

# THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 9

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1927

NUMBER 32

## Three Good Things!

Crain's Witch Hazel Cream . . 25c

Pink Caps for colds . . . . . 35c

White Pine Cough Syrup . . . 35c

**Crain Drug Company**

(NOT INC.)

Newman, Ill.

Broadlands, Ill.

Try the drug store first

## Happy New Year

May You Enjoy  
Happiness and Prosperity  
During the New Year  
Is Our Wish

**First State Bank of Broadlands**

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

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.

Dennis Boyd was home from Chicago over the week end.

The rain of last Tuesday brot corn husking to a standstill in this section.

Mrs. Florence Regnier and son Oscar Mitchell, have purchased the interest of Mrs. Roy Huffman in the restaurant business.

Is your subscription paid?

### O. E. S. Installs New Officers

A special meeting of the O. E. S. was held Wednesday evening at the Masonic Hall for the purpose of installing officers for the year 1928. The installation ceremonies were conducted by Mrs. Eva Roller, installing officer, who was assisted by Mrs. Zermah Witt, installing marshal, Mrs. Alice Allen, installing chaplain, and Mrs. Irene Witt, installing organist.

Following the installation, O. J. Harden entertained with two readings, after which refreshments were served.

The officers installed for the ensuing year are as follows:

W. M.—Leanna Miller.  
W. P.—George H. Cook.  
Assoc. M.—Minnie Anderson.  
Sec.—Emma Darnall.  
Treas.—Nellie Astell.  
Cond.—Mamie Roller.  
Assoc. Cond.—Elsa Church.  
Chaplain—Jennie Porterfield  
Marshal—Alice Allen.  
Organist—Nellie Six.  
Ada—Jessie Bergfield.  
Ruth—Edith Snow.  
Esther—Delia Nohren.  
Martha—Bertha Cook.  
Electa—Elsie Walker.  
Warder—Ida Messman.  
Sentinel—Ruth Henson.

### Miss Frances Walsh Weds Paul Decker

Paul Decker of Fithian and Miss Frances Walsh of Broadlands were united in marriage at Sidell on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Decker is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Walsh and was reared here where she has a large circle of friends. The happy young couple will make their home with the bride's parents for the present.

### Entertains The Mystic Rose Club

Miss Marie Struck entertained the Mystic Rose Club at her home Tuesday afternoon.

Contests and an exchange of gifts were much enjoyed. Onida Phipps and Margaret Gore were the prize winners.

Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, olives, ice cream, cake and hot chocolate.

Those present were Misses Anna Edens, Onida Phipps, Cecile Maxwell, Margaret Gore, Juanita Bergfield, Myrle Brewer, Marie Struck. Misses Elsie Struck and Wilma Messman were guests.

### Marshall Harvey Suffers Appendicitis Operation

Marshall Harvey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elza Aarvey, of west of Broadlands, was taken to Lakeview hospital, Danville, on last Wednesday night, where he submitted to an operation for appendicitis. The operation was successful and he is reported as resting easily as we go to press.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped to save our home from fire on Dec. 16. We also wish to thank the fire department boys who lost no time in coming to our rescue. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yarger.

5 gallons Denatured Alcohol \$4.00.—Crain's Drug Store.

### Andrews Hangs For Tate Slaying

With "I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year" on his lips, Herschell Andrews, colored slayer of Thomas Tate, colored, was hanged at 7:22 o'clock last Friday morning in the Champaign county court-yard.

The 35 year old killer met his death with a smile and expressed confidence in the hereafter. He was the least nervous of the 200 men who crowded into the narrow stockade at the back of the county jail.

"I hope that you will all be at peace with God as I am, when you go to meet Him," he said from the scaffold.

The majority of members of the audience stood with bared heads as the trap was sprung.

Andrews committed the crime for which he died one year ago on Christmas day. Andrews maintained to the last that he was drunk at the time of the stabbing and consequently not responsible for what occurred.

### "Tell It To The Marines"

The surge of war—thunder of big guns—these are the settings for a wonderful human drama in one of the real master-pieces of the screen "Tell It To The Marines," which appears at the Broadlands opera house, Saturday night, Dec. 31.

"Tell It To The Marines" is a mighty drama, told amid great battleships in grim war maneuvers; amid strenuous trays in an Oriental wilderness; amid the confusion and bustle of Marine barracks—but, after all, these thrills, bits of comedy, and inspiring spectacles are incidental—incidental to the love of a young American and a pretty girl—and the gruff but fatherly love of a grizzled Marine sergeant for the boys he scores and belabors like a terrible taskmaster, but at heart is proud of.

It is the story of the soul of the Marine Corps—the story of human loves, tragedies, and ideals of those whom the world knows as "First to Fight."

### Mrs. Laverick Entertains Sunday School Class

Mrs. Ira Laverick entertained her Sunday School class of girls from the Allerton Presbyterian Church at a Christmas party on Wednesday afternoon.

A pleasant social time was enjoyed with an exchange of gifts as the chief feature.

Refreshments of chicken sandwiches, waldorf salad, cake with whipped cream, and cocoa were served.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Porter and daughter, Glenda Ferne, of Marion, Ohio, spent the holidays here with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cable. Mr. Porter is still traveling salesman for the Huber people and is certainly making good. He has been with this company for nine years and travels in 26 different states. The Huber people manufacture all kinds of machinery for road work.

The Christmas pageant given by the U. B. and M. E. churches at the local opera house last Saturday night was well received and largely attended.

Hess Stock Tonic 50c to \$10.00. Crain's Drug Store.

### Hickman Confesses Killing School Girl

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 27.—The confession, written by William Edward Hickman, kidnapper and fiend-slayer of 12-year-old Marion Parker, may never be divulged to the world in full.

It was reported today that the complete text of the document by which the former Kansas City youth is branded as the perpetrator of one of the most revolting crimes in modern criminal annals, would, at least, not be made public until Hickman has paid with his life for his bloody deed.

