

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 10

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1928

NUMBER 3

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



Cultivation

"Aye the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart is of health and strength for all the nations." —Gov. Oglesby.

CORN planted in the ground and properly cultivated yields a good return.

It is just the same with your money.

When you plant it in the bank and cultivate it by regularly adding to it, your balance will grow and grow, and yield that which will protect you and yours and bring happiness and comforts to you.

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.

Levin's Store At Villa Grove, Ill.

is selling spring coats at half price.

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

Try the Drug Store first.

Lost—A 21 jewel, open face Hampton watch, at the ball park at Homer last Sunday. The case number is 11097325. The movement number is 3720439. Finder please return and receive a \$15.00 reward.—John McCormick, Broadlands, Ill.

Haunted Castle is Scene of New Film

A strange old haunted castle in England, over which hangs sinister legends of long ago and astounding vampire superstitions still believed in by many, form the background of Lon Chaney's latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture "London After Midnight," which appears at the Broadlands Opera House, Wednesday night, June 13th.

Chaney plays a role different from any in his career, for instead of his usual sinister character he appears as a Scotland Yard detective, who, with a scientific trend, utilizes hypnotism as a weapon against ghosts and apparitions in the haunted castle.

Reproduction of an old haunted English castle, such as one of those famous historically as a haunt for ghosts, was an amazing feat of construction by studio experts for this picture.

Adelia Ann Poggendorf Celebrates 12th Birthday

Miss Adelia Ann Poggendorf delightfully entertained 19 of her friends at a party, Sunday afternoon, in celebration of her 12th birthday, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Anna Poggendorf.

The entertainment consisted of various games, contests and music.

The guests were Mildred Messman, Wilma Schweineke, Marie Benschnieder, Juanita Luth, Freda Klautsch, Erna Klautsch, Lola Nonman, Lois Nonman, Ella Luth, Olga Luth, Hazel Block, Mildred Wienke, Virginia Wienke, Edna Luth, Natalie Jordan, Edna Jordan, Hilma Luth, Madonna Magers, and Florence Rothermel.



Boy Scout Corner

There will be a hike this week on Saturday. Meet at 8:30 in front of the Methodist Church. All boys of Scout age are welcome whether they have registered or not.

The following is a self-explanatory statement of the second division of the Scout law. It might be called the "Outside Law."

1. A scout is friendly. He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

2. A Scout is courteous. He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

3. A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

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

Lost—A Diamond Bar Pin on the streets of Broadlands during the band concert last Saturday night. Reward.

Mrs. Harvey P. Six.

Seven Killed In Crash Near Fithian

Seven persons were killed and 23 persons were injured when two cars on the Illinois Traction System collided just west of Fithian at 4:50 o'clock last Friday afternoon.

The collision occurred when the air brakes on the limited car from Springfield failed to hold, sending the heavy steel car thru the front of a west-bound local car.

The wreck was the worst that has ever occurred on any interurban line in this section of the country.

That more persons were not killed or injured was due to the fact that the east-bound limited was of steel construction. The big steel car crashed through the west-bound wooden car, until the front end reached the center of the car.

The wooden car crumpled under the terrific impact and altho it remained upright on the rails, the upper structure, from the front vestibule to the center was completely demolished.

Most of the victims of the terrible wreck were in the front end of the wooden car. It is doubtful if any of them realized the impending danger. Some of them are thought to have been killed as they sat in their seats, while others were caught and crushed as they started to rush to the rear end.

Lutheran Aid Meets With Mrs. Henry Messman

The Ladies Aid of the Lutheran Church met at the home of Mrs. Henry Messman on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The meeting opened with a scripture reading and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Klautsch. Eleven members answered roll call. Following the devotional period the afternoon was spent in quilting.

Refreshments of sandwiches, strawberries with whipped cream, cake and coffee were served.

Those present were Mesdames Will Wienke, John Rothermel, J. H. Seider, Chris Seider, Robert Smith, Martin Sy, Wm. Klautsch, Anna Poggendorf, Frank Kracht, Herman Struck, Henry Messman. Visitors were Mrs. Ed Block, Misses Nellie, Bessie and Mabel Block and Miss Elsie Struck.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.

Sunday School 10 o'clock.
Children's Day Exercises 7:30.
There will be no Epworth League this week owing to preparation for the program.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a. m.
The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. E. BUSEKROS, PASTOR.

German Services 9:30 a. m.
Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
The Champaign County Sunday School Association rates our Sunday School 100% efficient.
Confirmation Class, Saturday 9:00 a. m.

