

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 9

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1928

NUMBER 49

Saturday Only!

6 Bars Amond Oil Soap	59c
(6 Dessert Glasses Free)	
30c Stationery	19c
All 25c Talcum Powder	19c
All 50c Face Powder	39c
\$3.00 Hess Panacea	\$1.98
\$1.15 Swamp Root	.89c
Listerine Tooth Paste	19c

Crain Drug Company

(NOT INC.)

Newman, Ill.

Broadlands, Ill.

Try the drug store first

Polarine Oil

58c a Gallon

Standard Service Station
Broadlands, Ill.

The Man Who Succeeds

thinks success. He dreams of the future—of the things he wishes to accomplish. But he does not stop there. He plans, works and saves his money for the fulfillment of his dreams.

You have an ambition. It depends on money. Why not realize it? If you expect to marry, if you want a home and acres of your own, if you long for the joys of travel, if you hope to acquire more education or to go into business, you can accomplish your purpose by saving your money in an account with our bank.

Back yourself with a steadily-growing bank account and some day you will have the capital and credit for a business of your own. You will be fortified with good investments and prepared for opportunities. You can give your family various advantages and create an income-producing reserve to insure ease in old age.

Build an Account in our Bank to Make Your Dreams Come True

First State Bank of Broadlands

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

BROADLANDS, ILL.

Try the drug store first.

I am now ready to do screen and lattice work. Let me figure on your job.—Albert Smith.

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

Coming! "The Seventh Heaven," May 4 and 5.

Boy Scouts Hold Organization Meeting

The Broadlands Troup of Boy Scouts of America held its preliminary organization meeting at the First State Bank of Broadlands, Monday night. Two patrols were organized and great enthusiasm was manifested by all present. Jared Crain was chosen Patrol Leader of the Hawk Patrol and George Harden was chosen to lead the Fox Patrol. Harry Nohren was elected scribe.

Work was done in preparation for installation of the scouts into the Tenderfoot rank. After a short class period in the history and composition of the United States flag and the observance of the customary forms of respect, the scouts spent the rest of the evening learning to tie the regulation knots which every Tenderfoot must know.

It is expected that there will be fifteen or twenty more boys who will enroll in the troupe as soon as school is out. Rev. C. M. Temple announced that a hike was planned for a week from Saturday, and that a Court of Honor would be held in one month when all who qualify will be given the Oath and presented with the badge of the Tenderfoot Scout.

The public is welcome at any time in all of the Scout meetings.

Free Presentation of "The Transgressor"

An especial treat is in store for Broadlands and vicinity in the free presentation of the great, modern motion picture, "The Transgressor," by James Shields, author of "The Stream of Life," "Lest We Forget," etc., at the Broadlands opera house, on next Wednesday night, May 2nd.

It is a wonderful story, true and timely, thrilling and dramatic; the theme being that it pays to be 100% American; and that it pays to obey and help maintain the law, and be loyal to the Constitution and the flag.

Mr. Shields was fortunate in having a really remarkable cast of characters for his production. This is a picture with a purpose. It depicts the devastating effect of lawlessness upon character. There is no admission charge.

Mrs. Kenneth Allen Entertains Guild

Mrs. Kenneth Allen entertained the Ladies' Guild of the M. E. Church at her home on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Those present were Mesdames Mary Fitzgerald, Anna Seeds, Maud Walsh, Edith Snow, Emma Jackson, Daisy Gore, Ione Allen.

Longview Man Nabbed After Auto Accident

After he had had a collision with a bus on West University avenue, on Monday evening, Guy Charlton of Longview, was arrested by the Urbana police on a charge of drunk and disorderly conduct. He was released from custody after putting up his car as security and was to be given a hearing on Tuesday before Police Magistrate Douglas Osborn.

—News-Gazette.

Why are the 6,000 Happy?

Hoot Gibson In "The Arizona Sweepstakes"

Hoot Gibson regarded by many as the most popular rough riding screen star in the profession today, has been provided with a new play that is certain, according to advance reports, to add many new friends. It is called "The Arizona Sweepstakes" and is a Universal Jewel. It will be screened at the Broadlands opera house on Saturday night, April 28th.

"The Arizona Sweepstakes" is a clean, strong drama of the kind that makes a hit with every type of audience. Through it runs a sentimental little love story bound around with bright comedy and thrilling episodes.

Philo McCullough plays the villain. He is Jonathan Carey, smooth millionaire city man turned rancher, who matches wits with Hoot Gibson, Arizona cowpuncher, in a battle for the girl. The girl is Helen Lynch in real life, but in the play she is Nell Savery, daughter of Col. Tom Savery. Miss Lynch who has been in pictures four years, makes a winning little heroine worth the desperate fight waged for her by "Coot."

Briefly, "The Arizona Sweepstakes," pictures the adventures of a cowboy, Coot Caddigan, who while visiting a large city has become entangled in the gang-life of the metropolis. Falsely accused of murder he is hidden away by a gangster whom he befriends. With the police searching for him he remembers he is due back in Arizona, for he has promised the father of the girl he loves to ride his horse in the big race of the year. Upon the outcome of the race depends the girl's future, as her father has staked all, and the most dangerous competitor is threatening to take the girl and foreclose on the ranch. Coot risks capture, deserts his hiding place and returns to the ranch in time to ride in the race, which is one of the most spectacular of all screen races.

Uncle Charley Dohme Building New House

Workmen have begun the building of Mr. Charley Dohme's new house just east of his present home. The house will consist of six rooms and basement. Mr. Dohme's home will be an exact pattern of Mr. Frank Frick's new home, so we have been informed.

Aged Man Gets Request To Die Before His Wife

Danville, Ill., April 25.—While standing at the bedside of his aged wife, Margaret Hanna, unconscious for the past five days, Thomas Marshal Hanna, 80, remarked that he wished he could go first. A moment later he slumped to the floor at the side of his wife. He died within 20 minutes, a victim of apoplexy.

The home was filled with friends and neighbors at the time. The pair had been married for nearly 60 years.

Why are the 6,000 Happy?

Dress Making.—Phone 7743.
Edith Smith.

For Sale—Black Ebony Beans. Germination 95%.—Clarence Kilian, Homer, Ill.

Mrs. Lydia Black Dies At Allerton

Funeral services for Mrs. Lydia Black who died at her home in Allerton on Monday evening, were held on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Presbyterian church in Allerton, with Rev. J. M. Bean officiating. Interment was made in Fairfield cemetery.