So repulsive were the details in the confession to Asa Keyes, Los Angeles district attorney, that after it had been wrung from the prisoner, the hardened official was forced to flee from a repast set before him in the dining car. Hickman, however, recited the details in a calm manner.

The atrocious slaughter of the little girl occurred Saturday morning, according to the confession as given out by District Attorney Keyes. After Hickman strangled the little girl with a towel, he cut up the body of his victim and prepared the dismembered parts for delivery to her father.

A sudden and irresistible impulse to kill led to the brutal murder, coupled with a desire for the ransom money, the gruesome confession disclosed.

Hickman played a lone hand. The "Andrew Kramer," upon whose mythical shoulders he at first placed the responsibility for the crime, does not exist.

The girl was not violated nor mistreated before being murdered. After he had strangled the little girl, Hickman took his pocket knife and cut her to pieces in a methodical manner. After he had placed Marion's body in the bathtub he cut the girl's throat in order that her body might be drained of blood, which was sopped up with a towel. Then, he cut off her legs at the knees. He turned the water on and washed

all the stains away as he dismembered the child, limb by limb.

Working like a fiend with nerves of chilled steel, Hickman then cut off Marion's arms at the elbows. The stumps of her legs were then wrapped carefully in paper and the parts cut off, neatly wrapped up in packages. As he looked upon the gruesome sight of his own making he decided that there was not yet sufficient blood out of the body, so he made an incision in the middle of her body and removed the internal organs.

With his brain still functioning smoothly in spite of his horrible deed, Hickman still had enough presence of mind to dress the body which had been almost wholly unrobed, comb the girl's hair and powder her face and place it in a suitcase.

Hickman then set about getting rid of portions of the body. He took the packages and tossed them in Elysian park, where they were found the following day.

With this out of the way, he returned to his apartment, the Bellevue Arms, and prepared the final letter he sent to Perry M. Parker. He mailed it about 1 o'clock on the same day. Then, unappalled by his frightful deed, he went to a show. He declared he did not enjoy it very much and said he cried during the performance.

After the show, he returned to the apartment. He picked up the suitcase, containing the torso of his victim and took it to his car to prepare it for delivery to the girl's father.

He had a sawed-off shotgun in the automobile. Parker was at the appointed place. The father asked the youth whether his daughter was still alive. Hickman answered that she was, meanwhile sticking the nose of the shotgun out thru the car door.

Parker handed him the money and Hickman drove up the street for the distance of a block. There he tossed the mutilated torso of the girl out to the pavement where the father picked it up.

## For Sale

One 1924

**Chevrolet Sedan**  
Cash \$100

One 1925

**Ford Roadster**  
Cash \$75.00

**Harden Sales & Service**  
Broadlands and Longview



**Broadlands News**

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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**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

**Burying A Town  
An Easy Task**

A town that never does anything in the way of advertising itself is on the way to the cemetery!

The citizens who do nothing to help along in putting over public enterprises and publicity campaigns are helping to dig the grave!

Those who say nothing but ill of their town are furnishing the coffin!

Those who never have time from their own business to aid in co-operative movements are making the shroud!

Those who do not advertise are driving the hearse!

Those who only pull back when public enterprises are being promoted are throwing bouquets in the grave!

Those who are continually talking hard times, "Nothing can be done in this town," and expressing like sentiments are preaching the funeral sermon and singing the Doxology!

Thus the town is buried and lies forever free from all sorrow and care!—Arcola Record-Herald.

**Health Grams**

Strangely enough this is the worst season of the year for automobile accidents. The death rate from this cause in the United States is nearly 25 per 100,000 population during September, October, November and December. For the remainder of the year the average is less than 20. The last two weeks in October and the first two in November are the very worst. More folks are killed by automobiles in December than in any other month except the other three named above.

In Illinois automobiles were directly responsible for more deaths last year than typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, small-pox and infantile paralysis combined. These seven diseases killed at total of 1,620 persons while the toll from automobile accidents reached the alarming total of 1,647.

Deaths due to automobiles in Illinois have jumped from 466 in 1918 to 1,647 in 1926.

While doctors and sanitarians are busily engaged in driving diseases from the face of the earth mankind in general is just as busy at introducing mechanisms that kill and cripple at a rate which puts to shame most of the epidemic infections. Each year the frightful toll climbs a little higher than the year before.

Many words in their usage, are vastly different from their origin. Idiot, for example, in Greece, where it originated, formerly meant any person not holding public office, and did not imply that he was incompetent to serve, but merely distinguished an ordinary citizen from the priests and officials. In time, the impression that an idiot was not competent was evolved, and the word degenerated into its present meaning.

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

**Mildred and the Lost Umbrella**

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

TOM REYNOLDS was asking Mildred for the umteenth time when she would be likely to make up her mind to marry him and Mildred was smiling very charmingly into Tom's anxious eyes when she suddenly leaned forward and stared at the umbrella in the hands of the man in the seat ahead of them.

"Tom," whispered Mildred and had to lean so close to Tom's ear that her soft lips almost brushed his cheek and naturally Tom didn't mind how long her whispering conversation might be, "that man has an umbrella that looks exactly like Brother Fred's—in fact," she added, craning her neck a bit, "I am absolutely certain it is Fred's umbrella—the one I had the misfortune to lose when I was in London two years ago. Tom," and Mildred became fearfully coaxing, "do you mind asking that young man where he got that umbrella?"

"Mildred! Have you gone nutty? Do you think I want to question all the people in this bus as to where they got the various bits of personal belongings they have with them?"

Mildred shook her head. "No—I know that is it. Fred only lent it to me that day in London because I had on my new Paris suit and he didn't want me to spoil it first thing. I left it on the train and didn't have time to go back and inquire as we sailed the next day for home. Please, Tom, ask him."