Don't forget the Feast of Five Tables to be served by the U. B. Ladies Aid, June 16th.

Allerton Couple Wed Secretly Last Fall

Allerton, Ill., June 2.—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Monroe have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ruth, to Dwight H. Brown, son of William A. Brown. The announcement comes to their friends as a complete surprise. The ceremony took place November 26 at the Methodist parsonage at Crawfordsville, Ind. Miss Monroe and Mr. Brown appeared at the home of Rev. Guy O. Carpenter at the same time that Miss Velma Estes of Fairmount, and Lowell Tucker of Champaign arrived. Each couple acted as witnesses to the others wedding.

The bride taught the third and fourth grades in the local school the past term. The groom is a carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be at home to their friends after June 5 in the Cable property at Broadlands.

Mrs. Brown has been engaged to teach in the Allerton school again next year.

Six Members Of One Family Wreck Victims

Springfield, Ill., June 5.—Seven children, six of them members of one family, were killed at Auburn, 12 miles south of here tonight when their automobile was struck by a northbound Illinois Traction system interurban enroute from St. Louis to Springfield.

The six brothers and sisters were children of Doren Brubaker, of Virden, a small town near Auburn. The seventh child was Chester Wiley, a 5-year-old playmate.

Samuel, 19, the oldest of the children was driving. The motorman, Harry Wheelen, of St. Louis, said the crossing where the crash occurred was clear and he saw the car approaching. He said he slowed down but when he saw the automobile stopping he started up again, while at almost the same time the motor car started so that he struck it squarely broadside and carried it down the tracks for some distance.

All the children met virtually instant death. The automobile was demolished and blocked the tracks so that a wrecking crew had to be called to clear a passage for the interurban.

To The Parents of Broadlands Boys

Complaint has been made to the Board of Aldermen that boys are using the swimming hole (so called) stark naked; and that they use indecent language there. This is a distinct violation of law and decency, and the most drastic action will be taken if not stopped at once.

No objection will be made if bathing clothes are used.

Parents are warned to see that this is observed or arrests will follow.

By Order of Village Board.

It's A Boy

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Reed are the proud parents of a fine boy babe who arrived at their home last Tuesday night. His name is Leland Maxon, and he weighs 7 1/2 pounds.

Robber of Homer Man is Arrested

A police officer who chanced to pass him on the road near Kankakee Thursday night proved the undoing of Leslie Hiedman, 32, Chicago accountant, who earlier in the day held up and robbed L. V. Jurgensmeyer, of Homer, of a \$2,000 diamond ring and his automobile.

The police officer was riding along the highway south of Kankakee looking for another stolen car when he passed Hiedman on the road. From descriptions broadcast by Champaign county police, the officer recognized the bandit and trailed him. In town other officers joined the chase but for a time Hiedman was lost. Later he was discovered in Arona park at Kankakee and officers surrounded the place. He did not offer resistance, although he still had a revolver in his possession with which he accomplished the holdup.

Hiedman was returned to the Champaign county jail by sheriff Chester Davis last Friday.

Jurgensmeyer has recovered both his ring and his automobile.

Children's Day Program At M. E. Church, Sunday

The following program will be given at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening, June 10, at 8 o'clock:

Song—Congregation.
Prayer—Rev. Temple.
Song—Choir.
Welcome—Spirit of Children's Day.

Children's Day Greeting—Exercise.

My First Appearance—Maxine Snow.

Song—Primary class.

A Hearty Recitation—Wayne Thode.

Keys to a Happy Day—Exercise.

Solo—Rosemary Hobbs.
How to Grow—Mary Louise Thode.

My Verse—Geraldine Hedrick.

Solo—Mrs. Ora Timmons.

The Photographer—Forrest Walker.

Some Good Advice—Geraldine Jackson.

Wait Until Next Sunday—Anna Snow and Fauneil Harden.

Sympathy—Garnet Walsh.
Song—Boys' class.

Easy As Can Be—Ferne Walker.

Duet—Mrs. George Cook and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks.

Solo—Aileen Jackson.

Song—Primary class.

A Polite Hint—Max Seeds.

Offering.

Pantomime—Girls' class.
Song—Choir.

Benediction.

Col. Lindbergh Stops At Indianapolis

Indianapolis, Ind., June 5.—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh landed his Ryan monoplane at Stout field here tonight. Col. Lindbergh and his two companions, Major Thomas G. Lanphier and Col. Henry Breckenridge immediately left the field and efforts to locate them failed. Field attendants said they did not know what time Lindbergh landed.

