

Banker—T. A. Dicks.

Clerk—O. E. Gore.

Watchman—Clyde Smith.

Sentinel—J. A. Clester.

Manager—B. H. Thode, Sr.

Physician—Dr. T. A. Dicks.

Mrs. Milcah Laverick Suffers Paralytic Stroke

Mrs. Milcah Laverick is in a serious condition at her home as the result of a paralytic stroke which she suffered on Wednesday night.

Try the drug store first.

Charles Ray In The Fire Brigade

"The Fire Brigade," coming to the Broadlands opera house on Saturday night, Dec. 10, might easily be called a picture of highlights, so full of thrills it is.

This production does for the fireman what "The Big Parade" did for the American soldier, and brings before the public in an arresting manner the necessity of fire prevention without at any time becoming a preachment on the subject.

A gripping, dramatic story has been woven against a background of fire and fire-fighters that holds the spectator from beginning to end. The story tells of Terry O'Neill, descended from a long line of fire-fighters, his initial enthusiasm, his love for the daughter of a wealthy man whom he later discovers to be the head of the whole city government, his disgust at the man's crooked methods, and the subsequent quarrel with his sweetheart over her father, his heroism in a spectacular orphanage caused through neglect of the politician, and the final reconciliation with the daughter and his later public recognition for his heroism.

May McAvoy is seen opposite Ray as Helen Corwin, daughter of the politician, and not only has photographed to the finest advantage, but brings a wealth of charm and understanding to her part.

Decatur Man Arrested After Ring Is Missing

Dubuque, Ia., Dec. 6.—The career of William Dallenbock, 31, of Decatur, Ill., as an alleged electrical inspector ended suddenly here today with his arrest on a charge of larceny.

Posing as an electrical inspector, Dallenbock gained entrance to several homes and from one is alleged to have stolen a diamond ring valued at \$1,000 and a wrist watch.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. E. BUSEKROS, PASTOR.

German Service at 9:30.
Sunday School at 10:30.
Confirmation School on Saturday at 1:00 p. m.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Epworth league 7 p. m.
Evening service 7:30 p. m.
With this service we again assume our regular schedule of hours for service which was changed last week because of our special services.

LONGVIEW
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship 11 a. m.

U. B. Church Notes

REV. R. L. WEBBER, PASTOR.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Mrs. Ruth Henson will be leader. The Endeavor topic will be "Good Mottos." Each member present will be requested to answer roll call with a good motto.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services.

The first Quarterly Meeting was held at the Longview church with a good attendance. Rev. Leach, Dist. Supt., was present and presented a very interesting message.

"Ben-Hur" Coming Soon

"Ben-Hur," the long awaited picturization of the stage spectacle founded on Gen. Lew Wallace's immortal story, will be shown at the Broadlands opera house on Dec. 15, 16 and 17.

"Ben-Hur" the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film owes its popular success not only to the grandeur of its spectacle and the absorbing nature of its action but likewise to the love story of Ben-Hur and Esther and the other love motif between mother and son which is brought powerfully to the fore through the many years of separation of Ben-Hur and his parent by the Romans who condemned him to the galleys and his womenfolk to a forgotten dungeon. The vivid picture shows us his escape and retrieval, triumphant chariot race, romance with Esther, and his return to Judaea, fired by the hope of the Messianic kingdom. The out-cast mother and sister find the young hero asleep, but in a scene of infinite pathos turn away so as not to contaminate him. Their reunion with the loved one after they have been healed by the Savior, is perhaps the most exquisite in all film fiction.

Season's First Blizzard Roars Out of Canada

Denver, Dec. 6.—The first severe blizzard of the season roared southward from Canada today to cripple traffic and leave over a score of persons trapped on the prairies in central Montana.

With thermometers standing at sub-zero marks, the storm struck in Alberta yesterday. Snow soon filled cuts to paralyze railroads and traffic in cities as well as rural districts. The storm was the worst experienced in several years.

Driven across the Montana border by a strong wind, the snow whirled over the prairies last night to maroon a construction crew of 25 men seven miles south of Shelby, Mont. The men were building an oil pipe line from Shelby to Great Falls. Although rescuers attempted to follow the line south they met with little success.

The rescue party reported shifting winds drove heavy snow into their faces with such force they could see but a few feet. Temperatures dropped in a short time from 50 degrees above to below zero.

As more volunteers left Shelby to aid the pipe line crew, reports came from Brady, 80 miles north of Great Falls, that 16 school children were marooned in a bus.

The Allerton Home Bureau Elects Officers

At a meeting of the Allerton unit of the Home Bureau on last Friday afternoon, Mrs. Harlan Six was named chairman, Mrs. Ralph Allen, vice-chairman, and Mrs. Adam Eaton, secretary-treasurer, for the year of 1928.

The meeting was held in the bank parlors with Miss Dorothy Iwig, the county adviser, and Miss Leona Steube, assistant, from Danville, in charge.

Miss Iwig gave a talk on color harmony, the finishing of hardwood floors, carpets and rugs.

Read Crain's ad for Christmas suggestions.

Attend Epworth League Convention

Twenty-one delegates from the Epworth Leagues of Broadlands and Longview attended the fall Banquet Convention of the Mattoon District Epworth League held last Friday night in Mattoon. Honorable mention was given these Leagues since this delegation represented the largest number from so great a distance.

At the annual election of officers held after the banquet, Mrs. C. M. Temple was chosen for the office of District Junior Superintendent. The enthusiasm at the convention was great and Broadlands expects to continue to take first place.

Those attending besides Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple were: Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Freeman, Mr. Harry Richard, Misses Vera Bahlow, Mabel Bahlow, Marjorie Freeman, Thelma Driver, Ruth Jarman, Leora Fansler, Mildred Freeman, Martha Jones; Lloyd Warnes, David Freeman, Harold Schwartz, Charles Schwartz Wilbur Warnes, John Richard and George Harden.

Lindbergh's Airplane Damaged In Landing

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., Dec. 6.—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis was in the workshop today for a repair of a propeller blade, bent in the transatlantic airman's first accident in 27,400 miles flying.

A wheel of the plane dropped into a hole yesterday as Colonel Lindbergh was landing the craft after a trial flight, and the nose tilted, sending the whirling propeller into the ground. The colonel was unhurt.

