

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 10

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 7, 1928

NUMBER 16

Local and Personal

O. P. Witt and family attended the fair at Paris, Thursday.

Miss Helen Warner was a Champaign visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sy were Danville, visitors Saturday.

Roy Harvey returned from a two weeks visit with friends at Akron, Ohio.

Don't forget the dinner served by the M. E. ladies at Brewer's garage Calf Club Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith of Tuscola, were visitors at the home of Mr. Peter Witt, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Danville.

Mrs. Chas Crain, Misses Pearl Clester and Leahie Anderson were Newman visitors, Monday.

Mark Phipps and family attended a family reunion at Danville, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert White entertained Glenn Nybarger and family at dinner, Sunday.

You will get a fine dinner if you eat at Brewer's garage Calf Club Day.

A. S. Maxwell and C. T. Henson were county seat callers on Saturday.

O. J. Harden and George Harden drove two Ford sedans home from Chicago, Thursday.

Jonathan Smith of Monte Vista, Colo., visited his mother, Mrs. Hannah Smith, this week.

Dan Thomas of Dana, Ind., visited his brother, J. A. Thomas here on Tuesday.

Mrs. O. D. Loomis returned home Tuesday after a ten weeks' visit with relatives in California.

Mrs. Dan Thomas of Brocton visited her sister, Mrs. Fred Messman, here Tuesday.

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

Will Block and family, Henry Dohme, Henry Wiese and son Harold, attended the Wiese reunion at Brocton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Kesterson and family of near Waveland, Ind., were guests of O. E. Anderson and family last Sunday.

Miss Margaret Gore entertained at dinner, Sunday, Misses Anna Edens and Myrle Brewer; Elmer Mohr and Floyd Block.

Rev. and Mrs. E. Busekros and baby returned home Wednesday after a four weeks visit with relatives at Freeport and Kewanee.

Harry Richard and children, Wilma and Warren, motored to Quincy, Saturday, where the children entered Chaddock school.

Cecil Moser and family of Bloomington, Ind., spent Saturday here with August Zantow and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Block of Winnetka spent Sunday and Monday here with Mr. and Mrs. Will Block.

Miss Hazel Dohme left Sunday for Aurora where she has been employed to teach school this term.

Elva and Rudolph Harvey left Saturday for Clifford, Ind., to be at the bedside of the former's father, who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Allen will leave Sunday for Chicago for a few days visit with relatives.

R. G. Carlson and family of Chicago spent the week end here with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coolley.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ludolph and son, Billy, of Aurora, visited Thomas and Roy Bergfield and families here Monday.

Misses Juanita Bergfield, Myrle Brewer and Anna Edens attended a picnic at Sidell, Saturday evening.

Miss Lena Todd entertained at dinner, Sunday, Fuller Freeman and family, Miss Juanita Bergfield and Miss Estelle Todd.

Joe Green and family of Arthur, Luther Utterback and family of Tuscola visited at the home of J. A. Thomas, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Greenwood and son, Donald, visited relatives at Decatur and Springfield over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bowman attended the ball game at Danville, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hubbard of Jonesville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Miller of Indianapolis, Ind. were week end guests of Elva Harvey and family.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Klautsch, son, Otto, daughters, Frieda and Erna, motored to Chicago on Wednesday of last week, Otto remaining there to attend school.

Oscar Thode and family attended the twenty-fifth annual reunion of the Wilson family at the old Wilson homestead south of Sidney, Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Turner of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Frick and son Donald, motored to Turkey Run, Sunday. They took dinner and spent a very pleasant day.

Miss Pearl Clester has accepted a position at the First State Bank of Broadlands. Miss Clester finished a three months' training course in Utterbacks Business College in Danville last week.

Among the Danville shoppers last Saturday were: Mrs. Frank Kracht, Oliver McCormick, August Gerike, Elmer Sy and family, Miss Marie Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Huffman, John Jones and family.

Mrs. Lottie Astell entertained at dinner, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Taylor and daughter of Clinton, Ind.; L. T. King and family of Aurora; Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith and son, Harold.

Miss Estelle Todd, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Lena Todd, departed Monday for her home at Milwaukee, Wis. Miss Marjorie Freeman accompanied her to Decatur where she will visit at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kenney, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Batchelder.

Baby Beef Calf Show Saturday, September 8

The stage is all set for the first Ayers and Raymond Baby Beef Calf Show to be held at Broadlands, Ill., on Saturday, Sept. 8.

The boys and girls have been feeding their calves carefully since last November, and during the last few weeks they have been putting forth every effort to get every possible pound of gain, and shining their horns and slicking them up for the big day. Some of the calves will probably be brought in Friday night and the rest early Saturday morning. They will be quartered in the Ford garage building.

The first thing on the program will be the boys' and girls' judging contest. There will be a cash prize of five dollars for the boy or girl who selects the best calf, and a second prize of \$2.50. There will also be a group judging contest with cash prizes of \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c for each group. The judging contest will take place at 10:30 o'clock Saturday morning.

There will also be various contests for everybody in the morning with cash prizes for the winners.

At 1:30 there will be a short band concert immediately followed by the judging of the calves and a parade. Then there will be more contests and music.

The prizes for calves are as follows: \$1.00 for each calf shown. Best calf, \$10.00 and Silver Loving Cup; 2nd, \$8.00; 3rd, \$6.00; 4th, \$5.00; 5th, \$4.00; 6th, \$3.00; 7th, \$3.00; 8th, \$2.00; 9th, \$2.00; 10th, \$2.00.

At 7:30 Saturday night there will be a band concert after which there will be a show at the Broadlands Opera House, put on by a stock company. Admission will be charged to the show.

The horse shoe pitchers have been practicing hard for the horse shoe contest and there will be a lot of interest in this. Prizes: 1st, \$5.00; 2nd, \$2.50; 3rd, \$2.50.

Of course, the doll rack and the bingo game will be on hand to afford some fun.

The ladies of the M. E. Church are preparing to serve a fine dinner and supper at Brewer's garage.

All we need is good weather, and it will be a big day for Broadlands. Everybody is planning on coming early and staying late.

Morning Events

Slow auto race—1st prize \$2.00, 2nd \$1.00
Fast auto race between barrels—1st prize \$2.00, 2nd \$1.00
Fifty lb. weight lifting contest—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Fifty lb. weight throwing contest—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Post driving contest—prize, 10 steel posts, by Henson Lumber Co.
Shot put, for boys under 15 yrs.—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.

Afternoon Events

Hog calling contest—1st prize 75c, 2nd 50c.
Chicken calling contest—1st prize 75c, 2nd 50c.
Best singer—1st prize 75c, 2nd 50c.
Best reading—1st prize 75c, 2nd 50c.
Nail driving contest—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Sack race for boys—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Cracker eating contest for boys—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Cracker eating contest for girls—1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Cracker eating contest for women, 1st prize 50c, 2nd 25c.
Rope pulling contest for men—prize, dish ice cream at Clester's Restaurant.
Rope pulling contest for women—dish of ice cream at Harris Restaurant.
Standing jump, under 12 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 12 to 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 15 and over—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
Running jump, under 12 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 12 to 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
High jump, under 12 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 12 to 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
Vaulting, under 15 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
50 yd. dash, under 12 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 12 to 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
100 yd. dash, under 12 yrs. age—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; 12 to 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c; over 15 yrs.—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
50 yd. dash for women—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.
50 yd. dash for fat men—1st 50c, 2nd 25c.

Zolla Bennett and family of Charleston spent Sunday with John Jones and family.

Mrs. Virgil Reed and Miss Opal McCormick were Sidell visitors, Saturday.

Commissioner of Highways R. L. Bowman transacted business at Paris, Tuesday.