The Ladies Guild of the Methodist church will give an ice cream supper, Saturday night, June 30.

Broadlands News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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To Honor Pioneer Of Western Empire

Vincennes, Ind., June 2.—The City of Three Flags is making plans for the 150th anniversary of one of the most important battles in the history of the New World.

Vincennes, founded by the French, captured by the British, and finally taken by the Americans, is going to commemorate next year the seizure of old Fort Sackville in 1779 by George Rogers Clark.

There wasn't much of a battle in point of size. But it won the whole Northwest Territory for the American colonies, and without it the history of the United States would be vastly different.

Fort Sackville's palisades and blockhouses have long since crumbled away, but the site, overlooking the Wabash river for miles in each direction, remains; and on it the federal government is expected to spend more than \$1,000,000 in the construction of a magnificent memorial building. And Vincennes, oldest city in Indiana and one of the oldest west of the Alleghenies, intends to spend another million to match it. A memorial boulevard system, a big hotel and various other civic improvements are being planned to accompany the federal project, now pending before Congress.

No one knows just when Vincennes was founded. French records show that a fort was built here in 1702 named for Sieur de Vincennes, one of Cadillac's lieutenants, who led an expedition down the Wabash from Michigan two centuries or more ago.

Under the French tri-color the frontier post remained for generations. Then a Catholic cathedral was established early in the 18th century, services being held for more than half a century in a log hut. The bell that hung in that primitive house of worship has been recast and still summons the faithful to worship in the present cathedral.

During the last of the Franco-British wars for possession of the New World an English expedition from the Atlantic coast penetrated into Indiana and captured Vincennes. The tri-color came down and the cross of St. George floated over the little wilderness settlement. Then came the American Revolution.

In 1778 George Rogers Clark asked Gov. Patrick Henry of Virginia for permission to conquer the northwest for the colonies. Gov. Henry consented, and Clark raised a force of 200 men, with which he left Redstone Fort, Pennsylvania, on an expedition that was to change the destiny of the entire middle west.

First Clark seized the fort at Kaskaskia, in Illinois. Then he headed east—preceded as it happened, by Father Gibault, the patriot priest of the northwest, who stirred the French inhabitants of the country to sympathy with the American cause. Clark reached Vincennes in February, 1779, and on the 25th of that month the fort, which the British had renamed Fort Sackville, was taken by his little force and the Stars and Stripes were raised for the first time west of the Al-

leghenies.

Clark, as it happened, had no flag with him, so he commissioned a Madame Godare, whose family had settled at Vincennes years before to make one. Supplies of cloth in that frontier town were limited, and the flag she made was colored red and green, instead of red, white and blue; but it had the proper design, and it fluttered from the fort's flagpole for many months.

Vincennes' historical associations do not end there. The old house of William Henry Harrison the famous "Tippecanoe" hero and once president of the United States, still stands. Beneath the trees on the lawn he and Tecumseh held their famous conference. Nearby is a hollow where the housewives of Vincennes served an outdoor feast to Clark's men after the capture of the fort. Adjacent is a burial ground in which lie the American soldiers slain in the famous battle of Tippecanoe, where Harrison won his fame. Here, also, was the home of Alice of Old Vincennes, tamed in song and story.

Passion Play Closes After 25,000 Had Witnessed It

Almost 25,000 persons coming to Bloomington from all over the world had seen the Scottish Rite players' presentation of the Passion Play when the curtain was rung down upon the final scene following the Sunday afternoon performance, May 13th.

Declared by persons of prominence in both religious and theatrical circles to be the greatest of its kind the Passion Play has attracted large caravans from a number of cities in the middle west.

The last performance Sunday closed the most successful season in the history of the production, Delmar D. Darrah, author and producer, said.

Frederick A. Hitch and his supporting cast of more than 250 persons have portrayed the life of Jesus of Nazareth and the events that were outstanding in his life with such sincerity that the fame of the play has become more firmly ensconced than ever as the world's greatest religious drama.

Barnum Was Right ---This Time Too!

P. T. Barnum said: "You do not any of you advertise enough. You ought to use the printer's ink every day. You are asleep and want your business to run itself. Standing advertisements in a paper command confidence. The man who for a year resides in one community and leads a respectable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar in the eye of the reader. It makes the name and business of the man familiar, and its presence in the columns of the paper inspires confidence in the stability of the enterprise."

Gossip

Gossip is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a foghorn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba, and has caused more trouble than all the ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, coyotes, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, sharks, rattlesnakes, earthquakes, cyclones, smallpox, gout and indigestion that the United States has known or will know until the universe shuts up and begins the final invoice. In other words, it has got war and hell backed up in the corridor and yelling for ice water.