Read Dicks Bros. ad for Xmas suggestions.

Get your Christmas cards at The News office.

Coolidge Will Not Run For President

Washington, Dec. 6.—Declaring himself eliminated from the presidential situation in 1928, President Coolidge today asked the republican party to work in earnest selecting another candidate.

In a speech delivered to members of the Republican National committee at the White House, Mr. Coolidge said that his "I do not choose to run" statement stands without modification, and added: "My decision will be respected."

His only reference to the subject was contained in a very brief postscript to a prepared speech discussing republican political issues generally. All that he said about his own intentions follows:

"This is naturally time to be planning for the future. To give time for mature deliberation I stated to the country on August 2 that I did not choose to run for president in 1928. My statement stands. No one should be led to suppose that I have modified it. My decision will be respected."

"After I had been eliminated the party began, and should vigorously continue, the serious task of selecting another candidate from among the number of distinguished men available."

Speaking in the east room of the White House, Mr. Coolidge reiterated his belief in a high protective tariff, freedom of private interests from government interference in the operation of industry, agriculture and business pursuits in general, and the necessity of economy and reduction of the national debt.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brewer and family visited relatives at Villa Grove, Sunday.

Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.

Useful Gifts

Lovell & Covell Chocolates 50c to \$5.00
Cigars in fancy boxes \$1.00 to \$5.00
Perfumes in fancy packages 25c and up

Razors and Shaving Supplies
Bill Folds and Coin Purses
Pipes all prices

Ingersoll Watches \$1.50 and up
Alarm Clocks \$1.19 and up
Thermos Bottles and Lunch Kits
Box Stationery 25c and up
Compacts 50c and up
Flashlights complete 85c and up

Incense Burners
Fountain Pens and Pencils, single and sets
Games—Rook, Flinch, Parcheesi etc.
Xmas Cards, Folders, Seals, Holly Paper,
Tissue Paper, Crepe Paper
Also many other items

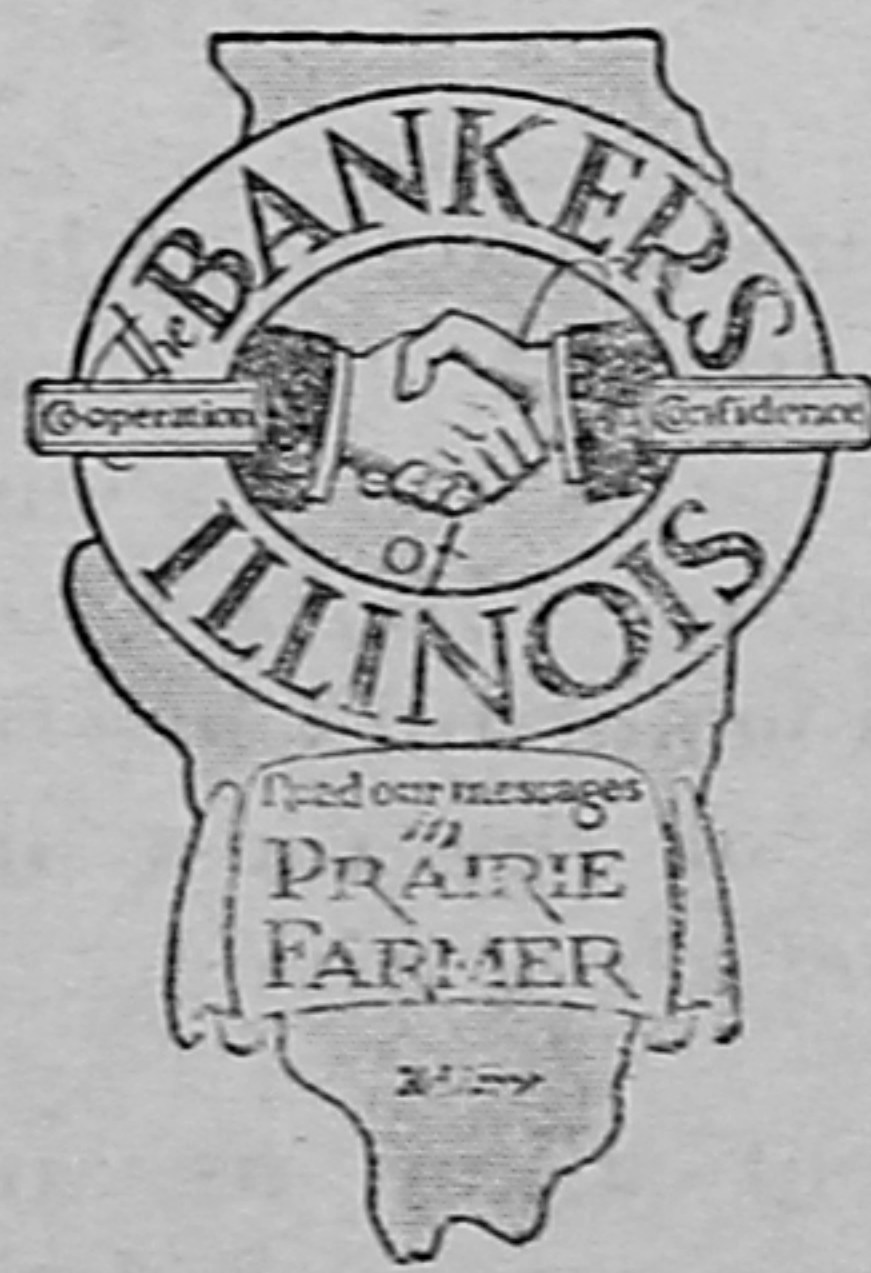
Crain Drug Company

(NOT INC.)

Newman, Ill. Broadlands, Ill.

Try the drug store first

Where Can You Get More?



DID YOU ever stop to think just what we provide for our depositors? No matter how large or how small the checking account here, each gets the same service.

A special vault is provided for the safekeeping of your money. We do your financial bookkeeping, furnish pass books and check books, return cancelled checks as receipts, pay postage on the return of checks you have sent out of town. If you had to pay an individual to do this for you, imagine how expensive it would be.

Don't you think we are justified in asking you to keep a liberal balance on deposit at all times?

First State Bank of Broadlands

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

BROADLANDS, ILL.