Mrs. Black's death was caused by complications resulting from her advanced age. She had been ill for several months and seriously ill about four weeks.

Mrs. Black was born April 6, 1844, at Dayton, Ohio. She came to live on a farm near Allerton with her husband in 1873. Mr. Black died on March 2nd of this year.

The four children surviving her are: Charles, of Delphi, Ind., Mrs. Ida Williams of Muncie, Ind., Joe Black of Danville, and Hattie Goodall of Allerton.

Local and Personal

Bert Messman of Champaign visited relatives here Wednesday.

Russell VanBrundt has been a sick man the past week.

Ray L. Bowman was a Danville visitor, Monday.

Earl Greenwood and family removed to the Block property in the east part of town, Tuesday.

Virgil Henson of Champaign visited his brother, Clark Henson and family here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hedrick entertained Ed Harvey and family of Homer at dinner, Sunday.

Mrs. Will Messman and Mrs. Ed. Nohren visited the sick at Danville, Wednesday.

The Ladies Aid of the U. B. church will meet with Mrs. John Rayl on Wednesday, May 2.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mr. and Mrs. John Rayl were Danville visitors, Sunday.

Roy Bergfield and family and Mr. and Mrs. George Cook were Danville visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker and Miss Lena Todd were Sidell visitors, Wednesday afternoon.

Henry Dohme and daughter, Miss Anna, were Sidell visitors, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Griffin entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter Witt at dinner, Wednesday.

Paul Krenzien and family of Ridgefarm were Broadlands visitors Wednesday.

Ogle Hamilton who has been receiving medical treatment at a hospital in St. Louis, returned home last Friday.

The Ladies Guild have had new concrete steps built and a new roof put on the porch of the M. E. Parsonage.

Henry Mohr has begun the rebuilding of his farm home which was destroyed by fire some time ago.

Roy and Lucille Harvey of this place, and Miss Pearl Pickens of Metcalf, visited at the home of Lawrence Mast at Danville, on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Lucy Sullivan has returned home from Urbana where she spent the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. May and little daughter, Carol Marie, of Arcola, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple, Saturday.

T. W. Bergfield, who recently underwent a nasal operation at Lakeview hospital, Danville, returned home, Monday.

Mrs. Cecil Westfield and daughter of Chicago arrived yesterday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman entertained Mrs. Thos. Bergfield and daughter, Miss Juanita, at dinner, Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Stearns of Chicago spent the week end with her daughters, Mrs. Roy Bergfield and Mrs. Mark Moore.

P. O. Rayl and R. L. Bowman attended the opening of the Three-I League season at Danville, yesterday.

Mrs. Charlotte McCormick returned home Wednesday, after a few days visit with relatives at Hegeler.

Mrs. Flora Maxfield and children of Villa Grove visited C. T. Henson and family, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Bertha Block and daughter, Miss Maude, visited Mrs. Pearl Edens and Mrs. Marie Swick at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Tuesday.

Misses Pearl Clester and Maude Block returned Monday after a week's visit with R. O. Cable and family at Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Block at Winnetka.

Mrs. Grant Josseland of Brocton, Mrs. Geis Phipps and children of Kansas City, Mo., visited at the home of J. A. Thomas, Sunday.

Miss Hazel Dohme has accepted a position as teacher in the East Aurora school system, Aurora, Illinois, for the coming term.

Mrs. C. M. Temple, Mrs. D. F. Freeman and Mrs. O. E. Gore attended a district meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at the M. E. Church at Allerton, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Jr., motored to Danville, Wednesday. While there they visited Mrs. Pearl Edens, Mrs. Marie Swick and William Lynch at Lakeview hospital. All are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson entertained at dinner Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell and daughter, Alice, Miss Cecil Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Hamilton and baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple and Harry Richard attended the County Sunday school convention at Urbana, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Sr., Mrs. Anna Lill and Miss Anna Edens visited Mrs. Pearl Edens at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Wednesday. Mrs. Edens will probably return home sometime next week.

Broadlands News

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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Cards of Thanks.....\$1.00

**Harry Hill Now
On Second Trial**

Ottawa, Ill., April 23.—With a new brace of attorneys, Harry Hill, Streator youth accused of slaying his mother, Mrs. Eliza Hill, last August and burying her body in the basement of her Streator home, went on trial today for the second time for murder.

The first jury disagreed after a trial lasting two months and the second trial may last twice that long, attorneys said. Selection of a jury may not start for several days it was indicated when attorneys said they had several motions to make first, including one by Hill's counsel that he be dismissed because he had been in jail for eight months and had not been brought to jail promptly. Last week Hill was denied bail in a move to obtain his liberty pending trial.

Following the accidental death by drowning of Senator Lee O'Neil Browne on the last day of Hill's first trial, the other attorneys withdrew and Hill today was represented by Col. C. M. Chipfield of Canton and A. E. Butters of Ottawa. A. J. O'Connor, special prosecutor named to assist Russell Hanson, State's attorney, was ill, but the trial opened with the introduction of preliminary motions without him.

Notice To Tax Payers

Owing to the lateness of the tax paying season and the rush that will inevitably result therefrom it is imperative that all persons either bring or send a complete description of the property on which you desire to pay taxes. This will not only be a convenience to the office force, but will also hurry up the work, as we will not have to take up your time and ours in searching thru books, looking up maps and plats to find the same. It will not take much of your time to look up your last year's receipt and bring it along, but if we have to hunt up the location of your property it will take a lot of time and not only delay you in getting your receipt, but many others also who may have to wait until you are taken care of.

Please do this.

Yours truly,
Chas. W. Dale
County Treasurer.

Why Blame The Pig?

An elderly farmer and his wife were standing before their pigsty looking at their only pig, when the old lady said, John, tomorrow will be our silver wedding. Let's kill the pig.

John replied, what's the use of murdering the pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?

Screws On Sunday

A Scotchman was hammering a few nails into a wheelbarrow on Sunday.

Sandy, said his wife, It's very wrong to make such a noise on Sabbath. You ought to use screws.

Coming! "The Seventh Heaven," May 4 and 5.