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

The Test of Time

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

LATTIMER FORBES approached the office of the great editor with a little of fear and more of confidence. He was a spare man of middle age and one who seemed well worn by the processes of time and labor.

There was, for instance, a bare spot on his elbow and, were his hat removed, another would show on the top of his head. Lattimer was the head of a family of many demands and sometimes, just once in a while, he felt that he could understand the emotions of a truck horse.

"I have," Lattimer addressed the editor, "written an article to submit in your competition concerning what the young woman of twenty-five years in the future will be like."

The editor, without turning, reached out for the manuscript, gave it an expert's toss into a basket on top of his desk, and grunted.

"Be considered with the rest. Good day."

But Lattimer was not discouraged. He departed, wearing a peaceful smile. This manuscript would win, he felt, would bring him the \$10,000 which should see the family through until Della and Margaret were married. After that his salary would be enough. There was something in the situation which amused him.

"I am making the girl of the future pay for the upkeep of two girls of the present," he thought, and the smile widened. "And I am predicting that the girl of twenty-five years from now will be a prim, modest, Victorian creature that might support two typical daughters of the age of jazz and flappers."

Lattimer, at his dinner table, was completely silenced and obliterated by the splendor and chatter of his family. This evening, however, he beamed with an unusual happiness. The weight of bills and worry seemed removed from his mind. It was only a case of providing good weddings for the two, and then perhaps he could do a little in the way of improving his own wardrobe, could assert himself in other ways, and live up to this life to which the girls had been accustomed.

"Look at Dad," exclaimed Della, "the poor man is actually happy."

The center of attention flushed. "Yes, my dear, and you and your sister, unwittingly perhaps, and by contrast, are the cause."

The cryptic utterance, which he refused to explain, Lattimer felt made him something of a figure. Already this contest was getting in its good work.

The time came for the announcement of the winner of the competition with no one in the Forbes family knowing that husband and father was a possibility.

When the check came and accompanying letter arrived Lattimer Forbes sighed and rested his head in his hands. The load was lifted and the way was clear. He looked out of the window of the office and wondered what men would think if he shouted the tidings to the street. The occasion, he felt, demanded song and celebration. He went out to deposit the check and on the way bought the most expensive cigar he could find. Then he read the letter for the second time.

"Will you please call at our office," it said, "and inform us what you can of your life and your efforts in this contest. We will need the information for publicity purposes."

This was an ordeal but a necessary one. Lattimer presented himself for the second time before the great editor and was welcomed cordially.

"Now, tell me," the editor said "weren't you surprised to win? What will you do with the money?"

"I was confident all the time," was the answer, "and I will spend the money on my two very modern daughters."

"And why were you so confident?" But Lattimer was silent. How could he tell this man that 25 years ago, before Della and Margaret were born, and when a world was busy criticizing the youth of that time, he had won just such another prize with this same manuscript?

Blissful Moment

Millard stirred in his comfortable chair. He could hear voices somewhere. It was his wife and her mother talking. Millard listened.

"You have secured a splendid husband, my dear," came his mother-in-law's voice, "and I think you ought to treat him with a little more tact and consideration. When he comes home late be agreeable and wait till he explains before asking awkward questions. He's just the man to appreciate such generosity on your part. Be kind to him."

Millard stirred uneasily, trying to hear more, when—he awoke!