Closing Out

Our Stock of Model T Heaters

Regular \$8.00 Value

Now \$4.00

\$5.00 Installed

Harden Sales & Service

Broadlands and Longview

Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter April 18 1919 at the post-office at Broadlands, Illinois under the Act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

1 year in advance.....\$1.50
6 months in advance..... .90
3 months in advance..... .50
Single copies..... .05

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display Per Column Inch.....20c
Readers and Locals Per Line 1st Page.....10c
Readers and Locals, inside pages, line.....7c
Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

Local and Personal

Mrs. Esther Hamilton was a Champaign caller, Saturday.

Ira Laverick was a Champaign visitor on Thursday of last week.

Dr. T. A. Dicks was a Danville caller, Saturday.

A new furnace has been installed in the M. E. church.

Chas. Smith was a business caller at Fairmount, Monday.

Ralph Gurnea of Champaign visited his mother here Sunday.

M. A. Phipps was a Tuscola visitor, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Harper and daughter, of Hugo, spent Sunday with Mrs. Nancy Gurnea.

Miss Leone Brewer of Georgetown spent the week end with home folks.

Mark Moore, P. O. Rayl, Ora Porter and Roy McCormick were Danville visitors last Friday.

Mrs. Edith Snow and Miss Maude Block were Sidell visitors last Friday afternoon.

Frank Kracht and Roy McCormick were Danville visitors on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman and Miss Helen McCormick were Danville visitors, Saturday.

Dennis Boyd of Chicago spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Minnie Boyd.

Mrs. O. N. Graham of Urbana spent the week end with Mrs. Lucy Sullivan.

Vohn Snow of Detroit, Mich., arrived Sunday for a few days visit with his family.

Wm. Cadwallader attended the funeral of a nephew at Decatur, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sprague of Murdock were guests of Mrs. Minnie Boyd, Sunday.

Mrs. Earl Greenwood and son, Donald, returned home Sunday, from a visit with relatives at Lafayette, Ind.

The Ladies Aid realized about \$75 from their bazaar and supper held at Brewer's garage Saturday afternoon.

Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.

Mrs. Lottie Astell returned home Monday after a weeks visit with L. T. King and family at Kankakee.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henson of Champaign, Clyde Maxfield and family of Villa Grove were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Sunday.

Garnet Walsh entertained a number of little friends at a party Saturday afternoon, the occasion being her 9th birthday. Popcorn balls and candy were served.

Pupils Make Good Grades

The following pupils of the 6th, 7th and 8th grades of the Broadlands Public school made an average above 90 for the month of October:

- Josephine Overman
- Emery Seeds
- Oliver McCormick
- Clara Haines
- Mabel Bahlow
- John Richard
- George Harden
- Bessie Harris
- Jared Crain
- Hilda Zenke
- Merle Jackson
- Anna Harden
- Opal McCormick

Those making an average above 90 for the month of November are as follows:

- Emery Seeds
- Clarence Smith
- Oliver McCormick
- Clara Haines
- Mabel Bahlow
- John Richard
- Enos Gallion
- George Harden
- Bessie Harris
- Jared Crain
- Hilda Zenke
- Charles Crain
- Anna Harden
- Opal McCormick
- Zelma Hardyman

Mother Swoons When Car Hits Small Son

Cayuga, Ind., Dec. 2. — The sight of the crumpled form of her little son, who, just a few seconds before, had been struck by an automobile in the main street of Cayuga was too much of a shock to Mrs. Ernest Meeker and she fell prostrated upon the street. For more than an hour she lay unconscious. Her condition is serious.

The little lad, Warren, aged 7, had been to a moving picture show and was crossing the street to his mother, who was standing in front of the Grab-It store, when an automobile struck him. He was thrown to the pavement and the wheels passed over his right knee. In the fall his head struck the pavement knocking him unconscious. His knee was badly bruised. While his injuries are serious the doctor said he would recover.

Girl Victim of Lover's Perfidy Will Get Well

Ottawa, Ill., Dec. 5.—LaSalle county authorities announced today that Hiram Reed, held on charges of bombing a school house and attempted murder of his teacher sweetheart, Miss Iola Bradford, would be arraigned next Monday in circuit court.

In the small cell that holds his son, a grief stricken father visited the boy, but remained with him only a few minutes.

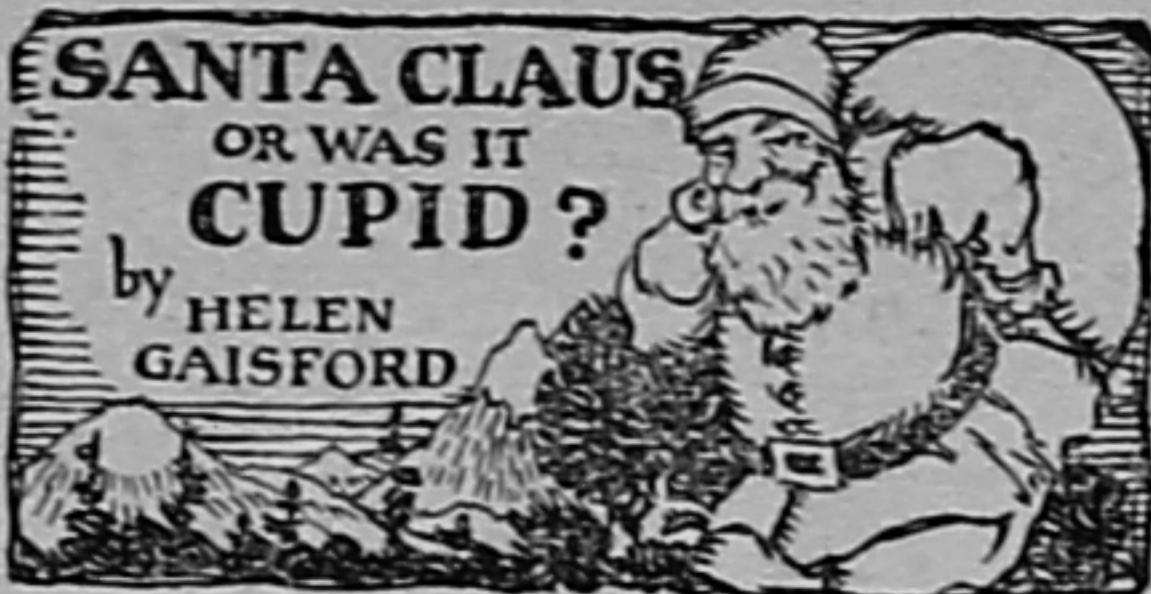
The father made no attempt to free his son, held in bonds of \$45,000, and gave no indication as to whether counsel would be employed by him.

