

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 10

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1928

NUMBER 14

Good Bank Credit

Credit is one of the most valuable things in business if properly used. Few people realize its value until they lose it. There are many things you can do to keep your credit good. Spend less than you earn. Do not make investments which cause you to go too heavily in debt. Keep a reasonable cash balance in the bank. Pay notes promptly when due or make arrangements for renewal before hand. Pay your interest promptly. Furnish your banker with regular financial statements showing just where you stand.

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

BROADLANDS, ILL.



In the Spotlight

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Force-feed lubrication, an exclusive Hart-Parr feature, is one big reason why these famous tractors perform better and last longer. Fresh oil, constantly pumped under heavy pressure to every part of the motor enables this tractor to maintain an amazing surge of power, and also accounts for the long life of every Hart-Parr, for force-feed lubrication means wearless parts. We are now showing the improved 1928 line equipped with 3 forward speeds, from 2 1/4 to 4 1/2 miles per hour. Hart-Parr tractors are built for small, medium, and large farms. Ask us for a demonstration.

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Broadlands, Ill.

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REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.

Sunday School 10 o'clock.
Morning Worship at 11.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Boys and girls meeting 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 7:15.
Evangelistic Service 7:45.

Everyone will be cordially welcome.

Revival meetings will continue throughout the week, starting promptly each night except Saturday at 7:45 p. m.

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

Route 49 Soon To be Finished

Homer is the scene of great activity nowadays, as it is headquarters for the road building gangs that are putting in Route 49. And before many weeks the entire road from Ogden to Kansas Station, with the exception of the bridge at Homer Park, will be completed.

The slab from Homer Park to Homer was completed last Saturday evening and on Monday work of pouring from the park north to the State Road elevator was started and will be finished this week.

The material has been unloaded at the elevator and the haul will be short as the distance is only about three-fourths mile, or less than a week's run.

A big fill is being made at the bridge and it is very doubtful if pavement will be placed over the fill until next spring. The old road and bridge around Homer Park will probably be used until the new bridge is completed.

Work has been started on the structure and it is hoped to have it completed by January 1.

South of Homer the slab is finished to the Heppie farm. This leaves a four mile strip from there to the county slab west of Allerton.

The slab from the south was within three-fourths of a mile of Allerton last Saturday evening and the contractors expected to reach Allerton Friday, following which the county slab west will be widened from nine to eighteen feet.—Sidney Times.

Small Child Killed When Hit By Car Near Sidell

Thomas, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Brazeal, residing about a mile northeast of Sidell, was fatally injured at 7:20 o'clock Thursday evening when struck by an auto driven by Edwin Emery, 107 West Seventh street, Georgetown, as the little tot was walking along the paved road between Sidell and Indianola, a short distance from his home, with four of his brothers and sisters.

The lad was removed to the office of Dr. D. T. Caldwell in Sidell immediately following the accident, dying in the physician's office at 7:30 o'clock. Death apparently resulted from skull injuries. Coroner John D. Cole was notified.

The boy and four other children of the Brazeal family, the oldest being 13 years of age, were en route from their home to Sidell to attend a band concert. All of the children left the pavement at the approach of the Emery auto, but little Thomas apparently became confused for he stepped back upon the pavement directly into the path of the car.

The child is survived by his parents and 12 brothers and sisters.—Commercial News.

Town Pump Out of Commission Again

The old town pump is out of commission again. Some time ago the handle was broken off and a new one was put on. Now the top of the pump is broken off. And to say Broadlands is in need of a policeman to look after the young hoodlums who commit such acts of violence and destruction is putting it mildly.

Death Summons Chas. Beckwith

Charles B. Beckwith, a resident of southeast of Sidney many years ago, passed away at the state hospital in South Bartonville at 1:45 o'clock last Friday morning, death being due to a complication of diseases incident to old age.

S. G. Lehman and E. J. Anders went to South Bartonville on Friday and returned with the remains that evening and they were taken to the Masonic building where they were kept until Sunday afternoon, when funeral services were held at the M. E. church, in charge of the pastor, Rev. D. B. Anderson. Music was furnished by a quartet composed of E. C. Herriott, Roy Youngblood, V. I. Johnston and Alex Wilson, Jr. Burial was in Mt. Hope cemetery.

Mr. Beckwith was 71 years, 6 months and 6 days old at the time of his death. He resided on the farm, consisting of 80 acres, until he left here in 1895, and since that time S. G. Lehman, as trustee, has been looking after his farm interests.

He is survived by one son, Quires, who is in Alaska and follows the profession of guide to big game hunters. His wife and two daughters preceded him in death.—Sidney Times.

Villa Grove Youth Killed When Horse Falls on Him

Villa Grove, Aug. 22.—Funeral services were completed today for William, 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Reick of Villa Grove, who was killed about 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the horse on which he was riding a half mile south of town, stumbled and rolled over on him.

The lad stumbled to his feet, staggered to the side of the road and died before he could be taken to a doctor's office.

The boy is survived by his father and mother and two sisters. Funeral services were held at 11 o'clock Thursday morning after which the body was taken to Mattoon for burial.

Attend State Fair

Those attending the State Fair at Springfield this week were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mohr, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edens, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Vedder, Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman, Howard Clem and family, Virgil Taylor and family, Harold Thomas, Mrs. Loucinda Clem and daughter, Miss Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cook, Ira Laverick, C. A. Smith, Henry Kilian, Jr. and family, Miss Evelyn Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kilian, Miss Anna Edens, Fred Mohr and family, Ray Arthur and Alfons Struck, Misses Elsie and Marie Struck, Vera Bahlow and Nola Sy.

Have we missed anybody? If so, we will publish their names next week, if we can get them.