Orville McCormick and family visited Sanford Harvey and family at Hegeler, Monday.

Five Home Games On U. of I. Card

University of Illinois football fans will be provided with a colorful home program. Five contests are scheduled for the home grounds including three with Big Ten rivals and two college elevens of high calibre. Northwestern holds a prominent place as the homecoming guests of Oct. 27, and Indiana will furnish the opposition on Oct. 20, Dad's Day. The third conference game at home is the finale with Ohio State on Nov. 24.

Northwestern is coming to Illinois for the first time since 1922, when the Zupmen defeated the Wildcats, 6 to 3, on old Illinois Field. Since then Illinois and Northwestern have met twice—in 1923 when Grange ran wild against the Purple at Chicago, and last season when the Illini secured a 7 to 6 decision at Evanston. This was the only time the championship Illini were behind in the scoring during a conference game.

This year's meeting with Indiana marks the first game between the two teams since 1914, and advance information from the Hoosier camp is that they have the best prospects in years of a real scrap. This will be the first Big Ten game for Illinois. Pat Page, the Hoosier coach, played against Illini grid and baseball teams seventeen years ago as a student at Chicago.

The rivalry of Illinois and Ohio football teams has become a tradition, this year's game will be a feature that requires no explanation. Ohio's appearance here will be the last Illinois meeting with the Wilce-coached Ohio eleven because the Buckeye mentor will retire at the end of the season.

Ladies Aid Holds All Day Meeting

Mesdames Zermah Witt and Jessie Bergfield entertained the members of the Ladies Aid of the U. B. church at an all day meeting Wednesday at the home of the former. There were about 20 present.

A covered dish luncheon was served at noon. The afternoon was spent in sewing carpet rags. In the evening refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee were served.

See next week's paper for FEDELCO announcement. Central Illinois Public Service Company.

Mrs. Bert Seeds and sons, Clifford and Max, visited relatives at Sidney, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darnall spent Sunday with Ora Timmons and family.

Cleo Seeds and family and Mr. and Mrs. August Zantow visited relatives at Danville, Sunday.

Estle Barnes and family of Tuscola spent Monday here with relatives.

A stock company consisting of six people will play at the Broadlands Opera House tomorrow (Saturday) night.

The Harden Sales & Service finished removing their garage equipment to Longview this week. Mr. Harden has not as yet removed his family to Longview.

Mrs. Poggendorf Entertains Lutheran Ladies' Aid

The Ladies' Aid of the Lutheran church met with Mrs. Anna Poggendorf on Thursday afternoon of last week. Twelve members answered roll call.

The meeting opened with a devotional service after which a box of soap was packed to be sent to the children's home at Peoria.

Refreshments of sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee were served.

Members present were Mesdames Chris Seider, J. H. Seider, Herman Struck, Will Nonman, Henry Messman, Will Wienke, Lou Wienke, Martin Sy, Robert Smith, Frank Kracht, Anna Poggendorf.

Maxwell-Mecham Reunion Held At Homer Sunday

The Maxwell-Mecham reunion was held at the home of T. G. Maxwell in Homer on Sunday, Sept. 2.

A sumptuous dinner was served at the noon hour and a pleasant day was enjoyed by all present.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

T. G. Maxwell—President.
A. S. Maxwell—Vice president.
Cecile Maxwell—Sec-Treas.

The oldest member present was Oliver Mecham, age 80 years, and the youngest was Doris Mast, age 18 months.

The following members were present: Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Maxwell and daughter, Cecile, Mr. Clark Henson and family, Mr. Ed Maxwell and family, Mrs. Esther Hamilton and son, of Broadlands; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mast and daughter of Sidney; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Davis and daughter of South Bend, Ind; Mr. and Mrs. George Maxwell, Mr. Earl Maxwell and family of Tolono; Mr. and Mrs. Julian Taylo of Thomasboro, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylo of St. Joseph, Oliver Mecham, George Mecham, Alberta Mecham of Tolono; Ed. Maxwell of Fairland, Mr. T. G. Maxwell and family of Homer. There were two visitors, Kenner Wood of Fairland and Ralph Miller of Homer.

A Big Dinner On Calf Club Day

The ladies of the M. E. Church will serve dinner at Brewer's garage, on Saturday, Sept. 8, Calf Club Day. The menu will be—

Roast fresh ham	Gravy
Mashed potatoes	Slaw
Baked beans	Bread
Sweet potatoes	Dressing
Butter	Pickles
	Apple Sauce
	Coffee
Everybody come.	Price 50c.

Roll of Honor

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

Wm. Aders
D. P. Brewer
Fred J. Mohr
Fred Lutge
Mrs. Wm. B. Cole
Chas. Newkirk
Howard S. Clem
H. K. Allen
Albert Luth
George Walker
Albert Pufahl

Broadlands News

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Illinois Find Throws Light on Mound Builders

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 4—Un- equalled in interest by any sim- ilar archaeological discovery made in the Mississippi and Illinois river valleys in the past, and rival- ing in antiquity the tomb of King Tut-ank-hamen, is the find which has been made in the Dickson Mound Builders' Burial Tomb, about five miles from Lewistown and an equal distance from Havana.

Here have been unearthed the skeletons of one hundred and eighty-eight of that prehistoric race which we call Mound Builders for lack of a better name. A race of people who lived, moved and had their being in the Missis- sippi and Illinois river valleys from one to ten thousand years ago, but of whom we know not whence they came or whither they went.

The Dickson Mound Builders' Burial Tomb is the first instance in which real excavations have been made for the purpose of studying the burials of these pre- historic people. Dr. Don Dickson started the work in February, 1927, and it has progressed steady- ly since that time.

After a find has been located the dirt has been removed from about the bones with a small piece of orangewood, such as is used by a manicurist, a case knife or a three inch trowel, such as is used by brick masons for the finest kind of work, leaving the bones, pottery, ornaments and implements in the same po- sition in which they were inter- red at the time of burial.

Skeletons of this prehistoic race show in life they were about the stature of the present gen- eration, ranging from five feet, seven inches to six feet. The skeleton of one female measures six feet, two inches, and is the tallest uncovered.

The skulls are of the rounded type. There is an absence of the high cheek bones and other characteristics of the American Indian. The brain cavity com- pares favorably with that of the present generation, evidencing the Mound Builders were a peo- ple of considerable intelligence and culture.

In none of the skeletons uncov- ered is there evidence of skeletal violence, thus setting at rest any theory that because of the size, this is the burial ground of some battlefield shrouded in the impen- etrable darkness of the ages.

The Mound is crescent shaped, five hundred and fifty-five feet from tip to tip, with the points toward the rising sun. While this might indicate this race of people were sun worshippers, this theory is not borne out by the burials. Instead of facing the rising sun, the skeletons are interred without order, evidenc- ing the bodies were laid upon the ground and the dirt carried from the basin below and thrown over them.

With each of the skeletons is found a piece of pottery, from a pot but little larger than a thim- ble, uncovered with the bones of a child, to that having a capacity of about one gallon. The pot- tery shows evidence of skill, and a part of it has been fired. In the pottery is always found a half shell of the fresh water mus-

sel, indicating it was used as a spoon. Many of the spoons are ornamented, while a majority are perforated as if to permit the liquid in which the food was cooked to drain off.

Strings of beads made of mus- sel shell adorn the female skele- tons. One string was composed entirely of pearls, but is without commercial value because of de- terioration.

Soundings made indicate there are still thousands of skeletons interred throughout the mound, marking the burial place as prob- ably the largest left by the Mound Builders.

