

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 10

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1928

NUMBER 2

Saturday Only!

Palmolive Soap, 5 bars	30c
50c Gillette Blades	29c
10c Writing Tablets	05c
Miles' Nervine	69c
25c Tooth Brushes	19c
All 50c Face Powder	29c
All 25c Talcum Powder	19c

Crain Drug Company

(NOT INC.)
Newman, Ill. Broadlands, Ill.
Try the drug store first

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.

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.

For Sale—Good 4-room house.—W. A. Cooley.

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

Levin's Store At Villa Grove, Ill.

Are running two big 88c sale days Friday and Saturday. Over three hundred coats and dresses go on sale.

Bandit Takes Homer Man's Diamond, Auto

It is reported that L. V. Jurgensmeyer of Homer was robbed of his diamond ring, watch and automobile, near Homer, yesterday (Thursday) morning while driving a man out to look at his farm. The stranger, who pretended that he wanted to buy the Jurgensmeyer farm proved to be a bad, bold bandit and made his getaway.

Mr. Henry Dohme of Broadlands, who was on his way to Fairmount, happened along just after Mr. Jurgensmeyer had been robbed and gave him a ride back to Homer. The robbery took place 2½ miles southwest of Homer.

Roll of Honor

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

August Oye
C. T. Henson
Dr. T. A. Dicks
Oscar Moore
J. A. Thomas
Mrs. Anna Poggendorf
Mrs. Barbara Johnson
Robert Miller
Henry K. Mohr
S. W. Potter
George Kracht
Chas. Bruhn
Harlin Barnes
Peter Witt
Fuller Freeman
O. M. Reed

20th Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Frick entertained at dinner, Sunday, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Frick of Champaign, it being their 20th wedding anniversary. All enjoyed a good time.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Frick and family, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Newkirk, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menex, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zenke, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Limp and family, Carl Bretz, Reynold Limp; Delbert Matson of Champaign.

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Memorial Program At Fairfield Cemetery

Memorial day was fittingly observed at the Fairfield Memorial cemetery, last Wednesday. The following program was given:

Selection—Orchestra.
Song—America.
Invocation—Rev. C. M. Temple.
Duet—Beulah and Margaret Gore.
Reading—Mrs. Henley Eversole.
Selection—Orchestra.
Address—Dr. E. B. Cooley.
Duet—Beulah and Margaret Gore.
Selection—Orchestra.
Song—Star-Spangled Banner.
Benediction—Rev. J. M. Beane.
Decoration of Graves.

Assessor Of Ayers Turns In His Books

George E. Walker, assessor of Ayers township, returned his books to the county treasurer on May 24th, making three assessors that have finished their work for the year. The following is a comparative statement for 1928 and 1927:

	1928	1927
Horses	290	335
Cattle	582	399
Mules	60	60
Sheep	133	110
Hogs	909	743
Engines	6	36
Safes	2	1
Wagons, etc.	129	217
Autos	197	154
Watches and clocks	19	41
Sewing machines	50	33
Pianos	69	67
Radios	59	46
Merchandise	\$21,910	\$13,980
Grain on hand	59,220	29,260
Telephones	6,790	
Material on hand	6,000	
Farm tools	6,570	4,030
Diamonds, etc.	410	190
Moneys other than bank	13,200	7,080
Credits other than bank	21,800	
Household goods	5,790	5,764
Property not listed	20,110	12,330
Total	239,570	130,953
Dogs	25	25

Try the Drug Store first.

First Band Concert On Saturday Night

The first of a series of band concerts to be given in Broadlands during the summer months will be held tomorrow (Saturday) night. The concerts will be given by members of the Broadlands band, who will be ably assisted by players from our neighboring towns. The general public is cordially invited to attend the concerts on Saturday night of each week.

Mesdames Rayl and Nohren Entertain Club

Mesdames Olive Rayl and Jennie Nohren entertained the G. T. Club at the former's home on Thursday afternoon of last week. Mesdames Delia Nohren, Jessie Bergfield, Edna Dicks and Freda Maxwell were prize winners in contests.

The hostesses served sandwiches, olives, salad and coffee.

Those present were Mesdames Myrtle Boyd, Tillie Schumacher, Jessie Bergfield, Lillie Bowman, Bertha Cook, Freda Maxwell, Edna Dicks, Leona Bergfield, Elsie Walker, Mary Dicks, Delia Nohren, Marie Swick, Ida Messman, Edith Snow, Betty Dicks, Ruth Henson, Olive Rayl, Jennie Nohren.

Letter From J. Andrews

A. M. Yarger received a letter from John Andrews, of Canal Winchester, Ohio, the first of the week. In part he says: "I am feeling fine. A bug called billbug is in the corn and we don't expect much of a crop. Our wheat crop is almost a complete failure this season. I have quite a few chickens, etc. It is beginning to rain a little. We could stand a real hard rain around here. It has been so dry we can hardly plow."

Weather Report

The weather has been fair and cool the past week. Most of the farmers of this vicinity are cultivating their corn. Oats are looking good and the pastures are good.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Landis and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. August Honath and son of Chicago spent Decoration day here with Henry Schumacher and family and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carmack of Norborne, Mo., and Mrs. Harris Newman of Kansas City, Mo. are the guests of Mrs. Carmack's sister, Mrs. D. P. Brewer and family this week.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald entertained at dinner, Sunday, Henry Grimes and family, Mrs. Lottie Ahrens, of Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hedrick, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks, John Fitzgerald,

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Josserand of Brocton; Mrs. Geis Phipps and children of Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bergfield and daughter, Miss Juanita, Mrs. Lillous Harris and daughters, J. A. Thomas, Mrs. Addie Thomas and children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem, Sunday.

Children's Day Program At U. B. Church, Sunday

The following program will be given at the U. B. Church on next Sunday evening, June 3rd, at 8 o'clock:

Song—Choir.
Invocation—Rev. Webber.
The Aviator—Ralph Clem.
Song, We Come—Girls class.
What Children Do With Their Flowers—Primary class.
This is Why—Dorothy Hardyman.
Childrens Day—Kathryn Warner.
Solo—Juanita Bergfield.
Recitation—Wayne Hardyman.
Garden of the Heart—Harry Nohren.
Piano Solo—Anna Edens.
Daffodil—Alice Maxwell.
Song of the Breezes—Junior classes.
Plant Roses Where Briars Grow—Zelma Hardyman.
Song—Andrew Henson.
Thots of God—Marcelle Nohren.
Duet—Mesdames Olive Rayl and Lillie Bowman.
Talk—Rev. Webber.
Offering.
Song—Choir.