But Tom steadfastly refused. "All right!" Mildred's chin had gone out a bit and her eyes flashed her intention. Before Tom could stop her she had leaned forward and in the most heavenly voice in the world was asking the perfectly strange man to excuse her being rude, but would he mind telling her where he got that umbrella.

The stranger turned round, looked only once into Mildred's eyes, and Tom had a beastly feeling that the game was up.

"Why no," Jim Weldon answered with a ready smile which side slanted and included Tom in its generous proportions, "as a matter of fact, I got it in London at a small lost property office on the Strand. It came on one of those swift showers while I was just outside the funny little passage that leads to the office and I stepped in."

Mildred laughed. "Well, it's really quite funny," she said, "to see that umbrella again for I lost it on a train in London. My brother lent it to me and I felt dreadful when I lost it."

"And I've had it with me constantly for some eighteen months. You know they keep all lost property a certain length of time, then sell it off for a song. I gave three shillings and six pence for this," he laughed.

"You know," confided Mildred, and Tom was beginning to feel quite out of the picture and a bit gloomy, "my brother would give a lot to get that back. His girl, who is now his wife, gave it to him for an engagement present and she has always sort of felt that it was very careless of me to lose it."

Tom felt that the conversation had gone quite far enough now and he didn't in the least like the new and interested expression that had flung itself into Mildred's eyes nor the very admiring glances the strange man was giving Mildred.

"Well," he put in a trifle roughly, "what are you going to do about it?" "Give it back to its rightful owner," said the young man rather curtly.

Mildred, too, was a bit snappy. She felt annoyed that Tom could be so petty about nothing at all, and she decided she was not going to be snapped at by anyone. Her eyes were belligerent.

"In fact," continued the strange young man calmly, "if you will be so kind as to give me your brother's name and address I will take great pleasure in taking the umbrella to him myself. I'm sure we could enjoy a chat about London, too."

Mildred choked back a desire to laugh. Tom's brow was like a thundercloud.

"No need to take all that trouble about returning an umbrella," she said with an effort to seem genial, "Miss Caldwell can certainly give it to him."

"Tom! Don't be absurd," flashed Mildred with a laugh. "Don't you see that this gentleman could easily think us a couple of crooks. How does he know I have a brother—if he doesn't meet him. I think he is perfectly right in wanting to put it in the right hands." And in order to hide the expression of her eyes, Mildred bent over her vanity bag and extracted therefrom a card on which she wrote the address of her brother. She handed this to the young man.

"Thanks," he said, "and—is there any particular time, Miss Caldwell—any special time—when I would be most likely to find your brother?"

Mildred bit her lip hard. She simply dared not show her dimples and her appreciation of the subtle manner in which the young man was asking just when she was likely to be visiting her brother.

"Brother is always in on Wednesday evening," she said.

And Jim Weldon got off the bus, nor did he look back, for there were those Wednesday evenings to look forward to.

"Lost property isn't the word," growled Tom.



**Climaxing  
The Year's March  
of Values---**

**This Sensational  
Selling of  
Fine Overcoats**

**\$15<sup>95</sup>      \$19<sup>95</sup>**

All year the parade of value-giving special offers has been in its march toward greater savings for our patrons.--Now at the end of a signally successful year comes this greatest of all purchases to cap the climax.--The same story--the rush season over a noted maker seeks to dispose of his winter woollens. Jos. Kuhn & Co. by virtue of great buying powers secure the entire shipment of wonderful Overcoats in the season's most popular shades. Blues, grays, tans, browns;--all are here. In the wanted styles too. Chesterfields, Raglans, Boxbacks, Singles and Double. Man, what a fitting climax!--What "fitting" Coats! What a fit time!

*Jos. Kuhn & Co.*

33-35-37 Main Street, Champaign

**My Project Story**

My project began about September 15, 1926. I had my choice of several things but I preferred the wheat-growing project to the others. The plot which I was to use was about 10 acres in extent. I did some of the plowing along in August while my father was away threshing. After school started, he finished the plowing. Following the plowing the field was treated with agricultural limestone at the rate of 2½ tons to the acre. The ground was then disked and harrowed and then the wheat was drilled. The drilling was made at a rate of 1 bushel and 1 peck to the acre. All the operations previously mentioned were performed with a tractor. By November, the wheat seedlings had a good start and promised to make a good crop. The winter freezing and thawing did not have much effect on the hardy little seedlings.

Next spring the little plants began to grow. Soon the field changed its color and took on a beautiful green shade. All thru the spring and early summer, the plants grew swiftly. Then in late June and early July they began to ripen. By the last of July, the field had been cut and shocked. The plants made an excessive stalk growth which made it hard to cut. The binder had to be raised as high as possible so as not to get too much straw. The bundles were very heavy as reported by the shockers. The shocks were allowed to cure for about three weeks before threshing. The straw, when thrashed, was blown over supports and a straw shed was so constructed. The wheat yielded a total of 384 bushels and 30 pounds averaging about 25 bushels per acre. Four loads were placed in the bin for future use while the rest was hauled to town. This yield seemed to be a fairly good yield as compared

to others in our locality. This was probably due to the fact that the field had been heavily manured and limed. Also the land had been seeded to clover and after pasturing it the clover was plowed up.

Deane Walker.

**Metcalf Man  
Loses 27 Hogs**

"Joker" Kizer, who has been feeding a large number of hogs on the Kizer farm in Metcalf, just east of the Bennett & Bunnel lumber yards, is mourning the loss of twenty-seven hogs, which disappeared from the farm last Thursday night.

Mr. Kizer is of the opinion that the hogs were stolen and has notified Sheriff Roscoe Rives and the authorities in the surrounding towns. The hogs averaged in weight about 300 pounds each and Mr. Kizer estimated his loss at \$800.—Hume Record.