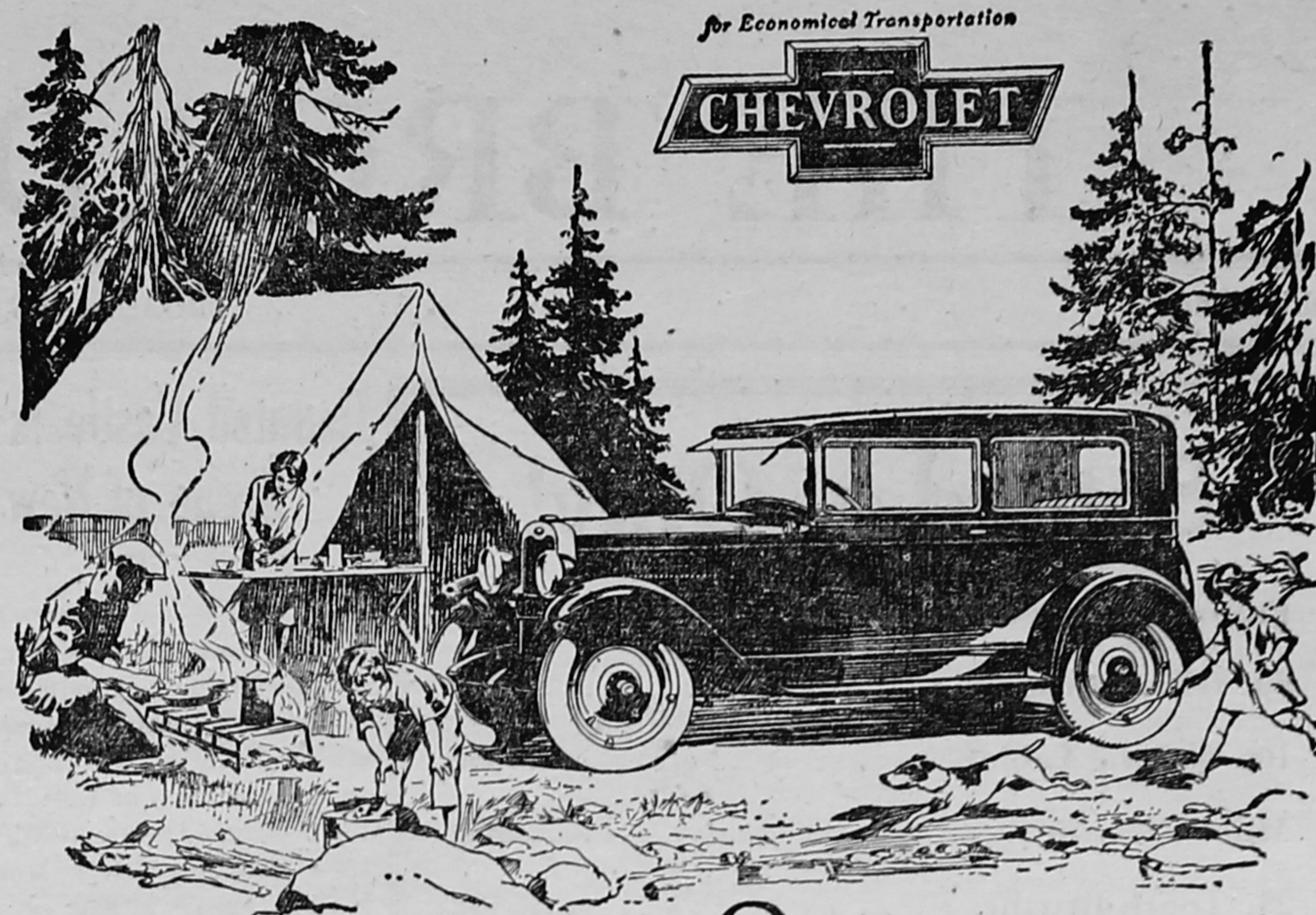
Familiar With It

The bunch were talking about the Eighth street tunnel when old man Wizzle asked:

"Have you fellows heard about the farmer who chased a street car five blocks before it disappeared in the tunnel? He said he didn't catch it, but he ran it into a hole in the ground and treed it."

The listeners all arose and exclaimed in one voice:

"We've heard it!"—Kansas City Star.



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Due to the tremendous popularity of the Bigger and Better Chevrolet in this community—we have on hand a large number of specially fine used cars which we want to move at once.

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Brewer-Chevrolet Sales
Broadlands, Ill.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Will Soon Decide Fate of Traction

The question of ending the career of the Ogden-Homer interurban will come up before the Interstate Commerce Commission today. At first it was believed that the Illinois Commerce commission would have authority to make the order but as the road is an interstate line, it has no authority, it has been ruled.

Work on the Ogden-Homer hard road is being delayed until the road is abandoned from Homer to the state line elevator as that part of the interurban right-of-way is desired for the hard road.

The graders have completed their work from Ogden to a point 2½ miles south and have moved south of Homer and are working toward Allerton.

Material for the slab is being received daily but no time has been set for the pouring.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Carl Zenke, Deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed Executor of the Estate of Carl Zenke, 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 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 requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. Dated this 29th day of May, A. D., 1928.

Alvin H. A. Zenke, Executor.
Busch & Harrington, Attorneys.

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.

Taking No Chances

The nervous-looking little man lowered himself gently into the barber's chair and asked to be shaved.

As the barber stropped his razor he started to open the inevitable conversation.

"What's your opinion of this 'ere Hinchcliffe affair, sir, he began. Same as yours, answered the little man shortly."

"But how do you know what mine is?"

"It doesn't matter, snapped the other. You're holding the razor, aren't you?"