Ice Cream Social

The L. C. Club of the Lutheran Church will give an ice cream social, Tuesday evening, Aug. 28 on the lawn at the home of Herman Struck. Everyone Welcome.

Sept. 8 is day of calf show.

Local and Personal

Calf Club Show, Sept. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dicks were Champaign visitors, Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Snow and children spent the past few days with relatives at Crawfordsville, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Phipps of Charleston spent the week-end with Mark Phipps and family.

Mrs. Grace Schecter of Georgetown spent the past week with her mother, Mrs. Lottie Astell.

Ward Martinie and family of Champaign spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Flick.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Willoughby of Sturgin, Mich. visited Mrs. Lottie Astell, Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman, daughter Marjorie, Mr. and Mrs. George Cook spent the week end with relatives in Indianapolis.

Kenneth Lynch of Chicago and William Lynch of Sidell were visitors here last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks attended the Wilson family reunion at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday.

D. P. Brewer, daughter, Miss Myrtle, sons, Wayne and Carlos left last Friday for a visit with relatives at Norborne, Mo.

Misses Marjorie Freeman and Harriett Deere went to Springfield on Tuesday where they will represent the 4-H club at the State Fair.

Mrs. Howard Clem entertained class No. 2 of the U. B. Sunday school at her home at an all day meeting last Friday. At the noon hour a picnic dinner was enjoyed.

The Fourth Quarterly conference of the U. B. church was held at the local church Thursday evening. Rev. Martin Webber of Chicago had charge of the worship service.

Vohn Snow of Detroit, Mich., arrived Wednesday for a visit with his family. He just finished painting the large factory of the Chrysler automobile company at New Castle, Ind.

Wendell Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Decker, Miss Wynnie Cadwallader and Garnet Walsh who have been visiting relatives at Oteen, N. C. are expected home today or tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. John Cadwallader are returning home with them for a visit.

Those from here who attended the annual Witt family reunion at Sidney last Sunday were: Mrs. Anna Poggendorf and children, O. P. Witt and family, Herman Struck, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Herman Struck, Jr. and daughter, Miss Elsie.

Board Of Supervisors Will Meet Sept. 11

The board of supervisors will meet on Tuesday, September 11 for its monthly meeting. The principal thing to come before the board is the annual tax levy and it is expected to be much lower than the one of last year.

Local and Personal

A basket dinner was held at the M. E. Church on the Ridge, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kenney of Decatur visited Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coolley here Sunday.

Clyde Berry and family of Champaign spent the past week here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson were visitors at Paris, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brummet of Mayfield, Kansas, visited the former's sister, Mrs. Graydon Griffin, here the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, Mrs. Graydon Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. John Brummet were Champaign visitors, Wednesday.

Mesdames Ray Bowman, Otis Rayl and Flora Bailey were Champaign visitors, Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Kuhlman of Chester, Neb., arrived Tuesday for a few weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Thode, Sr.

Albert White and family returned home Sunday after a few days visit with relatives at Spencer, Ind.

Miss Edith Warner of Hume spent the latter part of last week here with her cousin, Miss Helen Warner.

Mrs. Chas. Crain visited her husband at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Sunday. Mr. Crain's condition is unimproved.

Mrs. James Burton spent the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Edith Drake and family at Newman.

The Christian Endeavor society of the U. B. Church will hold an ice cream supper on Saturday night, Sept. 1.

About 40 members of the M. E. Sunday school enjoyed a basket dinner at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Temple entertained on last Friday, Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Lee of Conway, Mass., and on Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Champion of Mattoon.

Misses Margaret and Beulah Gore and Elmer Mohr were Indianapolis visitors, Sunday. Mrs. O. E. Gore who had been visiting relatives there returned home with them.

Thomas Bergfield and family, Mrs. Lillous Harris and daughters, Misses Naomi and Bessie, and J. A. Thomas attended the Utterback family reunion at Paterson Springs, Sunday. There were about 90 present.

H. L. Griest accompanied by his wife and children left last week on a ten days vacation tour. While away from the city the party will visit in Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island, Ill., and Chicago.—Oakland Ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville McCormick entertained at dinner, Sunday, Earl Baker and family, Jay Duckworth and family of Newman; Chas. McCormick and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kracht, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCormick and John McCormick.

Broadlands News

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J. F. DARNALL, Editor and Publisher.

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Sailor Bob's Creed

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.

Adam and Eve Had a Snap

When you come to think of it Adam and Eve were pretty fortunate people. Adam never had to run dead beats with his house dog. He did not have to sit in the parlor and talk politics with Eve's father. When they quarreled Eve climbed a tree. Adam didn't have to write long letters and spend hours of anxiety and postage stamps to make up. All he had to do was to sit under the tree and wait until Eve's temper had recovered its normal sweetness. He never patronized confectionery stores; he picked a nice pineapple and presented it with his compliments. There was a beautiful dream of wedded life. When Eve wanted a new dress, Adam went to the nearest fig tree and got it. And Eve never felt called upon to mend or sew on a button or take all the blame when he stumbled over a rocking chair. It was a monopoly of unadulterated comfort and if Eve had only had the feminine sagacity to lift up her skirts and scream when she saw a snake that time, we would not be having all this Suffragettism now.

Ten Noted Kings

1. The king who should never be in the presence of ladies—Smo-King.
2. The king who is altogether too slow—Po-King.
3. The king who is useful and industrious—Wor-King.
4. The king who should not be taken seriously—Jo-King.
5. The king who is the dread and drudge of dairymen—Mil-King.
6. The king who is the ruled and not the ruler.—Kingdom.
7. The king who always favors the wets—Drin-King.
8. The king who is slow, but safe and sure.—Wal-King.
9. The king who should not appear during business hours.—Shir-King.
10. The king who often attends the church business meeting and is akin to the mule.—Kic-King.