Local Boys In Grade School Track Meet

Burton, McCormick, Luth and Harden made a good showing at the grade school track meet held at Allerton on Friday of last week. Following are the results:

Half Mile: time 2 min, 37 sec
Burton, Broadlands, 1st
Smith, Indianola, 2nd
Cogeshall, Indianola, 3rd
Pole Vault: height 7 ft, 7 in
McCormick, Broadlands, 1st
Lazzell, Allerton, 2nd
Werley, Indianola, 3rd
(McCormick vaulted 8 ft, 5 in)
100 Yard Dash: time 12 3-5 sec
Mullin, Indianola, 1st
Freeland, Allerton, 2nd
Luth, Broadlands, 3rd
Shot Put: distance 40 ft, 5 in
Mullin, Indianola, 1st
Luth, Broadlands, 2nd
Smith, Allerton, 3rd

220 Yard Dash: time 27 sec
Murray, Indianola, 1st
Freeland, Allerton, 2nd
Hanner, Allerton, 3rd

High Jump: height 4 ft, 11 in
Murray, Indianola, 1st
Smith, Allerton, 2nd
Smith, Indianola, 3rd

50 Yard Dash: time 7 sec
Freeland, Allerton, 1st
Luth, Broadlands, 2nd
Hanner, Allerton, 3rd

Javlin: distance 126 ft, 11 in
Mullin, Indianola, 1st
Smith, Allerton, 2nd
Smith, Indianola, 3rd

Broad Jump: distance 16 ft, 3½ in
Murray, Indianola, 1st
Lazzell, Allerton, 2nd
McCormick } 3rd { Broadlands
Williams } tied { Indianola

440 Yard Dash: time 68 sec
Freeland, Allerton, 1st
Hanner, Allerton, 2nd
Thompson, Indianola, 3rd

Duscus: distance 94 ft, 11 in
Mullin, Indianola, 1st
Murray, Indianola, 2nd
Harden, Broadlands, 3rd

Quarter Mile Relay: time 67 sec
Indianola, 1st; Allerton, 2nd; Broadlands, 3rd.

I will have some early tomato plants in ten days, if the weather turns warm.—O. D. Loomis.

Commencement Exercises At Longview High School

The Twelfth Annual Commencement exercises of the Longview Township High School were held at Longview last Wednesday night. Following is the program given, also the names of graduates:

Processional..... High School Orchestra
Invocation..... Rev. C. M. Temple
Song..... Boys' Glee Club
Address..... Professor J. L. Melrose
Music..... High School Orchestra
Recommendation of Class..... Principal H. H. Jarman
Presentation of Diplomas, F. H. White, Pres. Board of Education
Benediction..... Rev. C. M. Temple

GRADUATES

Merle Brewer
Marjorie Freeman
August Gerike
Esther Hollowell
Louise Hollowell
Frances Howard
Lloyd Barnes
George Wilson
Adolph Klautsch
Dorotha Martinie
Bertha Seider
Norma Seider
Norman Seider
Marie Struck
Frances Webber
Emma Wyant

Broadlands News

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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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**People Should Shun
The Itinerant Peddler**

The summer season, now at hand, brings with it an economic ill that annually takes a toll of thousands of ill gained dollars. It is the itinerant peddler, the house to house door bell ringer and those of his kind who travel from place to place plying their trade and imposing on the credulity of the unthinking, offering bargains in this and that which most always turn out to be inferior merchandise sold at higher prices or in short measure. It is well to beware of these fellows and the plausible stories that they tell to engage the interest and confidence of their prospects.

They are of many varieties and with as many kinds of merchandise to sell.

Inferior articles of many kinds are peddled about hither and yon during the summer months. The automobile has been a great aid to this kind of chicanery for after he has landed a few gullible prospects a day's journey will take him far away and beyond the reach of the buyer who discovers that he has been victimized.

What better insurance can there be than buying from the home town merchant? If for any reason the article proves unsatisfactory he is ready and willing to correct the trouble and satisfy his customer. Not so with the peddler—he is gone tomorrow or yet today if the chase gets too hot. He is not seeking to satisfy his customer—he is after the money alone. The home town merchant stakes his reputation and his success on his record for fair and honest dealing. He may be found at his place of business day in and day out, year in and year out. There is nothing elusive about him.

When folks want support and contributions for this and that, they know where to find him and he gives willingly and generously. Did anyone ever hear of the itinerant merchant contributing a single cent for the advancement of a local cause? There is one real way of insuring good goods at reasonable prices, one way of getting good value for the dollar expended and that is to buy of the reputable home town merchant.

Don't Swat The Fly

A clothing dealer had to go downtown to see about his insurance, and he left the shop in charge of his son, Joey.

You understand the price marks, Joey? he said. Five dots for \$25, six dots for \$30, and so forth.

Sure, father, sure, said Joey.

When the man got back his son Joey said:

I had pretty good luck, Father. I sold three pairs of \$5 pants and six of them \$55 suits.

But look here, Joey, we ain't got no \$55 suits. Our \$35 suits is the highest.

Then the mark is wrong, Father.

The clothing dealer lifted his eyes and hands solemnly heavenward.

Joey, he said, bless them flies!

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**Woman Shatters Endurance
Water Mark In Chicago**

Chicago, Ill., May 21.—What man has done, man can do—with the probability that woman can do even better. Mrs. Myrtle Huddleston, of Mattoon, Ill., was taken from the pool of the Lincoln Park west hotel early today after being in the water 50 hours, 10 minutes 15 4-5 seconds. The time beats by 17 hours and 50 minutes the best previous endurance record for women, made on Saturday by Miss Nyle Austin, of San Francisco, Calif.

It beats by four hours and 10 minutes the best previous record of man, held in Germany by Otto Kemmerich.

Mrs. Huddleston, a 30 year old mother, is no novice to the water. She formerly held the world's endurance swimming record for women, besides being the only woman to finish the Catalina race.

Mrs. Huddleston, who weighs 240 pounds, was not put on the scales when taken from the tank but the 12 swimming coaches of Chicago Athletic association, estimated that she had lost 20 or more pounds. When she finished the Catalina Channel swim she came out of the water 18 pounds lighter.

Physicians immediately took the swimmer in charge. She was unable to draw herself from the water, nor was she able to remain on her feet. A wheel chair was taken to the side of the pool and Mrs. Huddleston wheeled to her room.

Only three times during the 50 hours did she take nourishment, and only hot chocolate then. She finished the swim much fatigued. Her hands and feet were shrunkened from the long immersion.

During the entire time she was in the water a group of officials was present to see that she did not touch the sides of the tank nor the bottom. Mrs. Huddleston remained constantly in motion using various strokes. Somewhat to the surprise of many, she did not attempt to rest by floating on her back, complaining that it made her dizzy and ill.

Mrs. Huddleston's reward for the record breaking was \$5,000 offered by the Bannerman Hotels Inc. One thousand was offered for breaking the women's record, with \$1,000 additional for every hour she exceeded the men's mark.

Caught 12 Lb. Fish

Heriman Kutz, of Arcola, holds the Okaw river big fish record so far this spring, last Friday having caught a German carp weighing twelve pounds. The fish was landed with hook and line.

Stone Deaf

Your uncle seems rather hard of hearing.

Hard of hearing! Why, once he said his prayers kneeling on the cat!

The Insult

A man was driving a big car at a fast speed along a wide road. A new car of very small size appeared alongside, as if trying to pass him.

The driver of the big car was peeved. He wouldn't let a small car pass him, even a new one. He went faster still—60—65 miles an hour—but still the small car kept beside him.

Suddenly the driver of the small car opened his window and shouted, "Do you know anything about these cars?"

Why? answered the man.

I can't shift the thing into high!

Messrs. Walter Witt, George Cook, Roy Bergfield, Mark Moore Otis Rayl and Ray Bowman attended the ball game at Danville on Monday afternoon.

For Sale—Good 4-room house—W. A. Cooley.

**Tree Always Extreme
in Matter of Thirst**

Trees are confirmed drinkers. No solids for them. They have no temperate habits. They drink continuously or not at all. Thus they live and grow as extremists and are either destroyed or die of old age unreformed, says the New York state college of forestry. In fact, the older they are the harder they drink and the greater their thirst. But no tree was ever found the worse for drinking. When they sleep in winter they go to the other extreme and are teetotalers, but with the first sunshine and thaw of spring they resume their bibulous habits.