Her Past

"They were very much in love with each other, and the young girl had but recently accepted an engagement ring from her sweetheart."

Although everything was perfectly planned for their future, the young man was inquisitive to the point of folly.

"Tell me, dear," he pleaded, "have you ever been kissed before?"

The girl blushed. "She did not know what to say for the best."

"Well, ye-es; only twice," she confessed reluctantly.

"What?" he shrieked. "Who by?"

"Don't be ridiculous, dear," returned the girl. "It was only the church choir and the baseball club."

Trying to Help

Mrs. Blank returned home one afternoon after consulting a physician with the announcement that she had been advised to reduce the amount of carbohydrates in her diet. A few hours later the family assembled for dinner prepared by the cook, when all at once Mrs. Blank looked up to see Mandy lifting some of the vegetables off the table.

"Why, Mandy, what's the matter. Don't we get anything to eat?" some one asked the cook.

"No, s'ree, you don't get this. It's got too many hydrophobias in it," she answered quickly.

Frugality

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone that they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have amongst us.—Goldsmith.

Try the drug store first.

Identifying It

What is romance? dreamily asked Idabelle of the rapid fire restaurant.

"It's what you soon lose after marrying a young fella making \$15 a week, responded Heloise, the head waitress."

An Oversight

I suppose a good many men out this way drink too much hillside liquor? hazarded a motorist in the Rumpus Ridge region.

"I kain't say, responded Gap Johnson. Tuther day, though, I seed a feller in town that had took sev'ral drams come tearing out of a drug store and start to the depot yelling that he was going to kick the passenger train off'm the track."

And did he?
"I hain't the slightest idy. Just then a feller patted his pocket and motioned me over back of the lumber yard. Nacherly I went, and didn't see what the drunk feller done to the train."

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

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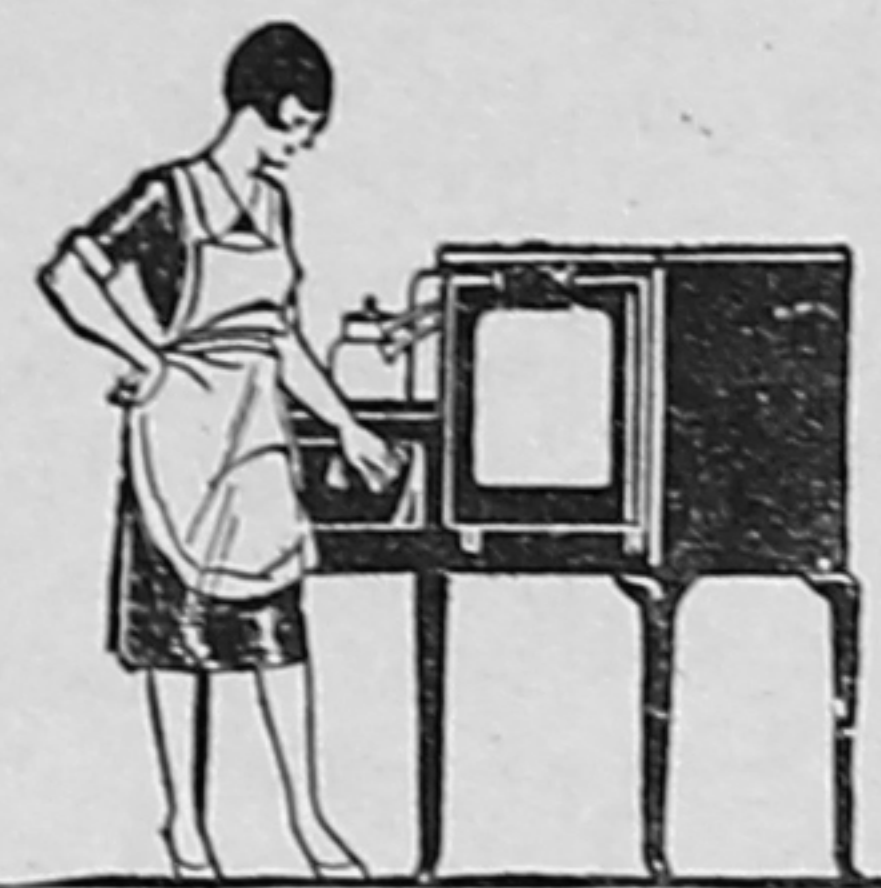
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and Neuritis