Burned Body of Girl Claimed By Parents

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.—Identification of the young woman found slain on a highway near Crown Point, Ind., last week was established today when the body was turned over to Mr. and Mrs. Felix Zaccardo, of Chicago, who claimed it as their daughter, Adeline. Authorities at first had refused to accept their identification but became convinced today after photographs were compared. The Zaccardo girl had been reported missing last Wednesday. The body was found Thursday morning. There was a bullet wound in the head and it had been burned virtually beyond recognition.

The theory was that the girl was abducted and slain by members of a bank robber gang who feared she might "talk" after her sweetheart, a member of the gang, was slain during a holdup last Monday.

Tornado Hits Minnesota And Iowa Monday

Rockwell City, Ia., Aug. 20.—Toll of two lives was taken by a tornado that swept across Twin Lake, a resort five miles north of here at 5 p. m., today.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 20.—At least two persons are known to have been killed and a score or more injured in a tornado which swept across Freeborn and Mower counties in southern Minnesota today.

Early reports told of one death and a dozen or more injuries and much property damage at Austin.

The tornado struck a path ranging from two blocks to two and a half miles in width thru the southern section of Freeborn county and thru a northeasterly direction in Mower county taking its toll in Austin, Glenville and other communities.

Mrs. Chris Hagen, a farmer's wife living near Glenville was carried for about a half mile from her farm home and dropped by the storm. She was dead when rescuers found her.

The other death occurred in Austin when the tornado destroyed the Motor Inn building. Up to a late hour the man killed there was unidentified.

L. O. Kirkeberg, a newspaper man of Austin, made his way to Albert Lea from which point he gave news of the storm. He told of numerous business buildings being destroyed. Several blocks of residences in Austin were seriously damaged by the twister.

Four Burn To Death In Wrecked Bus

Red Wing, Minn., Aug. 20.—Four persons were burned to death and six were injured when a passenger bus bound from Chicago to the Twin Cities, collided with a truck at a curve on highway No. 3, five miles north of Red Wing this morning.

The bus remained upright but burst into flames almost immediately, trapping the victims, four men. The driver, at first reported killed in the crash, was saved by a passenger who dragged him from the vehicle as it caught fire.

About ten persons were in the bus when the accident occurred. It is believed that identification of the dead will prove difficult as most of the bodies are badly burned and the effects of the passengers were destroyed.

Hurry Call

First Spinster: Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, position or appearance?
Second Spinster—Appearance, my dear, and he's got to appear pretty soon.

The Bass Viol Players

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

"THEY'RE always queer, the bass viol players, but old Bascomb is a bit the queerest I've ever seen." The cornet was talking to the flute and it was the bass viol who was the subject.

"He's the sort who tells nobody his business and all the time you could see he is having one fearful time. Why, the man never buys new clothes and is wasting away. I don't believe he has enough to eat, and nobody ever saw him spend a cent. What do you suppose he can be doing with the money?"

"I don't know," said the flute, "but I'm going to offer him a loan. Bascomb is not exactly a chummy sort, never saying a word, but he's a brave one."

When the offer was made Bascomb smiled.

"Thank you. I appreciate your motive, but I don't need money." The way he smiled, the flute confided later, showed he was not telling the truth.

The seediness of the bass viol threatened his position. The orchestra tried to give Bascomb a hint in time and it was said the drums helped him brush up his suit to look more presentable. Bascomb grew thinner and whiter and it looked as if the end was near.

"The boss will spot him out as a has-been, and it will be finale for Bascomb. Wonder what he will do?"

"It's time we did something," the drums spoke earnestly. "Did you notice last night he slipped for the first time in his playing. The man's weak, too weak to stand up under the strain. Boys, we must go to him, make him help us, or see him tossed out when he seems to need money so badly."

So they went, an informal committee of embarrassed musicians bent on helping the bass viol out of his troubles. Bascomb was touched. They saw him tremble and the tears start to his eyes and, for a moment, it appeared he would break down. The old man drew himself erect and smiled.

"The offer, your friendship, it is priceless. I have seemed unappreciative and distant, but—well, it is my way. Believe me, I thank you, but, well, the ordeal is over. I am resigning tomorrow." Another bass viol appeared in the orchestra pit, and old Bascomb was all but forgotten. One night in the restaurant where they met after the show, the drums took the floor.

"Do you know who I met today? Well, Bascomb! I didn't know him at first because he was dressed like a swell and walking with a beautiful young girl. I stared and stared, so hard, I guess, the girl noticed me and called his attention. Then Bascomb smiled, took my hand and introduced me to his daughter.

"Here is a former friend of mine, Lily," he said, "One of a company of very good friends." Then they were gone. What do you suppose it means?"

"I know," it was the flute who spoke, "I know, and have been keeping it to myself because, well, I thought he might not like it talked about. You see I saw them and I know the man, the man who married his daughter, the Lily you met. Listen, boys, if you would know what sort of a bass viol we had."

"Bascomb was sending that girl to college. He had a job, a good one in an uptown office and was putting the girl through school in style. Then they shoved him out because he was getting old. Did he take the girl out of school? He came here, played in the orchestra, starved himself, and kept the money going to her, and all the time she never knew he had lost his job. The man lived on crackers and milk to put the girl through college."

The orchestra was silent. "And now?" some one spoke up, "now he seems prosperous."

"Yes, the girl married, and married a man who knows how to appreciate a man like our Bascomb. Happened to be a rich man and one who could give his father-in-law a position. I'm saying, now, bass viols are apt to be queer but you can never tell what's going on inside them."