Hoopeston Man Dances Through Wedding Vows

Darrell Morgeson, of Hoopes- ton, a student at the University of Notre Dame, and Miss Evelyn Nelson, of South Bend, Ind., were married in Boardwalk park, at Hammond, Ind., Wednesday evening by the Rev. Keene Ryan, of Chicago, while the jazz band syncopated the Mendelssohn wed- ding march. The couple swayed in rhythm as the ring was ex- changed, and fox trotted through showers of rice, when they had been pronounced man and wife.

Morgeson and his bride were in a marathon dancing contest. Nine other couples, who have danced with them 19 days, were the attendants. The whole party danced, aboard a truck, Wednes- day, while being taken to Crown point for a marriage license, which was secured while the dancers shuffled through the cor- ridors.

1929 Auto Licenses To Be Red On Black

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 3.—Illino- is 1929 automobile license plates will be bright red numer- als on a field of black.

Several weeks ago the selec- tion of white letters on a field of green was made, but upon inves- tigation it was learned several states in the central west had se- lected similar designs, and the change was made to prevent con- fusion. During the present year considerable confusion resulted from Missouri selecting a color scheme similar to that of Illinois in 1927. Many reports were made that autoists were carrying 1927 plates in April, May and even later in the year, but on investi- gation it was usually discovered the person reporting failed to ob- serve closely or it would have been seen the plate was some- what wider than that used in Il- linois in 1927, and did not carry an outline map of Illinois which was a distinctive feature of the Illinois plates in 1927.

Cost of the Illinois plates for 1929 will be a little more than eight and one-half cents a pair. This cost is believed to be the lowest in the history of the state.

Five Kinds of Wives

Man's chance of getting an ideal wife is 3 in 10, the past president of the Illinois Federa- tion of Women's Clubs, tells us. Mrs. Goodwin puts American wives in five classes—the home- maker, or ideal type, 30 percent; jazz or can opener, 20 percent; nagging type, 15 percent; drudge type, 20 percent; baby doll type, 15 percent. Most women would turn out to be good homemakers, Mrs. Goodwin believes, if they are supplied with the makings, good plumbing, well-built kitch- ens and labor-saving devices. Nowadays in planning a home the kitchen is considered of more im- portance than the living room.

The M. E. ladies will serve a fine dinner at Brewer's garage on Saturday, Calf Club Day.

Watch next week for a great Electric Washer Value. Central Illinois Public Service Company.

Her Ransomed Son

By MARY GRAY

(Copyright.)

IT WAS a cardinal article of faith up and down Duck river that things would happen to a Claiborne as sure as he was born. It had been so from the beginning—witness the voy- age of Gilliard, the earliest comer across the mountains from Carolina. He had loaded a flatboat for New Orleans with the yield of his own fat, fresh land, sold out the second day after his journey ended for what seemed a fabulous price, then, going from the market, had met and fallen deep in love with Rosa Damosel—whom he married three days later.

When Gilliard died fifteen years later, leaving Rosa five thousand rich acres, six splendid sons and ready money in both pockets, she carried on just as if he were still there to com- fort and counsel her.

To her grief she lived to see the name passing out—Claiborne daugh- ters had far, far outnumbered Claiborne sons in the third generation. But she died bappy in the knowl- edge that the fourth Gilliard was the very moral and pattern of the first. His baby girl Rosa received her last blessing—possibly she prof- ited by it to grow up into a raving beauty at seventeen.

Then one fine day in walked young Lance Herbert, to say to her father and mother that he had married Rosa at the county seat. His father, Presi- dent Herbert of the Y. & C. railroad had picked out a girl of quite another sort—not specially bad looking, but loathsomely rich, and stupid beyond expression. Anyway, he had known the minute he met Rosa that here was the only wife for him. No! He hadn't as yet a steady job, nor very much money—none, in fact, if the governor turned rusty.

So they went to live with Rosa's family. Lance found himself dis- owned save on the impossible con- dition of forsaking his wife. Going doggedly to work as a common miner, in a month he was promoted to gang foreman and better pay.

When at last they laid a son in his arms, his first tears fell. Rosa, watching him, understood. He was vowing to make up to their son all his willfulness had cost.

She paid for it in utter desolation a year later, when lightning fired the house, killing her father instantly, stunning her mother, but leaving un- scathed Rosa, Lance and the child. They got out safely—but when Lance rushed back into the hell of flame to save her mother, Rosa followed him, until the baby's cry recalled her, severely burned. Lance was stagger- ing toward her, seared and blinded, but steadfast even to death. He had her mother in his arms.

A month later Rosa, deeply scarred, a figure of woe, faced President Her- bert. He said in a hard voice, his eyes greedily upon her son. "You stole my boy—now you will pay for it with your own. Give him up and he shall have all I meant for his father. You have an invalid mother to support—no strength to work, no beauty left to ensnare another hus- band. I will give you competence for life—and will give your son riches."

It was a frozen woman who laid her child in his arms, kissed it once, and moved away.

Years later—fifteen, to be exact—the Mountain House was interested and mystified in July at the coming of the Gray Lady. "Mrs. Calvert Drury," her card read. She was neither young nor old, despite snow- white hair, was hallmarked unmis- takably as rich, aristocratic.

People waited to see whether she might be a friend of the Herberts. But when they came, a fortnight later, they seemed so strange to her as everybody else.

But the Herberts were in trouble. Herbert Chandler, nephew of old Mr. Herbert, and co-heir with his grand- son—seventeen-year-old Lance, apple of his grandsire's eye—was a bad egg, in truth. He hated Lance and was always scheming to get him into scrapes. He knew his uncle's pride in blood and honor, and based his schemes upon it. Using an inborn knack with a pen, plus opportunities due to relationship, he had involved the family fortune so deep there was no turning back. A million dollars would be needed now to clear the family name of smirch—the name that was as much as his wealth, old Mr. Herbert's heritage to Lance.

Summoned imperatively to his un- cle's presence, when old Mr. Herbert found out how things stood, Herbert found there his uncle's lawyer—and the Gray Lady.