The liquid food of the tree is brewed in the ground. Water is the important ingredient. Billions of bacteria work to make soluble many substances so they may be dissolved by water and taken into the circulatory system of the tree. The tiny roots of the tree drink this life fluid, which is lifted hundreds of feet as if by a miracle, defying the laws of gravity without any moving machinery. This fluid is distributed to the branches, thence to the leaves, the stomach of the tree, where another miracle is performed when the liquid is digested and made ready to be formed into wood.

The tree grows year by year, like a person, in height and girth. If the tree falls in the forest billions of bacteria will get hold of it, and with the help of air and sun and moisture its substance will eventually be transformed into the liquid food for other trees.

**Making It Plain to
the Youthful Mind**

Like all people whose work brings them into close relation with the human side of things, Sir Herbert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon, has a great liking for children, and many of his best stories are about them. Here is a good one.

"Daddy, is today tomorrow?" asked little Willie.

"No, my son, of course today isn't tomorrow," answered his father.

"But you said it was," objected Willie.

"When did I ever say that today was tomorrow?"

"Yesterday," answered Willie.

"Well, it was. Today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but is yesterday today. And tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now run along and play."

St. Bernard Mixed Breed

If tradition may be accepted as authentic, the St. Bernard dog is a product of the Alpine section of Switzerland. There, about 600 years ago, the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard are said to have created the original type from the cross of a mastiff dog of the Pyrenees with a Danish bulldog bitch. Later it became necessary to outcross with the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean sheep dog in order to refill the hospice kennels, which had been practically destroyed through the ravages of distemper and accident. Credit is likewise given the English mastiff and the bloodhound, used in bringing the St. Bernard to its present stage of development. The outcome of this heterogeneous mixing of the blood of various breeds has been the production of a very extraordinary dog, an animal in which size, strength, bravery, loyalty and devotion are traditional characteristics.

More Than Fur Deep

Mary Katherine had a little alley cat on which she lavished all her young affections, and when it was lost she refused to be comforted. Grandma bought her a beautiful Angora kitten, but Mary Katherine was still loyal to the loved and lost.

"See, dear," grandma said one day, stroking the thick yellow fur, "isn't this one much prettier than the other little kitty?"

Mary Katherine gulped and her brown eyes filled.

"But, grandma," she quavered, "it's the inside of a cat that counts!"—Kansas City Star.

Mightier Than the Purse

How a California newspaper man's pen became as mighty as a well-filled purse is told by V. C. of Hayward, Calif. Scouring the town for stories, the reporter came upon a poverty-stricken little family occupying two rooms, with no beds and very little of anything else. The children slept huddled on the floor. Into his column next day went a faithful and graphic description. The following day he spent the later hours declaiming furniture, bedding, clothing and food for the family, for the proffered supply soon exceeded the immediate needs.

Watch Your Weight

The best index of good health, says the Kansas City Times, is the weight. Mothers know this and weigh their babies regularly in order to be sure that they are well. People who are ill usually lose weight. But it is not healthful to be overweight. Fat people are less resistant to disease. To be too fat results in strain upon the heart. Watch your weight; keep it near the average for your age and height and you will have good health.

Place No Bets

Scientists have discovered that every normal ear of corn has an even number of rows of grain.—Farm and Fireside.

**Years of Service
in
Model T Fords**

Expenditure of few dollars may enable you to get thousands of miles from your old car

THE Model T Ford is still a great car. It led the motor industry for twenty years and it is used today by more people than any other automobile. More than eight million Model T Fords are in active service in city, town and country, and many of them can be driven for two, three and five years and even longer at very small up-keep expense.

The cost of Model T parts and of necessary labor is unusually low because of established Ford policies.

New fenders, for instance, cost from \$3.50 to \$5 each, with a labor charge of \$1 to \$2.50. Tuning up the motor and replacing commutator case, brush and vibrator points costs only \$1, with a small charge for material. Brake shoes can be installed and emergency brakes equalized for a labor charge of only \$1.25. A labor charge of \$4 to \$5 will cover the overhauling of the front axle, rebushing springs and spring perches, and straightening, aligning and adjusting wheels.

The labor charge for overhauling the average rear axle runs from \$5.75 to \$7. Grinding valves and cleaning carbon can be done for \$3 to \$4.

A set of four new pistons costs only \$7. For a labor charge of \$20 to \$25 you can have your motor and transmission completely overhauled. Parts are extra.

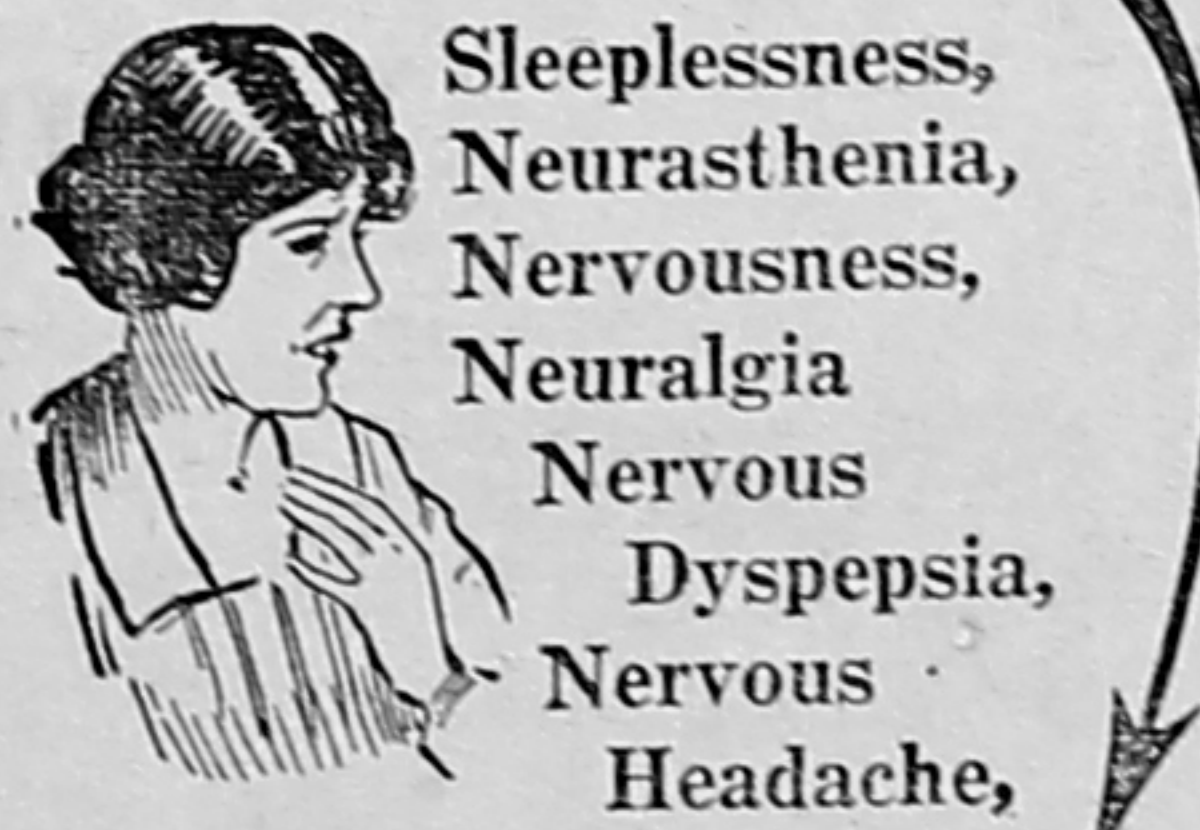
All of these prices are approximate, of course, because the cost of materials needed will depend on the condition of each car. They show, however, the low cost of putting the Model T Ford in shape for thousands of miles of additional service.