Sweet Scents Kill Germs

Automobile upholstery may be made germ-proof by impregnating it with odors of the geranium, clove, cinnamon, wild verbena or thyme, according to an English expert who made the discovery. Upholstery thus treated remains germ-proof for from 18 months to two years, he says. He found that the odor of cloves would kill microbes in 35 minutes and that of cinnamon killed some species in one-third that time. The essence of cinnamon was fatal to typhoid fever bacteria in 12 minutes, he declares.

Tooth Tips

It is unpleasant when teeth move because they are loose in the gum sockets, but if the mouth is well washed out three times a day with bicarbonate of soda dissolved in warm water, the gums harden and the teeth become firm again.

Finely-powdered charcoal, especially that of the arca-nut, is supreme for making the teeth a gleaming white and keeping the mouth sweet. The charcoal, too, renders innocuous any decaying pieces of embedded food in the crevices.

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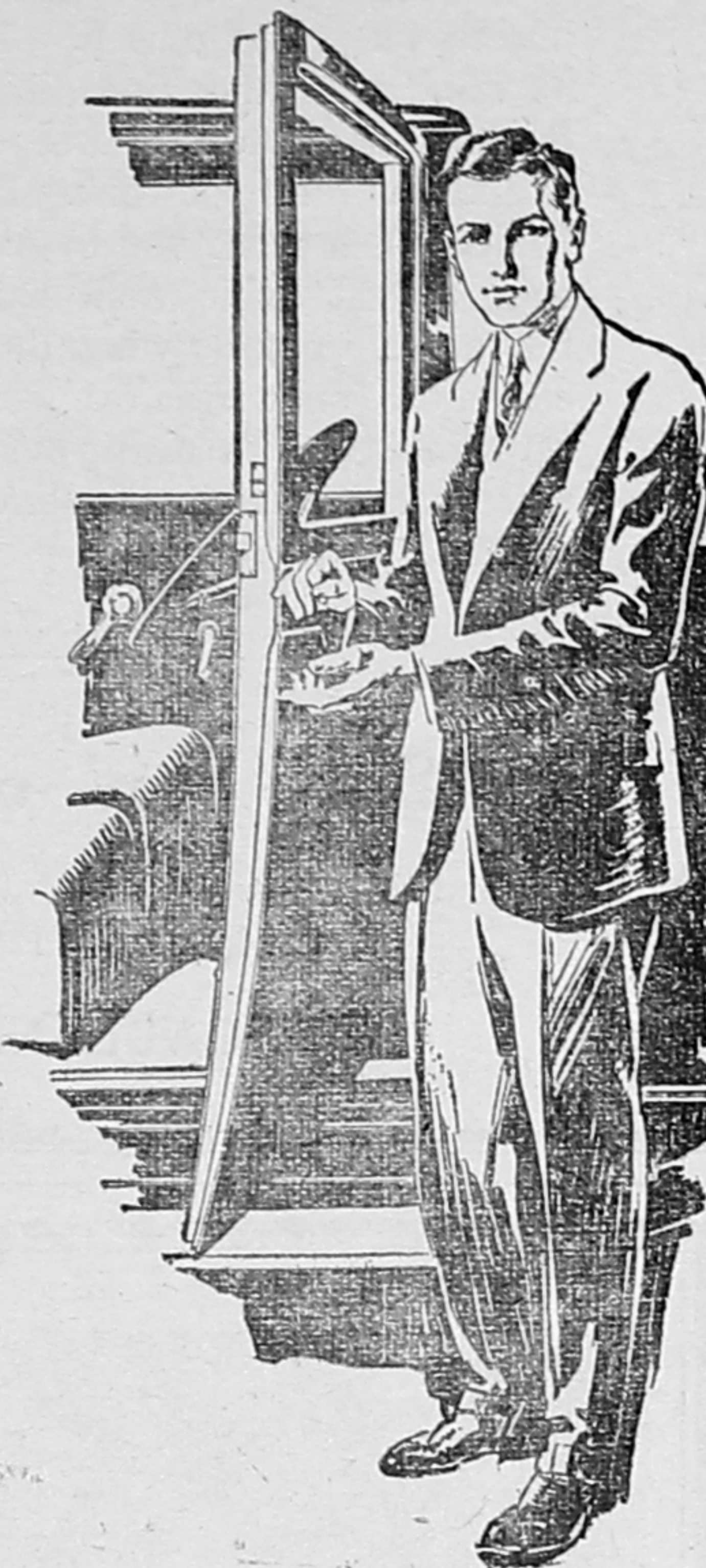


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GA 130

What the Dam Meant

By GREGORY GRAY

(Copyright.)

IN ONE of the tarred-paper shacks which housed the gangs and engineers of the Nesbit Construction company a man bent over a pile of blueprints. A spectator would have thought him too absorbed to be aware of the beating rain on the unsubstantial roof.

As a matter of fact, Paul Bassett was so dominated by the rain that everything else was driven from his mind. It even made him forget the party or the hill whose forego he believed had cost him the heart and hand of his hostess, Claire Hendricks.

This downpour, unprecedented at this season of the year, was threatening his uncompleted dam and with it the labor of four hard years.

"Of course," he had told Claire over the phone, "my common sense tells me the dam will stand. Even unfinished, the factor of safety is ridiculously high."

"Then I should think," said Claire petulantly, "that you could surely come to the party."

"I am afraid not," he said ruefully. "If anything should happen—well, it's like the captain and his ship, 'Duty before pleasure.'"

"Imagined duty!" came back Claire's taunt. "Thank heaven, Abbott Wayne's bonding business is not so demanding!"

With that unkind last word the conversation ended. Wayne was the man Paul and for some time been fearing as a rival.