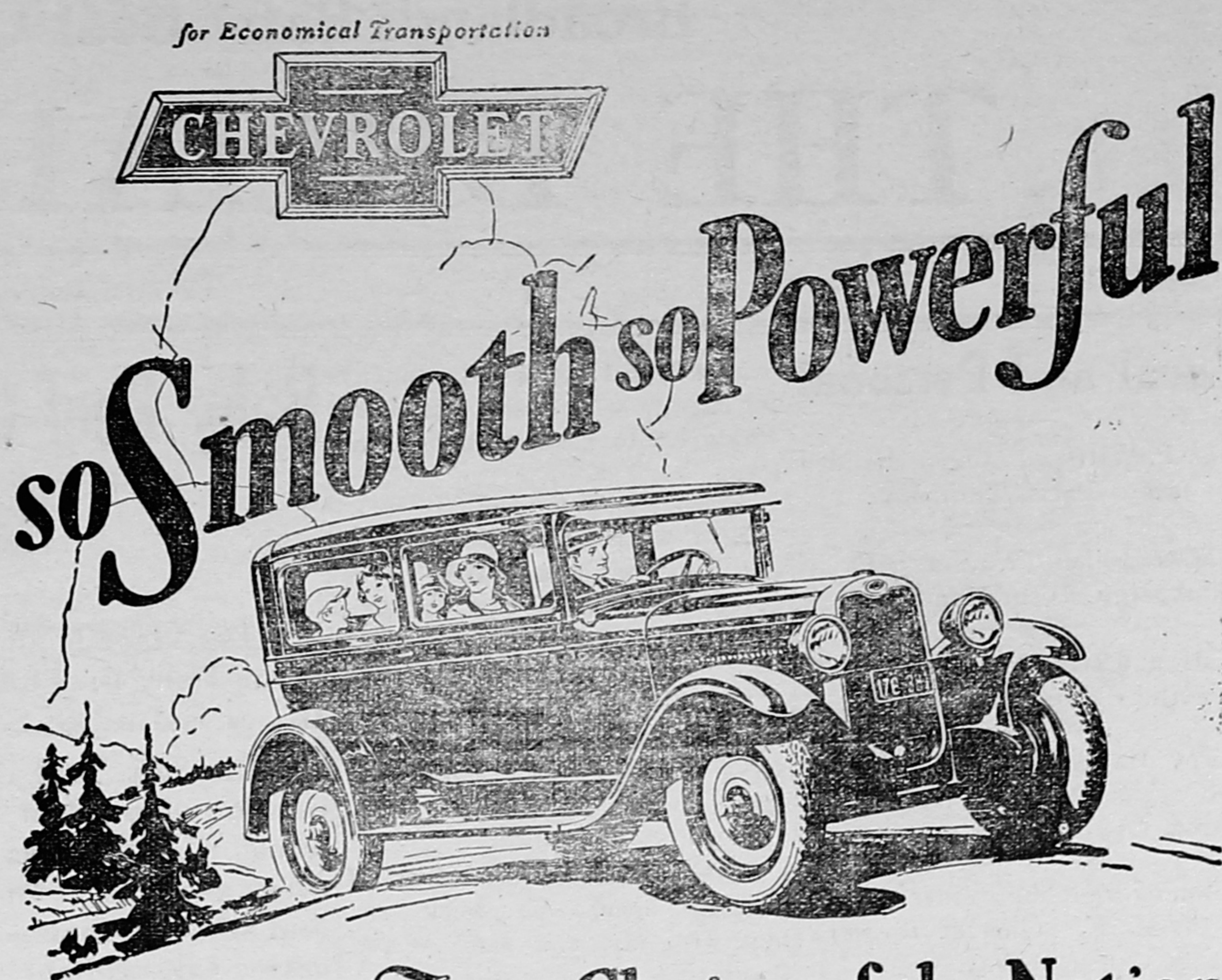
"This scandal can be hushed—for a million dollars—if you are willing to beggar yourself," said the lawyer. "I will not do it," said Mr. Her- bert. "Think of Lance."

"I will give a million for him—twice over," said the Gray Lady.

Mr. Herbert stared. The lawyer explained. She could do it—she was the widow of Calvert Drury, the oil man, sole heir to his fortune. She had married him from pity when he seemed down and out, Cushman kept coming in, one after another—and she was left with riches untold.

"Quite the finest sort of romance," said the lawyer.

"With a happy ending for me," said the Gray Lady, once Rosa Claiborne, "for with that million dollars, that clears the Herbert name, I buy back my beloved Lance." And she rushed away to claim her ransomed son.



First Choice of the Nation for 1928!

The COACH \$585

The Touring \$495
or Roadster... \$595
The Coupe... \$595
The 4-Door \$675
The Convertible Sport Cabriolet... \$695
The Imperial \$715
Landa... \$720
Utility Truck... \$520
(Chassis Only)
Light Delivery... \$375
(Chassis Only)

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—so smooth, so powerful and so unfailingly dependable that it has literally captivated more than three-quarters of a million buyers since January 1st! Come in and drive this sensa- tional car! Drive it as long and as far as you like—in traffic and on the road. We know that you'll say that no other auto- mobile in all the world can give you so much—at prices so amazingly low!

Brewer-Chevrolet Sales

Broadlands, Illinois

QUALITY AT LOW COST.

Baby Beef Calf Club Show

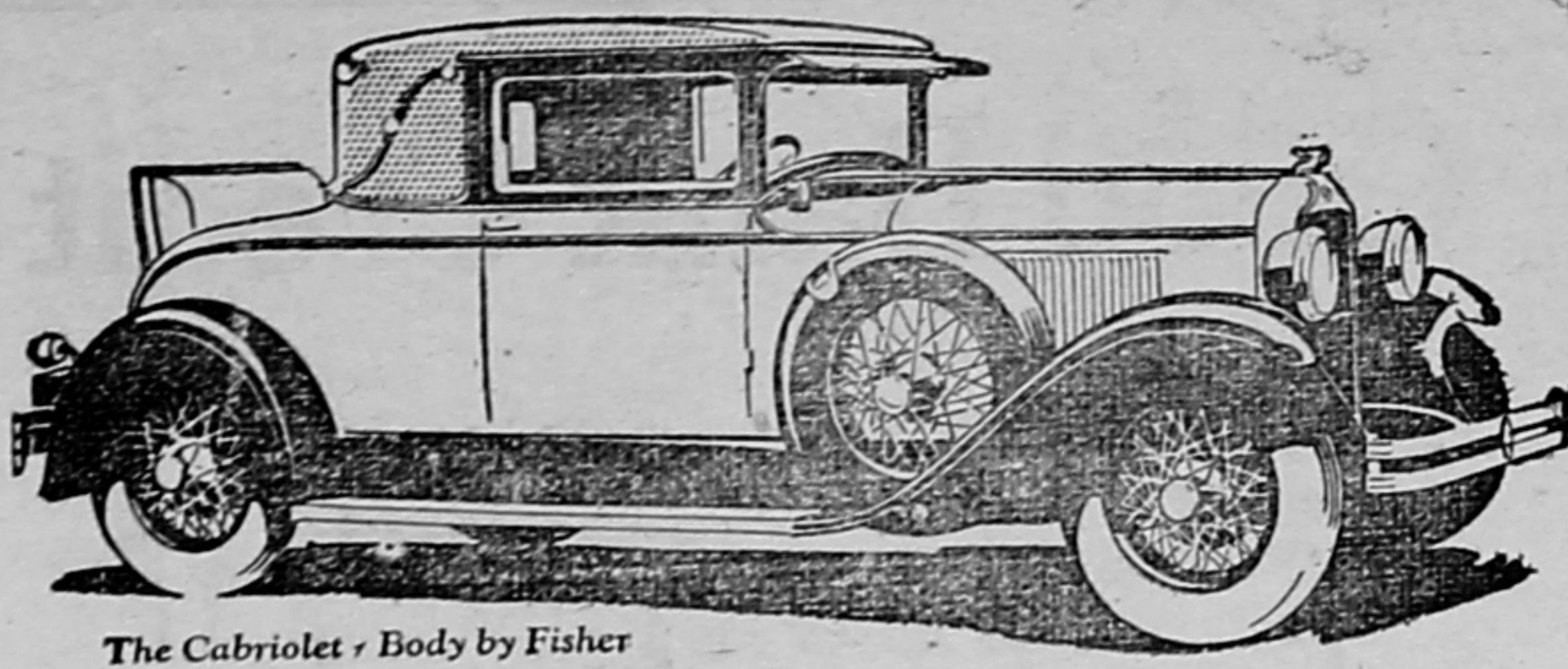
Will Be Held at

Broadlands

Saturday

September 8

Band Music, Games, Contests and other amusements



The Cabriolet • Body by Fisher

Now You Can Buy Your Pontiac Equipped With

6 WIRE WHEELS

A Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

To provide an even greater degree of impressive smartness and dash, special wire wheel equipment has been made available on all Pontiac Six closed and open models. This equipment—which costs but \$95 extra—includes the important items that leading custom designers are employing; six wire wheels; two spare tires; front fenders with wells in which the spares are cradled alongside the hood; chrome-plated spare wheel clamps; and a folding trunk rack.

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You Bet

Billy came home from school bearing evidence of having had the worst of a fight. Why, Billy! exclaimed his mother. How often have I told you to play only with good little boys? Good little boys don't fight. Well said Billy thru his tears. I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him.

A New One

She: What are you stopping for?
He: I've lost my bearings.
She: That's refreshing, anyway. Most of them say they've run out of gas.
Don't forget the dinner served by the M. E. ladies at Brewer's garage Calf Club Day.