See the nearest Ford dealer, therefore, and have him estimate on the cost of re-conditioning your Model T Ford. He will tell you, in advance, exactly how much the complete job will cost.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

(NERVOUSNESS)



Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache,

DR. MILES' NERVINE

Your ability to think clearly, remember correctly, sleep well and to enjoy life depends on the condition of your nerves. Don't neglect them. Nervousness may lead to ill health.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is a reliable nerve medicine used successfully in nervous disorders for nearly fifty years.

Your money back if the first full size bottle fails to help you.

A generous sample for 5c. in stamps.



Dr. Miles Medical Co. Elkhart, Ind.

Try the drug store first.

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.

In The Wide Open Spaces

Traveler (in Arizona)—Conductor, why is this train so late?

Conductor—Well, you see, sir, at night it gets so cold that the fireman can't keep up steam in the engine, and in the daytime it gets so hot that the rails expand and push the towns farther apart.

Chivalry

Lady—I asked for a dozen oranges and you've given me only eleven.

Hawker—That's all right, lady. One was bad and I threw it away for you.

Try the Drug Store first.

Changed Hers Too

Robert was feeling for his small change as the deacon came down the aisle with the collection box. Gosh, he remarked to his best girl in the pew with him. I've not a cent—changed my pants. She (hurriedly scanning the complex interior of her purse and embarrassed,) I'm in the same predicament.

Probably Not

Deacon Johnson: D'yo tink yo' could support mah daughter ef yo' married her?
Ed Black: Suttingly.
Deacon: Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?
Ed: Suttingly.
Deacon: Hab yo' ebber seen her when nobody was watchin' her?

A Queer Will

The following will, made by a Chicago man, was made public a short time ago by one of the loop banks:
To my widow, I bequeath the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was.
To my son, I bequeath the pleasure of earning a living. For 35 years he thought the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.
To my daughter, I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.
To my valet, I leave the clothes he has been stealing for years. Also my fur coat he wore last winter while I was in Palm Beach.
To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.
To my partner, I bequeath the suggestion that he take some other man in with him at once, if he expects to prosper.

Administrator's Notice

Estate of Joseph L. Catlett, deceased.
The undersigned, having been appointed administrator of the Estate of Joseph L. Catlett, late of the County of Champaign and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of Champaign County, at the Court House in Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, at the August Term, on the first Monday in August, next, at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.
Dated this 21st day of May, A. D., 1928.

H. K. Allen,
Administrator.

Marrying Off Amelia

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

IT WAS a source of considerable humiliation to Lucy Barnes that of the four sisters she was the only one that had had no wedding in the family. True, she had but the one daughter, yet this fact in a way made the matter worse.
If Jane could marry off her three and Bessie her two, surely she ought to be able to find a husband for her one.
And it wasn't as if 'Melia were homely or old maidish or anything undesirable. She was a young woman as pretty, as accomplished, as agreeable as the average. But she did not care for the boys.

She said so quite frankly to her mother's disgust. And she proved that her words were not an idle affectation by refusing, now and again, invitations to this or that affair from eligible young men. Once Lucy had feared she was interested in the boy next door but he had moved away and then she had regretted her fears had been without foundation.

"Do you want to live and die single, Amelia Barnes?" demanded Lucy one afternoon after hearing her daughter amiably decline to go to a picnic with none other than Niles Fairbanks, the postmaster's son.

"There are worse lots in life," replied Amelia calmly. "I'd rather be Abigail Cooke than Timothy Flint's wife."

"As if," retorted her mother, "all single women were rich and clever like Abbie, or all husbands treated their wives like Tim Flint. Do you mean to insinuate that Niles Fairbanks will act like Tim towards a wife when he gets one?"

"Well," said Amelia pleasantly, "probably poor Nelly Flint wasn't expecting she'd get what she got or she wouldn't have married him. It's a gamble."

Lucy opened her mouth. Then she shut it abruptly. But that night she remarked violently to her husband, "It sickens me to hear a young person so cynical as 'Melia."

"What?" asked her husband, his mind really on his favorite comic strip. "What's that? Amelia cynical? Oh, she'll get over that. Don't worry."

She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking. She always fancied she had her best ideas when the house was quiet.

Suppose she tried combating cynicism with cynicism. No, Amelia would be suspicious of any such change of front. Suppose she gave a party or two for the girl and then made her accept the invitations which would presumably follow. Suppose—but somewhere along in there she went to sleep.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, she reported a strange dream.

"I thought," she said, "I heard somebody whistling under my window. And then I thought I heard a giggling and laughing. And then the sound of something falling."

"What—a funny dream!" said Amelia nervously. "It must have been those clam fritters we had last night."

"Most likely," said Lucy. "Awfully unhealthy things—clam fritters." But that night she ate no clam fritters and, some time after she had gone to bed, she woke with a start. There was really somebody whistling this time, and if not actually beneath her window, it was under the next one to it which belonged to her daughter.

In two seconds, Lucy had on her dressing gown and was in Amelia's room. Perhaps she expected what she saw. Perhaps she didn't.

"Take off that hat and coat!" she commanded. "Shut that window and unpack that bag!" Then she sank down weakly into the nearest chair.

"Who," she demanded scornfully, "is the young sneak who doesn't dare go to your father and ask for your hand outright?"

Amelia giggled. "Henry," she said. "It's Henry."

"Henry Powell, who lived next door and moved three years ago?"

"That's the one, mother. We promised each other we'd be true and not so much as look at anybody else. He said he'd come back for me when I was twenty-one, whistle under my window, and take me away." Amelia looked dreamily towards the window. "We tried it last night, but it didn't work."

Lucy said nothing for a minute. Then, "Well," she conceded, "I don't know that I've anything against Henry. Hear he's got a good job over in Turnerville. But this elopement business—nothing doing. You must have a regular wedding."

Lucy wrote promptly to each one of her sisters. "You must plan to come on for my little girl's wedding. Such a romantic affair! Secretly engaged for three years. The darling has set her heart on a church wedding. In the evening. Lovingly, Lucy."

Amelia wrote to her favorite cousin. "You'll be glad to know I'm to be allowed to have Henry. Mother was so set against him when he lived next door that I never dared tell her I wouldn't marry anyone else. We staged a fake elopement two nights running before anyone heard us, on the principle that mother would be so relieved if I let her provide me with a wedding that she'd give in about Henry. It worked. Affectionately, Amelia."

"P. S.—Henry is a dear. Ask dad. He has known all along."

The Grace Period

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

THE grace period allowed for the payment of your premium will expire on the 13th of April, 1928. In case of nonpayment during this period, THIS POLICY WILL LAPSE—

Martin Noble regarded the printed slip of paper that had come in his morning mail with an expression of grim amusement. He read it through and his eyes lingered on the words in large black letters across the bottom of the slip:

"IMPORTANT—LAST NOTICE"

"Well, let her lapse," he said half aloud, and let the slip drop into the waste-paper basket at his side. He reached for another letter but did not open it. His eyes were still absently focused on the expanse of gray-blue sky. He recalled unimportant details of the transaction eight years ago when he first took out the life insurance. He was twenty-four years old then and, though his salary was unusually good for a young man of his age, a fifty thousand dollar life insurance policy seemed large. Taking it out at all was, of course, a token of his mental derangement at the time. Payment of the large premiums had been a pleasure at first—going without things for himself so that he might pay them for her. He tried not to think of the girl to whom he had been engaged for one brief year. Then after she had returned the ring and the letters he had gone on with the payments, still thinking vaguely that there might be a reconciliation.