At the same time, 40 miles away in the home of her sister, the victim of the explosion submitted to an examination by doctors who said they thought she would recover. Miss Bradford was still in severe pain.

Yesterday, the day set for the couple's marriage, found Reed brooding in silence in his cell, with his sweetheart barely conscious in her sister's home. When his father appeared before his cell, Reed showed no emotion and made no reference to the bombing.

Get your Christmas cards at The News office.

Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.



IT WAS Christmas Eve—quite the most glorious Christmas Eve Virginia Ray had ever known. Everything was ready for the party—her party—from the “Merry Christmas” place-cards to the splendid Christmas tree that would be ablaze all evening with little lights and colors.

Virginia pinned the last red stocking to the mantel, and turned to her mother. “I think it was real mean of George not to offer to play Santa Claus for me,” she said. “After his having such a nice costume, too.”

“But, dear,” her mother answered. “How could he when you quarreled? I didn't know you had invited him.”

“I didn't, but of course I would have, if he had been just the least bit nice,” Virginia pouted, and hurried off to get ready to receive her guests. Her mother, busy with last-minute details, smiled in what might have been reminiscence of her own youth.

A few minutes later she went to the phone, held a brief conversation, and as she hung up the receiver she called up the stairs: “Hurry, dear. I do believe some of your guests are coming.”

“I'll be right down,” Virginia's voice preceded its owner by only a second. “Do I look all right, mother?”

“All right,” said Mrs. Ray's voice, and her eyes said, “Lovely,” and her heart said, “My own darling!”

Virginia, responding to an urgent bur-inggg! admitted her earliest guests. Half an hour later, when the rooms were filled with merry, chattering young people, the orchestra struck up the first dance. Escorts led their laughing partners to the center of the floor, but Virginia did not dance the first number—she had not invited George. Neither had she invited, as her partner, anyone else.

That dance was over, and another, and another. The Christmas tree was admired; the mistletoe was found, and put to its proper use; occasional silences made clear the distant sound of carolers; the clock struck ten—eleven—twelve.

At that moment the guests were surprised (and so was Virginia) by the sound of sleighbells, a hearty “Merry Christmas,” and the appearance, from somewhere near the tree, of as jolly a Santa as one could imagine. Near beside him stood Mrs. Ray.

“Why, Mr. Santa Claus, I do believe,” and then she presented him to the company. “My old childhood friend, Mr. Santa Claus, has come to pay us a visit, and as he is all loaded down with his various gifts, which must be delivered by tomorrow morning, I suggest that he give any of us who are to receive his attentions, our presents now.”

“I didn't know, Virginia,” said Pudgy Clark, the fat and awkward youth who had stepped on Virginia's toes during the last dance, “I didn't know you believed in Santa Claus.”

“I don't!” Virginia snapped. “All right,” he laughed, “you needn't bite my head off.”

The favors distributed, Mrs. Ray called Virginia. “Here, dear, you and Santa lead the grand march. If you will all follow, I think we might find some refreshments in another room.”

“Right!” said Santa, in a decidedly unfrigid voice. Somehow, Santa knew just where to go. But then, of course, Santa Claus knows everything. He even knew, a few moments later, when Virginia excused herself from the party, and slipped back to the other room, now in a state of partial disarray, and (for even the orchestra members were enjoying the repast in the other room) forlorn in its emptiness. Virginia was feeling particularly forlorn, and particularly proud.

Santa Claus must know everything, for he knew just how long to wait before he, too, wandered from the merry group and joined Virginia. And he (or was it Cupid?) knew just what to say to make this really the most wonderful Christmas Eve in all Virginia's life. Just what it was, I am not sure, but he must have told Virginia, for presently she said, “I know; I know,” and she had cheered up quite a bit before he put his arm around her. Somehow she wasn't so forlorn—nor quite so proud.

After a while they walked over to the tree together, and they listened to the carolers; and then, somehow, they stopped right under the mistletoe! What George said was whispered in her ear, so we shall never know, but Virginia was laughing as she answered him.

“Why, George,” she said, “how dare you say I don't believe in Santa Claus?”

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

**...Broadlands Opera House...
Saturday Night, Dec. 10**

“The Fire Brigade”

With May McAvoy and Charles Ray with a celebrated supporting cast

Also A News Reel

One Show Only----8 O'clock

Xmas 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

Dr. C. G. Bacon
DENTIST
NEWMAN, ILL.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

Anderson & Krenzien
Phone No. 41
POULTRY EGGS
City Transfer
Long Distance Hauling
Broadlands, Illinois

Pains Caused By RHEUMATISM
If you're suffering the excruciating pains caused by Rheumatism, don't delay.
Take DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills
They relieve the pain quickly and without disagreeable after effects. Try them when you have
Monthly Pains
Headache Backache
Neuralgia Toothache
and pains caused by
Rheumatism
and Neuritis
We will be glad to send samples for 2c in stamps.
Dr. Miles Medical Company
Elkhart, Indiana
DR. MILES' Pain Pills

Kenneth Dicks Fred McCauley Forrest Dicks
Dicks, McCauley & Dicks
Undertakers
Phone No. 69 Broadlands, Ill.

When you want better than ordinary printing--the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary--and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results--just phone No. 6, or better still, come to The News Office.