He Had a Motor for Sale
By JOHN HALL
(Copyright.)

JOHN CONNOR was worried. As the train bore him nearer and nearer to New York he went over again in his mind the prospects that awaited him, and he was bound to admit that they were slender as far as his success was concerned. His firm had sent him to introduce their latest product, a motor that would use less current and deliver more power than that of any of their competitors, to one of the biggest manufacturing firms in the city. On the face of things he should have been confident, for the Grimes & Hannaford motor was all that was claimed for it; but the firm he was going to see was conservative. John Connors was not a salesman; he was one of the vice presidents of Grimes & Hannaford, and the entire responsibility of the sale had been placed on his shoulders. He knew that if Lane Incorporated could be sold on the new motor the entire New York territory would fall into line.

The train halted at Poughkeepsie. Two or three passengers alighted and more entered the car. Connors watched them with the idle interest of a man on a journey till suddenly his interest focused on the figure of a girl who was being guided by the porter to the seat directly across the aisle from him.

She was good to look upon—a trim little figure, brown hair showing under the modish hat, and a pair of distracting eyes. She glanced impersonally at John Connors, leaned from her seat and said calmly:

"My name is Isabel Guernsey. Won't you tell me yours?"

"W-why," said Connors, completely taken aback, "I'm John Connors. I'm—" she cut him short.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Connors. I thought I would introduce myself at once, as I wanted to talk to you."

"Do you live in Poughkeepsie?" he inquired.

"No; I was visiting an aunt there over the week-end." In ten minutes they were fast friends.

It grew dark. Connors suggested dinner, and they sought the dining car. He ordered for her, and over the pleasant meal their intimacy grew. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself telling her all about his coming effort to sell Lane Incorporated his motor. He grew enthusiastic; he dilated on the good points of the motor, and explained it to her in detail. She seemed blessed with understanding, and asked several questions that showed an intelligent interest. It was not till the meal was ended that remorse seized him.

"Great Scott!" he said penitently. "I've been doing nothing but talk about myself and my troubles. I must have bored you to death!"

"Indeed you didn't," she replied. "Did you say the motor ran on alternating current or direct?"

"It's designed for either," replied Connors. "But don't let's talk about the silly motor any more. Tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to tell," she began when the porter called "One hundred 'n' Twenty-five" street; Next stop Grand Central!"

"Oh! I must get my baggage ready!" she cried.

John Connors meditated on the wonder of her having spoken to him, and then a sudden thought smote him. He had not taken her address!

Vainly he watched for her in the crowd that left the train at Grand Central, but there was no sign of her. And as he sought his hotel bed that night his thoughts were more concerned with the charming person he had met and lost than with the problem of how to sell Lane Incorporated.

But next morning his thoughts were back on business. He had an appointment with the directors of the company at ten. At nine-fifty-nine he handed in his card, and as the clock struck the hour he was shown into the directors' room. And he had hardly said "Good morning, gentlemen," when he stood in stunned surprise. At the head of the table sat the girl of the train!

One of the men was speaking. He heard him as in a daze.

"Mr. Connors, we have decided to accept your motor. Our secretary and treasurer, Miss Guernsey, tells us that she talked with you on the way down and that you have convinced her that this company needs the product of Grimes & Hannaford in its business. If you will give us the specifications for a complete installation—"

As in a dream John Connors found himself giving facts and figures. As in a dream he signed a contract. As in a dream he shook hands with the directors of Lane Incorporated and very much as in a dream he found himself face to face with the secretary and treasurer, Miss Isabel Guernsey.

"I'm afraid I deceived you a little last night," she laughed. "I saw your initials and your firm name on your sample case and I knew that you must be the man who was to see us this morning. So I introduced myself to get you to tell me about your motor as though you weren't selling it to anyone. And you sold it to me then and there!"

"Well, there's nothing for me to say except thank you, and—will you let me take you to lunch?"

There was a pause. Finally she said in a low voice, "Any time you wish, John Connors."

Patsy's Last Assignment
By JANE OSBORN
(Copyright.)

IT WAS at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon that the managing editor of the Star-Post told Patsy Pope to "go after" Walton Hunt. At eleven o'clock Thursday evening Patsy Pope was pacing up and down under the shadows of the linden trees that lined the driveway into the old Hunt mansion—still "going after" the heroic Walton.

During the time that had intervened Patsy had caught exactly five glimpses of Walton, once all surrounded by a group of friends and relatives at the station, later as he entered the elevator of the Bristol hotel, once the sight of his hat rising above the heads of the mayor and his reception committee, once through the window of the limousine when the taxi she had hired to trail him drew alongside at a traffic halt, and once as he was hurried along by sisters and a brother up the avenue of linden trees into his old home.

And all the time Patsy had eaten exactly two ham sandwiches, one soda cracker, four cups of coffee, and had sucked a lollypop offered to her by the young man who was trying to get a "story" for the Record. They had shared the same divan in the Bristol hotel on Wednesday night until the hotel clerk had none too politely asked them to get out. And unless Patsy had dozed a little as she sat with the young reporter on the divan she had had no sleep. For a time there had been quite a number of reporters, though she was the only girl among them, but one by one they had fallen off. But Patsy had remained on her job, and here she was dragging one small foot after another out under the linden trees that led to the house where Walton was supposedly slumbering.

The facts of the case had, of course, all been duly splurged on the first pages of the Star-Post and the other papers, but no one had been able to get a single line of personal comment from the much-lauded young man. There had been a coal mine cave-in in the northern part of the state. Twelve miners had been buried alive. Patsy was so drowsy that she could not recall the details—only somehow this young Walton whose family fortune had been made from the mines had hit upon a scheme of rescuing the men—a bold, hazardous, crazy scheme that offered one chance out of a thousand of failure. And to give the scheme a test some one had to make a descent and do something that might bring liberation to the entombed miners—and that almost certainly would bring destruction to the one that did it. And he did it.

Patsy Pope was rehearsing to herself the leading remarks she would make in case by any miracle she should encounter the young hero. She would have to trick him into some sort of personal comment. But Patsy reflected that a girl who had been without sleep as long as she had couldn't expect to get very far. No telling when he might appear—at least she could powder her nose a little. She leaned up against one of the linden trees and opened her bag—tried to get the little vanity case. But the bag seemed incredibly heavy and she couldn't make her fingers lay hold of the vanity case.

Then Patsy was just dimly conscious of the fact that the gravel on the driveway was very rough. If she only had a pillow it wouldn't be so bad—and then it didn't even seem to matter about the pillow.

When it occurred to Patsy that she might try to open her eyes and see where she was she decided not to make the effort.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said the young man who appeared to be lifting her. "I thought perhaps you had fainted. I came out for a bit of a stroll—and found you in the driveway."

"Are you Mr. Walton Hunt?" asked Patsy, trying to get her bearings.

"Why yes," he said. "And perhaps you had better tell me who you are. We might go up to the house while I telephone to your people."

Inside the house Walton had a hurried conversation with one of his sisters. "I could drive her back to her home tonight," he suggested.

"You could," said his sister, "but the poor girl seems terribly exhausted. I am sure she is a thoroughly nice sort of girl. I think we had better give her something to eat and then let her stay here for the night. In the morning she'll probably be able to explain how she happened to be lying there in the driveway—"

Two weeks later Patsy had a "call-down" from the city editor.

"What's come over you, anyway, young lady?" he asked. "Ever since that time you went after that Walton Hunt you've been loafing. You were gone two days then and came in without a line. I'd fire you right now if I didn't think you'd snap out of this—and get your old kick back again. And what's this I hear about you being seen having tea at the Bristol the other afternoon with this Walton bird?"