Several times within the eight years he had thought of letting the policy lapse. But each time he had gone on with it. But now he had honestly forgotten to send in his last premium. Of course, with his present income the payment of it meant no sacrifice, still there were other ways to invest the money, the benefits of which he might reap himself. "Better let it lapse," he muttered again—and then looked up somewhat surprised to see his secretary, Mary Bennet, standing at the other side of the desk.

"Are you ready for dictation?" she suggested rather demurely.

"I hope you noticed the nonpayment notice from the insurance people," she said, searching through the pile of letters.

"It's in the waste-paper basket," said Martin Noble. "I'm going to let it lapse."

"But, Mr. Noble," gasped Mary. "You can't possibly—"

"Why shouldn't I let it lapse if I want to?" he asked, watching the color mount in her cheeks as he looked at her. "I can buy F. P. stock with the premiums—and that will be some good when I want to retire. It isn't as if those Dawson cousins would care about a paltry fifty thousand."

"But—but you might marry," exclaimed Mary.

Martin shook his head sadly and watched Mary's face to see the reaction. He was surprised to realize what enjoyment he got out of the play of expression on Mary's pretty young face. A quick little "Oh" of surprise escaped from Mary's unpainted lips, then she took her accustomed seat at the side of her employer's desk, and precisely opened her note book.

Martin meanwhile stooped and drew the important notice from his waste basket. He passed it mechanically to Mary. "Tell them that owing to a clerical error the payment of the premium was overlooked. Make out the check and leave it with the letter for me to sign." Martin watched for the reaction on Mary's face but Mary was simply looking intently at her notebook.

After an hour of rapid dictation Mary rose to go. She paused at the door.

"I hope, Mr. Noble," she said shyly, "that—that I didn't seem to be intruding in your personal affairs."

Martin looked up and smiled, and surprised himself almost as much as he did Mary when he said, "Let's have luncheon together. It's a depressing sort of day—to lunch alone."

At luncheon Mary had the temerity to ask Martin to come to see her at home some time—she said she thought he might like to meet her brothers. There were two of them in the city college and they knew all sorts of amusing songs and stunts.

That night Martin Noble had a long conference with himself. In the morning when Mary Bennet appeared for his dictation he had difficulty in assuming his usual impersonal manner toward her.

"I'm thinking of making a change in that policy of mine," he said. "You might write and ask them what form is necessary for changing the name of the beneficiary. I don't know a thing about insurance."

"Shall I give them the name of the—beneficiary?" asked Mary, narrowly regarding the long points of her pencils.

"Perhaps I had better get the beneficiary's consent first," said Martin. Mary's blue eyes opened in a sort of childish bewilderment.

"I mean—that I want to marry you—Mary," he said. The pencil dropped from Mary's hand as he took it in his own and drew her to him.

"But don't let's ever talk about the insurance," said Mary.

Dr. C. G. Bacon

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- NEWMAN, ILL.

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Every 40 seconds of every working day somebody buys a Buick—Year after year it wins twice as many buyers as any other fine car.

Buy your Buick with the knowledge that the overwhelming majority of America's fine car buyers are making the same wise selection and enjoying the same wonderful satisfaction.

This most brilliant of fine cars enjoys two-to-one leadership in its field and has maintained its leadership, not for a week or a month, but year in and year out since the early days of the industry. Buick excels in beauty—it excels in vibrationless performance. And when you compare values, you'll have the full story—for nowhere is there a car so fine and dependable at a price so remarkably low.

The judgment of America is mighty good judgment to bank on. And America, by a two-to-one vote tells you to buy a Buick.

All Buick models have Lovejoy Hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear, as standard equipment.

Douglas County Garage

F. A. Warren, Dealer,
Tuscola, Ill.

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

..Program..

For Month of June, 1928
Broadlands Opera House

Wednesday, June 6

Bringing Up Father

A Comedy taken from Maggie and Jiggs of the comic strip. Comedy and News Reel.

Wednesday, June 13

Lon Chaney in "London After Midnight"

Also a Comedy and News Reel.

Wednesday, June 20

Norma Shearer in "The Actress"

Also a Comedy and News Reel.

Wednesday, June 27

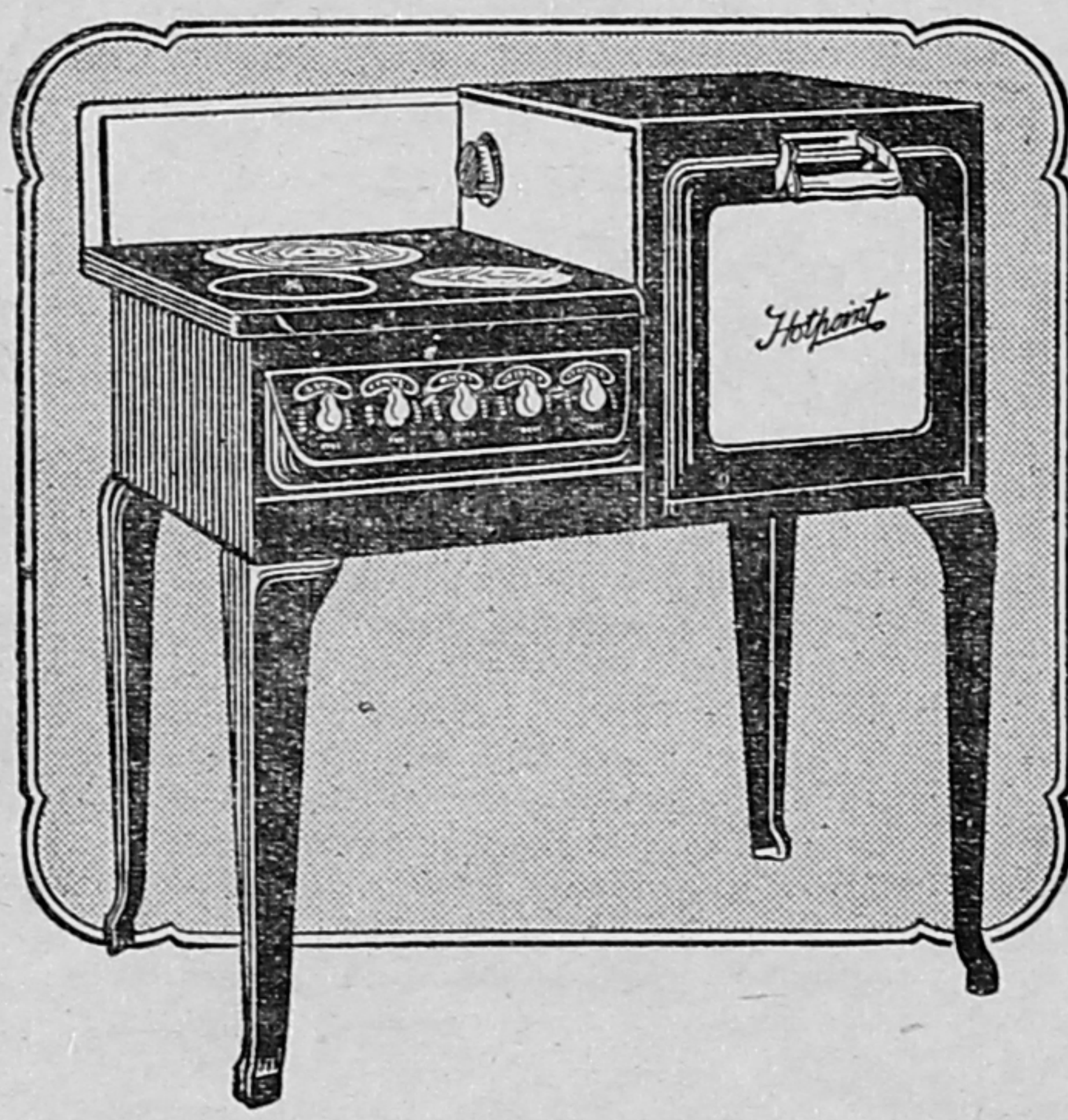
Hoot Gibson in "Hey Cowboy"

Also a Comedy and News Reel.