At midnight there came a sudden lull in both gale and rain and it occurred to Paul that it would be a favorable moment to take a reading of certain gauges down at the dam itself which registered their recordings over wires to special instruments at the surface.

Picking his way by flashlight along the narrow path that skirted the great piles of debris, now being washed and gullied into fantastic patterns, he reached the dam and made his readings.

For a moment he stood watching the turbulent race of clouds over his head. Then, as he turned to go, a glimpse of something moving in the shadow of a derrick caught his eye.

A girl, wrapped in a cape, her hair wind blown, was standing there. For a minute his heart leaped. Had Claire run down for a moment?

Then he saw it was not Claire, but Abbott Wayne's little sister, who had made the dam project her own ever since the first shovel of dirt had been turned.

"What on earth, Dot," he demanded.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I love the racket of the storm. Besides, haven't I seen this dam grow from the very start? I couldn't help worrying about it. Wanted to see if it was all right."

For the first time in the four years that he had had the run of the place, Paul really saw Dorothy. And she wasn't the mere child that he thought. "Why aren't you at the party?" he said.

"Two reasons," she retorted promptly. "Unimportant one being that I'd rather be here. The other—well, I wasn't asked. I may be eighteen, almost, but Claire thinks me a kid."

Eighteen! Paul would hardly have thought so, but now he saw that it was rather because of her slim little figure and girlish ways than from any real childishness. It flashed across him that she would make an excellent wife for an engineer. She would understand, as Claire never could, that intimate bond between a man and the thing he has created.

She started him with a little cry "Look, oh, look! I do believe the old weather bureau was wrong! There is the moon!"

Sure enough, through a rift in the clouds, the whole disk of the moon, just past full, could be seen.

It was true that the crest of the flood might not be reached until noon tomorrow, but the chances were that the dam would hold if the rain was over. Paul felt like seizing the slender hands of his companion and whirling her around in a dance of celebration. Yesterday he would have done that very thing. But, somehow, not tonight.

"I must go back," she was saying. "I wonder if you would mind walking up to the top of the hill with me where I can see the light in my window. It's really later than I thought. I suppose—" and she threw a glance up at the big house on the hill whence the strains of music were floating down—"everyone must know now of Claire's engagement to my brother."

Paul stopped short. "Claire—your brother?"

"Why, yes. That was what the party was for. Abbott told me before he left. It was to be a grand surprise. Claire loves surprises."

By rights, Paul should have felt as if a knife were being turned in his heart. On the contrary, he felt, and he was amazed at the sensation, as if he had just received a reprieve from some dreadful fate.

The rain had ceased, the girl who could never understand what the dam meant to him was going to belong to somebody else, and he had discovered a lovely, awakening woman in the girl who had watched him build it.

Worse

Gerald—Ethel's a nice girl, but hang it, she's got a little brother.
Jack—You're lucky! My girl's got a big brother!

Starting Richard Right

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

THE big office building poured clerks, executives and office boys into the street to be caught up in the swirl from other structures and drift, eddying and milling, into the restaurants. Noon hour shuffles the human contents of the business houses and is responsible for the making of friends. Richard White met Clara in one of those restaurants where customers forage for themselves and eat off the arms of chairs.

And the noon hour brings big talk. The restaurants hear the planning of the future captains of industry. Men take on stature and women listen and appear impressed. Richard White was no exception.

"Just listen a minute. What do you hear? Money, that's it. They all talk big and pretend they are not little men. Great game, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Clara spoke slowly. "It seems to me there is something rather fine in it. Of course what they say amounts to little, but they are planning. Who can tell what these men will be doing a few years hence? And a few years ago the ones who were talking in the restaurants at noon hour—how many of them are the leaders today? We may be listening to the voice of the future. No, I think it is rather big, something to be treasured."

"I did," said Richard shortly and he tried to look worldly wise and disillusioned. "I was one of the most enthusiastic of the planners, but I learned my lesson." He did not catch her look of surprise and disappointment. Some day, he was thinking, he might tell this girl his troubles.

When he met her again at noon and in another restaurant the subject was renewed.

"Are you still disillusioned or has the enthusiasm returned?"

"I can't kill it all," he returned, "but listen. I have been with my firm for seven years and have been moved up a notch each year until this. Maybe that is why I was full of pep and hope. Well, this year they sent outside for a man to fill the place above me instead of giving me the chance."

"And the man? Does he fill the place well, as well as you could or better? What is his name?"

"Guess he fills it all right. I never see him. Name's Nathan and must be an exclusive sort for he never mixed with the boys."

Clara drummed on the table with her fingers. She liked this young man and could read the symptoms of a disorder common to the ambitious and one which might stand in the way of his happiness and advance.

"Don't you think the company knows best? Maybe this newcomer was brought in to fill a special niche, one in which he will stay while you are being prepared for a large step forward. It seems to me, if you will excuse me, that if you lose your hope and let resentment affect your work, you will be risking the chance for promotion which may be planned for you."

Richard was startled, even afraid. Suppose his manner had been noticed and suppose the girl was right? Suddenly he saw himself as the others must have seen him during the past month.

"I am grateful," he said humbly, "for a timely hint and I think you are right, whether there was a promotion planned for me or not." And he returned to the job to take up the duties in the way that was his in the old days of big planning.

Then came the notice he was wanted in the office of Nathan, the new man. Well, he would see what the fellow looked like and what was wanted.

When he opened the door he stopped, too startled to close it behind him.

"You!" It was the girl of the restaurant.

"Nathan," she answered in a businesslike tone, "C. Nathan, in charge of this department. Sit down."

Richard sat down. He wondered how much of this seriousness was put on, just what this girl was going to do.

"Mr. Malcolm has informed me he is moving you up to the place to be vacated by Mr. Nichols." She held up her hand to check his joyful exclamation.