Patsy shrugged her shoulders and pursed her lips.

"If that's the way you feel about it," threatened the city editor, "perhaps I'd better let you go."

The Clown in the Window
By MARY MARKS
(Copyright.)

PEOPLE were walking slowly, sometimes stopping in front of the main window of Dugan's house furnishing store.

Sarah Taylor made it a principle never to stop to look in store windows. When she came by trolley to Centertown every Saturday morning from her farm, six miles out, it was with a list of needed articles to buy.

She kept on walking as she turned to see what the loiterers were gazing at in Dugan's window. There she saw a long, lank clown in wide red and white stripes. His face was chalked white and he had a triangular patch of red to define his nose. He was pushing a vacuum cleaner over a small piece of carpet. With his free hand he was beckoning to the loiterers outside, and grinning invitingly.

As Miss Taylor turned to look, the clown looked right at her, grinned and beckoned.

"Well, I won't go in and buy one of his sweepers," she told whoever wished to listen, "but I'll just go in and see Mr. Dugan and tell him what I think of having a fellow standing in his window there making fools out of people passing by."

The clown met her at the door. "I want to let Mr. Dugan know what I think of letting a fool like you—" began the irate Miss Taylor. Then the color suddenly left her cheeks. "Sam," she whispered, "I never dreamed it was you."

Samuel Warren, who had not recognized Sarah Taylor until she entered the store, felt almost as unnerved as she, but he had presence of mind to lead her into a corner of the store.

"I always thought," said Sarah, "that I might meet you again, but I never thought it would be like this. I'm sorry you've had such bad luck. When I heard that your uncle had taken you into business with him I thought maybe you'd have the chance you needed."

But Sam didn't want to talk about himself. He wanted first to hear of Sarah Taylor. She had not married, she had gone to live on a farm left her by an uncle.

"And that night when you sent me off," reminded Sam, "you told me I could go and stay until I made good." "I was so young," Sarah defended. "I didn't know how hard it is to succeed then, Sam—I—"

"Then you wouldn't be so hard on me now?" Sam asked, and he was leaning so close to Miss Sarah Taylor that the sales folk at Dugan's who chanced to be looking on thought he had surely "landed another order." One of them approached and Sam changed the tone of his voice. He stood up and extended the cleaner to Miss Taylor.

"So you think this medium size will be satisfactory," he said briskly. "Let me see—what was the address?"

"Barlow's lane, the first place on the right as you turn from the main turnpike," said Sarah in a frightened voice, and then, "but I'll take it on the one condition—that you deliver it personally and give a demonstration at my own house."

Samuel Warren carried a heavy vacuum cleaner when he walked into the unkempt driveway at the first place on the right as you turn from the main turnpike on Barlow's lane. He had carried it from his roadster, which he left locked a few hundred feet back in the lane.

"You had to carry that all the way from the trolley?" queried Sarah. "And I don't know as I'm going to buy it after all. I haven't any electricity. I just said I wanted you to bring it so you would come out. I wanted to talk to you."

"I have learned to judge men differently from the way I used to. I sent you off that night because I thought you didn't care about getting ahead in the world, and now I don't care if you haven't. Sam, the farm here needs a young man, and we would at least get our living from it. It would be better than having to stand there in the window and look such a fool."

Sam listened as she slowly developed her little speech. Then he laughed and took her in his arms and laughed a little more. Made good was exactly what he had done. He had been taken in by his uncle in the electrical appliances company and had been instrumental in making that company one of the largest in the country. He was now trying to add new force to their selling department.

So he had hit upon the idea of using a method out of the ordinary in window displays. A good-natured-looking clown would attract attention. He could look straight out at the people and beckon to the people as a man in ordinary guise could not do.

He had been doing the territory adjacent to Centertown for two weeks, trying out his idea, and more orders had come in and there were more prospects than had ever been known in that territory before.

"I am so confused," was all the distressed Sarah could say. "Please feel that I have never said what I said."

"But why?" urged Sam in the convincing tone that had been one of his big-business assets. "If we forget that, then I'll have to take time to tell you how much I want you to marry me and come with me. But if we let the proposal stand, then we won't have to waste time on such preliminaries. We can hop right into my little roadster stowed away down the road and make tracks for the nearest marriage license bureau."

Long View News

Miss Ruth Jarman of Maywood, Mo., is visiting her brother, Harry Jarman.

B. C. Paine and family were guests of J. C. Deere and family, Sunday.

Mr. Ponton and family of Villa Grove spent Sunday with Mrs. Nellie Hart.

Miss Anna Mae Webb of Bedford, Ind., spent the week end with Helen Wade.

Mrs. Chas. Jones and Mrs. John McCormick visited friends in Allerton and Broadlands, Saturday.

Lena Churchill and Aseneth Irene Churchill were Villa Grove callers, Friday.

Miss Frances Webber has returned from a visit with relatives at Casey.

Robert Riddle and family of Fairland spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cannon.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Seeds of Broadlands spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Paine.

Kerna Block, Melvin Rowen, Mabel Deere and Mae Catherine Rowen have returned from a trip to Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hagerman and son, James Ronald, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hickerson at Greenville.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Boenke and Paul Allen of Chicago spent the week end with Guy Allen and family.

Mrs. E. C. Hagerman, Misses Sadie Hart, Ruth Warnes, Lois Warnes, Mary Beatty, Helma Clem, Lillian and Frances Daniels attended Teachers' Institute at Urbana last week.

Relatives here have received the announcement of the marriage of Hilda Duncan and Edgar Boyer of Hunter, Mo., which took place August 22. Mrs. Boyer was a former resident of this place.

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

T. A. DICKS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Broadlands, Ill.

Dr. F. C. Tabler
Osteopathic Physician
NEWMAN, ILL.
Phones:
Office 155 Res. 134L
Calls answered Day or Night

H. L. KRENZIEN
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City Transfer
Long Distance Hauling
Broadlands, Illinois

Health Reports Show Few Contagious Cases

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 3.—The weekly report of Dr. Isaac D. Rawlings, director of the Department of Public Health, shows there are comparatively few cases of contagious disease in the counties of the downstate.

Reports have been received of 70 cases of diphtheria; 45 of scarlet fever, while typhoid fever cases number 50. A total of 14 cases of smallpox are reported in the downstate territory, with 63 cases of pneumonia, 17 of chickenpox and 24 cases of measles.

Whooping cough holds the high record for the week, a total of 200 cases being reported to the Department of Public Health.

Broadlands Markets

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

No. 3 white corn	90c
No. 3 yellow corn	90c
New oats	33c

Attention Boy Scouts

Do you want to see the Illinois Bradley football game? All properly accredited scouts will be admitted if accompanied by Scout Master and carry Registration cards. Be sure and attend scout meeting at M. E. Church, Friday night to learn particulars. Secure a uniform at once if possible.

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.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

REV. C. M. TEMPLE, MINISTER.
Sunday School 10 o'clock.
Morning Worship at 11.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Epworth League 7:15
Evening Service 7:45.

St. John's Evangelical Church

REV. E. BUSEKROS, PASTOR.

Sunday School at 9:30.
Examination of the Confirmation class at 10:30.

The class of children to be examined in the Christian Faith includes: Hilda Zenke, Marie Benschneider, Selma Limp, Natalie Jordan, George Heppe, Carl Zenke, Ehrhardt Benschneider and Harry Nohren.

Don't Waste It

A farm hand took his girl for a buggy ride and nine miles out in the country the horse dropped dead.

Oh, dear, sighed the girl, and I'm so tired!

Suppose I give you a nice kiss, said the farm hand. That will put life in you.

In that case, said the girl, you'd better kiss the horse.