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

**Anderson &  
Krenzien**  
Phone No. 41  
**POULTRY  
EGGS**

City Transfer  
Long Distance Hauling  
Broadlands, Illinois

The Harden Sales & Service places a change of ad in this issue.





for Economical Transportation  
**CHEVROLET**  
**A NEW**  
**CHEVROLET**  
**JAN. 1<sup>ST</sup>**

**When you see it you will say, ... "Only General Motors could produce such a car at Chevrolet's Low Prices"**

**BREWER-CHEVROLET SALES**  
 Broadlands, Illinois

**QUALITY AT LOW COST**

**NERVOUS HEADACHE**



Next time you have a nervous headache try this—  
 Two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Miles' Nervine.  
 If you can get a few minutes sleep, the headache is pretty sure to be gone when you wake up.

**DR. MILES' NERVINE**

If you are subject to nervous headaches, take Dr. Miles' Nervine as directed.  
 Dr. Miles' Nervine is recommended for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Neurasthenia  
 We'll send a generous sample for 5c in stamps.  
 Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

\$1.00 at your Drugstore

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 Physician and Surgeon  
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The News always welcomes news or letters from subscribers, near or far. Let us hear from you, when you send your remittance.  
 Try the Drug Store first.

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

**Four Baby Girls Christmas Present**  
 Beuthen, Silesia, Dec. 23.—Frua Derner, wife of a bookkeeper employed by the municipal street railway, has just presented her husband with an unusual Christmas present, giving birth to four hale and hearty baby girls each weighing three pounds.  
 Jos. Kuhn & Co. place a large ad in this issue.

**M. E. CHURCH NOTES**  
 REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.  
 Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
 Morning Worship at 11 a. m.  
 Begin the New Year right at church.  
**LONGVIEW**  
 Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
 Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.  
 Evening Service at 7:15.  
 Study class and prayer meeting Wednesday night at the home of Mrs. Nellie Hart.

**When the Mountain Moves**  
 By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)  
 MOST of the year Mud creek was clear and belied its name. It was only in the late summer and fall, when the glacier, high on the slope of the mountain, started to melt in the sun, that the mud came down and the stream became a gray and turbid river. Nancy Cross, homesteader, felt that she knew every trick of the creek and every mood of the mountain. They were her friends—except for the deer and birds her only friends.  
 Nancy had lived alone in her cabin for thirteen months and there was yet a month to pass before the title would be hers. She had her books, her letters from friends in the East, and her dreams of romance, once this experiment had been tried. Sometimes when the nights were long and a mountain lion howled in the distance, she wondered if she had made a mistake, leaving them all for this adventure. When the sun rose over the mountain and the choir of birds made the pines ring, she rejoiced.  
 "This place is my test," she told herself, "a test of my capabilities, and a trial for my heart. I will know when I go back, if I ever do, I will know myself more, much more, of the things that count."  
 Her love for the mountain was not unmingled with fear. The glacier, exposed now more than it had been for half a century, seemed as a mighty weight hanging over her head. Usually there was snow in the gutties the year around and winter saw the whole mountain covered. Four dry years had made her mountain gaunt, the snow was gone, but there in this one northern crevasse was a melting surface of packed ice.  
 Little streams ran over the top of the glacier and poured into a hole at its foot. As fall approached the waters churned in this hole and, overflowing, fed Mud creek. Nancy saw the stream had never been so high or so muddy. It was running fast enough to cut into its banks, adding mud, growing thicker, and with it came small stones and sticks. Through her field glasses she looked up at the cause of the torrent, and there was the glacier seemingly untouched for all the tons of water it was sending down.  
 The girl who was afraid of a glacier had cause to be afraid of men. In a small land office a tall man, who called himself an attorney and who made a specialty of finding flaws in titles and homestead rights had made a discovery. If he, or some one else, could file on Nancy's property before her time was out, within the week, he could get the land. It might take a suit to oust her, but he would get it. The tall man took a shorter one into his confidence and they planned the expedition.  
 "It will be worth a lot some day," they said, "with that timber and water power."  
 As they made their way toward the mountain, letting their horses pick the trail through the forest and over the fields of volcanic ash, they had no thought of a girl who lived alone to earn this land. It was enough she had not met certain requirements.  
 "We have two days," said the tall man. "It will be a cinch."  
 "I only hope," said the short one, "she doesn't make a squawk. I hate women what takes on."  
 Mud creek continued its rampage. Nancy walked along its bank, noting with wonder the rate with which it was rising. It was full of mud now, almost like molasses, and yet it moved on swiftly. It cut into the banks, eating them away in a single day as much as an ordinary stream would in a year, for it carried in its depths boulders and dirt. It ground and roared and the rolling stones bumped, crashed and squealed.  
 Night came and the girl stood in her doorway, terrified and yet held by the weird spell of this phenomenon. Mud creek in places was twenty feet deep and no wider. Again it was a city block wide and shallow. Boulders hitting together jumped to the surface and all the time came the grumbling, mumbling sound. The stream would have choked, with its own content had it not been for the brooks which fed it with clear water; fed it enough to oil the track and send it on.  
 As the earth was washed from beneath their roots, big trees fell. Nancy heard them rattle as the limbs broke and braced herself for the shock of a mighty crash. She wondered where all this weight of mud was going, if it would take out the bridge below, and she thanked her stars it was cutting deep enough to make a channel and that she and her cabin were safe.  
 The two men heard the roaring in the woods and looked at each other in fear. They stopped on the bank of the creek, which was a grinding, hobbling mass of trees, rock and sticky black. They saw it break great trees, toss huge boulders and they were afraid.  
 "If this bank should cave in," said the tall man, "we'd be in kingdom come."  
 The short man scratched his head and shouted above the noise: "Let's get outa here. It's a sign, or something, that river. It's yelling!"  
 Nancy, in her doorway, stood on trembling earth and in a thundering world. The two men, headed toward home, urged their horses on. They and their plans had been cut off through the offices of a guardian glacier.