JOIN THE HAPPY 6000 JOIN THE HAPPY 6000 JOIN THE HAPPY 6000 JOIN THE



Guaranteed
Hotpoint
R 97



A Clear Saving of \$29

THINK OF IT! This beautiful new electric range, built for years of service, for only \$70, cash, not installed. It is fully guaranteed and regularly sells for twenty-nine dollars more than its special price during this offer.

The easy-to-clean, white paneled Hotpoint R-97, has amply insulated oven, and three cooking speeds, high, medium and low units, designed to focus heat, and other features of higher-priced models are included at its low price.

Join the Happy 6000

Six thousand central and southern Illinois customers of this Company now cook with Electricity. They know it is the most practical fuel because of its greater heat efficiency, accurate temperature and more satisfactory results.

During this special time-limited offer the price of every electric range has been materially reduced. Payments at the term price, as low as \$10 down. Truly, with the many inducements offered, now is the time to join the Happy Six Thousand! Come in and see the large display.

Under this Company's low rates you can enjoy improved light in your living room all evening for the approximate cost of a stick of gum. Ask any Employee!

Ask about the
'little by little'
way to pay.

Why 6000 CUSTOMERS Cook Electrically
Accurate heat control
Clean Cool kitchens
No soot or ashes
No fuel waste
No food waste
No time waste
Costs no more than a coal or wood range

Central Illinois Public Service Company

SA 723

The Girl From Goshen

By CLARE ATKINS

PETER BANCROFT surveyed the little party with critical blue eyes, and at last his good-humored face crinkled into a wide smile.

"Some bunch—didn't any of them know this was a picnic—a boating party that might turn into a water fete at any moment if anyone should rock the boat? Why, those girls are dolled up for a shindy!" No one listened to Peter's mutterings and he grumbled still more as one girl used a lipstick and another dredged her pretty nose with powder. "Good night!" sighed the practical young man. "Don't they want the sunshine and fresh air to get at their skins? There's one, however—the little girl from Goshen—she's got sense!"

The pretty girls and the stalwart young men gathered on the pier waiting for Ben Hampton and his motor boat had not paid much attention to the girl from Goshen, who was the country cousin of Adele Parks, the lipstick girl. Adele was rather ashamed of Mildred Moore, who wore substantial clothes and rubber-soled canvas shoes.

"Everybody ready?" sang out Ben Hampton as his boat shot up to the pier; "got all the lunch baskets, sweaters and cameras? Pile in; trim ship there—you can't all sit on one side, even if 'tis more sociable—all aboard!"

The good launch Fairy Queen puffed her way out of the harbor and off toward the long beach in the outer bay. Beyond Long Beach was their goal for the day's outing, Little Gull Island. Young Mrs. Fay was chaperoning them, and the picnic baskets would furnish refreshments after the bathing.

John Lorimer watched the safe-eyed country girl and wondered what she was thinking about as her fingers were busied with some crocheting.

After Ben Hampton had landed them at the island and his boat had chugged away, not to return until sundown, the picnickers scattered along the beach. It was Mildred Fane's eyes that discovered the loss of the lunch baskets.

"Where are the baskets?" she asked the other ten as they tripped down the beach toward the water, clad in bathing garments donned in the shelter of some weather-beaten bathhouses. "Where have they gone, Mr. Bancroft?"

"Why—I put them right there," confessed Peter, guiltily, pointing to a spot entirely covered by the rising tide.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Fay, with a tragic gesture.

They looked—and saw the six baskets bobbing away rapidly; once they thought the tide would return them on the crest of a wave, but, alas, the baskets were lost in a smother of foam and went manfully to the bottom to astonish the fishes.

"Every—last—one—gone," said Peter in a hollow tone.

"We might forget it all until Ben comes for us and then we will all dine—heartily, of course—at the hotel," remarked Lorimer, who was longing for a swim.

"Who ever heard of a picnic without food?" asked one of the girls.

"Let us make this the first one," he was adding, when Mildred stepped forward, blushing warmly under the fire of ten pairs of eyes.

"Wait a moment, please; my cousin, Gregory Brown, has a cabin in the pines back here. He and his friends come and camp for days at a time, and there is usually a good supply of food—some canned things—and I believe he would not care if we helped ourselves."

"Fine!" they all agreed, and forgetting the swim they followed Mildred to the cabin in the pines. Peter forced a window and entered, opening a door for their entrance into a cozy interior. Mildred investigated the pantry.

"Plenty of salt codfish, potatoes, flour, lard, sugar, coffee, some butter—eggs, but doubtful! Tinned milk, and fruit and vegetables. Call for volunteers in the kitchen!" she surveyed the crestfallen faces of the girls with merry eyes.

John Lorimer eagerly volunteered and Adele reluctantly followed his example. The others deserted shamelessly for the water. Adele stood awkwardly by while Mildred managed the blue flame oil stove with a practiced hand; she deftly tossed biscuits together and put them into the oven; it was the Girl from Goshen who made a pie from dried peaches with a latticework top crust, even baking a "pie-crust-patty" for John Lorimer. "My mother used to do it that way," he kept saying until envious Adele flung out of the house and forgot her troubles in the fresh salt bath.

Those hours of intimacy as they prepared the delicious meal of creamed codfish and potatoes, fluffy biscuit, pickles, pie and coffee, were worth days of casual social intercourse to Mildred and grave John Lorimer. He unbent from his dignity and pared potatoes and humbly waited upon her; then, when the meal was over he delivered the clearing up into the hands of the well fed, happy picnickers, while he and Mildred walked to the point and took a well-earned rest on the cool sands.

"And that," said Adele tragically, as she dressed for Mildred's wedding. "Is the way I lost John Lorimer!"

The End of the Trail

By DUFORD JENNE

IT WAS Phil Weston's custom to leave his office at about four o'clock and drift down to the little avenue pawnshop where Abe Bleiner held forth. Under one of Abe's counters was a pile of philosophical works which he read with understanding, and Phil enjoyed chatting with the wise, intelligent old Jew. Besides, the shop to Phil was full of romance in the thousands of stories its counters told and in the people who came there. And it was there that he saw The Girl.

His interest was aroused still more as he saw she was offering Abe some old-fashioned jewel, and accepted his price without objection or comment; and then Phil saw her, as Abe turned to his cash register, kiss the jewel, press it with white fingers before she laid it down.

"Some sweetheart's affair," Phil thought, but as she went out, he asked Abe to let him see it.

It was a pendant and a valuable one. He turned it over and read an inscription—"To Ruth from Mother." He stared at it, stirred by the few words.

"What arrangements did she make, Abe?" he asked.