"He has asked me to show you the work which you are to do. You accept, I suppose?" Still the level look of the business woman. Richard nodded.

"Well, then, that is settled. I'm glad," and she held out her hand, a smiling girl.

"Gee, but you were impressive," Richard clung to her hand. And I have you to thank for the tip when it was needed. Also, I'm glad you are going to break me in on the new job. Well, we'll have a chance to get acquainted."

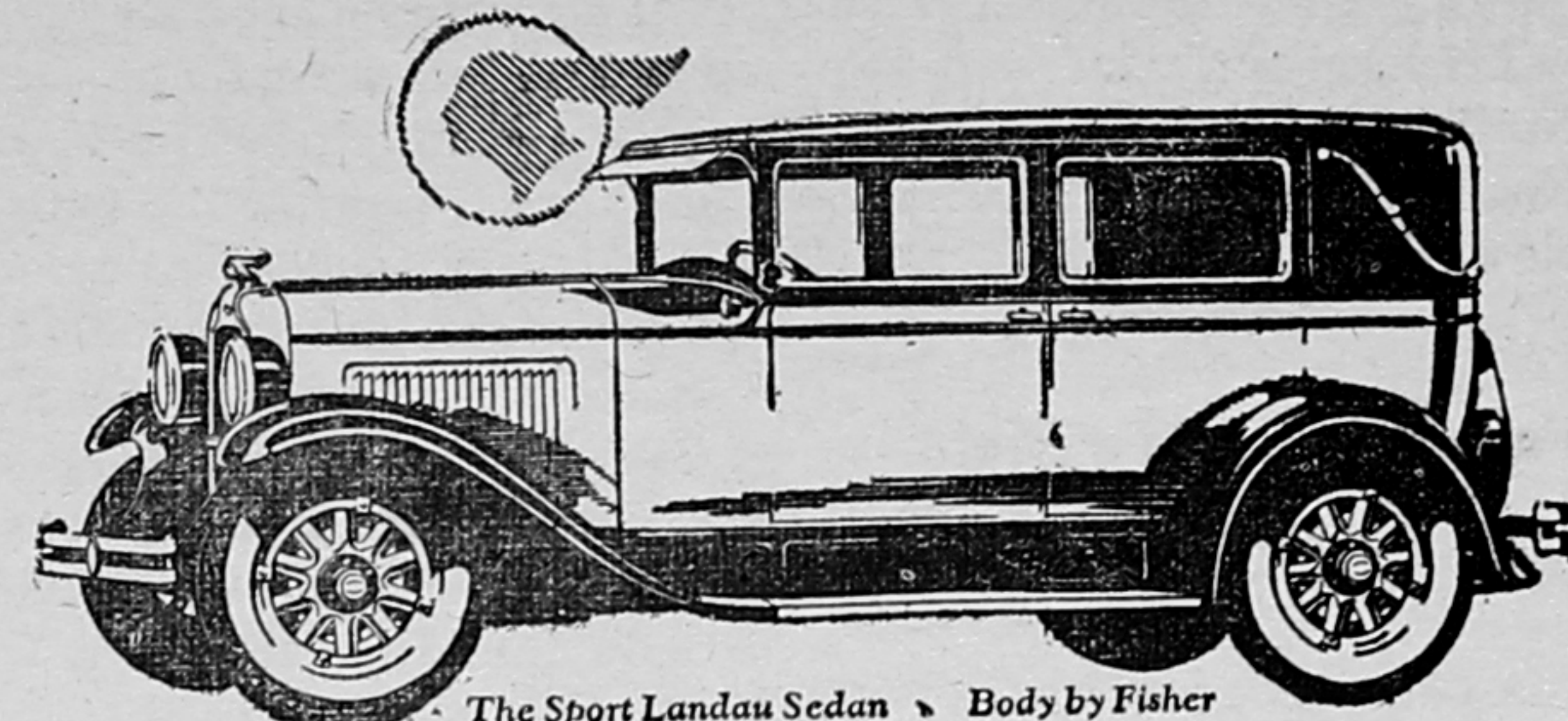
"Yes," said the business woman, to herself, "that was what I was thinking."

Cutting Into the Depths

"Didn't I tell you not to say a word?" asked the campaign manager. "I tried to obey your instructions," answered Senator Sorghum. "All I said to the boss was 'I hope you are well' and it started a line of talk about whether he was afflicted with a psychosis, a neurosis or a Napoleon-complex."—Washington Star.

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You Are Invited
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Every
Saturday Night

Easy For Tony

Teacher—Tony, can you give me a sentence using the word

'disguise'?

Tony: Sure, teacher. Dis guy's me brudder.

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DENTIST
NEWMAN, ILL.

T. A. DICKS, M. D.
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Broadlands, Ill.

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Getting Warmed Up
Well, it was like this, said the man charged with disturbing the peace. Me and my wife gets into argument over the washing money. She calls me a lazy loafer and hits me on the head with a kettle. Then I knocked her down and up she comes again and knocks me down and kicks me in the neck!
I see, said the magistrate; and what next?
Then we gets mad and starts to fight!

THE NEW FARMING ACCOUNT SCHOOL

The good business farmer today watches his farm accounts carefully. In respect to his labor, his farm stock and his soil, he knows what they can do and how they can be most profitably handled. He knows the mathematics of growing feed from the soil, pigs and poultry from the feed and cash profits from pigs and poultry. He knows whether he is milking the cow for paying returns or the cow is milking him out of his invested capital. Wherever his accounts show a deficit or insufficient profit on one or more items, he immediately studies to overcome the handicap and correct any mistakes that have been made.

The Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers Association is conducting a nationwide educational campaign for better methods of farm accounting. The commission has been stressing the wisdom of country bankers through cooperation of county agents, calling farmers together, and holding account schools where instruction is given on the use of the farm account books.

Each person is led through the various steps in keeping accounts and each enters his own inventory which he has previously been instructed to take and bring to school. This gives a good start and when properly followed up by letters and an occasional visit by the specialist in charge, greatly aids the man who is really in earnest to come through his first year of keeping accounts successfully. Many times country banks offer the rooms for holding the account schools. In some instances, an employe of the bank is designated to assist farmer patrons during the year in keeping their accounts.

HOW TO GO BROKE FARMING

1. Grow only one crop.
2. Keep no livestock.
3. Regard chickens and a garden as nuisances.
4. Take everything from the soil and return nothing.
5. Don't stop gullies or grow cover crops—let the top soil wash away, then you will have "bottom" land.
6. Don't plan your farm operations. It's hard work thinking—trust to luck.
7. Regard your woodland as you would a coal mine, cut every tree, sell the timber and wear the cleared land out cultivating it in corn.
8. Hold fast to the idea that the methods of farming employed by your grandfather are good enough for you.
9. Be independent—don't join with your neighbors in any form of cooperation.
10. Mortgage your farm for every dollar it will stand to buy things you would have the cash to buy if you followed a good system of farming.—Division of Extension, University of Tennessee.

Farm News

This week will just about wind up the threshing business in this vicinity. Oats averaged between 40 and 50 bushels to the acre.

Broadlands Markets

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

No. 3 white corn	88c
No. 3 yellow corn	88c
New oats	30c

Farm Forces To Meet October 15 and 16

A definite agricultural program indicating what adjustments are needed in the farming practices of this section of the state, will be attempted for the first time at a conference of representative farmers and state agricultural authorities to be held at Bloomington, Oct. 15 and 16, according to an announcement from the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Seventeen counties representing the grain farming section of Illinois will be represented at the conference.

The conference at Bloomington will be one of eight similar ones arranged for different sections of the state in connection with the plan recently proposed by Dean H. W. Mumford, of the agricultural college, for bringing about needed adjustments in the farming practices of Illinois. Since it was announced two months ago, the plan has been received as a more uniform approach to the solution of farm problems than any existing measure available to farmers of the state.

Information and data needed as a background for the farm program of this region is now being collected by the college. At the time of the meeting this material will be available to the farmers, teachers of vocational agriculture and perhaps others who will be invited to participate in the deliberations along with staff members of the college and county farm advisers of the seventy-seven counties.

The conference will be organized into committees on field crops, meat animals, poultry, dairying, horticulture, farm organization and management, mechanical equipment, agricultural cooperation, community development and development of the farm home. It is expected that the program for this region will be developed along these lines.

Counties which will be included in the Bloomington conference are Champaign, Grundy, LaSalle, Macon, Tazewell, DeWitt, Iroquois, Livingston, Marshall, Piatt, Vermilion, Ford, Kankakee, Logan, McLean, Putnam and Woodford.

Freak Storm Hits District

A driving, slashing freak wind storm, together with hail and rain, and a vivid electrical display swept across certain portions of Eastern Central Illinois shortly after midnight Tuesday morning, leaving behind it flattened cornfields, wrecked gardens littered streets, damaged homes and splintered trees.

Windows were broken out in Champaign-Urbana, streets were flooded and trees were torn.

At Homer several homes were damaged by falling limbs and straw stacks in the vicinity were burned after being struck by lightning.

At St. Joseph a huge barn with its valuable contents perished after being struck.

Scarce Article

Customer: I'd like to see some good second-hand cars.
Salesman: So would I.

Try the drug store first.

Steer Takes Dislike To Hume Men

Shelt Turley and U. T. Van Sickle of Hume, on Monday, were planning to sue the proprietors of the rodeo operating at Patterson Springs near Tuscola, due to a very unfortunate occurrence Sunday.

Turley and VanSickle had paid to get inside the gate of the carnival and were peacefully watching the boys throw the bulls and things when suddenly one of the bovines recognized something he didn't like in Turley. One lunge was sufficient and Turley arose sometime later with various risings over his body and his clothes sadly mutilated. But that wasn't all.

To make matters complete, the bull then started after VanSickle who was by then rapidly approaching the gate, and crashed into the affair just as VanSickle had attained the topmost beam. The beast was then pacified by the management.

And that is why the boys are contemplating court procedure. —Paris Daily Gazette.

Great Novel Writers "Dubs" in Limericks

A glimpse of that great old novelist and poet, George Meredith, amusing himself at the end of his days and cheating infirmities by composing "limericks" in the vain hope of winning one of the prizes offered by vendors of commodities for the best "limericks" advertising their goods, is given by Anthony Hope, in his book, "Memoirs and Notes."

Hope, Israel Zangwill and Herbert Trench were appointed a deputation representing the Society of Authors to go down to Box Hill and congratulate Meredith, president of the society, on his eightieth birthday in 1908. The then "limerick" craze was mentioned during the conversation, and Hope confessed that he had tried his hand at writing them without success.

"I've sent in some, too," said Meredith, unexpectedly. "I sent them in my nurse's name. But I've never got a prize either."

Hides for Bass Drums

Steer or cow hides are used in the manufacture of the larger size bass-drum heads, calf on the smaller. A large manufacturer of drums says: "We had occasion to make an exceptionally large drum—in fact, the largest which was ever constructed—some few years ago for the University of Chicago. This drum measured eight feet and some inches, and the skin which was used for the head of this drum measured, when trimmed ready for mounting, 102 inches. Our order for this drum called for as large a bass drum as possible, and, of course the size of the drum was determined by the size of hide which was available at that time. Our purchasing department made a trip to the Union stock yards of Chicago; spent three days at the stock yards looking over the cattle for these hides, and as the bass drum had two heads it was necessary to find two just alike. The actual cost of this instrument to us—in other words, our factory cost—was \$1,100, which cost included special tools required in the manufacture of this instrument."