**A Ghost at the Wedding**  
 By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)  
 MISS LIZZIE CAMDEN—old Miss Lizzie—the young people called her—though she was only fifty-four, sat moodily looking into the fire which burned crackling upon the hearth while outside the winds of winter blew about the old house, moaning at intervals as if for the death of a vanished summer time. There came a tap at her door and a girlish voice asked: "Auntie, may I come in?"  
 "Come in," said the old lady in a strained voice. Fresh and glowing, her eyes sparkling, her whole face and form the embodiment of youth and health, Lucy Camden came in.  
 "What do you think of him, auntie?" she asked with an air of confidence that no one could help but think well of "him." The strange, haggard look which Miss Lizzie turned upon her niece startled the girl. "Why, Aunt Lizzie," she cried, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"  
 "No, child, I am not ill; I was only thinking," was the reply.  
 Lucy had recently returned from a stay at one of the beaches where she had been the guest of friends, and where she had met Albert Longley.  
 When Lucy had confided in her aunt that she had met a young man at the beach in whom she had become "deeply interested," Miss Lizzie saw how things were at once. At the mention of the name of the fortunate youth the old lady gave a little start. "Longley? Longley? Where is he from, Lucy?" Lucy named a distant city and Miss Lizzie mused awhile and sighed. The Longley she was thinking of was long since beneath the sod of a grave in the Philippines. "I am an old fool, Lucy," said Miss Lizzie at length. "Do you really love this young man?"  
 "Oh, yes—that is, I think so," replied Lucy looking down bashfully. And then looking up quickly and smiling brightly, "Oh yes, auntie, I am sure I do." Her aunt embraced her, and kissed her, and blessed her; and prayed that her love would have a happier ending than her own.  
 But when Albert had called, when she had been brought face to face with him, she received a shock; he was so like that Herbert Longley of long ago who lay dead in the far Pacific Isles. She had gone to her room to sit before the fire alone with her bitter recollections. Now, when Lucy came in brimming over with her enthusiasm and love, Miss Lizzie looked at her out of a past which was filled with the tragedy of her lonely life. She had brought up the orphaned daughter of her only brother, had clung to her and loved her as those alone can cling and love who have only one person to love and cling to in all the world. "Lucy," she said at length, "what was the name of this young man's father—do you know?"  
 "Why no, auntie," replied Lucy. "Albert has told me but I don't remember now. Why do you ask?"  
 "Nothing, nothing," said Miss Lizzie. "Run along to bed now—I want to be alone."  
 Lucy, wondering at her aunt's strange mood, went to her bed to dream of youth and love; and the older woman turning, her gaze once more upon the fire, looked back into the past. She saw a youth, of whom Albert was the very image, a youth bearing the same family name, worshiped by her as Albert was now worshiped by Lucy. She recalled the progress of their love-making and the night of their engagement; and how happy they were. Then came the remorseful recollection of their quarrel and their parting in anger, and Herbert's departure with the flags flying and the drums beating for the campaign in Cuba.  
 She had never seen him since; hidden behind the curtain, she had seen his regiment march by as they departed for the war with Spain. After Santiago he had gone to the Philippines; he had taken his discharge there after the war, married and settled down as a planter, she had learned. And there he had died. After his embarkation for Cuba she had written him a letter full of contrition, asking him to come back to her; and he had sent it back with the words "Too late" written across it. And here was his son in love with Lucy and Lucy with him. All night Miss Lizzie lay awake, thinking the situation over.  
 Next morning she said to her niece: "Lucy, I suppose you and Albert will be getting married soon?"  
 "Yes, auntie," replied Lucy, "with your consent."  
 The next time Albert called, Miss Lizzie was more composed when she met him. "Did your father die in the Philippines?" she surprised the young man by asking suddenly in the midst of a conversation.  
 "Oh, no," replied Albert, "father died in California. I had an uncle who died in the Philippines. Uncle Herbert. They say I look like him. Did you know Uncle Herbert?"  
 "Slightly," said Miss Lizzie.  
 "How small this world is," was Albert's far from original remark—and then they began talking of other things. Albert and Lucy were married three months later and Aunt Lizzie was at the wedding. And for her there was a ghost there, also; but still she was happy in the happiness of Lucy and Albert.



**Local and Personal**

John Nohren was quite poorly the first of the week.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple spent the first of the week with relatives at Mattoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Moore of Urbana were guests of J. A. Clesler and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Dicks visited relatives at Danville, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson left Saturday for Missouri to spend the holidays with relatives.

Harry Rayl of Chicago spent Christmas here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rayl.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Van-Brundt spent the week end with relatives at Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Poore spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menix.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menix and Mrs. Sarah Sutherland visited friends near Sidney, Tuesday.

Miss Alma Holz of Sidell is spending the holidays with Miss Mildred Mohr.

Clyde and Billie Owens of Danville spent the first of the week here with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clesler.

Roy Bergfield and family, Thomas Bergfield and family spent Monday and Tuesday with relatives at Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Block of Winnetka are spending the holidays here with Mr. and Mrs. Will Block.

Mrs. Sarah Sutherland of Waymansville, Ind., arrived Saturday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Anton Menix.

Mrs. Lottie Astell and son, Russell, motored to Kankakee on Monday for a few days visit with relatives.

Miss Betty Lou Mitchell of Indianapolis visited her grandmother, Mrs. Florence Regnier, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Zenke left for Hot Springs, Ark., on Tuesday of last week. They expect to be gone for about two months.