A fine new Electric Washer at an amazing low price. See next week's announcement. Central Illinois Public Service Company.

Man's Inner Quality His Real Character

A man is not born with some special "sense" of honesty or any special "moral sense" whatsoever. His skills of behavior are all learned. A man may, therefore, be honest, not from any fine sensitiveness to human values, but because he has learned that it is the best policy. But he has not learned even this policy with reference to the whole round of human associations. He has learned merely a certain set of "safety first" habits with reference to particular situations. And, even if we could add up all these ways of behaving, one by one, they would not make the thing we call character. "A man may possess all the virtues and not be virtuous," he may act virtuously, and act honestly, and yet be a scoundrel, is the assertion made by Albert E. Wiggam, writing in the World's Work.

For it is not the act in itself that distinguishes the good man from the bad, but the inner quality of the man himself as an organized and socially functioning individual. We may add up his characteristics, whether these be virtues or vices, but the algebraical sum is not his character. Character does not consist merely in any set of acts; it involves, also, the inner attitude of the man toward his acts and towards others whom he expects his acts will help or harm.

Milton's Great Work "Cluttered Up Shop"

Little Britain, near Smithfield, London, owes its name to the fact that the duke of Bretagne, the province of France we now call Brittany, had there a magnificent palace.

In Stuart times it was famous for its second-hand bookshops, and it was while browsing amongst them that the earl of Dorset lighted upon several copies of an unknown work entitled "Paradise Lost," which the bookseller implored him to help dispose of, "as there was no sale for them, and they cluttered up his shop."

The earl bought a copy and was so struck with some of the passages that he sent it to Dryden, who returned it with the memorable opinion: "This man Milton cuts us all out, and the ancients, too."

Making of an Artist

Theodore Thomas had a boundless contempt for the musicians who went about seeking to advertise their calling in their dress and neckties. Once a nice young man with luxuriant locks, a long flowing tie and other insignia of the tribe artistic joined the orchestra. He was entirely ignorant of Mr. Thomas' pet aversion.

During his first rehearsal Thomas eyed the hirsute youth with manifest disfavor, and at the end motioned him aside. The famous conductor, with his arms akimbo, stood and gazed sardonically at the waving field of hair. Then he laid a finger on the young man's arm and said with an unkind accent:

"Practice, practice—not pomade—makes the artist."
The young man went out and asked the way to a barber's shop.—Kansas City Times.

Red Indians as Swimmers

The bureau of American ethnology says that the Indians are remarkable swimmers, and some of the tribes were in the water as much as were the primitive Polynesians. They swam six or seven different ways, including treading water, and would dive to the bottom of deep water. A common institution among the Indians was the sweat bath. They would sweat in a specially constructed sweathouse, which was closed up to keep the heat in, and when they thought they had sweated enough would suddenly run outdoors, giving warwhoops, throw themselves into the cold water, and, after a while, re-enter the sweathouse to dry off, since they had no towels.

Earth's Big Bulge

As the earth's crust is by no means rigid it rises and falls under the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun in a manner similar to that of the ocean's tide. Various difficulties have so far prevented exact measurements.

The pressure exerted on spots of the earth's crust by the rising tide of the ocean is another thing that makes it heave and fall. Atlantic tides have caused an observed earth bulge eight hundred miles away, and it is thought probable that this influence girdles the world.

Pencil Sharpening

A drawing master states that he is often able to judge the characteristics of his pupils by their manner of sharpening a pencil. The artistic individual usually makes a fine tapering point, the business-like person a short, stubby one. Those who sharpen a pencil towards themselves on a thumb are often secretive. The untidy person reduces his pencil-end to shapeless irregularity, while the very happy-go-lucky one hacks away in careless fashion and finishes with about half the length he started with.

Don't Mention It

Clarence—Mr. Jones, I certainly—er—want to thank you for consenting to our marriage.

Mr. Jones—Don't thank me. Margorie's mother was behind the curtains waiting to crown me if I'd said no.

Ancient Ceremony of Blessing the Waters

The blessing of the waters is a quaint ceremony to be seen in countries where the Greek church exists. It occurs during the first winter season and is attended with great demonstrations and rejoicings.

Extensive preparations are made the day before the ceremony. A route is set apart leading from the church to the spot on the quay that has been selected for the ceremony, a carpet of straw being laid down. In general, the day of the ceremony is a bitterly cold one, but this circumstance does not deter the populace from attending en masse. They arrive on foot and in sledges and are attired in national dress. All horses are gayly caparisoned with worsted favors and tassels and motor cars are similarly decked out.

On the quay a layman is actively engaged in stirring a barrel of water to keep it from freezing. At ten o'clock, heralded by the blare of many brass instruments, the priests leave the church, preceded by a troop of cavalry. With them are borne numbers of religious emblems and banners. The priests chant as they march to the quay, where they go through the special form of blessing the waters of the country.

Water so blessed is then distributed among the people and each recipient treasures the few drops that fall to his share.

In Millionaire Class at Least for Minute

Perhaps the judge who declared that there must be something wrong with people who write fiction, had Colonel Dey, creator of Nick Carter, the dime-novel character, in mind when he made the remark.

Colonel Dey, according to those who knew him well, had not the slightest regard for the value of money. One day he wouldn't have a dime and the next, he would be comparatively rich, but neither state seemed to influence him in the least.

It is related how, on one occasion, he had two hundred dollars, all at one time. Did he save it? He did not. Learning that a palatial yacht was for sale at the cost of many thousands, he paid the two hundred as the initial payment for it, knowing that it would also be his last. With that one magnificent gesture, he was a millionaire for about one minute.

Oglethorpe's Forethought

Oglethorpe was eager that his expedition to found a colony in Georgia should be completely successful, and when in November, 1732, his history-making voyage was about to begin, he cast his eye over the supplies that had been taken aboard the good ship Anne. His orders had been implicitly obeyed. Not only had ample food supplies been put in the hold, but there were also agricultural implements, household utensils, tools, weapons, munitions and stores of all kinds that the colonists might need upon the arrival. Yet he was not satisfied, it would seem, for he inquired how many families were sailing, and upon being told their number was thirty-five, he remarked that they were likely to need some mild liquid refreshment and ordered "ten tons of Alderman Parson's best beer" stowed below.—Exchange.

Origin of the Polka

A Hungarian dancing master on a walking tour in the 1830s stopped at a small village in Poland where he saw a peasant girl dancing a folk dance that particularly pleased him. He brought back the new steps to Prague, where the dance immediately won great popularity, and named it polka for the land of its origin.

The polka was introduced to America about a decade later, when James K. Polk was a Presidential candidate. Because of the similarity of names the polka became a campaign dance. Articles of various kinds were named for the dance—polka scarfs, polka gloves and finally the polka dot.

Nice Men

I greatly admire a nice man. He needn't have a great amount of money, or wit, or wisdom, or ability; if he is agreeable, and fair, and polite, and honest, and treats me decently, I admire him, he is so unusual. I know such a man in Miami, Fla., and often go into his little store to admire him. He is not great, but he is not a task to anyone. On the other hand, I often see a lot of poor kin hanging around he is useful to. And he does his share in community progress; neglects none of the simple duties a good citizen should respect.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Another Island

There was a good laugh at the Logan street school when a teacher asked a small boy where the island of Java was.

"I don't know," replied the small boy without hesitation.

"My gracious, don't you know where your coffee comes from?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "we get it from our next-door neighbor.—Los Angeles Times.

Start Right

Start right in your struggle with life. Then the battle is half won. You can't start right by sudden resolve. It is a habit built by careful practice and steady training in the younger years of life.—Grit.

Doctor, Patient and Nurse

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright.)