Abe told him a week, and added that she had left her address so he could forward the pendant when she sent money to reclaim the keepsake.

"There's something back of this," Phil advised himself, "and she is of no common sort."

When over a week passed and the jewel was not reclaimed, he acted quickly. He bought the jewel and went to the address. He found it—a clean but shabby boarding house in a dull and dismal end of the great city. After some debating with himself, he made up his mind to follow the trail to the end, even if the end was rubbish but not romance. He engaged a room, and that evening through the landlady, Mrs. McCarty, he met The Girl.

It was a brief meeting, but it told him much. She looked even more weary and worn than the week before, and in her brown eyes were shadows—and her name was not Ruth but Georgia Wright.

Then he lured her out for an evening, although Mrs. McCarty had warned him that the "girl turned 'em down cold."

Using all his skill, Phil managed to break through her depression until the shadows went from her eyes. She seemed to forget herself under his fun and the cheery places to which he took her, and he sensed the real girl under the shadows. In a week's time, he knew he was hopelessly in love with her.

Weeks later, in the pleasant, half-dusk of the quiet restaurant which was their chosen place, he leaned back and looked at her. He had taken her to a happy play that night, and a glow had come to her cheeks and a light to her eyes.

"Ruth—" he began and stopped short. He had not used that name.

"Ruth!" How did you know?" she whispered.

He reached in his pocket and handed her the lox with the pendant. She took it, looked, and pressed it convulsively to her lips. He saw under the soft light what he knew were tears.

Then, gently, he told her the story of his first sight of her in Abe's shop, and what he had done since. She listened in a tense silence that his keen and sympathetic mind told him meant a struggle for self-control, and he sought to aid her.

"Phil, why have you done this?" she asked breathlessly.

"The reason that a man gives truthfully probably but once in a lifetime—because I liked you from the first, and because I love you now," he answered quietly.

"Please, could we go home now?" she whispered.

As he turned from the attendant at the checking booth, he was almost startled at the change in the girl he loved—some mysterious change that made her beautiful in spite of the simple, cheap dress she wore.

A taxi was at hand, and soon they were rolling toward the city's outskirts. Phil was glad it was a long way home; even if she were to pass out of his life, he would have her with him for a while anyway. He glanced at her and saw that the little box was held tightly still as a child might cling to it.

He slipped his arm around her shoulder, and started to speak. She suddenly seemed to crumple against him, and with joy thrilling him, he kissed her wet cheek where the choked-back tears had fallen.

"I do love you, but—" Then she told the old human story: a girl whose mother had died, left in the care of a father to whom love was little or nothing, an engagement to her father's friend, her realization and her breaking of it, her father's anger, a wild scene—then her departure, and her struggle, untrained, alone in a great city, the change of her name to avoid pursuit; and finally, her hatred of love and all it suggested.

"That's because you don't know what it is—" he kissed her as he added: "I'll teach you."

She sighed and relaxed, snuggling against him as a child might, sure at last of love and protection.

Old Year Dead When Harvest Is Gathered?

That the calendar by which we count our days does not fit in harmoniously with the seasons is pointed out by an editorial in Liberty Magazine.

"It has long been obvious," explains the editorial, "that starting the calendar on the first of January is all wrong. The year ends with the harvest, when the last grain is in, the leaves are fallen, and the earth has gone to sleep. The closing day of the calendar might well be that one on which we turn away from outward things and ask about the chances of having a little steam heat."

"It is unlikely on the whole, that the calendar makers will agree to end the year with the fall and begin it with the spring, as is meet and proper," concludes the editorial. "We must take January 1 as the beginning of the year because Julius Caesar fixed it that way and nobody has changed it."

Averages Untrustworthy

Recent insurance experience has shown that average tables are often misleading. The average weights are by no means the best weights. At ages under thirty the best conditions apparently exist among those whose weights are from five to ten pounds above the average. After age thirty the most favorable conditions are found among those whose weights are below the average. The amount below average increases with advancing age and at age fifty persons seem to be at their best when their weights are as much as twenty or thirty pounds below the average. Insurance experience shows that underweight is definitely an advantage so far as long life is concerned.

Watercress Good Food

The list of foods the doctor says you should eat has been augmented by a new one, watercress. This familiar garnish for meat and salad is a remarkably rich source of the vitamins necessary for growth and of the scurvy-preventing vitamin C. Dr. Katherine H. Coward and P. Eggleton, of the University of London, have found. It contains small quantities of vitamins D as well in its small green leaves. The green shows considerable seasonal variation, however, in its growth-promoting properties, the investigators have found, being more effective with laboratory animals in this respect in spring and summer than in winter.

Obey Life's Laws and Keep Spirit of Youth

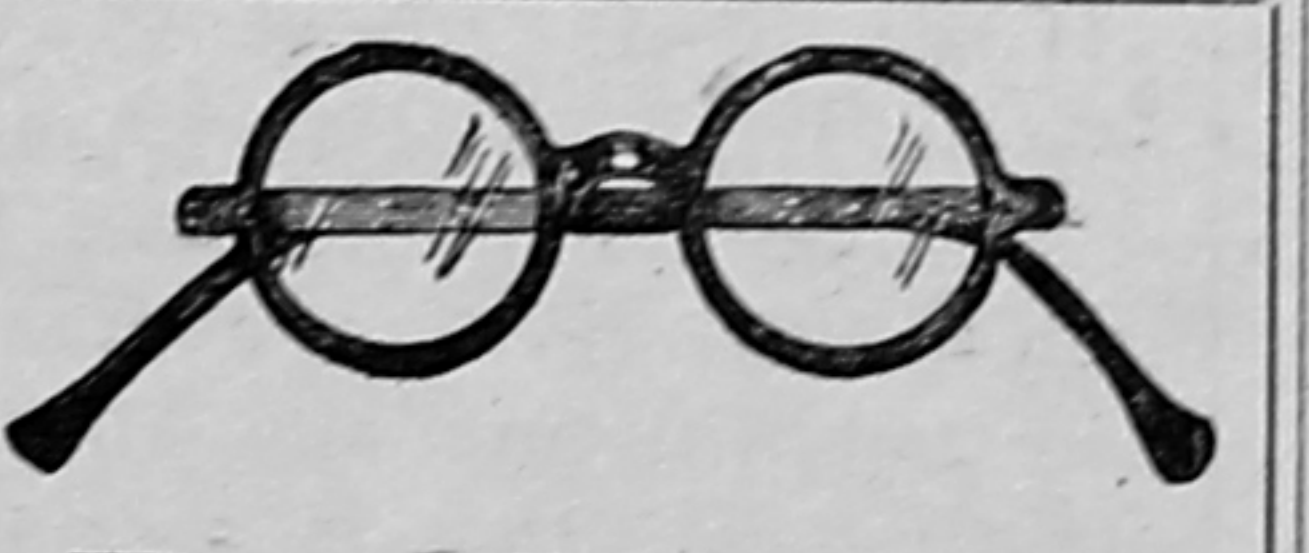
There has been no improvement in the longevity of human life in the last one hundred years for those who reach the age of fifty, a writer in Physical Culture Magazine maintains. By improving the mortality record of the earlier years of life, he admits, the average span of life has nearly doubled in the last two or three centuries. But, he says, the chances for life for a man of middle age have not improved in the last century.

"The proper way to prolong life," he declares, "is to get more life, to live more completely, to make yourself more alive in every part of your bodily organism."