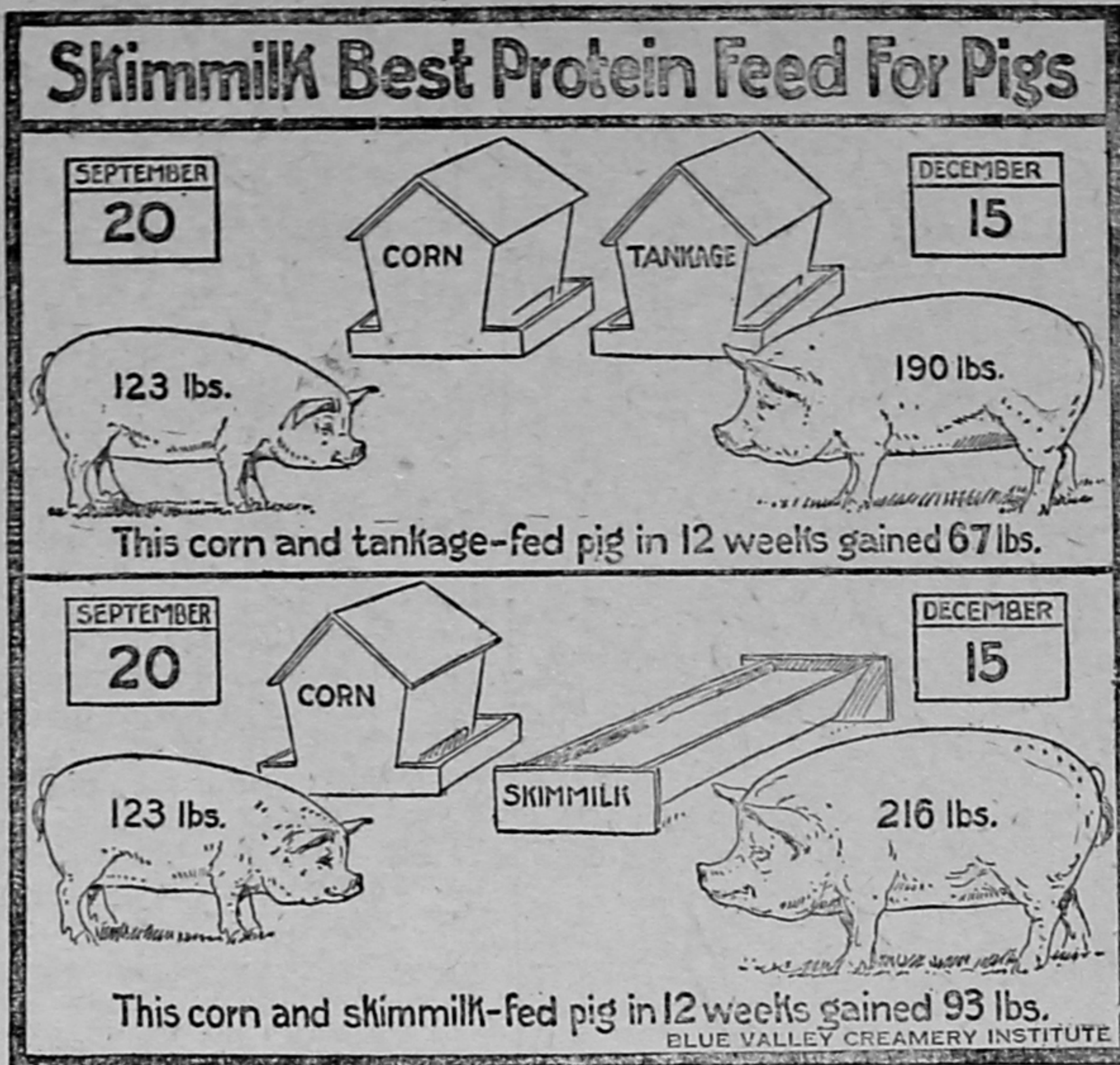
Mr. and Mrs. James Reasor of Allerton and Miss Viola Tuttle of Danville were guests of Mesdames Florence Regnier and Roy Huffman, Wednesday.

Mrs. Hilma Hobbs and children of Danville spent the holidays here with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Dicks, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reasor of Allerton had Christmas dinner with the former's nieces, Mrs. Roy Huffman and Mrs. Florence Regnier. Many nice gifts were exchanged. Mr. Reasor presented his nieces with nice wrist watches.

Mrs. Barbara Johnson entertained on Christmas day: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson and son, Morris, Charles Spears of Champaign; Miss Ferne Sebree of Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson and daughter, Marjorie, of Newman; Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Laverick and Miss Lena Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Astell entertained at dinner on Christmas day the following: Henry Wilson and family, Sam Astell, Mrs. Mary Stearns and children of Champaign; Will Wilson and family of Glover; Chas. Wilson and family of Homer; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Astell, Mrs. Lottie Astell, Guy and Russell Astell.