**U. of I. Research
Assists Industry**

**Result: Chilled Tread Car
Wheel Design Changed
After Century of Use.**

The manufacturers of chilled tread car wheels, responsible for 24,000,000 wheels now in service, and who add 3,000,000 renewals annually, have discarded the old design which has successfully carried the rail-borne commerce of the United States for a century and introduced a new design based on the result of research work accomplished by the University of Illinois Engineer Experiment Station, F. K. Vial, vice president of the Griffin Wheel Company of Chicago, and consulting engineer of the Association of Manufacturers of Chilled Car Wheels, has announced.

The far reaching effect of the co-operation of industry with technical research of the university is particularly exemplified in this case which has resulted in the entire redesign of the chilled tread wheel into a much simpler and far more reliable form, Mr. Vial pointed out. "The old reliable Washburn patent double-plate chilled iron wheel has successfully stood the test of service under all classes of cars during the rapid development from 10-ton capacity to 70-ton capacity," he said, "and so when we plan to adopt these new designs you may be sure we have some decided assurance of improvement."

"Not only this work but the other great research results accomplished by the University of Illinois on various railroad problems are, I think, unusual and of great economic value to the railway industry," Mr. Vial asserted. "For instance, the tests made by the University of Illinois are the only source of information regarding the heat stresses developed by dragging brakes, or brakes which fail to release. These, of course, are incidental conclusions from the brake-shoe tests made at the university which were developed to measure the intensity of stresses under various conditions of shoe pressure and speed."

SOIL "MINING" TRAGEDY

**U. of I. "Monument" Marks
Fate of Exhausted Ground
as a Warning.**

One of the great tragedies in the history of American agriculture—the tragedy of soil exhaustion—is marked with a world-renowned "monument" all its own on the campus of the University of Illinois. This "monument" is nothing more than a patch of experimental ground which the College of Agriculture maintains at one corner of the university campus. From that small area, however, have come lessons in the maintenance and improvement of soil fertility which are cited all over the world. More than half a century has been required to rear this "monument," for the Morrow plots, the name by which it is more commonly known, are the oldest of their kind in America and next to the oldest of their kind in the world.

One of the most remarkable things about the Morrow plots is that their founders had the foresight to go ahead and plan for such a piece of work at the time when the agricultural experiment stations of the country were young and the pressure was for investigations that would yield quick returns. Not until after a half century has elapsed has much of their real significance become apparent. They will become an even more imposing "monument" as the experimental results of future years are added to their record.

Three different cropping systems, each with and without soil treatment, have been practiced on the Morrow plots. At one end, corn has been grown continuously since the project was started 53 years ago. On another group of plots corn and oats have been rotated for the entire period of the experiment, while on the third group of plots, corn, oats and clover have been rotated for the past 24 years. What the declining productiveness which follows in the wake of poor soil practices means to the stability of agriculture can be gained from valuing the land on the different plots by what it will produce at the present time. The continuous corn land where no soil treatment has been applied is worth \$73 an acre as compared to \$161 where manure, limestone and phosphate have been applied. The untreated corn-oats land is worth \$142 an acre and the treated \$276. The untreated corn-oats-clover land has a value of \$242 and the treated \$328 an acre. Thus, soil practices alone have made a difference of \$235 an acre in the value of this land in less than an ordinary lifetime.

Disappointments

Yes said the tall man, I have had many disappointments, but none stands out like the one that came to me when I was a boy.

Some terrible shock that fixed itself indelibly in your memory I suppose.

Exactly, said the tall man. I had crawled under a tent to see the circus, and discovered it was a revival meeting.

Why are the 6,000 Happy?

Try the drug store first.

**Bridgette and
Bridget**

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

BRIDGET was certainly somewhat dowdy in her selection of clothes. Even her closest of friends admitted that she could stand a good deal of prompting when it came to buying clothes or dressing her hair.

And the professional singer to whom she had become engaged was the most constant of critics regarding Bridget's taste.

"You know, Bridget, as the wife of a professional man you really must try to dress in better taste and to make a great effort to overcome that silly shyness."

"But, Don, I don't like crowds and I hate being stared at."

"But you are stared at a whole lot more for looking dowdy than you would be if properly and modestly gowned. Honestly, dear, your hair, long and wispy like that, looks like the dickens beside all these trim heads."

Bridget smiled. She knew she was out of date. However, she felt that Don was quite right. Her soft violet eyes looked calmly back at him and her wistful mouth essayed the kind of smile that sometimes breaks a heart.

So Bridget made an appointment with the famous Modiste "Clement" and at Don's persistent wish she decided to become Bridgette rather than the more homely Bridget.

Once inside the studio she felt somewhat relieved, as it looked like nothing so much as an old attic room in which an assortment of rugs had been scattered about. These, however, were rugs of glorious hue and texture and their beauty so compelling as to make Bridgette forget her shyness entirely and become absorbed in admiration.

A minute or so later she found herself confronted by a most boyish looking individual who smiled a most charming smile straight into Bridgette's violet eyes.

"Your fiance, Mr. Bird, has told me that you are always atrociously gowned," he said frankly, "and I quite agree with him. You could look so gloriously different—that I can't understand why you have failed to see it." And already in Clement's eyes Bridgette was standing in the simplest of dove-gray frocks and her hair was wound about in coils to set off the pure oval of her delicate face.

Bridgette found herself warming to praise. So often her lot had been to listen to criticism rather than flattery that the newness of all this put a strange little spirit of power within her and she found her wistful little smile going out to meet that charming one of the great Clement.

"You know, Miss Bridget Jones," he went on in an effort to put her entirely at her ease, "my real name is Josiah Smith. I had to take on a trade name—just as you are expected to assume a more high-sounding one. But just the same, I will some day retire and go back to Josiah and the chicken farm."

Bridgette burst out into hearty laughter. Don would have wondered at it. He had never in all his acquaintance with the girl he was to marry found her looking so happy.

Then she smiled her more than wistful smile and shook her head.

"I shall never be able to go back to Bridget and my own home life—once I've married and stepped into this modernism."

Clement cast a swift glance at the young girl who was trying so hard to pattern herself according to the dictates of a man, and wished with all his heart that some one loved him sufficiently to make such a sacrifice. "Cheer up," he laughed, "you will be so ravishingly lovely when you are dolled up that you will be forever grateful that some one has made you step out of dowdiness into beauty."