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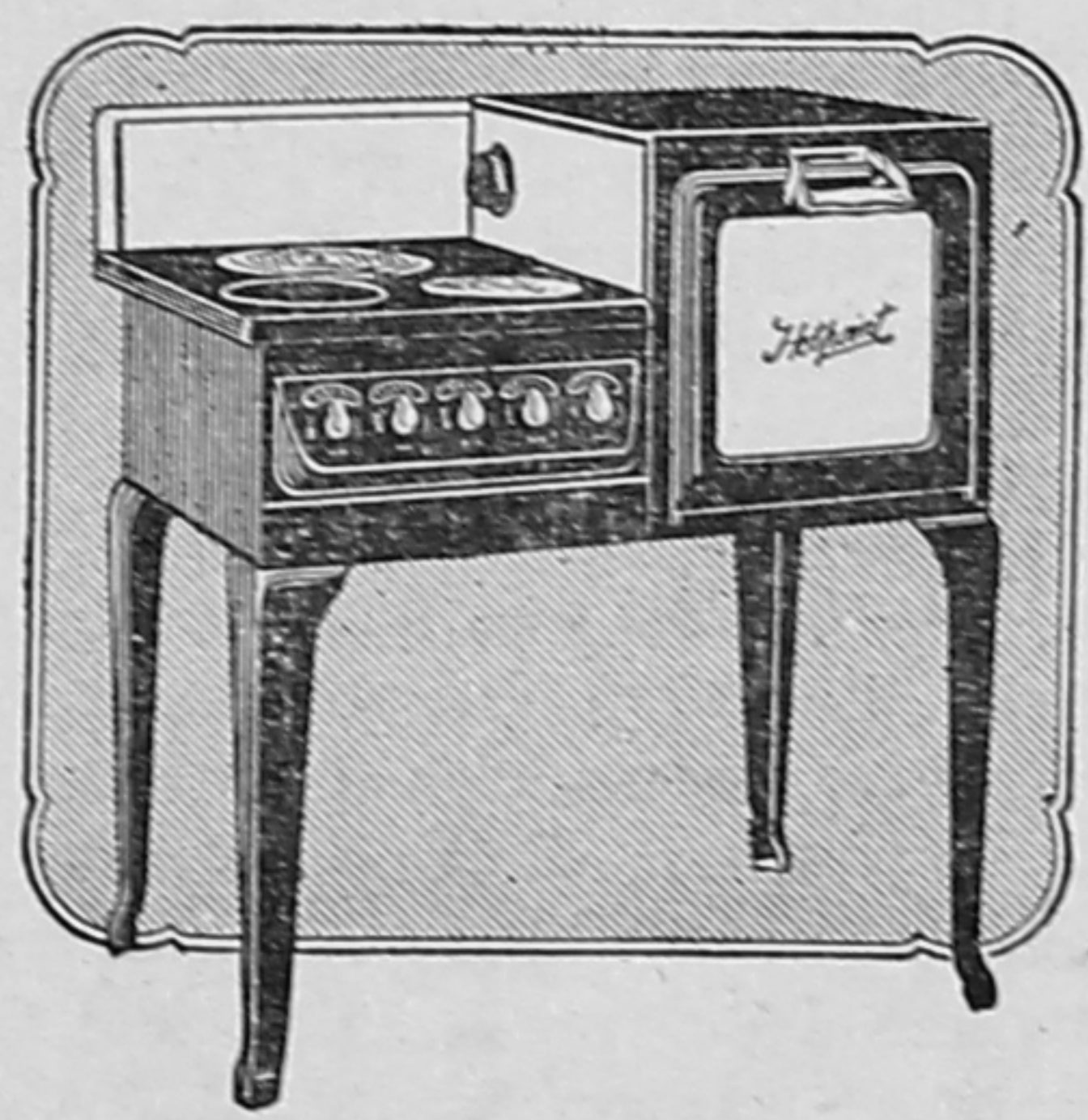
Why 6000 Women

Prefer Cooking Electrically

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Eventually you will be a member of this happy army of central and southern Illinois women—now, during this special offer, is the time to join!

Liberal inducements are in effect on every electric range in this Company's big display. Visit this office and see them today!



Ask about the 'little by little' way to pay—payments as low as \$10 down.

Under this Company's low rates a light in your basement won't average the cost of a stick of gum a week for its burning. Ask any Employee!

Central Illinois Public Service Company

SA 724

Cruelty To Animals

He was bitten by his own dawg. Was 'e now? How was that? He forgot himself and spoke to the dawg like he does to his wife.

Now We Ask You

Said a certain young lady named Della, While riding with a husky fella, "Big Boy, you're too rough, Quit pulling that stuff. Do I look like a bloomin' cave dweller?"