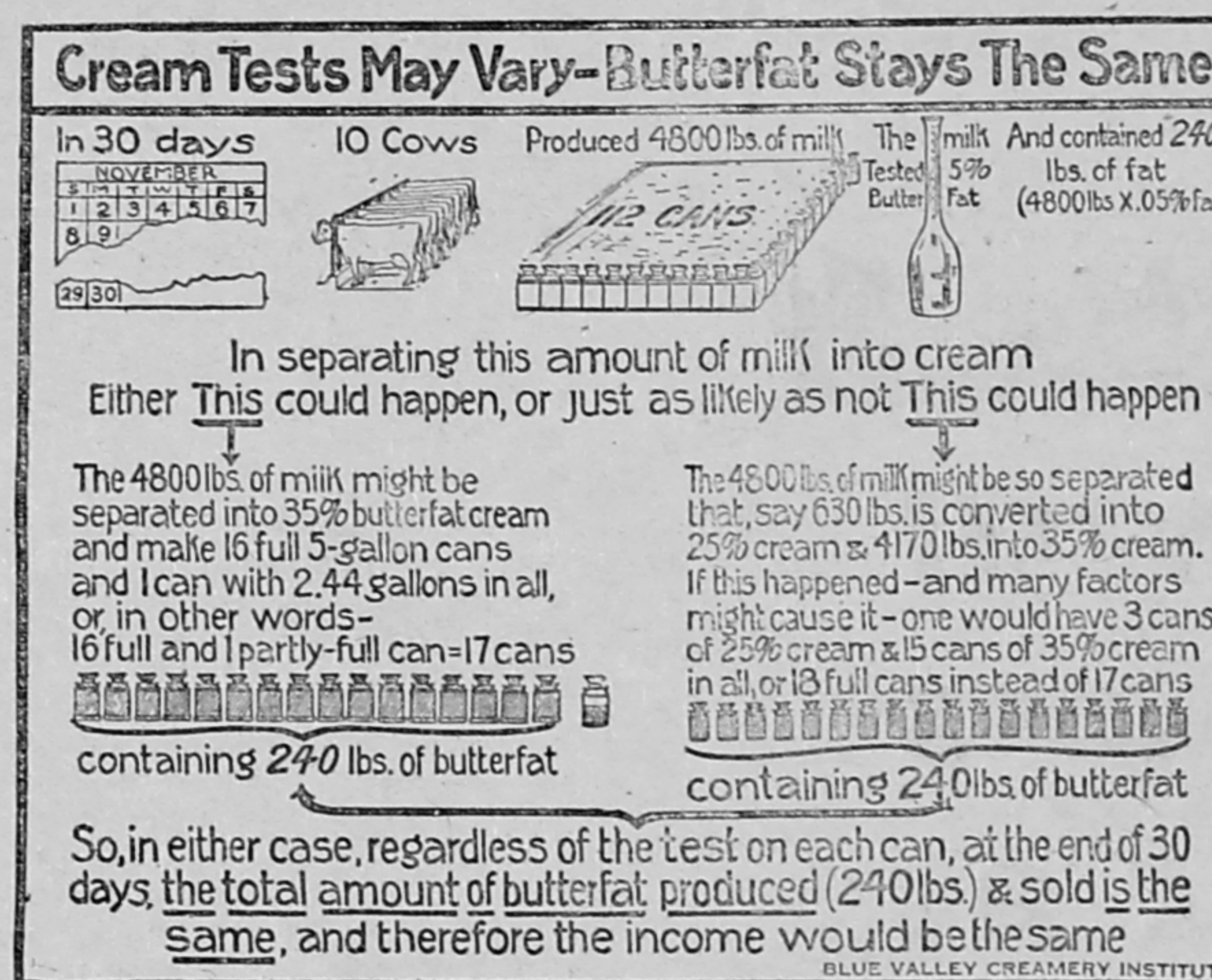
**BIG GAINS MADE BY PIGS ON SKIMMILK**

**Dairy By-Product Found to Hold Advantage Over Tankage in Hog Ration.**

No protein feed equals skimmilk for making big and economical gains in pigs, declares the Blue Valley Creamery Institute. Only one other rich protein concentrate approaches skimmilk as a valuable supplement for feeding with corn or barley and that is tankage. On farms where there is not enough skimmilk to go around, tankage is used to excellent advantage to make up the well-balanced ration required for making the best and cheapest gains in young pigs. But where enough cows are kept to provide sufficient skimmilk, no other protein concentrate is needed to make up a perfectly balanced pig ration—one that

furnishes all the feed nutrients required to build bone, muscle and fat most rapidly, most efficiently and at lowest cost.

The good results of skimmilk feeding to pigs are well demonstrated in the results obtained in an experiment at the Ohio agricultural experiment station where six different groups of pigs were fed for 12 consecutive weeks to determine the value of five different protein concentrates as a supplement to corn. In each case the ration was balanced properly. However, the pigs receiving skimmilk made the biggest gains, an average of 93 pounds for the period, or over 1.1 pounds a day, for each pig. They made the best growth of bone as well as the strongest, which is highly desirable for making good body weight and for the prevention of cripples on the way to the market. They also made the best type of market hogs because they ranked highest in dressing percentage. The corn-tankage fed hogs also made good gains, good bone development and high dressed weights. They were superior in this respect to the hogs receiving other protein concentrates, with the exception of skimmilk.