"All right," laughed Bridgette. "Go ahead and do what you like so long as I am comfortable. I absolutely refuse to be put into any clothes that are not perfectly comfortable. And I won't wear high heels for either you or Don. And I won't wear such tight skirts that I can't take long strides, and I simply will not put a scarlet line across my lips and look like a painted model."

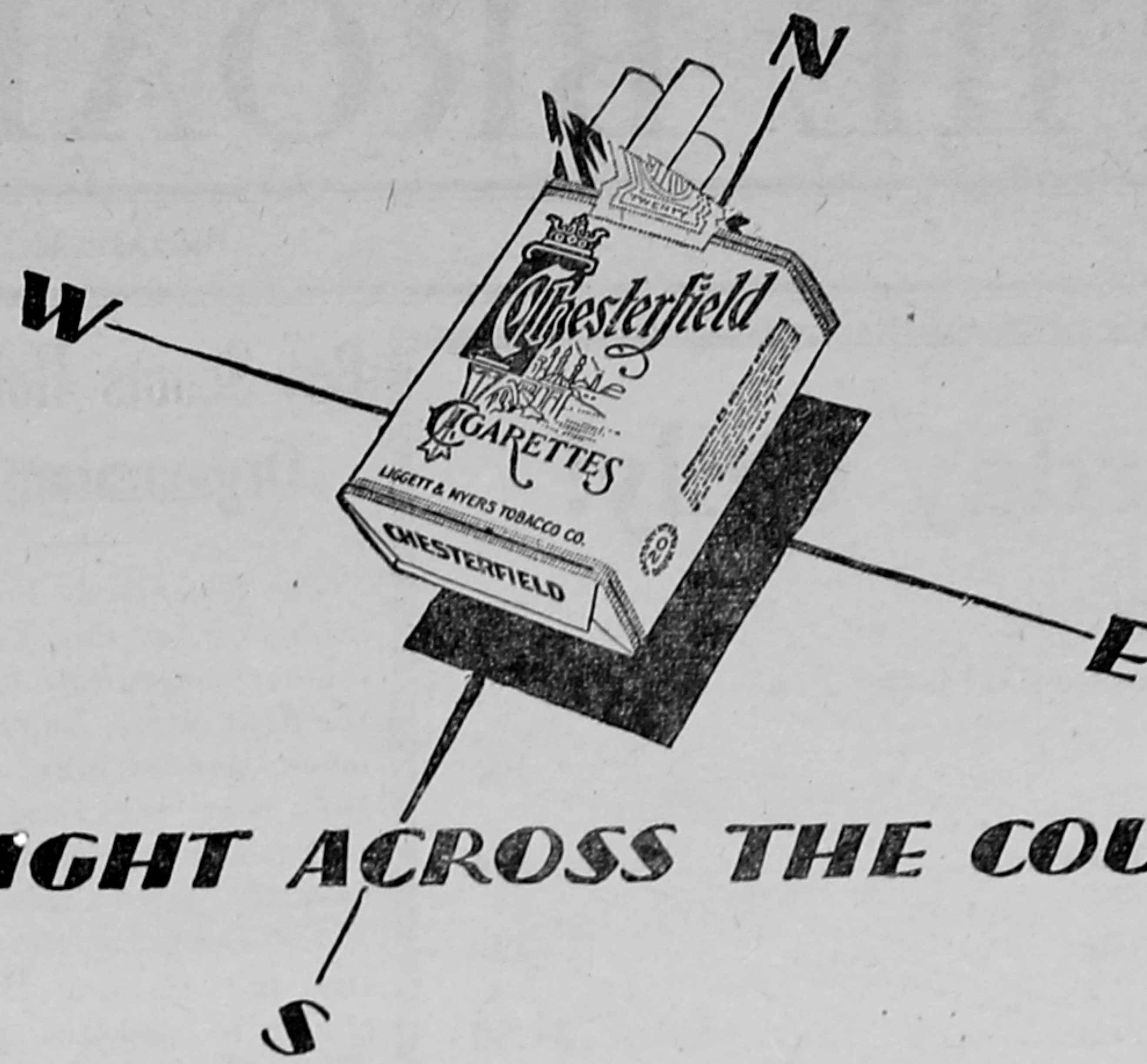
Clement looked up and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, I say. Don't you think you had better forget about that professional man and his society engagements and come back to the farm with me? I feel absolutely certain you would be much happier since you have so strong an objection to looking beautiful."

"I can assure you," said Bridgette, and somehow she forgot that she had ever been shy, "that I would much prefer the pig farm with a Josiah to go through life with than to marry a professional singer who thinks more of his own ambitions than he does of the happiness of his sweetheart. You can dress me up as you like—because I suddenly have a great desire to look—lovely," she added softly and cast the very sweetest of little glances at Clement.

"It will take me about five years to make enough to retire on," said Clement, "but that doesn't mean that you couldn't just naturally break off your engagement, enter into another, get married and start the pig farm in readiness for my arrival—does it?"

"Most anything is possible nowadays," said Bridgette, and they smiled in unison—Josiah and his Bridgette.



RIGHT ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

A TASTE that has won smokers in every nook and corner of these United States!

FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, among every class and condition of smokers throughout this whole country, Chesterfield has made good solely by reason of its better tobaccos and better taste.

**CHESTERFIELD
CIGARETTES**

THEY'RE MILD and yet THEY SATISFY

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Our Gift to You



Last Call—This Amazing Lady Dover Iron Offer Ends Monday!

APRIL 30, is your final opportunity to secure a perfect junior model of beautiful Lady Dover, free, with the large iron at its regular price, \$7.50, cash. Dainty Little Lady Dover is ideal for light ironing or for traveling. Ordinarily priced at \$2.50, it is our gift to you during this offer which ends Monday.

Lady Dover means a carefree Ironing Day

Women say 'Lady Dover makes ironing such a pleasant task. I have an hour or two of extra leisure each week, for Lady Dover actually saves 1/5 of the ironing time and does much more beautiful work. And just think! This wonderful iron comes with an insurance policy that makes me sure of life-long service.'



Get two wonderful irons for the price of one. Don't delay—after Monday it will be too late!

Pay the 'Little by Little' way if you wish

**Central Illinois
Public Service Company**

GA 125

Father's umbrella was not to be found anywhere. So he asked members of his family if they had seen it.

night, said John. What makes you think that my son?

"Cause when I was in the hall last night I heard him say to sis-

ter: Well, I'll have to steal one.