My Project Story
At the beginning of my sophomore year in high school I decided to take a course in agriculture. I took Animal Husbandry and learned that I must have a project so I chose as my project Swine.
I only had one brood sow and being unable to secure another just used one in my project. About a week before she was to farrow I cleaned the house out good then used lye water and disinfected it thoroughly with creolin. Then I fixed some material in the building for her to make a bed for the litter. One week before she was to farrow I began changing her ration from hard feeds to soft feeds such as bran and plenty of slop. After she farrowed I gradually changed the ration back to a full feed again and kept increasing it as the pigs grew older. The litter consisted of six pigs which did fine from the start. They came out of the house for the first time at the age of ten days to two weeks. They soon learned to eat and drink and grew fast. I did not however feed a well balanced ration. They received corn and slop for awhile at the start but later I fed them shorts and oats in the slop and plenty of corn. They received no tankage but had a great deal of milk.
The litter at weaning time still consisted of six pigs. I fed them good and they kept growing. About this time one of the pigs acted sick and laid around for a day or two. I fed him some lye and he got better but never did seem just right although he ate and grew about as well as the others. The pigs had pasture when the weather was favorable but when winter set in they did not get much pasture but were allowed to run in barn lot.
I fed them until they were about eight months old and shipped them to the stockyards. The six weighed 1160 pounds when they reached the stockyards and sold for ten cents per pound. The enterprise or project returned a small profit besides the experience and training I received along this line of agriculture and the Swine enterprise itself. I especially like the course in agriculture and believe it greatly benefits those who take it.
Murrell Denny.

Dairy Cows Should Be Milked Dry for Greatest Production
Strippings Richest in Butterfat
Last portion tests 9.8% = 0.57 lbs. fat
3rd portion tests 5.4% = 0.25 lbs. fat
2nd portion tests 2.6% = 0.11 lbs. fat
1st. portion tests 0.8% = 0.02 lbs. fat
BLUE VALLEY CREAMERY INSTITUTE

COW'S LAST MILK RICHEST IN FAT
Stripping at Each Milking Prevents Cow From Going Prematurely Dry.
Stripping or drawing the last drop of milk from each cow at every milking insures greater production and higher profits from the dairy herd, declares the Blue Valley Creamery Institute.
Stripping the cow is important for two reasons, declares the Institute. One is that the last portion of the milk in the cow's udder is the richest in butterfat, the part on which the cash value of milk and cream is based. The other is that milking the cow dry at each milking stimulates her production and prevents a cow going dry many weeks before she should, as often is the case when even a small portion of milk is retained by the cow at each milking.
Just exactly how much the different portions of a cow's single milking vary in butterfat content is strikingly shown in a recent study by the New York experiment station on the milk produced by one cow. The first portion, weighing 3.2 pounds, tested slightly less than four-fifths of one per cent butterfat. The third portion of 4.0 pounds jumped up to 5.35 per cent in test, and the last portion, weighing 5.8 pounds, tested 9.8 per cent. This last 5.8 pounds of this cow's milk carried over half of the 0.95 pounds of fat she produced in the one milking.
Experienced dairy farmers know that the highest producing cows can be made dry readily, simply by incomplete milking. They know, too, that highest production can be maintained only by getting every drop of milk from the udder at each milking and that it pays big to spend a little extra time on each cow to get the strappings, the richest part of the whole milking.

Alfalfa Costs Less Than Timothy But As Feed Beats It: \$8 to \$16 A Ton
1926 U.S. Prices
Alfalfa for Timothy for \$13.40 \$15.81 Per Ton Per Ton
But Alfalfa is a far better feed
25¢ per lb. 83¢
31.2¢ " 10.45
37.5 " 12.24
43.5 " 14.24
50 " 16.72
The feeding value of Alfalfa per ton above Timothy
15
TIMOTHY HAY a fairly good feed
ALFALFA HAY worth \$8 to \$16 more per ton in feeding value
BLUE VALLEY CREAMERY INSTITUTE

ALFALFA FEEDING VALUE IS HIGHEST
Experiment Shows That It Not Only Costs Less but Is Worth More.
On the average market in the United States last year, timothy hay cost more per ton than alfalfa, but alfalfa is worth from \$8 to \$16 a ton more in feeding value than timothy, says the Blue Valley Creamery Institute.
The value of alfalfa over timothy depends on the return the farmer receives for a pound of butterfat. When the butterfat in 100 lbs. of 4% butterfat milk brings the producer 25¢ a pound, the feeding value of alfalfa per ton over timothy is \$8.30; when it is 31.2¢ a pound, \$10.45; 37.5¢ a pound, \$12.24; 43.5¢ a pound, \$14.24; and when butterfat fetches 50¢ a pound, as it sometimes does, alfalfa is worth \$16.72 a ton more than timothy.
These estimates are based on a feeding experiment with 16 dairy cows at the Illinois College of Agriculture. Records were kept for 12 weeks. For six weeks, timothy was fed. The alfalfa was fed for six weeks. During these 12 weeks, all the cows received the same rations otherwise, which consisted of mixed grains and corn stover. The milk production in favor of alfalfa was 2,792 more pounds of milk. This amount of milk at the price received per 100 lbs. was worth \$30.30. Exactly 3.34 tons of hay was fed during this time. Therefore, in this test, the alfalfa hay was worth \$10.86 per ton more than timothy.

The "Big 4" Points in Poultry House Construction
1. 20x20 = 400 4 sq. ft. per hen 100 hen capacity
2. 6 to 8 inches of roosting space per hen
3. 1 ft. of mesh trough space per 10 hens
4. Inset for 3 to 5 hens
Dry Straw Litter
LID
This board removable for cleaning nests
BLUE VALLEY CREAMERY INSTITUTE

HEN MUST HAVE A HOME OF COMFORT
Some of the Things to Bear in Mind in Building Poultry House.
The comfortable hen is likely to be the profitable hen, says the Blue Valley Creamery Institute, in listing the following essentials of hen comfort:
1. A comfortable house in which to live.
2. A restful place to sleep.
3. A cafeteria with self-service.
4. A clean, spacious, darkened place to lay eggs.
All the "Big 4" points enumerated are covered in the poultry house pictured in the illustration above, according to the Institute's poultry experts. A house 20x20 provides 4 square feet of floor space per hen. Dry floors, tight walls, an open front, plenty of light, and a straw loft are important in maintaining healthful conditions in the poultry house. Hens need 6 to 8 inches of roosting space per hen. Good roosts can be made by planing down 2x4's (laid flat) nailed to a frame set on hinges so as to allow the roosts to be raised each day while the dropping board is being scraped clean.
Figure 3 in the above shows a hen's cafeteria set on a framework above the straw litter on the floor to save floor space and equipped with a pail to hold skim milk, a dry mash box, charcoal and minerals. Where skim milk can be supplied the fowls at all times, no water is necessary. A battery of nests shown below, built as in the diagram, offer an easily-cleaned, darkened retreat for the layers. It is best set off the floor and on the wall.