**SCIENCE IN ANSWER TO CREAM PUZZLE**

**Cream Tests May Vary but Total Butterfat Produced Stays the Same.**

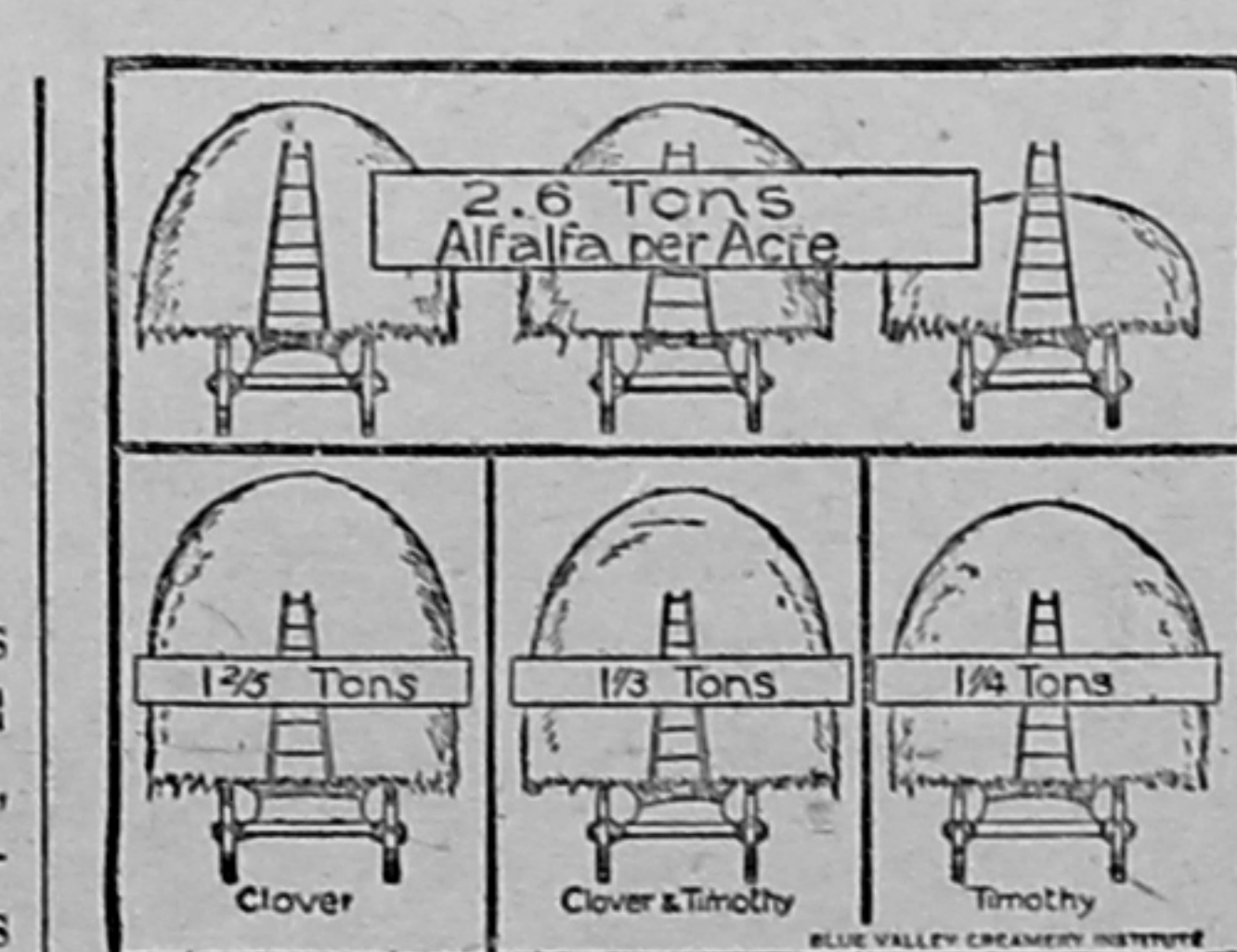
Cream tests may vary but the total amount of butterfat produced over a period of time remains the same. This answer to another long-disputed farming problem was found in summarizing a survey made by dairy experts of the Blue Valley Creamery Institute. A typical example is explained in the chart illustrated above. When the month's supply of 4,800 lbs. or 112 cans of milk from 10 cows was converted into 35% cream the result was 17 cans of cream, 16 cans of which were full and one can partly full. But 18 cans would be the result were the same 4,800 lbs. of milk separated differently. Just as likely as not under average farm conditions 630 lbs. of milk might be converted into 25% cream and the remaining 4,170 lbs. converted into 35% cream. Then there would be 18

full cans instead of 17 cans. However, the important point is the fact that in either case, regardless of the test on each can, the total amount of butterfat produced was the same and therefore the income would be the same. So, after all, variance in the tests of different cans of cream matters little so long as the testing is done honestly and accurately.

It is impractical for the producer to so separate his cream that it will always test exactly the same. That can only be done in milk plants and creameries where a large amount of milk and additional equipment facilitate standardization. On the farm, too, many small factors influence the test of the cream. The temperature of the milk may be up or down a few degrees when going through the separator. The amount of water or skimmilk used for flushing may not always be in the same proportion to the amount of cream separated. Such things oftentimes are responsible for changes in cream tests without being noticed and being small and obscure. It doesn't pay to be on the constant lookout for them and adjust the separator to overcome them and in that way always produce cream of exactly the same test. Nor is it necessary as the example above shows.

**ALFALFA BEST OF BEST CROPS**

No crop on American farms yields so much palatable, digestible and highly nutritious feed as alfalfa hay, according to the Blue Valley Creamery Institute. It produces twice as much hay per acre as other leading forage crops. During the four years, 1921 to 1924, the average yield of alfalfa in the United States was two and two-thirds tons per acre, while for timothy it was but one and one-quarter tons; mixed clover and timothy, only one and one-third tons, and clover alone, one and two-fifths tons. In feeding value alfalfa also is superior to other hays, especially for dairy cows. It furnishes at low cost the expensive proteins which are so essential for high and economical milk production, growth and muscle build-



ing. Based on the amounts of digestible nutrients contained in them, the value of alfalfa hay is more than double that of timothy hay, ton for ton.

Properly cured, alfalfa is the most palatable of hays. The eagerness with which it is consumed by all classes of live stock is evidence of this important property. Alfalfa hay also is highly digestible, so that a large proportion of its nutrients are used in milk production and body development. All around, alfalfa tops the feed crops of the United States.

**Long View News**

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Eiler spent the holidays with relatives at Tower Hill.

Misses Sadie Hart and Eileen McCormick were callers in Danville, Tuesday.

Andrew Paine and Paul Madigan were business callers in Champaign, Saturday.

The annual Alumni Banquet was held at the high school Tuesday night.

John McCormick was a business caller in Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Harry Jarman was called to Kirksville, Mo., because of the serious illness of Mrs. Jarman.

Andrew Paine of Eureka spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Paine.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Paine and daughter, Ada, spent Monday with Mrs. Addie Levie and family at Gilman.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lindsley and son, Kenneth, of Springfield, and Earle Eckerty of Chicago spent Christmas with Mrs. Ella Eckerty.

Mrs. Nellie Hart and Misses Sadie Hart, Helen Wade and

Eileen McCormick attended the Virginia theatre at Champaign, Monday night.

**Car of Hard Coal**  
I will have a carload of hard coal on the track on Saturday, Dec. 31. If you want any out of this car, please phone in your order.—C. T. Henson Lumber & Coal Co.

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

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

The Harden Sales & Service places a change of ad in this issue

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Patrons of our used car department get the same courteous attention and the same high dollar-for-dollar value as our new car customers. Used car sales constitute a vital part of our business—consequently, our used car department is conducted on the same high business plane as our new car division. Look for our red "O. K." tag when you buy a used car. It is your proof that the car has been thoroughly reconditioned by expert mechanics, using genuine parts for replacement—your guarantee of superior VALUE!

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**The Marines---in battle and in peace---a romance with a thrill you'll never forget.**

**Also A News Reel**

**Saturday Night Dec. 31**  
**Admission - - 25c and 10c**