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

Plants! Plants!
Home grown, fresh and fine. All kinds ready now at the house or by mail. Best quality and best prices.—J. R. McBride, New-
man, Ill.

Try the Drug Store first.

Dress Making.—Phone 7743.
Edith Smith.

Representative Wanted In Broadlands Territory. Sworn Proof of \$85.00 per week. \$1.75 an hour for spare time. Introducing Finest Guaranteed Hosiery. 126 Styles and Colors. Low prices. Auto Furnished. No experience necessary. Samples furnished. Betterknit Textile Co. Dept. C-14 Greenfield, Ohio. a27

Notice of Probate of Will

State of Illinois }
Champaign Co } ss.

In the County Court of said County in the matter of the probate of the last will and testament of Carl Zenke, deceased.

Public notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed in the County Court of Champaign County, Illinois, showing that Carl Zenke of Broadlands, in said County, departed this life leaving an instrument purporting to be his last will and testament. That said deceased left him surviving Mary Zenke, Alvin H. A. Zenke, William Zenke, Roy E. Zenke and Alma Zenke Baum, his only heirs at law; and that the following persons were named as legatees and devisees in the said instrument, Mary Zenke, Alvin H. A. Zenke, William Zenke, Roy E. Zenke, Alma Zenke Baum, Alfred C. Zenke, Hilda Zenke, Gladys Zenke, Opal Zenke, Carl Zenke, Jr., Billie Zenke, and the heirs of the body of Alvin H. A. Zenke, William Zenke, Roy E. Zenke, or Alma Zenke Baum.

Notice is hereby given to the above named heirs, legatees, devisees, and all whom it may concern that said instrument will be offered for probate, and a hearing had on said petition by said County Court, in the room usually occupied by said Court in the Court House in the City of Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1928, at the hour of nine o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, at which time and place you are hereby notified to be present if you so desire.

Dated, April 9th, A. D. 1928.

Fred Hess, County Clerk.

Busch & Harrington,
Attorneys.

Why are the 6,000 Happy?

I am now ready to do screen and lattice work. Let me figure on your job.—Albert Smith.

Two Nails and Four

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

WITH his hands drawn up into his sleeves, his head held forward and his slippers falling noisily, old Chang Wah made his way. It was as if he saw no one and cared not a bit for the goings and comings of his fellows.

Yet on the edge of the sidewalk near the curb and opposite the alley entrance, the man who had vision for no man saw two tiny nails. He stopped, picked them up, dropped them into a pocket and moved on. Chang Wah, the silent one, did not turn as he passed the store of Sing Lee, nor did he stop to listen to the American music which came from the modern chop suey place of Moy Fang. He pattered on, dragging one foot ever so slightly and his hands were hidden in his sleeves.

An old man picking up discarded nails. It is nothing. Ed Wylie smiled at the thrift of Chang Wah. When, next day, he saw the old man stop at the same place to salvage two more nails the lad felt he was facing coincidence.

Chang Wah picked up the nails quite as if he had expected to find them there. Then he looked around to make sure there were no more. Ed Wylie followed. It occurred to him that if the old man were adding to his income by gathering discarded nails, the pickings were poor. Not once more in a walk of seven blocks did Chang Wah stop to rescue anything. He did not even seem intent on studying the walk or the street for possibilities. It was just by chance, Ed decided once more, that he had seen Chang do the same thing on two successive days.

"But if the old man does it three days in succession," the lad reasoned, "it will be a mystery."

So Ed watched and Chang repeated the performance. Every day the old man paused, picked up two nails, looked for more and went on. It was at once weird and ridiculous. Why should there always be two nails and why was the old Chinese interested in finding them at no other place on the sidewalk?

"I wonder what he would do," Ed thought, "if I were to get there first and find the nails. And I wonder what would happen if he found three or four."

Next day Ed placed two nails beside two he found on the sidewalk in the place where the Chinese made his daily find. Hiding himself in the alley the lad watched.

Chang Wah came by—the methodical plodding—walking as if he were headed into a strong wind. He paused, picked up the two nails mechanically and then saw the other two. Immediately Chang Wah was a changed man. There came into his bearing something of stealth and cunning. Ed sensed it and thought of a panther stalking his prey. Chang Wah moved on with his hands in his sleeves, moved on the route of old, but there was purpose in his manner.

In front of the store of Sing Lee he made a quick turn. Ed saw him run in and saw, too, that the hands had come out of the sleeve. Something was shining and there was a loud report. Doors slammed and hid frightened men. As if by magic the street cleared. There was a commotion in the store of Sing Lee and it was there Ed ran.

Inside he saw Chang Wah held fast by four Chinese and a white man in plain clothes. Chang Wah was desperate, disappointed, and puzzled. His shot, aimed at Sing Lee, had gone wild. He wondered why these men had been ready to catch him.

"Four nails," Chang Wah was saying to himself, "four nails mean guard is gone. Two nails mean watch out. How come four nails and the guard still here?"

And they led him away wondering why the signal had failed him.

The Difference

An inspector paid a surprise visit to a village school. The teacher, who was of decidedly corpulent build, proceeded to question the children as follows:

"Now, children, tell me in what way I resemble a clock."

The response soon came. "Please, miss, you have a face." "You have hands," and so on.

Then came the question: "Tell me some ways in which I do not resemble a clock."

There was a long pause; then piped a small voice: "Please, miss, you have no spring."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Topsy-Turvy Times

"These are topsy-turvy times," Gari Melchers, the noted painter, said in a recent interview in New York. "I met a patron of mine the other day, a hard-headed business man, Rotarian, Elk and all that sort of thing; but he had let his hair get so long that he looked like one of those vers libre poets down Greenwich Village way. 'For heaven's sake,' I said to him, 'why don't you get a hair cut?'" "No," said he. "I'm going to let it grow. Hair cuts are too effeminate."

Very Near

Bill—What animal is the nearest thing to man?
Johnny—The ape.
Bill—No; the cootie.

Two Girls for Bill

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

WILLIAM BRONSON, ordinarily known as Bill, had been brought up by two loving but slightly over-zealous aunts.

But now William had outgrown schooling. Not that he was particularly well educated, although he could hold his own with the average young man when it came to intellectual discussions and that sort of thing. What I mean is that the problems which now kept his devoted Aunt Elizabeth and devoted Aunt Louise awake at nights were somewhat more complex.