BUT, Harry," the girl remonstrated, "if I married I would have to give up my profession. Think what that would mean, and how I worked during those three years of training. And I love it, Harry; I love to feel that I am a tiny unit equipped and willing to relieve suffering."

"Yes, but you don't seem to realize that you'd relieve my suffering a whole lot, Edith, if you'd marry me," said the doctor sadly. "It isn't as if I could marry simply for a home."

"Don't, Harry, for goodness sake, I must go back to the hospital now," she said glancing at her watch. "I'm on duty again at three and there's an operation from the charity ward."

"That's a fact. I nearly forgot my case. I'm operating on a little fellow—want to try to fix his back, but don't know whether I can. He's walked on crutches all his life—was here last summer for a broken hip. That's when I got interested in him and persuaded his guardian to let me have a try at his back."

"Oh, he's an orphan," said the girl, her eyes soft with sympathy. "We must do something to cheer him up."

"He doesn't need cheering up. He's the happiest little beggar you ever saw. What he needs is mother love and proper food. The woman who cares for him now acts as if she thought all children should be chloroformed at birth."

An hour later Doctor Morton and Nurse Johnson were standing beside the operating table on which lay the figure of a tiny, big-eyed boy.

"Just take a nice long breath and go to sleep," the anesthetist said cheerfully.

"If I'm going to sleep I got to say my prayers," declared the boy. "I'll say 'em to Doctor Harry."

Morton took the little fellow in his arms and the boy, burying his curly head in the doctor's shoulder, began:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
And pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"Amen," whispered the doctor fervently.

"Good-night," smiled the boy, placing a moist kiss on the doctor's cheek.

"Good-night, pretty nurse," Billy waved to Edith.

"Good-night, you precious thing," she said, holding him close for a minute.

"You and Doctor Harry are nice to kiss—Aunt Jenny isn't," volunteered the child.

It seemed ages before they could determine the outcome of the operation, and night after night the two watched the little fellow struggling for life.

"He's such a delicate little chap that even if we do pull him out of this he hasn't much chance without proper care and nourishment."

"It's a sin," murmured the girl vehemently. "And he's so beautiful and so happy and so intelligent. He has a right to a chance."

The night that Billy took a turn for the better the doctor and nurse celebrated by going out to dinner together.

"It's such a triumph for you," Edith smiled across the table.

"Yes, I'm happy about it, but I'm happier still that Billy won't have to be a cripple for life. At least he has a chance to make his own living now."

"Harry, I'm so proud of you," impulsively the girl put out her hand toward him.

He took it and pressed it gently as he looked into the serious blue eyes, so full of feeling.

"That means more to me than anything else on earth," he answered solemnly.

The girl flushed and drew her hand away and was vexed with herself afterward for having done so. A shade of pain passed across the doctor's face, but he said nothing.

"I'm a brute," she thought. "Why did I do that? And he's so wonderful and gentle and good. What is it that always makes me rebuff him?"

The evening was a total failure, and Edith could think of nothing to say in parting that could make it easier. All night she tossed with grief and remorse and welcomed the dawn and the coming activities of the day. She was both glad and afraid when the time came for Doctor Morton's morning visit, but Billy seemed especially happy as he chattered away unconscious of the strained relation of the two.

"I expect you'll be able to go home in a few weeks now," the doctor smilingly told him.

"Don't want to go home," wailed the boy. "Want you and pretty nurse to be my papa and mamma." Clinging to the doctor's big hand he tried to choke down the sob in his throat. "Don't want to go home!" he kept repeating.

"All right, sonny. I'll be your dad anyway, but I don't know whether the pretty nurse'll help us out or not. Lord knows how we'll manage without her."

"Of course I'll be your mother, dear," said Edith, coming forward.

"Goodie! Goodie!" cried the boy. "And we'll live 'way out in the country and have a garden and plant oatmeal and oranges in it."

"You bet we will," said the doctor, taking the pretty nurse in his arms right before the amazed little boy.

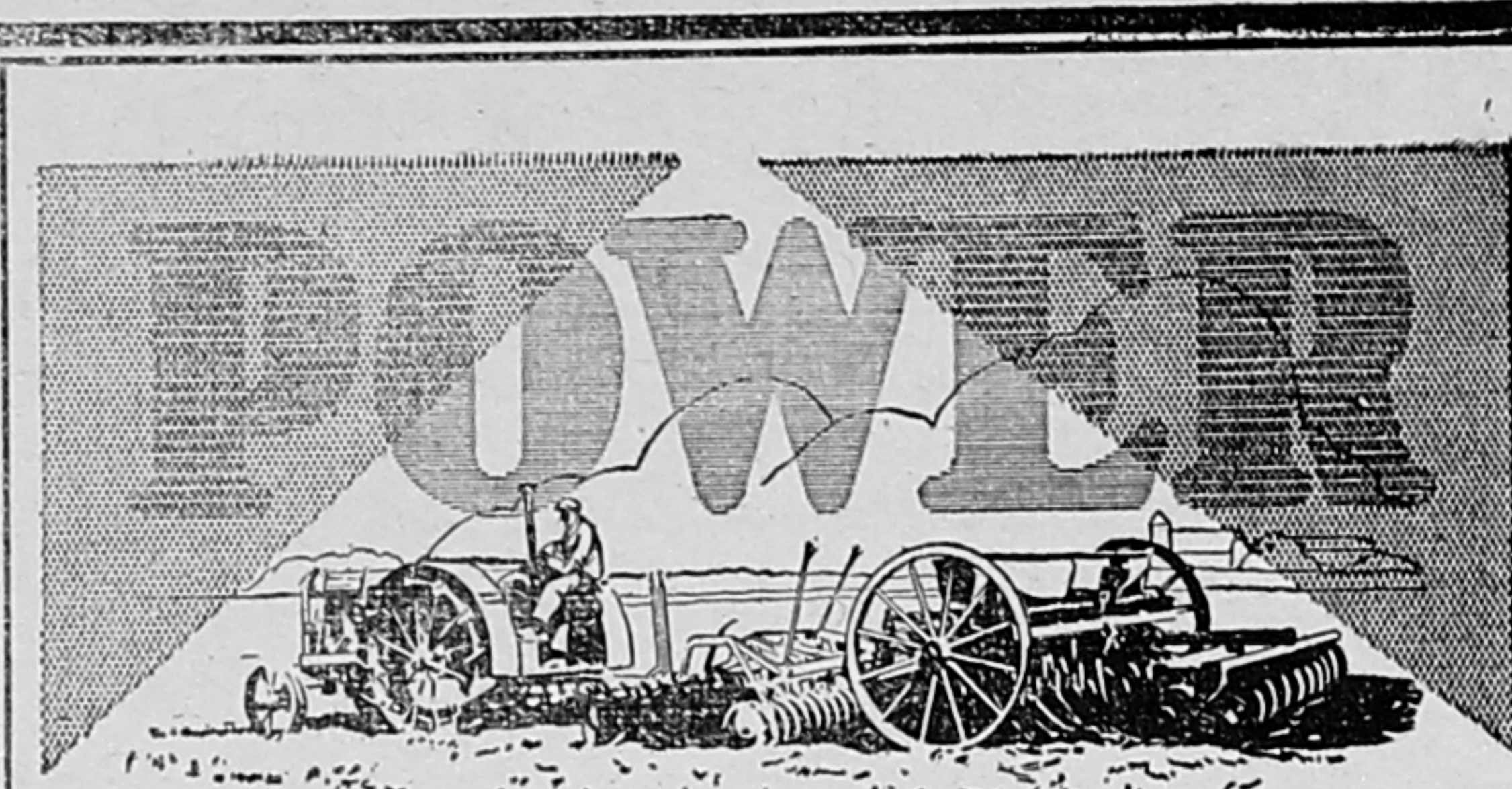
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