"There is much about the human body that is beyond our understanding. The most learned anatomical expert finds that the more he studies the body the more he realizes how numerous are the unsolvable mysteries that are hidden within it. Then why tamper with this marvelously constructed organism? Why not try to interpret the laws of life and health as indicated by the endeavors of the body itself to build and maintain health?"

"Then the spirit of youth can be retained on and on, at times even to old age; for life is worth little or nothing when the decrepitude of senility creeps upon you."

For Sale—Some baled straw.—W. A. Cooley.



Dr. Hoyd
Chicago Optometrist
Expert on Correcting of Eyesight
Comes to H. Kilian's June 12th for one week
I will examine peoples eyes in the day time at J. A. Clester's restaurant. Handy to all patients.
Evenings at Henry Kilian's home.
Phone both places for hour appointments.
DR. HOYD
Manufacturer of Double and Single Glasses

Local and Personal

Dr. Hoyd is coming. Read his ad in this issue.

A. B. Telling was here from Kingman, Ind., Tuesday.

Chas. Walker and family were Danville visitors, Saturday.

John M. Smith and Charles A. Smith were callers at Bismark, Tuesday.

Mrs. John Bahlow and daughter, Miss Vera, were Newman shoppers, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Layman Holwick of Metcalf visited friends here Sunday afternoon.

Rudolph Harvey has traded his Ford touring car for a later model.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menex entertained Carl Poore and family, Sunday.

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

Miss Eirena Seider returned home Thursday from the U. of I. to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. John M. Smith and children were Danville visitors Tuesday.

John Bahlow and family and Walter Kraft visited relatives at Vandalia and Altamont, Sunday.

Mrs. Barbara Johnson spent the past week with H. W. Johnson and family at Danville.

The U. B. Ladies Aid of the will serve the Feast of Five Tables, Saturday night, June 16th.

Norman and Norma Seider attended a dinner at the home of Miss Tess Hubbard at Sidell, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman and daughter, Marjorie, spent Tuesday night with relatives at Brocton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Martinie and son of Champaign were guests of Irvin Flick and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Russell VanBrundt and brother, James Graves, visited friends at Shelbyville on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Stuebe of Danville spent the week end here with the latter's mother, Mrs. Anna Poggendorf.

James Graves of Lafayette, Ind., spent the latter part of last week here with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Van Brundt. Mr. Graves is a brother to Mrs. VanBrundt.

Miss Pearl Clester went to Danville, Sunday, where she is taking a three months' training course at Utterback's Business College.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Phipps, Aratus Phipps and son, Charles, Mrs. Alice Seider of Charleston; Mrs. Belle Phipps of Murdock were guests of Mark Phipps and family, Sunday.

Rev. W. E. Klautsch motored to Chicago, Monday, after his son, Otto, returning home on Tuesday. Otto has been attending the River Forest training school.

Among those from Broadlands who attended the funeral of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fitzgerald at Urbaná, Saturday afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. Logan Hedrick, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks, Mrs. Charles Block, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, John Fitzgerald, Mrs. Henry Schumacher, Mrs. Walter Witt.

Our Farm News Department

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

Champaign County Tax Case May Go To Supreme Court

Practically every neighborhood in Champaign County was represented at the immense gathering of tax payers in Champaign last Thursday evening (May 31) when Wm. H. Malone of Chicago, Chairman of the State Tax Commission was the principal speaker.

Mr. Malone stated in direct answer to many questions that there is no tax roll in Champaign County at the present time. He said, "The order of reassessment will stand until it is changed by a court of competent jurisdiction."

Mr. Malone further said, "The Tax Commission gave a fair and open hearing to the farmers of Champaign county, to the Board of Review, and numerous lawyers and county and city officials. They found that property in Champaign County had not been equally assessed and signed an order for reassessment. And I say to you, if the assessors reassess and it comes back the same as before I will sign an order for another reassessment."

The State Tax Commission, created under the law of this state and vested with the powers I have read to you, plain, clear and definite, has ordered a reassessment of Champaign County. I suggest that the county officers obey the law and if they don't, the State Tax Commission will go into the Supreme Court of this state and ask for a writ of mandamus to compel them to, and ask for a writ of malfassance in office to put them out where they belong."

John C. Watson, director of taxation and statistics of the Illinois Agricultural Association, spoke briefly following Mr. Malone. He read excerpts of the stenographic report of the hearing of the Board of Review before the State Tax Commission on October 6, when the chairman of the Board, J. J. Hayward, agreed that the Board of Review had the knowledge as presented; that they did not question the method by which these facts were secured; and agreed that the summary stated the facts as they knew.

The question was put to him, "I understand the attitude of this Board to be very kindly now, and if this State Commission should order a reassessment, of the property within taxing districts of your county, that you would go ahead and try to carry that out insofar as the Board of Review would have any power in the matter?"

The answer was, "Yes."

The other two members of the board, D. J. Holtermann, and Paul Stephens, concurred to the chairman's statements.

Mr. Watson said that the complete stenographic report of the three hearings before the Board of Review had been left in the Farm Bureau office and that anyone who cared to could go into the office and read the proceedings.

Weather Report

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, rainy and cold; and farm work at a standstill. Thursday, fair and warm.

Broadlands Markets

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

No. 3 white corn	96c
No. 3 yellow corn	96c
No. 3 white oats	60c

Ship Car Hogs

The A. & R. Shipping association shipped a carload of hogs from Longview to the Indianapolis market, Monday. Following are the names of those selling and the number of head each sold: Wallace Warnes, 22; Levi Driver, 21; Bert Rutherford, 5; Ad Howard, 11; Herman Struck, 7; Ovan-da Martinie, 5; Ivan Driver, 1 calf; B. B. Gaines, 1 calf; Wm. Davis, 1 calf.

Ship Stock Wednesday

The A. & R. Shipping association shipped 63 hogs, 4 cattle and three calves to the Indianapolis market Wednesday. Those having stock in the shipment were: W. A. Warters, 1 cow; Herman Luth, 2 cows, 1 hog; Robert Smith 1 hog; Henry Messman, 1 hog, 1 cow; George Bosch, 1 calf; Anton Menex, 9 hogs; John Bruhn, 20 hogs; Wiese & Son, 15 hogs; P. J. Limp, 15 hogs, 1 calf; Elza Harvey, 1 hog.

Visit Thompson Farm

Frank Kracht and John M. Smith motored to the John R. Thompson farm, near Fithian, on Tuesday, to see the fine Short-horn cattle which will be sold today, (Friday.) One of the animals weighed 2200 lbs. There are 128 head of cattle on the farm. Thirty of them will sell today. Eleven head of these cattle were imported from Scotland, and some of them will sell as high as \$45,000 a head, it is said.

Dillsburg Farmer Now Using Motor Cultivator

John Franzen, who lives a mile south and a half-mile east of Dillsburg, is one of the first farmers in north Champaign county to successfully use a motor corn cultivator, and is running the machine daily, in conjunction with a four-horse, two-row implement, in working 180 acres of good-looking corn this spring.

The motor cultivator, of the two-row, shovel type, is powered by a small four cylinder, high speed gasoline engine, and Mr. Franzen states that it runs cool, no matter how hot the day or how hard the pulling. Several tests have convinced Mr. Franzen that the motor cultivator is economical, and he estimates that he can cultivate about twenty acres a day with ten gallons of gasoline. This means that it costs \$1.64 to cultivate twenty acres, which is a net cost, for gasoline, of 8.2 cents per acre.

Forrest Dicks
Allerton
Kenneth Dicks
Broadlands
Dicks Bros.
Undertakers