And the most difficult of all to settle was just where there was to be found in the whole of Tolland county, or for that matter in the entire state itself, a girl suitable for their nephew to marry.

Now, ordinarily, these two good women got together on anything which concerned the boy of whom they were both equally fond, but at the time this story starts, Aunt Elizabeth was engaged on a little scheme of her own.

After all, there was nothing very dreadful about Aunt Elizabeth's little conspiracy. It had come to her attention that the daughter of an old friend, a Marjorie Marden, was running a tea-room in the next town; that she was considered a very capable young woman and that she was anxious to get in touch with her mother's old friend.

Therefore, without saying anything to anybody, she drove over to the tea-room and made herself known to the brisk young lady whom she met there and who proved a second edition of her charming friend.

"And we'll expect you to supper next Tuesday, dear child," were her last words, as she resolved that Bill should be home that night to receive the girl.

Now it is impossible to live all your life with a person and not get wise when there is something in the air. Tuesday morning Aunt Louise knew at the very instant that her sister rose half an hour earlier than was her custom that something was afoot.

And when she saw that preparations for certain special dishes were under way she put two and two together and got a wrong answer. She figured that her sister was going to ask a favor of Bill and was planning to approach him, as from time immemorial it has been customary to approach a man, through his appetite.

It gave Louise an idea, however. Why not kill two birds with one stone? There was that nice little librarian she had been planning to have Bill bring to supper some night and what better night than one on which her sister was getting up a specially attractive menu? She could return a book to the library and make the invitation appear casual enough.

Bill was, as it happened, reclining in the couch hammock on the porch with half a dozen apples and a book on exploration, when his Aunt Louise came up the path and went into the house by a side door. Nor is it reasonable to expect him to get up and walk away when he begins to overhear a conversation between the two women who have been second mothers to him. In the first place, so seldom was there anything said between them that he was not quite welcome to overhear, that such an idea would not have occurred to him. Only when he heard the strained tones of his Aunt Elizabeth did he become aware that something was going on.

"But, Louise, I have already invited my old friend Marjorie's daughter to tea. I intended to tell you, of course, but you hurried away right after lunch. She would make a nice wife for—"

"So that is the idea!" said Aunt Louise coldly. "Well, it was with some such idea in mind that I asked the little librarian. I am sure she would be much more desirable for Bill than any highly-tighty tea-room manager. I guess our nephew can make his own way without marrying a woman that would probably want to keep on working and leave her children to manage anyhow and not half run her house!"

It was at this point that Bill woke up to the fact that his future wife was the cause of the whole trouble. He grinned all by himself out there on the porch. Then he rose slowly. "I guess," he said, "this will be as good a time as any to break the news." But first he stole upstairs to the telephone in his little study.

Ten minutes later he came downstairs to find two dignified women setting the table for five places and not speaking to each other.

"I say, Aunt Lou and Aunt Bess," he said gently. "Set another place there, will you? I've invited somebody to supper myself—a—a friend of mine. Want you to give her the once-over, and if she meets your approval, she's going to be Mrs. Bill."

"William!" the outcry came from them both.

"Yes, sir," said Bill. "She's Janet Jean Johnson."

"The girl next door," said Aunt Elizabeth.

"The girl next door," said Aunt Louise.

"The girl next door," said Bill. "The darling!"

Might Have Been Worse

"The verdict was most unexpected. It took my breath away."
"You recovered nothing?"
"Well, yes, my breath."

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His Bill

A negro laborer, doing a hauling job was informed that he could not get his money until he had submitted an itemized statement. After much meditation he evolved the following bill:

Three comes and three goes at four bits a went\$3.00

Obeded The Doctor

Why did you become a tramp? asked the sympathetic old lady of the unkept individual who leaned against the door past.

Doctor's orders, mum, replied the wanderer with an engaging smile.

Doctor's orders? echoed the old lady in astonishment. What ever do you mean?

Years ago, mum, began the other, our family doctor advised me to take walks after every meal—and—he paused dramatically—and I've been walkin' after 'em ever since.

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The 4-Door Sedan Body by Fisher

Mark Moore Sales, Broadlands, Ill.
PONTIAC SIX
PRODUCT OF new series GENERAL MOTORS

Our Farm News Department

Any items of interest contributed by our farmer friends for this department will be fully appreciated by the publisher.

Broadlands Markets

Following are the prices offered for grain yesterday (Thursday) in the local market:

No. 4 white corn	95c
No. 4 yellow corn	96c
No. 3 white oats	57c

Farmers Are Busy Harrowing And Discing

The farmers of this section are now busily engaged in harrowing and discing. The cold and freezing weather of the past few weeks has hurt the clover, wheat, oats and alfalfa some, especially in the low ground. Barley is looking fine.

Will Grow Soybeans

Fifty-two farmers from fourteen Farm Bureau units in Champaign County attended a meeting at the Champaign County Farm Bureau office Tuesday evening, April 25, and signed up 2,195 acres of soybeans in the marketing contract that has been worked out between two milling companies, the Farm Bureaus in central Illinois, and the Grange League Federation of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The latter organization consists of 30,000 dairymen in the New York milk shed desirous of obtaining protein for balancing their dairy rations. They have found that soybean protein has a better effect upon dairy cows than the

other proteins they have been using, and furthermore that direct contact with the farm organizations in the soybean growing district here gives them a better quality of soybeans than they have been securing from beans imported from Manchuria, China. The smallest acreage signed up by one individual was ten acres. The largest contract was signed by the Tolono Soybean Seed Association for 500 acres. The Ludlow Seed Association, the St. Joseph Seed Association, and the Sidney Farm Bureau unit also contracted as groups.

W. E. Riegel and John T. Smith of Tolono, large soybean growers for a number of years in this county, talked on marketing and culture of soybeans. Mr. Riegel emphasized 4 points in soybean culture, saying that soybeans should not be planted too deep; second, that strong growing seed should always be used; third, that inoculation is very important for good yields and the effect upon the soil; and fourth, that the big point is to keep the weeds out. Weeds and grass may reduce the crop 50 to 75%. "Forget your corn and get to the beans," he admonished. "When the weeds get up an inch or two in height they are there for keeps."

Adolph Bretz and Elmer Frick shelled corn, Tuesday.

Commissioner R. L. Bowman is leveling the roads this week.