Positive Proof

Mrs. Jones was one day accosted by a beggar whose healthy appearance startled even her into doubt of the need of charity in this case.

"Why?" she exclaimed, "you look well able to work."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but I have been deaf and dumb for seven years."

"Poor man! What an affliction," said Mrs. Jones, as she handed him a dime.

On returning home she related the instance, and remarked:

"What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such faculties!"

"But how," asked her daughter, "did you know the man was deaf and dumb?"

"Why?" replied Mrs. Jones innocently, he told me so!"

On a Diet

"Yes, I'm dieting," said the woman who was growing quite plump. "You see I made a mistake in my lip-reading at the Speech Readers' club the other day. The instructor said (for us to read her lips). 'All those who would like to be fatter please raise their hands.' My lip-reading powers were poor that day and I thought she said, 'All those who would like to go to France raise their hands,' so I put mine way up. The rest of the club members gave one look at me and howled with delight. Yeah, I've been dieting ever since." — Springfield Union.

A light shower of rain visited this vicinity Tuesday night.

Calf Club Show Sept. 8

The Broadlands Baby Beef Calf Club Show will be held on Saturday, Sept. 8.

The committees are as follows:

Finance and Prizes—Will Zenke, Henry Kilian, Jr., D. F. Freeman.

Music—H. K. Allen, K. T. Dicks, J. F. Darnall.

Corn Game—R. L. Bowman, C. F. Seeds, R. M. Astell, Geo. H. Cook.

Doll Rack—George Dohme, Ed Maxwell, Alfred Zenke, Virgil Reed.

Horseshoe Pitching—E. C. Schumacher, T. W. Bergfield, John Bahlow.

Other amusements—Red Harden, O. P. Witt, I. F. Laverick.

Program—H. E. Wiese, Harry Allen, C. T. Henson.

Tent and Housing—W. A. Coolley, John Bruhn, C. D. McCormick.

"Logging" Made Easier

By the old system of logging, the great pieces of timber lay upon the ground until there was sufficient snow to "snake" them to the water. By the most modern methods the logs are carried over the snowdrifts by means of a mono-rail system, which supports the carrier with its cargo a few feet above the ground. Time and money are saved, for the construction cost of the "L" line is not great.

Long View News

Mr. and Mrs. John Peden returned Tuesday from Claton, Ala.

Earl Eckerty of Chicago is visiting his mother Mrs. Ella Eckerty.

R. O. Fields and family visited relatives in Indiana, Sunday.

Martin Clabaugh and family are visiting relatives in Carlisle.

Several from here attended the dance at Philo last Friday evening.

The members of the J. F. F. club held a picnic at Patterson Springs last Thursday.

Miss Anna Keefe, Joseph Keefe and Morris Keefe were callers in Urbana last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Riddle of Fairland are parents of a son born last Tuesday morning.

Miss Sadie Hart returned home Wednesday from Berea, Kentucky, where she attended summer school.

Mrs. Florence Cannon and daughter, Fleta, Mrs. Bertha Thurman and daughter, Mercese,

left Sunday for a visit with relatives in Oklahoma.

Mrs. S. P. Norman received a severe cut on her forehead which required seven stitches and also was badly bruised when she fell down stairs Saturday morning.

Mrs. Nellie Hart, daughter, Sadie, Mrs. Oral Wade, son Kenneth, daughters, Helen and Agnes and Ada Paine enjoyed a picnic at Crystal Lake Park, Urbana on Sunday.

Mrs. B. C. Paine and daughters, Ada and Mrs. Floyd Seeds, Mrs. Julia Douthit and grandson, Ralph Dunn, visited Mrs. Art Wienke at Homer, last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaufman had as their guests, Sunday, Jas. Maulding and family of Philo and

George Hatfield and family of Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. John Beatty and daughter, Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Quinn and son, Agnes Wade, Misses Sadie Hart, Helen Wade and Ada Paine attended the wedding of Miss Marie Laley and Otto Kleis at the Sacred Heart Church at Villa Grove on Thursday morning of last week.

Dr. F. C. Tabler
Osteopathic Physician

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Revival Meetings

---at the---

Longview Methodist Episcopal Church

Good Music---Gospel Preaching

A Chorus Choir and a Junior Choir will be Organized

Stand off and look at your soul and ask yourself these questions:

1. Is your conscience important to you any more?
2. Has your life foundation been shaken by folly or tragedy?
3. Are you going to sleep morally?
4. Is your moral nature being drugged by association with practical infidelity?
5. Which is most important to you--- the triumph of your soul or the triumph of your pocket-book?

---Sermon Subjects---

Sunday, Aug. 19,	The Price of a Soul.
Monday, Aug. 20,	Does it matter what I believe.
Tuesday, Aug. 21,	"Shall He find Faith?"
Wednesday, Aug. 22,	The Inescapable God.
Thursday, Aug. 23,	Release to the Captives.
Friday, Aug. 24,	The Naturalness of Faith.
Sunday, Aug. 26,	Invalids of the Soul.
Monday, Aug. 27,	The Banishment of Fear.
Tuesday, Aug. 28,	If not Christ--What then.
Wednesday, Aug. 29,	The Day of Choosing.
Thursday, Aug. 30,	Crusaders of a New Day.
Friday, Aug. 31,	The Patience of God.
Sunday, Sept. 2,	The Intimate Christ.

The Services will begin promptly at 7:45 P. M.

Every One Is Cordially Invited.