A Few Riddles
A little house all full of meat, but no doors to go in and eat? A nut.
It can run and can't walk, it has a tongue and can't talk? A wagon.
I don't have, I don't want it, but if I had it I wouldn't take the world for it? A bald head.
I tie it up and it walks, I unfasten it and it stops? Shoe.
What pain can't be cured? A window pane.
Why ought the cocks to be the neatest of birds? They always have their combs with them.

AS BETWEEN THIEVES
by ALBERT E. PERKS

ABEZ GORM was a hard nut to crack and proud of it. Nobody realized it more than the group of hard men who sat around a table with him, comfortable in their arm-chairs, warm with the heat of steam radiators and plenty of coal, and little interested in those who could not pay for protection against the bitter late December cold.
"I guess he could pull through if we nursed him a bit," one of the group was remarking. "He's young, and enthusiastic. His organization's good. Never let himself get cornered like this before. Sure will be a lesson to him."
"Nurse him long enough, he'll get into the wholesale line and increase competition. Aren't there enough of us already?" It was Jabez Gorm who spoke.
"If you don't encourage the good ones a bit, you're apt to get all the more bad ones." A hard voice from a hard face was speaking on the other side of the table.
"Ever seen a good one when he's selling against you?" Jabez countered. "Kinda hard to hammer a fellow the first time he's up against it," a rather kindlier voice broke in.
"Harder he's hammered the tougher he'll get. That's how I got toughened," said another.
On and on the debate went. Figures were tabled. How much the debtor owed; how much he was likely to produce in bankruptcy; how much the dividend would be; whether it would pay better to take 50 per cent and get rid of a potential rival, or get 75 and let him start again with a clean sheet, or give him lots of time to pay in full.
On and on they argued. The snow clattered up the window and deafened the outside sounds of happiness and good cheer, of hasten-



ing feet, of shivering limbs, of arms flapping to keep hungry and ill-clad bodies warm.
And the argument went on. Cheerful greetings, happy salutations, heartfelt good wishes were exchanged right and left in the street below; but in an upper room of the big hotel the hard-faced group argued on and heard nothing.
"Well, look, fellows, we can't stay all night. I gotta take the train to-night. All packed up an' everything. Going to play golf in Florida over the holidays. Gotta get this thing over quick or I miss that train."
"Lucky dog. I can't afford to play golf in Florida." This from Jabez Gorm. "Neither can I afford to play good Samaritan to bankrupt young fools. Let him assign and be done with it."
The final decision was so registered, and the creditors' meeting broke up, one to fly for a train heading south; some to join hilarious parties in the banquet halls of the hotel; Jabez Gorm to return to a big, stern-looking house in which many servants had prepared with professional efficiency the seasonal decorations, the gifts and the festal touches that fashion and social custom required to be provided for the children of this very elegant house.
Seven o'clock next morning. The bells were ringing their annual message of peace and good will. A choir in a little nearby church was singing, "Noel, Noel." Charlie Gorm, five years old and full of faith in the things that really matter, was dancing round the paternal bed of the Gorm household.
"Look, Daddy, what Santa Claus left for me! 'N' a letter with it an' evrythin'." Look!
Jabez roused himself and read: "I was cleaning up your house when I saw the kid's stocking hung up and remembered about Christmas. Hate to do anybody a bad turn on Christmas Eve. Here's a buck for the baby's Christmas. Look out for your silver and other valuables some other night."
Not so long ago Jabez had taken prizes at Sunday school.
Funny that the only lesson he could think of now was about another thief who repented in time and won the first guaranteed pass through the nearby gates of heaven.
Jabez Gorm would have given a hand to call that meeting back.
But they were gone their several ways. Not for months could they all be got together again.
The church bells pealed once more. To Jabez Gorm they seemed to sing, "Too late, too late, too late, too late..."
(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Smile Awhile
Teacher: Willie, name three kinds of nuts.
Willie: Chestnuts, peanuts and forget-mé-nuts.

What you'll runnin' foh?
Ah is tryin' to stop a big fight. Who's fightin'?
Me an' anotha niggah.

Photographer: Just a little pleasanter expression, please.
Customer: How's this?
Photographer: That's fine. Just hold that a second.
Customer: All right but shoot quick. It hurts my face.

Parent: How did you get along with your geography lesson today, Johnnie?
Pupil: Beautifully. The teacher was so pleased that she made me stay after school and repeat it all over, only just to her.

Ho: What's the difference between a dog who couldn't catch his fleas and a man who runs in out of the rain?
Bo: Enlighten me, brother I'm dumb.
Ho: One missed the fleas and the other flees the mist.

My son, said the parson to a small boy who was digging, don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday except in a case of necessity?
Yes, sir, replied the youngster. Then why don't you stop it?
asked the good man.
"Cause this is a case of necessity, a feller can't fish without bait.

We had a new song at school today, announced Bobby of the primary grade.
What was it? asked mother.
My Country 'Tis a Flee, he replied proudly.
It was called My Country 'Tis of Thee, she corrected, when I went to school.
P'raps it was like that when you was little, Bobby generously conceded, but it's My Country 'Tis a Flee, now.

All men, said the woman who kept a boarding house—all men, dearie, is brutes.
Her friend nodded her gray head wisely. She had been married twice.
Yes, she agreed. No one knows that better than me, an' though me second ain't no saint, I'll say this for 'im—he's better'n me first. He's in jail so much that I have practically all I can earn for me own use.

A charming widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children. The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling one of them to her she said:
Georgie, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you.
What is it, ma? asked the boy.
I am intending to marry Doctor Jones in a few days, and—
Bully for you, ma! Does Doctor Jones know about it?

Thought Revolver Was Toy; Shoots Cousin
De Kalb, Ill., Dec. 2.—Believing the pistol he found was a water gun, Burton Bush, 5, today shot and killed his cousin, Betty Vagle, 4, when he playfully pointed the weapon at her and pulled the trigger.
Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.
The News always welcomes news or letters from subscribers, near or far. Let us hear from you, when you send your remittance.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson were Danville shoppers, Monday.

Harry Allen made a business trip to Windsor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Beulah Reed was a Danville visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Darnall were Danville shoppers, Monday.

Mark Moore was a business caller in Danville, Tuesday.

Guard Frampton of Tolono was a visitor here, Wednesday.