Her Splendid Knight

By CLARISSA MACKIE

PATRICIA LAWRENCE stood in the Paris hotel window and watched the crowds passing to and fro on the splendid avenue. They were gathering for the Legion convention and that explained Patricia's own coming. Had she not driven an ambulance when she was seventeen? Had she not run away from home to do it?

School-day memories came and went in her mind—boarding school days—college. It was at college that she had decided to help win the war. So she had gone to Paris. It was there that she had met Peter Cook—not badly wounded, merely bruised and stunned and dismissed after a week or two in hospital. And it was during this period that love and romance came and thrilled her to the core. Out of the wrack of battlefields came love and for a week or two Peter Cook and Patricia Lawrence lived with it, promising faithfully to wait until the war was over.

And then came annihilation for Patricia. A stray shell had burst near by and she had been stunned. While she was in hospital the war ended, and by the time Patricia was convalescent her father had arrived and carried her off. From that day to this she had never seen her Peter Cook, and she believed that he must be among the unknown dead.

Now, she stood in the hotel window and looked at the gathering of the Legion. She wanted to be down there among them. Perhaps she might see Peter Cook!

"Oh, Peter—Peter—" she whispered softly, and sadly wondered if he could be alive and had forgotten her!

After that, wearing her uniform, she went down into the crowd and once or twice met some one that remembered her. They talked together of the war and of the great gathering. Patricia was walking alone when she suddenly saw him—Peter—her knight errant. He was as tall and straight as ever, but he walked with a decided limp and one arm was stiff.

Somewhat, it was as if the stage was set for a play. She and Peter seemed to be alone in the avenue—and Peter Cook was looking white and anxious. The way his face reddened and seemed so glad, told her that he had been looking for her—and now he had found her—they had found each other.

Their hands clasped and they called each other "Miss Lawrence" and "Captain Cook." After awhile they went into a small shop for a cup of coffee and now, for the first time, they asked questions.

"I could not get in touch with you at first," he said gravely.

She told him of her stay in the hospital. "I tried to find you, too," she said softly, "and I have always thought that you must have been killed. I am so glad to see you."

"Thank you," he said simply. "I would have found you somewhere if I had been free—I always meant to make a search of the whole world until I found you—and then, when I reached home, in the States, I found that my father was on his deathbed, and that he had lost every penny through some speculation or other. I had a mother, and a young sister just entering high school. What could I do excepting to care for them? I had to find a place to work—my father's friends helped me to that—we had to sell the home in Connecticut—go to a new place—and begin over again. My sister is a senior in college now. Will be married as soon as she graduates. Mother is well and happy—and I—ah, Patricia, how can I ever forget you?"

"Must you?" asked Patricia softly. "You are the daughter of a rich man—I could not ask you to come down to our simple plane of living." "Not even to make me happy?" she faltered.

"Not just yet, dear. A little while and I will come to New York and see your father. And now, tell me more about yourself."

They met once more after that and then there were friends that Patricia must visit in England, a trip to Scotland, and then home again, fearful that Peter Cook might come to see her during her absence.

"My dear Patsy," smiled her mother, "I cannot think of any such young man—Peter Cook? Bowes will give you the cards and perhaps you may find him. Who was he, Patsy?"

"My night errand, mother, gone astray with my happiness in his hands!"

"You are sure of his love, Patsy?" Patricia laughed proudly. "So sure, mother, that I will wait for him—always."

After that, Patricia Lawrence waited until the year waned and a new year came, white with snow. Perhaps her eyes were a little sadder, her lips more tremulous, when something happened.

Bowes brought a card on his silver salver.

"Peter!" she whispered, and she nodded to Bowes. In an instant he was there, coming with the rush of a happy lover.

"Oh, Patsy," he said tremulously. "My great uncle in Australia sent for me and I went—he was dying—and he has left us everything—he was a very rich man. Now, I can take care of you and mother, too!"

So Patsy Lawrence's knight errant came home at last—and we rather suspect that they will live happily ever after.