Her Calibre

Doris—Rose tries to be as frisky as a colt, doesn't she? May—Well, she is a colt, forty-five.

Primitive

He—Do you care for dancing? She—No. Why not? It's mere hugging set to music. Well, what is there about that you don't like. The music.

The Free Kind

Employment Bureau Manager: So you'd like to employ a mason. What kind do you want? Employer (A Scot): I'd like to have one of these free masons I've heard so much about.

Try the Drug Store first.

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

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

Fitzgerald Baby Dies of Teething

Mary Ellen Fitzgerald, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fitzgerald, died at 3:30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon of last week, at the family home, 309 East Oregon street, Urbana, after an illness of only 18 hours. Teething is given as the cause of death.

The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon from the St. John's Lutheran church in Champaign. The pastor, Rev. G. Steigmeyer, had charge of the services. Interment was made in the family lot in Woodlawn cemetery.

The deceased was born in Broadlands, May 22, 1926. Besides the parents, a brother, Donald Richard Fitzgerald, age 4, survives.

Radium Jug Latest Fraud

If you are ailing beware of the "radium jug." A Minnesotan is selling these radium jugs at \$38 each together with a guarantee that they will cure any kind of suffering. All that is necessary for the sufferer to do, the instructions say, is to fill it with water, let it stand a few days and drink the water—the radium penetrating the water is supposed to effect a cure. The health department says the radium jug has no more medical value or curative properties than any other jug that might be purchased at a ten cent store.

What's the Use?

The American book canvasser tackled a solemn-looking negro elevator man.

After listening imperturbably while the canvasser enlarged on the vast stores of knowledge to be derived from the work he was offering on the installment plan, the negro remarked quietly: "Tain't no use to me, boss; I knows heaps more now than I gets paid for."—Exchange.

The Girl From Goshen

By CLARE ATKINS

(Copyright.)

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 dressed 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 picnicers 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 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 lattice-work 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 picnicers, 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

(Copyright.)

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 box 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 vitamin 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

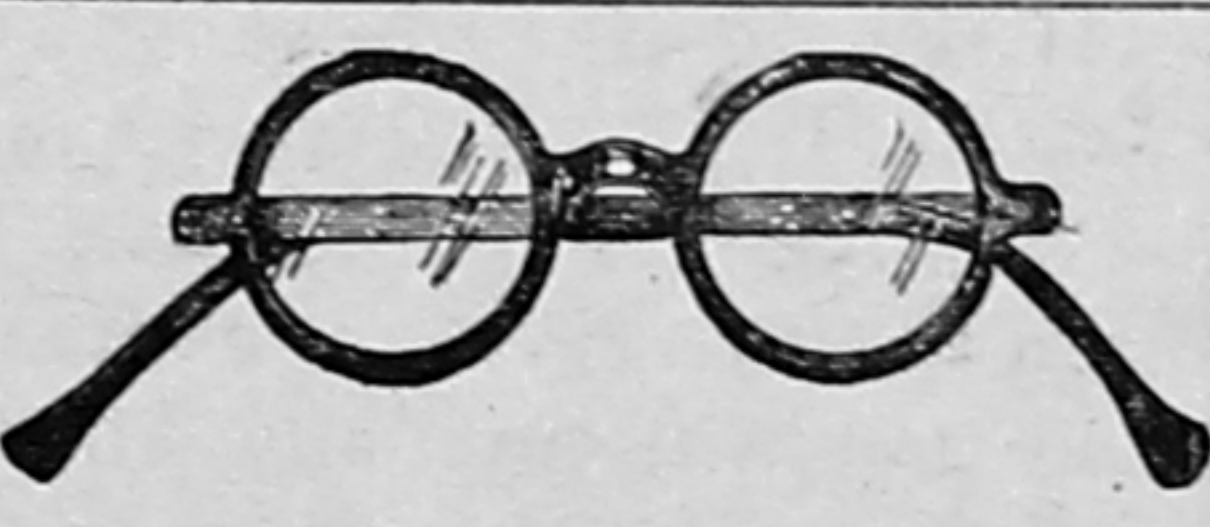
There has been no improvement in the longevity of human life in the last one hundred years for those who reach the age of fifty, a writer in Physical Culture Magazine maintains. By improving the mortality record of the earlier years of life, he admits, the average span of life has nearly doubled in the 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 Elrena 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 Poggenдорff.

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 Urbana, 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 maffiance 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 Barnes, 22; Levi Driver, 21; Bert Rutherford, 5; Ad Howard, 11; Herman Struck, 7; Ovanda 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