Mrs. Bertha Block, Misses Maude Block and Pearl Clester were Danville shoppers, Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Fuell spent the first of the week with relatives at Indianola.

Mrs. Chas. Lunsford of Hoopes-ton spent the week end here with friends.

Mrs. D. E. Walsh and son Wendell were Champaign callers, Saturday.

Mrs. Clarence Kilian entertained the Royal Guards class of the St. John's Ev. church at her home last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorman of St. Joseph were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Witt, Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. A. Coolley returned home Wednesday after a few days visit with relatives in Chicago.

Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.

Mrs. Howard Clem attended a meeting of County Council of Religious Education at Urbana Baptist church, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., Mrs. Irene Witt, Mrs. Henry Schumacher, daughter, Evelyn, and son, Arthur, were Danville shoppers last Friday.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald will be hostess to the Ladies' Guild of the M. E. church on Thursday, Dec. 15th. A gift exchange will be a feature of this meeting.

After an all night and all day rain, the cold wave struck Broadlands, last Wednesday night. On Thursday morning the temperature was about five above zero.

Three hundred twenty-six people visited the showroom of the Harden Sales & Service last Friday and Saturday to get full details about the new Ford car.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Laverick entertained at dinner, Sunday, Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller Freeman, Mrs. Barbara Johnson.

Dr. T. A. Dicks, W. A. Coolley of Broadlands; Rev. Beane of Al-lerton; and Angus McIntyre of Newman left Monday for a trip to Chattanooga, Tenn.

Chas. Porter of Palestine spent the week end here with his son, Ora Porter and family. They accompanied him home where Mr. Porter will assist his father in managing his farm for a few months.

Among those attending the basketball game at Sadorus on Tuesday evening were: Misses Juanita Bergfeld, Anna Clem, Marjorie Freeman, Onida-Phipps Cecil Maxwell, Anna Edens, Margaret Gore, Marie Struck; Messrs. George Dohme, Clyde Smith, Dean Walker, Elmer Mohr, Richard Flick, T. W. Bergfeld, James Handley.

John Arthur's Game Leg

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright.)

JOHN ARTHUR was so sensitive about his limp. Yet it was such an honorable limp so honorably won. Injured in the leg during the war, somehow the operation to repair the accident had not been entirely successful and for a long time he had used crutches—at last he had learned to get along with a stick, and for awhile had hoped eventually to abandon even that, but as the years passed he realized that it would never be. He was doomed to hobble through life.

He was walking down the street one day when he dropped the magazine he was carrying under his arm and with a stiff knee stooping down was next to impossible, so he had to stand beside his prostrate magazine, ignominiously sprawling on the sidewalk, and wait for a kind passerby to hand it to him.

Florence Evans, walking jauntily along the street in her little blue flannel dress with the blue felt hat to match, saw the mishap from a distance and hurried to restore the book to its owner.

"Thank you," he said, embarrassed as he always was under these circumstances. "Got a game knee and stooping's too much of a stunt for me." He tried to laugh it off.

"I think you're game!" she came back at him, "to speak of it so lightly." Then by the flush of his dark, handsome face she knew that she had said the wrong thing. She put a timid hand on his coat sleeve.

"I mean, I mean—it isn't bad. No-body notices it, I mean—but I'm sorry."

She said it so wistfully as she walked along beside him that it made his heart jump, and he cursed his lameness the more.

"My name's John Arthur," he said after a moment, "if I may introduce myself."

"Not the Pennington's John Arthur! Why, everybody in that family simply adores you! They've written me such reams about you!"

"And I'm willing to bet you're Miss Peggy Hampton—just back from Europe where you went to acquire knowledge."

"Exactly that!" she laughed. "Why, we know each other already, don't we?"

"I should say so! I should have recognized you from that description, but I just wasn't expecting to see you at this moment. I thought you weren't due in until next week."

"Yes, but I was exempt from final exams because I was good. So I came over early, and when mother and dad saw me they couldn't believe their eyes."

She was a charming little trick, he thought, trotting along by his side—so amazingly small beside his huge frame that it made her look like a very animated doll. They parted at the next street corner and Arthur stood with bared head.

"Of course, I don't think that I could—cut anyone out—or anything like that," he stammered. "Just friends—but if I might call once in awhile . . . ?"

"I just wish you'd call twice in awhile," she smiled warmly. "It would be fun."

And that evening after Peggy went to bed she kept wondering and wondering when he would come. He was so delightful and so good-looking—and even the limp somehow made him more attractive to her. She pitied him and wanted to mother him.

From the very first visit they got along famously together. Knowing many of the same people, loving the same authors, they had no difficulty in finding things to talk about. They would spend the long lazy summer afternoons together "buddying" as they called it, reading a book or just idling the time away.

It was toward the end of summer. He was leaning against a tree with his legs stretched out in front of him, the book they had just been reading tossed face down on the grass, the smart roadster parked at the side of the pike.

"I'd give ten years of my life not to have this," he said tapping his leg with his cane.

"Oh, but Jack," she protested, slipping her hand in his, "I might never have met you if it hadn't been for that and the magazine."

"I wish to heaven we hadn't met!" he said at last between stiff lips—and Peggy, affronted, fell back.

"Oh, well, if you feel that way," she said coolly.

"Oh, Peggy, my Lord, you don't know I'm wild about you. But a fellow in my fix can't—"

And Peggy, all smiles and warmth in a second, her face alight with happiness, did a most unmaidenly thing. She crept up into his arms and drew them about her.

"Maybe you don't know how to propose," she said mischievously a moment later, "but I do—and sometimes, if a girl wants a man it's her only chance of getting him."

"Oh, Peggy," he said, his voice husky with feeling, "Peggy, do you really believe you could stand it?"

"Stand it?" she scoffed. "Why somehow I don't know how to put it into words, but—it just seems to make me love you more."

"Well, hanged if I don't love my old game leg after that!" he laughed, "and after all it was what brought us together."

A Golden Bird Sang Joy

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

TESSA and Margot were cousins, born upon the same Christmas day. Both orphaned within the year, they had been brought up austerely, by a stern grandmother. Yet they felt to the marrow of their bones, their unlike fates. Tessa's father, Estil Vane, born gambler, had shot himself after losing his own estate and his dead wife's dowry. Mark, his brother, daring a madder risk, had won a million, and lost his life in a railway wreck a month later. The million, carefully nursed, had made Margot a great heiress at one and twenty. She needed it, said some who were heartless, for she was sallow and sharp-tongued.