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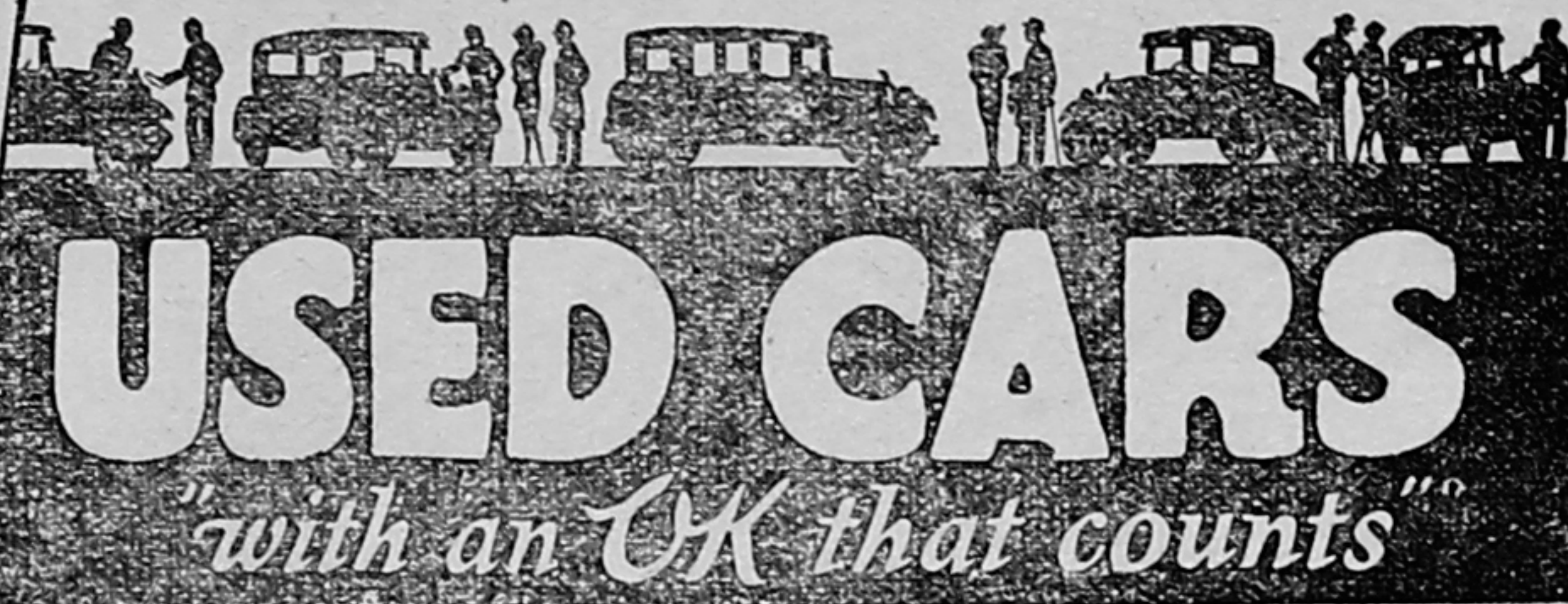
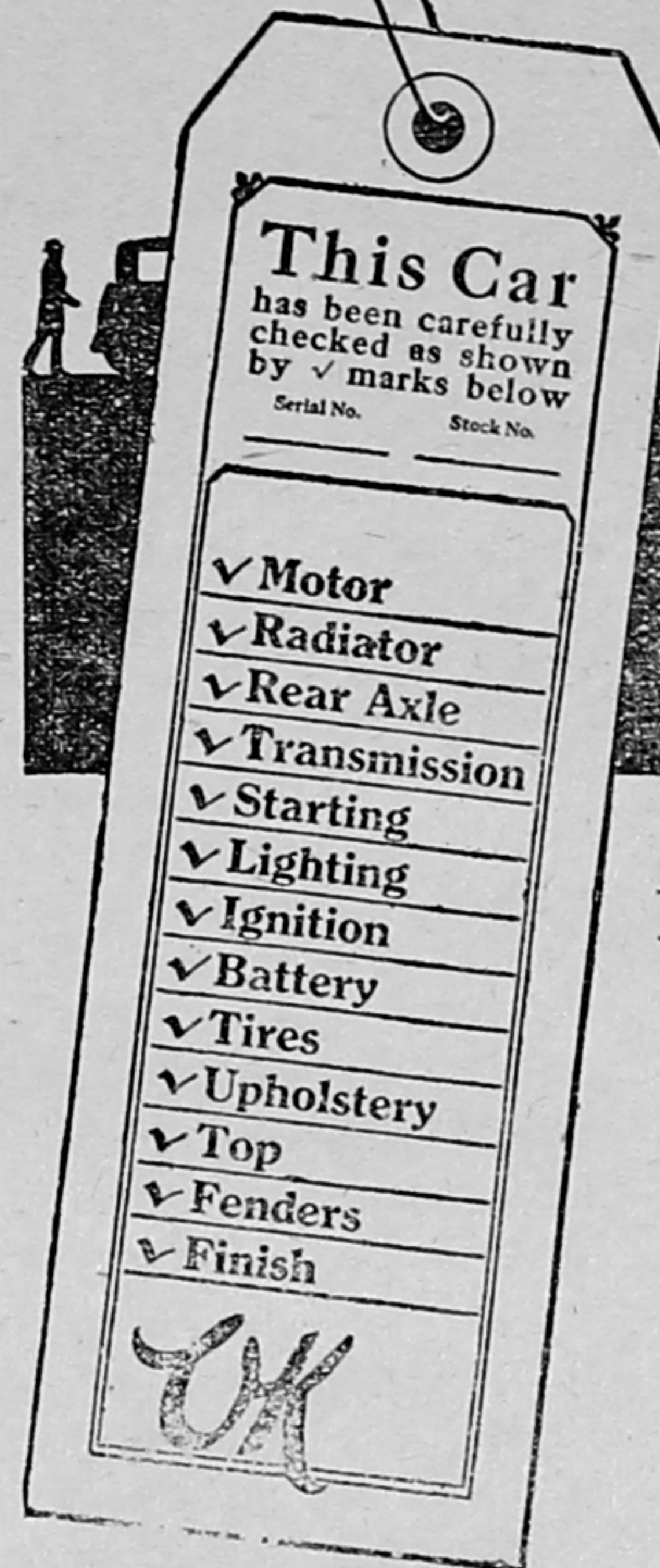


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Coming! May 4 and 5

"Seventh Heaven"

...Broadlands Opera House...

Long View News

Mr. Charles Heaton of Villa Grove was a business caller here Tuesday.

Frank Shell of Newman was a caller here last Friday.

Mrs. Farrel Cook of Champaign spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Nanny Dyar.

Mr. G. C. Vance of Villa Grove was a caller here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hagerman and son were Champaign callers Saturday.

Misses Lucile and Frances Kincaid and Ada Paine were Villa Grove callers last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bamburger of Brazil, Ind., spent last Friday with J. C. Deere and family.

Mr. Oral Wade and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman and son of near Sidney spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coleman.

Mrs. Nellie Hart and daughter, Miss Sadie, and Miss Eileen McCormick were business callers in Champaign Saturday.

The annual banquet given in honor of the members of the school board and their wives and the members of the faculty was held at the high school last Friday evening.

Those from here who attended the Bible Training class at Broadlands were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warnes, Mrs. Josie Dowden, Mrs. Anna Baptist, O. Shaffer, George Coleman, Mrs. Ben Paine, Misses Thelma Driver, Ruth Smith, Marie Hedrick, Frances Howard, Harriet Deere, Ada Paine and Charles and Harold Swartz.

New Dangers In Flying Of Kites

Wire flying strings and metal frames, modern developments in kite flying, are dangerous for boys.

Several years ago a youth was killed at Westville, while flying a kite with a wire string, the kite wire coming in contact with an electric wire.

The dangers from kite flying are increasing each year with the added congestion in city areas, where tangled kite strings tempt boys to climb poles and other structures not intended for youthful explorers. Contact with almost any overhead wire by a wire string is apt to result in accident from electrical shock.

Some cities have adopted ordinances against flying of metal kites within the corporate limits, and the electric company, while not trying to discourage the boys from flying kites, urges them to seek open spaces and not to use wire strings.

Franks' Will to Provide For Boys In Son's Memory

Chicago, April 24.—A fund to establish a memorial "to give pleasure, help and encouragement to boys," was left by the will of Jacob Franks in memory of his son, Bobby, for whose murder Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., are serving a life prison sentence.

The capitalist's widow, Mrs. Flora G. Franks, and two children inherited the bulk of the estate, \$100,000 going to the memorial.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Epworth League at 7 p. m.
Evening Worship at 7:30.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a. m.