Tessa owned dancing feet, eyes to match them, dimples, curves, roses, and the voice of a lark. Grandfather Dare would have given the lark its chance—Grandmother raged at the mention of such a thing—Tessa must either marry or go to work. Since she scorned safe, genteel occupations such as teaching, she owed it to the family to take Senator Pegrum.

Allen Reed, vagrant artist, had played at working desperately hard all through the summer just past. Autumn had lingered goldenly; winter was closing in severely. The old house was swept and garnished in honor of the double birthday. Oddly, Grandmother Dare had clung to what her husband had ordained in honor of that day—open house till past midnight—folk coming and going, quaffing, laughing, eating heartily, now and again a rousing toast: "To the Ladies!"

Margot and Tessa peered tensely into the snowy turmoil without, pondering in tremulous silence if there would be even one visitor today. Drifts, strengthening cold, a savage gale said no, but the watchers knew better—for love or lucre men dared the elements. Imperiously Margot drew Tessa out of earshot, then said huskily: "You need not marry Pegrum as Granny decrees—if you will pay the price of—freedom."

"Which is?" Tessa shot back, pale to the lips.

"Your promise to go—far, far away—and never come back," Margot breathed, rather than spoke. "Go! Be great—and happy. You can be. You have the voice. With the world at your feet you will not repine."

"You mean you will pay—" Tessa began.

Margot interrupted. "All you choose to ask."

Tessa smiled almost compassionately, knowing well what lay behind the offer. After a sort she was humiliated—for Margot herself, but most of all for Allen. His love, all unspoken, was of a price beyond rubies—she could not bear to soil it by naming it in this sordid bargaining. Yet Margot's case was piteous—impulsively Tessa held out her hand, saying, "you mean to be kind—I wish I might say yes—it is impossible. Another way will open—I am sure of it. For you, likewise—let's forget what we have said—no matter who comes—nor what comes of the coming."

"Will you look?" Granny cried shrilly.

A procession straggling through the avenue! Sure enough—men, women, dogs, a magnificent horse, far in the rear a huge truck, creeping snail-like, drift to drift. All trailing after a slim, tall person who had something of a familiar semblance.

Margot cried tensely: "Allen!" Tessa's heart the while echoing the cry. Allen had by good chance stumbled upon a small, select musical troupe, reinforced by sundry rich amateurs, which had left the city after midnight, headed for a thrice-exclusive suburban colony, still thirty miles distant. Storm-stress had emboldened him to bring it to the warm comfort of Welwyn, whither he himself was bound.

Afterward, when all had been fed, warmed, comforted, the big parlors rang with music, with jests, and dancing beyond all experience—almost beyond belief. Stranger, it all moved Granny to something she later hardly dared to believe—a vaunting of her grandchild before these marvelous professionals, saying, with her head high: "Tessa, sing my favorite, 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

The professionals stared, smothering a gasp all round. Tessa rose, trembling violently, but steadied as Allen sprang to stand behind her. A full minute she stood silent—then the golden bird sang as never before. It held the strangers spellbound a breath's space—then sent them into tumultuous encores.

Allen drew her quickly away to say in her ear, "I'm as glad for you as I'm sorry for myself. It has been such a comfort that you were not an heiress—this puts you even worlds further out of my reach."

"You are tiresome," said Tessa. "Our quarrels will make us famous. Two artistic temperaments, you know, cannot possibly keep the peace." Yet somehow they managed it—managed also that Margot's headache should be banished by the most distinguished of the amateurs, who was even richer than herself. Granny, beaming in old lace, and family jewels, gave the highest tone to the double wedding, and took to herself the credit, not only of making the matches, but of giving Tessa her chance.

Two Frogs

Two frogs fell into a bucket of cream And struggled to keep afloat: But one soon tired and sank to rest

With a gurgling sigh in his throat.

The other paddled away all night,

And not a croak did he utter, And with the coming of morning light

He rode on an island of butter.

The flies came thick to his island home

And made him a breakfast snappy

The milkmaid shrieked and upset the pail,

And froggy hopped away happy.

The plainest moral is in this rhyme

Which we should at once apply; Success will come in a trying time

If we paddle and never say die.

What To Give For Xmas

Just as a suggestion we might say that a year's subscription to The News would cause your relative or friend to think of you 52 times thruout the year.

This office is headquarters for sale bills.

Electrical gifts keep on giving. See the Central Illinois Public Service Company's Holiday display.

Popcorn, 1926 crop for sale. 12 pounds for \$1.00. Long winter and long evenings will use up the full amount. Sweet and tender.—O. D. Loomis. n25-d9

Just think what a newsy paper we could furnish you, if you and all the rest of our readers would send their news items to this office each week. Your items are just as important as any one else. And we would be pleased to receive them.

Long View News

Earl Smith of Champaign spent the week end with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hagerman are rejoicing over the arrival of a son, James Ronald, on Nov. 29.

Charles Jones and family spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Jones at Lafayette, Ind.

The Junior girls of the 4-H club will entertain the Senior 4-H club girls at a party Dec. 9.

Sadie Hart and Eileen McCormick were guests of Mrs. Guy McElwee at Sidney last Saturday.

The box and pie social held at the Woodman hall under the auspices of the graded school was well attended. \$50 was taken in.

A gift shop was conducted by the Standard Bearers of the M. E. church last Saturday afternoon at the town hall.

Rev. Lewis and family of Champaign were callers here, Sunday. Rev. Lewis delivered a sermon at the Church of Christ, on Sunday morning.

Christmas Gift Suggestions!

- Watches,
- Roller Skates,
- Ice Skates, Sleds,
- Pocket Knives, Silverware,
- Razors, Wagons, Tricycles, Rifles,
- Shot Guns, Air Rifles, Electrical Supplies,
- Flash Lights, Aluminum Ware,
- Coleman Lamps and Lanterns.

Complete Line of Crosley Radios

Dicks Bros. Hardware
BROADLANDS ILLINOIS

...Broadlands Opera House...

The Masterpiece That Defies Description

Ben-Hur

Most Beautiful Love Story of All Time

**Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Dec. 15, 16, 17**

Admission - - 50c and 25c